News Compendium

Volume 7 - 2006 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold it's future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

Contents

Introduction i

Copyright iii

1 January 1
- 1.1 Sporting young lads . . . 2
- 1.2 The Five Worst Gaming Articles of 2005 (The Final Battle) . . . 5
- 1.3 A Trip Down Hard Drive Lane . . . 11
- 1.4 40 Mistakes I Made Last Year . . . 14
- 1.5 Welcome to PharaohTech! . . . 17
- 1.6 Cabinets Say the Darnedest Shit . . . 21
- 1.7 How I Spent My Christmas Vacation by Stephen King, Grade 5 . . . 27
- 1.8 How To Succeed On The Radio . . . 30
- 1.9 ExecuCorp Helicopter Solutions . . . 33
- 1.10 The Letters of Beresford Maynwaring . . . 37
- 1.11 Intersection . . . 42
- 1.12 Xbox 360: A Something Awful FIRST Exclusive! . . . 44
- 1.13 The World Itself is a Filthy Monster . . . 50
- 1.14 Keep Circulating The Tapes . . . 55
- 1.15 There is Nothing to Wink But Wink Itself . . . 58
- 1.16 Kevin Smith: A Truth Media Celebrity Report . . . 62
- 1.17 Entertainment Industry, Take Me Away! . . . 66
- 1.18 Dracula Bites . . . 68
- 1.19 The Creation of a Video Game Mascot . . . 71
- 1.20 Are You Fucking Sirius? . . . 75
- 1.21 Down With The Sickness . . . 79
- 1.22 Sequel To Popular Game is nowhere as good as Original Game . . . 82
- 1.23 Charles Doory: The Ultimate Multitool . . . 84
- 1.24 Internet Discount Barn: Your Savings Fix for 2006! . . . 91
- 1.25 Vengeance is Mine . . . 95
- 1.26 USA 2006 World Tour: Stage One . . . 98
- 1.27 Death to Israel . . . 102
- 1.28 Perhaps We Shouldn't Have Built This City On Rock And Roll . . . 105
- 1.29 Mean Gifts . . . 107
- 1.30 Cobra After-Action Report: The Gamemaster . . . 111
- 1.31 I'm So Cyber-Cool . . . 118

2 February 121
- 2.1 The Most Honorable Way to Die . . . 122
- 2.2 Honest College Course Descriptions . . . 127
- 2.3 Eyes of Flesh - Eyes of Flame . . . 131

2.4 Super Bowl Extravaganzalonelyfest . . . 136
2.5 Philosophy Sunday: Dudes. Are they bad enough? . . . 139
2.6 Leave a Message in the Anonymous Muslim Man Complaint Box . . . 143
2.7 The Bitterest Soup: Part I . . . 146
2.8 The Bitterest Soup: Part 2 . . . 152
2.9 Valentine's Day Special: This Update FREE After Mail-In Rebate! . . . 158
2.10 An Intolerable Rap Rivalry . . . 162
2.11 Not-So Famous Last Words . . . 166
2.12 State Og: A New Beginning . . . 169
2.13 Blue Stripe: The Life and Times of a Replicator Repairman . . . 174
2.14 Valentine's Day Emergency Kit . . . 178
2.15 My Amaizing Story of Survival Against all Odds . . . 180
2.16 Failed TV Programs in the Tradition of Hogan's Heroes . . . 184
2.17 Heinz Bergen's Beweggrundmannschaft . . . 187
2.18 Web 2.0 - Synergistic Folksonomy And You . . . 190
2.19 My Future Writing Career . . . 193
2.20 Infrequently Asked Questions . . . 197
2.21 AMDB Trivia: Copper Heart (1987) . . . 199
2.22 Presidents' Day Miracles . . . 202
2.23 Interview with an Ice Cream Man . . . 204
2.24 The Writer's Notebook: Chuck Palahniuk . . . 208
2.25 Suburban Warfare . . . 210
2.26 Welcome To The National Daily Student! . . . 213
2.27 In Defense of Curling . . . 220
2.28 Our Violent Universe . . . 222

3 March 227
3.1 Crimes of the Future . . . 228
3.2 The Annotated Dear Richard . . . 230
3.3 The Lost Diary of Andy, Space Pioneer . . . 234
3.4 2006: A French Roast Odyssey . . . 238
3.5 Philosophy Sunday: The Careful Traveler's Guide To Hell . . . 240
3.6 I, Martindale . . . 244
3.7 OrgyLife's Best and Worst of 2005 . . . 247
3.8 Wastelandic Adventure . . . 256
3.9 New Games Journalism . . . 259
3.10 Blue Stripe: The Life and Times of a Power-Up Deliveryman . . . 262
3.11 Alternate History 101 . . . 265
3.12 Evan Wade's Late Night Drunk Food Bonanza! . . . 268
3.13 The Writer's Notebook: Harry Turtledove . . . 272
3.14 The Great Energy Drink Roundup: 2006 Edition . . . 274
3.15 Secrets of the Mountains . . . 280
3.16 Great Moments in Commercial Aviation, Chapter 11 . . . 283
3.17 Yellowjacket Greenapple, PI: CASE AUBURN . . . 286
3.18 The Most Dangerous Game Of All . . . 289
3.19 The Top 5 Greatest Lines In History . . . 292
3.20 Yellowjacket Greenapple, PI: CASE AUBURN - CONTINUES... . . . 296
3.21 Today We Learn English! Lesson 8: The Tenses . . . 301
3.22 A Few Thoughts on Dogs and Robots . . . 307
3.23 Chicken Sunday . . . 309
3.24 House Shopping and Damnation . . . 313

3.25 The Play By Play . . . 317
3.26 One Flu Over the Cuckoo's Nest . . . 319
3.27 INCORPORATION: The Strangler Fig . . . 323
3.28 Breakaway Suit Owner's Manual . . . 333
3.29 Progress Report . . . 338
3.30 USA 2006 World Tour: Stompn' On . . . 340
3.31 INCORPORATION: The Captive Wasp . . . 343

4 April **355**
4.1 The 24 News Cycle . . . 356
4.2 An Official Statement from the Desk of Senator Blackridge . . . 358
4.3 The Awesome Deferred . . . 361
4.4 Real Life Childhood Tales . . . 366
4.5 Tips and Tricks . . . 369
4.6 Asshole Physics, Meet Asshole A.I. . . . 372
4.7 The Awesome Deferred: Reader Edition! . . . 379
4.8 Adult Sink . . . 385
4.9 My Comedy Central Internship . . . 388
4.10 Winesburg, Indiana: Rapture Police Log . . . 394
4.11 The World of the Future According to the Past . . . 397
4.12 Year of the Dragon Shirt . . . 400
4.13 Seth MacFarlane: A Truth Media Celebrity Report . . . 403
4.14 Hypostasis of the Archons . . . 408
4.15 And Eat It Too . . . 412
4.16 Nickelodeon GUTS: Extreme Iraq War Challenge . . . 416
4.17 From the Desks of the Ninth Circle . . . 419
4.18 The Trout's Despair . . . 425
4.19 House of Horrors: Understanding the Bradford Exchange . . . 428
4.20 Free Application for Federal Student Aid . . . 433
4.21 Signs of the Apocalypse for April, 2006 . . . 437
4.22 Super . . . 440
4.23 I Agree With Ann . . . 443
4.24 THE KNIFE SHOW on PAX TV . . . 448
4.25 Josephine's Diary . . . 454
4.26 Clownportal.com . . . 461
4.27 A Most Curious Courtship . . . 463
4.28 The Littlest Developers . . . 467
4.29 Death Threats From Cutie . . . 472
4.30 Philosophy Sunday: Snakes. Why did it have to be snakes? . . . 475

5 May **479**
5.1 Have a Sucker . . . 480
5.2 Don't Wear it Out . . . 484
5.3 Human Cat Show . . . 490
5.4 Highway to the Thrifty Zone . . . 493
5.5 Winesburg, Indiana: Alien Invasion . . . 496
5.6 Dedication . . . 499
5.7 This Update is About My Dog's Penis . . . 501
5.8 Blue Stripe: The Life and Times of a Droid Maintenance Technician . . . 506
5.9 Think Smarter, Not... Whatever That Other Way Is . . . 510
5.10 A Timeline of Our Rising Gas Prices . . . 513

5.11 People Who Should Get Off The Internet . . . 516
5.12 The 2006 Gokus - Erotic Fanfiction Awards Scorecard . . . 520
5.13 Red Phone Diaries . . . 523
5.14 Celebrity Call Center . . . 526
5.15 Suburban Living Report . . . 529
5.16 District Bulletin: Wanted Offenders . . . 532
5.17 Enraptured . . . 537
5.18 Shirt Tales . . . 540
5.19 How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Wire . . . 544
5.20 The H.P.A.T. . . . 552
5.21 Ye Olde Oblivion Bulletine Boarde . . . 555
5.22 The Magic of the Internet Prism . . . 562
5.23 Tales From the (Child)Hood, Part II . . . 566
5.24 Triumph of the Thetans . . . 568
5.25 The Oblivion Mod Guide . . . 571
5.26 Be He Alive or Be He Dead . . . 575
5.27 I Have Issues . . . 578
5.28 Top Secret Plan for Season 3 of Lost . . . 582
5.29 Winesburg, Indiana: Winesburg goes to War . . . 585
5.30 The Dave Thorpe Dating Theory . . . 589
5.31 Busytown Police Blotter for Memorial Day Weekend . . . 595

6 June **599**
6.1 The Giant Panda Conspiracy . . . 600
6.2 Steve's Fantasy Art Critique (Vol. 1) . . . 605
6.3 Johnny Confidence . . . 612
6.4 Memories: A GraduCorp Shopping Guide . . . 614
6.5 This Entire Article is a Plug for My Book . . . 618
6.6 Tony's Millions . . . 622
6.7 Internet Discount Antiquities Supply Depot . . . 625
6.8 Lost Corporate Treasures: GameStop Employee Manual Appendix A . . . 629
6.9 Really Inconvenient Truths . . . 634
6.10 Red Phone Diaries: Super Victims Unit . . . 638
6.11 SomethingAwfulList . . . 642
6.12 Physicians' Desk Reference, 1855 Edition . . . 646
6.13 Badass Star Wars Characters . . . 649
6.14 Another Visit to Clownportal.com . . . 658
6.15 Xbox 360 Summer Preview Spectacular . . . 660
6.16 The Elderly Say the Darnedest Shit . . . 665
6.17 Everything You Need To Know About The World . . . 670
6.18 Jobs of the Future . . . 674
6.19 The Burning Pitch . . . 679
6.20 Uwe Boll Wants Me Alone In the Dark . . . 682
6.21 Peter Molyneux Q & A . . . 688
6.22 The Burning Pitch: Reader Pitches . . . 695
6.23 Sgt. Sarge's Hesitant Commandos . . . 699
6.24 The Bargain Book Bin: Dragons of Autumn Twilight . . . 702
6.25 Things My TV Taught Me . . . 706
6.26 Today We Learn English! Lesson Thirteen: The Peculiarities . . . 709
6.27 More Horrors from the Bradford Exchange . . . 714
6.28 The Chronicles of Jasper: Ultimate Destruction . . . 718

6.29 Steve's Art and Philosophy Workshop: Painting an Owl Bear . . . 721

7 July **729**
7.1 Monet Monet Monet Is All You Need . . . 730
7.2 Unsung Legends of Wrestling . . . 736
7.3 Tragic Love Scenes from the Naked City . . . 740
7.4 Firework Safety Coloring Book . . . 746
7.5 The Internest Makes You Stupid . . . 750
7.6 Old Jersey Never Pulled This Crap! . . . 752
7.7 The Divine Tragicomedy . . . 755
7.8 The Science Of Fiction . . . 764
7.9 The Complete and True Confessions of Senator Henderson . . . 767
7.10 TV Time Capsule: "Space Force: 1988" . . . 770
7.11 Online Anarchy . . . 776
7.12 Busytown Police Blotter for 4th of July Holiday . . . 780
7.13 Doctor Dating's Official Guide to Not Dying Alone . . . 783
7.14 Adventures in the National Asset Database . . . 786
7.15 The Subtle Differences Between Andy Paulson And The Known Universe . . . 791
7.16 Shove It! The Dredd of Sgt. Slaughter's Basketball with Teeth . . . 794
7.17 Dr. Burn's Corporate Snap Seminar . . . 800
7.18 All About Your Human . . . 803
7.19 I'll Never Forget Your Smile . . . 808
7.20 The Great Duck Book Review . . . 812
7.21 Anforny's Dismal Antiques & Collectibles Catalog . . . 816
7.22 Excerptional . . . 821
7.23 Philosophy Sunday: God's Annual Performance Review . . . 826
7.24 Steve's Hottest Babe Moments of Sci-Fi . . . 830
7.25 The 2006 Pamphy Awards . . . 837
7.26 The Mystery of My Hole . . . 842
7.27 The Hidden Cost of Whining About Piracy on Your Blog . . . 844
7.28 War Never Changes: From the Frontlines of the Neroimus Conflict . . . 848
7.29 Inactive Fiction: Wrestlefest 2006 . . . 854
7.30 New Ways To Get High: For Kids! . . . 857
7.31 2006 Goku-Lytton Awards for the Worst First Line in Erotic Fan Fiction . . . 862

8 August **867**
8.1 It's Time For Some Culture On Here . . . 868
8.2 IRC Year Book, Page 12 . . . 876
8.3 Early 90s Childhood Heroes: Unmasked! . . . 879
8.4 I'm Here to Ruin Your Day . . . 884
8.5 Trendy Style Magazine Presents: . . . 885
8.6 A Max Buckly Jr Retrospective: From Emoticon To Movie Star . . . 888
8.7 Newsletter Heck: . . . 893
8.8 100 Movie Reviews OF TERROR . . . 895
8.9 A No-Nonsense Guide to Economic Principles but With Wacky Internet References 901
8.10 Otis Rising . . . 905
8.11 God Answers The Internet's Questions . . . 909
8.12 Spookyville Town Council Minutes . . . 912
8.13 The Man in the Cheese Castle . . . 916
8.14 krangslist . . . 919
8.15 The Horrors Never Cease . . . 923

8.16 Proud American Magazine Asks: How Big is Your Flag? . . . 928
8.17 Textbooks of Tomorrow: Rise of the Hiphopracies . . . 932
8.18 Bad Day LA . . . 938
8.19 Jacqueline Mackie Paisley Passey: High Quality Woman . . . 941
8.20 Blue Stripe: The Life and Times of a Holodeck Janitor . . . 945
8.21 Entertainment Tuesday Scoop Extravaganza! . . . 950
8.22 Clark's Digest . . . 956
8.23 Review of A Free Book I Got . . . 957
8.24 The Twice Baked War Critic . . . 960
8.25 Star Wars Episode IV : R2-D2's Dialogue Translated . . . 965
8.26 Hidden Gems of Weekend Web . . . 968
8.27 That Terrible Call . . . 979
8.28 The Secret Road to Money Heaven . . . 984
8.29 My Inbox: Behind the Scenes . . . 987
8.30 Intervention Superstars: Jeff VanVonderen . . . 994

9 September 999
9.1 Update Thine Resume . . . 1000
9.2 Product Placement . . . 1003
9.3 The Bargain Book Bin: I Rewrite The Classics . . . 1006
9.4 My Book is Sale! . . . 1009
9.5 Being a Better Roommate . . . 1012
9.6 The Hot Dogs Cook Themselves Now . . . 1023
9.7 This Week in Nerd Rage . . . 1029
9.8 In the Wet Spot of Gods . . . 1033
9.9 Red Phone Diaries: Conference Call . . . 1040
9.10 The Wide World of TV . . . 1043
9.11 GroupHoop! . . . 1046
9.12 Soap on a Rope . . . 1047
9.13 Animality . . . 1051
9.14 The Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle Aptitude Test . . . 1054
9.15 The Mick's Lost Letters . . . 1058
9.16 Doctor's Orders . . . 1063
9.17 Electric Football! . . . 1065
9.18 Wrestling the Twister: An Interview With M. Night Shyamalan . . . 1070
9.19 Quantum Geek . . . 1075
9.20 Congressional Corruption . . . 1079
9.21 Console Wars 2006 . . . 1083
9.22 I DIE, BEAN . . . 1087
9.23 The Hottest Trends In Computing . . . 1091
9.24 Stillwater Sun-Times for 9/24 . . . 1094
9.25 Torture, No Torture . . . 1097
9.26 Live Long and Pester . . . 1102
9.27 Bollcrap (Part I of II) . . . 1106
9.28 United States Terror List Addendum . . . 1111
9.29 Echelon: An Interactive Play In One Act . . . 1115
9.30 Natural Born Jerks . . . 1122

10 October 1125
10.1 The Dog Treats Taste-athon Part 1 . . . 1126
10.2 FOUND 1998 . . . 1129

10.3 Le Steve Gourmet . . . 1137
10.4 An Evening Stroll with Friends . . . 1144
10.5 The Oblivion Holiday Add-on Pack Preview . . . 1147
10.6 Peak Oil is Not Healthy . . . 1153
10.7 AgendaNet . . . 1157
10.8 Defeat Boredom The Ace W. High Way! . . . 1160
10.9 Leave a Message in the Anonymous Illegal Immigrant Complaint Box . . . 1165
10.10 The Dog Treats Taste-athon Part 2 . . . 1168
10.11 Boruff & Davies Catalogue Co. . . . 1171
10.12 Andy Rooney 2666 . . . 1173
10.13 THE GURF MANIFESTO . . . 1176
10.14 Operating Room . . . 1181
10.15 Pansy Jackass . . . 1184
10.16 Brick . . . 1187
10.17 Senior Living II: The Oldening . . . 1191
10.18 Senior Living II: The Oldening (Part Two) . . . 1195
10.19 Nerd Rage Countdown with A Virgin Nerd . . . 1199
10.20 I Am the Greatest Author Alive . . . 1204
10.21 Pornstar Portfolios . . . 1212
10.22 EULA . . . 1217
10.23 A Look Back on Election '04 . . . 1220
10.24 Stock Market Fever: Catch It! . . . 1226
10.25 Regarding Haunted Houses . . . 1229
10.26 The Something Awful Book Nook . . . 1232
10.27 Steve's Ultimate Monster Bash . . . 1239
10.28 Repugnant Jobs . . . 1245
10.29 US Department of Video Game Travel . . . 1249
10.30 SA Codelords . . . 1252
10.31 Something Awful's 2006 Halloween Special . . . 1257

11 November **1265**
11.1 Unlike My Opponent . . . 1266
11.2 Gears of War Leaked Script . . . 1269
11.3 Ortu-matu American Besuboru! . . . 1273
11.4 Building A Better Mousetrap . . . 1276
11.5 We Be Cystin' . . . 1284
11.6 Muhahaha! Happy Election Eve! . . . 1289
11.7 electionday.txt . . . 1293
11.8 Election Blog . . . 1297
11.9 The Awful History of Final Fantasy: Part I . . . 1303
11.10 Above Crumbling Vistas Far Away . . . 1308
11.11 How To Properly Camp Out For A Console . . . 1312
11.12 Philosophy Sunday: Riding Dirty. Passing Trend, Or Here To Stay? . . . 1315
11.13 The Google Ad Machine (Refresh for More) . . . 1318
11.14 District Bulletin: Event & Circumstance . . . 1319
11.15 COUPONS COUPONS COUPONS . . . 1322
11.16 The Telephone Makes You Stupid . . . 1323
11.17 A Look Back on the Regan Interviews . . . 1327
11.18 I Base All Of My Purchases On Reader Reviews . . . 1331
11.19 Animal Fix Notes For 11/19 . . . 1337
11.20 TVScoop.com: Monk . . . 1341

11.21 First Annual Something Awful Forums Medusie Awards . . . 1343
11.22 DynaMars Corporation Ares Station Resident Complaint Queue . . . 1346
11.23 The Awful History of Final Fantasy: Part II . . . 1350
11.24 Unrestrained Gossip . . . 1355
11.25 Birds, Bees . . . 1358
11.26 The Bargain Book Bin: From the Desk of Brian Jacques . . . 1360
11.27 A Cramlington Geordie in King Arthur's Court . . . 1366
11.28 The Dave Thorpe Ministry . . . 1369
11.29 Winter Apocalypse! . . . 1374
11.30 Coming Up on the Next Modern Marvels . . . 1377

12 December **1381**
12.1 A Weekend With Rachael Ray . . . 1382
12.2 The Final Days Of Nilly Willy Insurance . . . 1388
12.3 More Hidden Gems Of Weekend Web . . . 1395
12.4 The Dark Side of Wikipedia . . . 1405
12.5 Guys and Dolls . . . 1410
12.6 Moon Beat Magazine, January 2006 Edition . . . 1418
12.7 Leaked Simpsons Movie Script . . . 1421
12.8 Lindsay Lohan - A Fully Adequite Proposal . . . 1424
12.9 The Most Intriguing And Mysterious Book Ever Written . . . 1426
12.10 Celebrity Apologies in the Mirror Universe . . . 1429
12.11 Astounding Improbable Science Adventure . . . 1432
12.12 True Tales From Humboldt . . . 1439
12.13 Help Me I Am In Collectibles Hell . . . 1447
12.14 How to Cheat On Your Girlfriend and Get Away With It . . . 1450
12.15 Collected Fine Erotica (1801) . . . 1454
12.16 You And Me, After School! . . . 1459
12.17 More True Tales From Humboldt . . . 1462
12.18 I Don't Know About These Mountain Climber Guys . . . 1470
12.19 The Time Tooth Tooth Bought an Eagle . . . 1474
12.20 A Horrible Weekend Adventure . . . 1477
12.21 Internet Time Machine 1988: Zelda II Reactions . . . 1481
12.22 Tom Leykis Explains "Leykis 101" at a Prison for Rape Victims in Pakistan . . . 1485
12.23 Your Ad Here . . . 1488
12.24 HorseZ FAQ . . . 1492
12.25 'Twas the Night Before Declaration . . . 1498
12.26 Poetry Made Easy: Volume One . . . 1501
12.27 The Something Awful YouTube Wish List . . . 1506
12.28 The Forgotten Releases . . . 1515
12.29 Saddam Hussein, You Will Be Missed . . . 1520
12.30 Transmissions From Planet Borgnine . . . 1523
12.31 Ace W. High's New Year's Eve Activity Page! . . . 1526

Index of Writers **1531**

Index of Series **1533**

Chapter 1

January

1.1 Sporting young lads

Sunday, Jan 01, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

In my twenty-odd years on this earth I've been called a lot of things. "Athlete" is not one of them, mostly because the most demanding physical activity I find myself in involves running to the fridge to get a ham sandwich before commercials are over. "Good Parent" is another one, seeing as most women view me as more of a giant ball of hair and curse words than as a possible parent.

Physical flaws aside, however, I pride myself on being a pretty bright guy. In fact, if some poor woman does decide to bear my young, I guarantee you here and now I will be a millionaire by the time I'm 45. Using a system perfected by Tiger Woods' father, not to mention every professional tennis coach ever, my kid will be a superstar athlete before he gets his driver's license.

If I was doing the training, he wouldn't need to be holding the ball to get an ass-kicking.

Since genetics also deprived me of a working knowledge of most sports (around the turn of last century it was replaced with a lust for drinking and drinking while doing other things), I have decided to make a list of options and pick which works best for the kid. Football

Football is, of course, the hardest American sport to understand and with good reason. The game has hardly changed since it was conceived by a group of men with gigantic hands and nothing to cheer at in the 1800's. Even most of the terminology has stayed the same.

Since I don't have the time, patience, or attention span to learn the many intricacies of what I'm sure is a wonderful sport played by hormone testing accidents and serial rapists, I will train my child to be one of the two positions I understand, quarterback or wide receiver.

- If the child displays natural running tendencies, I will use a variety of training methods to make him into a solid wide receiver. The most effective one, I believe, will be to starve him for days and then tape a candy bar to a football. I will drag him into the yard and tell him that I am going to throw the ball. If he catches the ball in the air, he will be allowed to eat the candy bar. If he misses, I will penalize him by forcing him to do pushups over a hole full of rusty nails and pit vipers. If he falls into the hole and attempts to eat one of the vipers I will whip him with a white-hot coat hanger and tell him I should have done it to him while he was in the womb.
- If the child can throw a ball well he will be quarterback trained. It is rumored that Peyton Manning's father, a famous NFL quarterback himself, forced both of his sons to constantly carry around a football when out of school to get them acquainted with the feel of the ball. I will one-up this idea by gluing a regulation football to my son's hand and then lighting it on fire. I will only extinguish the flame when he flails the ball, trying to put the blaze out, in perfect passing form five times in a row. This will teach him to keep cool and calm under pressure in the pocket.

Of course, there are also a number of defensive positions within the game that I do not understand. To train him for all of them, I will simply be sure to hold a football in clear view every time I beat him. This will teach him a natural hatred for all persons holding a football, and, in time, make him into a powerhouse defensive player. Basketball

Basketball is an easier sport to understand than football but can still be baffling at times, especially to the casual fan. The NBA's recent policy of "making up rules for the sake of making up rules" has resulted in an ever-shifting, ever-changing game that makes it hard to understand if rushing the stands and kicking a pregnant woman in the stomach results in a personal foul or a technical.

"Daddy told me protective cups are for faggots and he cuts faggot throats for a living."

Again, there are a number of positions in the game of basketball. Since they all do basically the same thing, save for one position, I am going to train my kid to be a guy who shoots the ball or a center. Here are my ideas:

- If the kid is tall and doesn't cry too much when I elbow him in the face for standing too close behind me at the grocery store, I will train him to become a center. Since the center in a real game of basketball is essentially the team's pain sponge, the best way to get him into shape is to hire a group of teenage hoodlums to come by and punch him in the stomach every day. If he fights back I will blow a whistle for the foul he committed and make him jump for ten rebounds over a flaming pile of rubber.

- If the kid ends up being black and can jump pretty high, I will put him through an intensive shot-training camp designed to make him the next Reggie Miller, minus the rat-like looks and ugly sister. Again, this will require the participation of the aforementioned teenage hoodlums, who I will pay to heckle him mercilessly and throw rancid garbage at him every time he misses a shot.

Soccer

A lot of Americans have problems watching soccer, and with good reason. Soccer is, of course, the most boring sport in the world. However, I am not a marketing executive. I am a man of business. While I understand the U.S. ranks soccer slightly lower than home-improvement style shows on public television, I also realize soccer is the most popular sport elsewhere in the world.

Sometimes it's fun to throw a ball covered in blood in between the kids and yell "Hey! It's your mom's head!" They laugh. After they get done crying.

Much like the other sports listed above, I have only a vague idea of what soccer is or how it works. I do understand that there are goalies and guys who kick the ball, however, so I'll just train the kid to be one of those things.

- Goalie training will probably be the most fun for both involved parties. I get the refreshing physical exercise of kicking a soccer ball at my son, and he will enjoy the hair-raising sensation of catching it with his face. If he hides from the ball when I launch it at him, I will cover it in glue and broken glass, and make him defend the net in a pair of shorts and a T-shirt. This will teach him that teamwork is paramount.

- Kick training would be a lot quarterback training. Basically, I would chase the kid with a belt and tell him to keep the ball in front of him at all times unless he wanted a mouth full of leather. This would improve his dribbling skills. If he lost the ball or couldn't keep up with me, we would revert to stage two of goalie training, then repeat.

I realize there are some potential caveats to this plan. Given my genetic makeup, the kid very well could be born with some sort of physical disability. This is compounded by the fact that the sort of woman who would bed me would more than likely drink a bottle of gin every day during her pregnancy.

The biggest physical setback is one anyone can be stricken with, however: The child could be born a girl. As far as I know, WNBA basketball is the only professional female sport that pays anything, but even then it gets lower ratings than soccer without the international support. In that case, we'll be moving to Taiwan, where I hear gender reassignment surgeries are cheap and plentiful. Then, after a proper recuperation time, we'll be back to the states and off with the training again.

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

1.2 The Five Worst Gaming Articles of 2005 (The Final Battle)

Monday, Jan 02, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Last Friday I brought our readers the first half of my list of the five worst gaming articles of 2005. Today I bring you the conclusion to that article, but before we discover who conquered the number one and the number two slots, I would like to make mention of some notable articles that did not quite make the list.

All of you should know by now that GamePro is a member of the flock of gaming media outlets that is entirely devoid of any sense of professionalism. Reading their reviews is akin to watching a WWF match where Hulk Hogan wrestles against some complete no-name. Hulk Hogan is not going to get pinned by the Great Pickle and Halo 2 is not going to get a three out of five rating. Their website is a mess of advertising and their writers care about as much about gaming as I care about knitting.

A perfect example of GamePro's complete lack of integrity can be found in Vicious Sid's preview of the Xbox360 game Saint's Row. Vicious Sid raves about how great Saint's Row is, but the real point of his article seems to be some sort of bizarre grudge he has with Grand Theft Auto.

> *It's official. In 2005, the year of Our Lord, the bloody reign of Grand Theft Auto is over. Sure, it's still walking, talking, and killing with mindless, murderous abandon. But it's as dead as a spent bullet.*

I'm not going to defend Grand Theft Auto's honor here, but claiming that one of the best-selling game franchises of all time is dead because you got to see an alpha demo of an unreleased title for a newly-released console does not seem particularly smart to me. Don't get me started on how derivative Saint's Row sounds. Unfortunately, there is no accountability in the gaming media. Saint's Row could be the worst game ever, but Vicious Sid will be back to write a glowing preview of Saint's Row 2 because none of the readers and none of the publishers really give a shit. Do I need to remind you guys that Gamespot wrote a rave preview of Black & White 2?

But wait, I'm not quite done with Vicious yet. He closes out his anemic article with a brief Q&A with Saint's Row developer Jacques Hennequet. Let's see what sort of hard-hitting questions Vicious has for Jacques.

> ***GamePro:*** *Let's say I want to be a pimp. Do I have to go and find pimp-specific missions? [...]* ***GP:*** *Earlier you mentioned that a player could complete the game by engaging in almost any activity you wanted. Roughly how many "professions" are there? Is there a central storyline?*

Those are the **only** questions printed in the article. Do you think the public was clamoring to know about pimp-specific missions? The second question is a little better, but honestly it just seems like a setup to allow Jacques to brag about professions and answer the obvious. By the way, the answers Jacques gave are pretty much irrelevant so just fill in whatever response you would expect based on the question and you're probably correct.

Last Friday I spent a lot of time making fun of pretension in the gaming media. Sometimes this is simply writers taking themselves way too seriously and overestimating their own intelligence. Sometimes that pretension can take the form of a writer who gets way too deep into his or her material. Two great examples of this are the hilarious over-analysis of schlock killer game "Manhunt" by NTSC-uk and the towering IGN review of the extended DVD of the Fellowship of the Ring. I realize that second one is technically not a gaming article and is not from 2005, but it was published by a gaming site and is pretty much the longest review I have ever seen. If you have several hours and you're a masochist then check both of them out.

I think I have dragged my feet enough on today's top two spots. I am going to go ahead and say the name that many of you have already guessed: Tim Rogers.

Tim Rogers is the worst game reviewer working today. The man loves video games and video game culture. He seems to live video games. That sounds like a great quality for a reviewer and gaming journalist, but without the context of the real world he has become a living embodiment of everything that is wrong with gaming. When you live gaming everything you write on the subject becomes an introspective blog.

Tim obsessively name drops developers he has met, random Japanese words he learns and constantly strives to love the most obscure games possible. He spent an entire review fixated on the woman who sang a song on the soundtrack of the prequel to the game he was reviewing. He will ramble incoherently for upwards of twenty pages, jumping from topic to topic with little structure or point and lashing out at people who make fun of his ineptitude. He will philosophize and proselytize at an eighth-grade level and he will imbue even the simplest activity with intolerable quantities of forced quirkiness. For Christ's sake, he reviewed solicited GBA games using a system that involved riding a train around Japan.

Those and many other reasons are why Tim Rogers is the worst gaming journalist of 2005 and, to my knowledge, of all time. Picking out just two articles to use for this list proved to be nearly as difficult as filling the other three spots.

2. Tim's Epic Journey Through Animal Crossing (2002) on Insertcredit.com

Tim Rogers spent eight articles talking about Animal Crossing. Every single article is excruciating to read. I would like to start with an excerpt from the first article. I have bolded sections of text that are completely unnecessary to the article. While you are reading try to figure out which of these bolded sections should make you want to slap him in the mouth.

> ***I'm heating up a vegan burrito*** *in the microwave when I hear the animal voice for the first time. It's a high voice, and it sounds almost like a whistle:*
>
> Nin-ten-do.
>
> I jump around the corner, and look into the living room. There, in the middle of **my big-screen TV,** is a red Nintendo logo. When it fades, the Animal Crossing title screen comes up. Behind the logo is a train station surrounded by trees with falling pink leaves. An animal-like person with dog ears in an outfit with red and white horizontal stripes is carrying a black-and-white umbrella, and headed south, past a monkey in a porter's outfit. South of the train

> station, there are two houses. Outside one of the houses stands -- what's this? -- a gorilla. Outside the other house stands a rhino. No one told me they had gorillas and rhinos in this game!
>
> And that music. It's a light kind of piano-jazz **that reminds me of Earthbound** so hard it almost knocks the wind out of me. Then the microwave beeps, and I run out to grab my burrito.

If you're like me then all of the bolded sections and pretty much all of the text in between them made you start flexing your pimp hand. Let's see how he is doing by article number three.

> *I look back to my IRC. Someone's just entered the channel. I don't know who it is.*
>
> "Tim, are you still playing Animal Crossing?" they ask me.
>
> Who is this person, and who told them I was playing Animal Crossing? I don't know. I don't answer.

Ah, still as horrible as ever! I should mention that Tim frequently includes chatlogs and IRC messages in his articles. That's nouveau journalism at its finest. Let's check in on Tim again near the end of article number seven.

> *When I tell Clint I plan on buying neither an E-card reader nor a GBA link cable, he takes on a tone much like that one professor of mine when I told him I wasn't going to take another IQ test.*

"When I tell Clint I plan on buying neither an E-card reader nor a GBA link cable, he takes on a tone much like that one professor of mine who had to give me special brain tests because I was the smartest person ever that he had ever seen ever and he thought I was a calculator robot with IQ 5000.....*Earrrrrthbound.*

Tim's in-the-trenches style of gaming journalism really only works for journalists who are, say, actually in trenches. We don't need to read the minute details of you reheating burritos and orgasming RGB semen across your 50 inch LCD because you heard Tom Nook babbling about buying your peaches. We don't need one paragraph of that, let alone eight articles. You lead a shallow and empty life that you try to fill with things you bought in Japan, just get over yourself and write the fucking review of the fucking videogame.

1. a review of sakura taisen v: episode zero, a videogame by sega/overworks/RED for the sony playstation2 console by tim rogers, aka 108 joestar, rockstar videogame journalist by Tim Rogers on Largeprimenumbers.com

Tim Rogers referring to himself as a "rockstar videogame journalist" is my favorite part of this impossible, unstructured and worthless 7,000 word abortion of a videogame review. Tim's spastic inability to write a coherent essay is only matched by his hilarious self-effacing faux egotism. Tim knows he isn't really a rockstar, but...wink! WINK WINK WINK! Tim is the kind of guy who would win a Magic: the Gathering tournament in high school and be really proud about it, but he knows everyone would think he's a total fag if he bragged about it, but he can't help himself so he brags about it ironically. "Yeah, you guys can forget about the big game this weekend, because I am going to be be...get this...building a new championship deck!"

> *Can videogames be ironic? I don't know. Beat Takeshi's Takeshi no chousen-jou, in 1989, was pretty ironic. It is ironic, mostly, because its final boss takes 20,000 hits to kill, and because it opens with a disclaimer that "The man who made this game hates videogames." That's irony in videogames -- hatred of the audience. A game, as I have covered elsewhere, requires the button-pressings of the player to continue. The reason people on videogame-website-related discussion forums feel so compelled to write long, long, long things about videogames is because they have to participate a whole lot more to see the ending of a videogame than they have to participate to see the end of a movie. The relationship between gamer and game is much unlike the relationship between needle and record-groove (that is to say, the needle loves the record groove and vice-versa, so says Tamio Okuda); the game has to love the player even when the player hates the game. If the game hates the player and the player tries to love the game, that is ironic. This says as much for the nature of videogames as it does for my ex-girlfriend.*

Here, Tim, let me help you pick up all these fucking names you are dropping all over the place. It's like a gossip column about retarded Japanese videogame theory. Tim's article includes two detailed reviews for entirely different games sandwiched into the middle of this review. These nested reviews are so incoherent that they amount to little more than babbling.

> *For those who want to know the story -- read the manga. It covers the same story as the game, and it's better, even if the art is, well . . . kind of oddly cutesy, given the subject matter. If you haven't played the game yet, and are thinking slightly seriously about doing so, read this, and then reconsider:*
>
> So you're in the wilderness, with all of four hit points left. Hyakkimaru is near-dead-drained. You enter an area before a cave, Dororo says, hey Hyakkimaru, I'll go in here and check it out. The game then switches control over to Dororo. Dororo is weak and fast. His/her levels are always kind of short, and sometimes with really frustrating camera angles.

I would like to take a moment to apologize to the Japanese. The people from the United States and Canada that end up living in your country are almost all horrible and I am really sorry about that. Most Americans don't really love manga, Pocky and babbling for hours on end about obscure videogame minutiae.

Tim Rogers talks around his review of Sakura Taisen v: Episode Zero. He makes obvious that he hates the game but he doesn't really inform the reader until the last several paragraphs. To make matters worse, Sakura Taisen v: Episode Zero sounds like one of the best games of all time.

> *Well, in the end, it is revealed that Juanita is "The only citizen to survive the Battle of Gettysburg." This is spoken in 1927. The Battle of Gettysburg*

> *was in 1865. Juanita is ten years old. She is, of course, for some reason, immortal. The people of Gettysburg herald her return as a great omen -- "She can save us, now, from the evil!" The bad guys, revealed to be Confederate soldiers still nursing a grudge, then open a pathway to the Garden of Eden, where the scarfaced lead villain plans to make Juanita Eve to his Adam.*

Sakura Taisen sounds like a surrealist work of staggering genius! Tim disagrees.

> *I am not a patriotic American. I don't live in the country, and I haven't, for a long stretch of my life. Yet I know at least a little bit about the nation's history. I know what Gettysburg was. If these Japanese game designers want to make a game a hit in America, the least they can do is open a damn book.*

In Franz Kafka's "Amerika" the Statue of Liberty holds a sword and the protagonist gets a job at a hotel with sixty elevators. Kafka had only a vague idea of the United States that he had gleaned from books and newspapers. I bet Tim Rogers totally loves whoever the Japanese manga artist version of Kafka is, so I don't think it's really fair for him to base most of the negativity in his horrific derailment of a review on the fact that the developers did not offer historical accuracy. It's a fucking game about giant robots getting kicked by horses. When a Triple Crown winner knocks the laser beams off a killdroid you can start hating on this game for taking some liberties with reality.

There you have it, 2005's worst gaming articles! As a bit of a postscript to this article I would like to take a moment to mention Tim Rogers' short article about getting fired from Planetgamecube.com. Yeah, that Planetgamecube.com. The one that took the number five spot back on Friday. They would have had number one if only they hadn't fired Tim Rogers.

This article may be only tenuously related to videogames, but it is one of the all-time great tragicomic moments of gaming up there with the time Derek Smart attacked a Coke machine at Take 2.

> He looked down. I spied the top of his crew-cut head. He was dressed in a PlanetGameCube.com T-shirt and khaki pants. To his shoes, he mumbled, "Itwasniceworkingwithyou." The two large gentlemen he'd brought with him stared over my right and left shoulders. Maybe they were looking at my friends -- insert credit's own Doug Jones and Eric-Jon Waugh. With a heel-turn that didn't even almost suggest a movie-villain's

flicking of a cape, the three were gone. Like villains in a children's movie, my companions and I were laughing out our noses in half a second.

Five minutes later, the three of us stepped up to the Ziff-Davis booth to accept shopping bags full of glossy, thick American videogames magazines. I lugged them around all day. At the end of day one of E3 2003, the ZD booth still had plenty of magazines. I felt kind of stupid for not waiting until the end of the day to pick up the magazines.

And I feel kind of smart now, with that shopping bag of magazines on my coffee table. It's two weeks after E3, and my website (yes, this one right here) has just been dubbed "Website of the month" by Edge magazine. I wrote half a novel in the last two days. At present, I've got a glass of cranberry juice -- the doctor's recommendation -- and a bowl of M&Ms, and I'm seconds away from launching into writing the best piece of gaming-related journalism ever written: by tim rogers.

See you, Space Cowboy.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.3 A Trip Down Hard Drive Lane

Tuesday, Jan 03, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

Back in the days before anyone cool liked computers, men who were quite obviously secret agents and guerilla warlords would spend their free time writing text files explaining their best tricks for bringing down the establishment. These files would then be traded in secret hacker powwows and passed from BBS to BBS in an attempt to remain one step ahead of the government's brutal henchmen. As far as I can tell, not one of the brave data knights was ever caught - a testament to their cunning nature, or more likely, Uncle Sam's indifference to files telling people to "put stink bombs in your teacher's jacket."

There are still some places on the Internet where such files are available, but over the years most of them have been lost to things like hard drive crashes, natural disasters, and shutting down the computer before Windows says it's okay. While cleaning out my closet last week I came across an old hard drive and found one of these files that I'd like to share with you now. You should know that many of the activities listed here could have very dangerous consequences, so don't attempt anything you read here today.

```
THE ANARCHIST PRANKSTER'S GUIDEBOOK
VERSION 0.4 - FEBRUARY 11, 1993
**************************************************************


NEW VERSIONS WILL ALWAYS BE AVAILABLE AT
----=== RANDY THE RIPPER'S BBS ===----
----====== Always Bet On Randy...  ======----
**************************************************************


D I S C L A I M E R
If you are a police cop you better stop looking at this right away.
I know my rights f***kin pigs.


Welcome to my text phile...  here you will find a collection of ANARCHIST TACTICS sure
to overwhelm even the most strict principals, teachers and assistant principals...  written
by me, XOZero..  an unassuming 14 year old in rural America....now on with the chaos...


1) KMART CATASTROPHE
If you're ever in Kmart and you see one of your teachers there, hang around out of sight
and don't let them see you.  Then when they leave their cart to go look at something,
steal something out of it and put it back on the shelf!  Good luck waxing your car without
car wax, Mr.  Peterson !!


2) APPLEY ANARCHY
Put a bag of apples in the heating vent at school a few weeks before Winter.  It will
smell real bad the first time they turn on the heater.  Then when the principal comes
in and they're talking to the teacher about it you can make fart noises.  If you do
```

it good he'll think it's the teacher farting.

3) PENS IN THE GLUE
Have a bottle of white glue? Good..... stick a bunch of pens and pencils in it!! Then when the teacher asks whats up you can say "Anarchy b***tch..."

4) COACH CRAZY
Here are some ways to drive your gym class coach nuts.. They work every time.

- Make up a song that goes "Coach, coach, you are a bad coach.."
(thats the first line you can make up the rest)
- Look for more in the next version of this phile.

5) MORE MADNESS AT KMART
Most Kmarts have phones all over the place with a little directory attached. Find the number for the public address system and type it in. Now you can say whatever you want to the whole store!! I suggest something like "ASS BUGS" or "I HATE SCHOOL" This works even better if you have a teacher in the store like in tip #1.

6) PREGNANT PUZZLER
Sometimes a female teacher at school gets knocked up and this opens up a whole new level of fun for the anarchist.. If the teacher falls asleep you can go up to her belly and say to the baby "ANARCHY FOREVER!" and maybe the baby will come out and be a hell raiser like us or you can just spoil movies for the baby by saying "DARTH VATER IS LUKE DAD YOU DUMB BABY!!" but dont wake up the mom.

7) DRAGONFLY DOOM
Do you have a mortal enemy whose life you want destroyed? Simply catch a dragonfly one day and stick it in one of your teacher's cars, then write a note that says "Mr or Mrs. Teacher, I stuck the dragonfly in your car and I don't regret it in fact I hope you wreck your car off a cliff, signed (the enemy's name)" Then just sit back and watch your enemy get tackled by a cop..

Important: Double check to make sure you signed it with the enemy's name and not your name.

8) MILK MIX-UP
Offer a teacher or principal a free glass of milk but first pour some cologne in the milk. Then when they taste the cologne they will spit it out all over themselves and smell like cologne and milk all the rest of the day.

How it works: They will be so excited about free milk that they will chug it before they notice anything is wrong!!

9) MOVIE MISFORTUNE

A lot of the time your teacher will show movies in class because he or she is a lazy susan or is afraid of you being smarter than them.. Well what you should do is if its a video tape you can fast forward a bunch of it when the teacher leaves the room so that when they come back the movie will be almost over. Or if its a oldstyle projector you can cut the film up with scissors or steal the light bulb out of it then when the teacher says "Go get another light" you can ditch school.

10) ASTRONOMY? ASTRONOYOU!!
Some times you will go on a field trip to a planetarium this is a good place to do some pranks because its very dark. Like when you are all looking up at the stars and stuff go "THIS IS BORING" and they will get mad but they wont know who said it. Then in the confusion you can take that time to carve the anarchy symbol in your chair.

11) SHOPPING CART SHENANIGANS
Get a bunch of shopping carts from a parking lot and dump em in one of your teacher's lawns so it looks like they are a dead beat

Warning: the grocery store staff may yell at you!

Until next time.....

This article is (C) XOZero if you have any questions you can email me at 908371985719.2984@compuserve.
****

////////////////////////////////
Hell yeh!!! This file was
downloaded from the
SEXECUTIONER'S BBS

SysOp: DiabeticThunder
CoSysop: ratso
////////////////////////////////

■ Dainty Dirt

You'll just keep on scrollin' if you know what's good for you, which isn't this, the thing that isn't good for you.

-∼Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

1.4 40 Mistakes I Made Last Year

Wednesday, Jan 04, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Avid readers of Something Awful will no doubt remember a week or so ago when Reid "Tender" Paskiewicz wrote an update listing the horrible mistakes he made throughout the past year. Avid readers of Something Awful will no doubt remember today in the coming weeks, when Josh "Livestock" Boruff ripped off Reid "Soft and Supple" Paskiewicz with this derivative update.

2005 was a challenging year for me as I angled and aligned myself to fit around and through various obstacles, avoiding any form of productive citizenship in the process. I say to myself: *bravo! You did it!* Glorious achievements aside, I still encountered my fair share of mishaps. I want to get some of those mistakes off my chest lest they linger with me into 2006, the year to end all years.

1. Built a Cornish pasty so big that my neighbors couldn't get out of their driveways.

2. Invested in Gold Bond thinking gold was going up in value. Found out Gold Bond medicated powder contains no gold, briefly financially ruining me.

3. Attempted to use Gold Bond in place of baking soda and had to have my stomach pumped.

4. Found five dollars in change in my stomach, promptly spent it on Arby's "5 for 5" deal.

5. Caught a raccoon with my bare hands, but then realized I had no reason to do such a thing and spent the entire afternoon panicking, afraid to let it go for fear it would attack me.

6. Tossed said raccoon into my bathroom and slammed the door shut. I had to pee in mason jars for a whole week until the raccoon expired.

7. Told a hobo that he could sleep on my couch on the grounds that he ghostwrote at least two of my frontpage updates a month.

8. Forgot to get rid of expired raccoon, causing the hobo to abandon my humble dwelling for less smelly pastures.

9. Ate nothing but cheesecake for a whole month, temporarily gained the ability to hear five minutes into the past with my left ear.

10. Got depressed when Terri Schiavo didn't respond to my fan mail.

11. Bought two copies of "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" thinking I would wear at least one of them out. I wore out both.

12. Collected enough signatures to get Puerto Rico declared a state, but used them to get the

Patriot Act signed permanently into law instead.

13. Bought a dozen parakeets thinking they would grow big enough to eat. Ran them all down the garbage disposal a week later when they failed to demonstrate sizeable weight gain.

14. Drove my Tex-Mex cooking instructor to do something she swore she would never do: take a human life.

15. Spent $10,000 faking my own murder to get out of a Tex-Mex cooking class.

16. Had my '91 Honda Civic painted to look like a Juggalo's face.

17. Abandoned a brilliant career as a chaos mathematician to spend more time building forts in the sandbox.

18. Abandoned a brilliant career as a sandbox fort maker when children threw hardened chunks of sand at me.

19. Attempted to build a fort using loaves of bread as bricks at the grocery store. Now I'm no longer welcome in the bread aisle without supervision from a manager.

20. Had the east wing of my SUV expanded to make room for an additional spire, complete with a spiral staircase.

21. Mastered falconry in order to become a superior hat thief, become cocky and attempted to steal the hat of the town sheriff. Now my precious falcon is sealed in a police evidence bag.

22. Posted an airtight justification for rape on the Internet, only to find my character and humanity attacked by stupid PC liberals.

23. Nearly died after attempting to watch every episode of Law & Order in one sitting. I was on life support for two months. But whatever doesn't kill us makes me stronger, so I will try again this year.

24. Had my postage stamps taken away by authorities when I swore I would never stop writing letters to Angela Lansbury, my one true love.

25. Built a life-size statue of Idi Amin out of pasta in the front passenger seat of my car to cheat my way into carpool lanes. Was nearly assassinated twice.

26. Started a mod for *Half-Life 2* based on aerial dogfights except with flying carpets instead of planes. Could not get carpet physics to work and smashed my monitor with a large can of beef ravioli out of frustration.

27. Traded all my shares in Google for a really nice bandana, spent half a day pretending to be an outlaw.

28. Started a petting zoo consisting solely of Mexican jumping beans. Failed to chain beans up to prevent them from hopping away in the night.

29. Wrote the first really great American novel, which concerns the affairs of a small town that is torn asunder when an alien rapes and eats Santa Claus. I accidentally stole the story from an early draft of Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird* and had to abandon it altogether.

30. Got fired from my job at a museum for stealing mummy wallets.

31. Sold advertising space on my lower back to GoldenPalace.com.

32. Got emotionally involved with a coworker, something I swore I would never do. We just couldn't stop talking about large breeds of dogs together.

33. Took an RV for a test-drive and liked it so much that I decided to go on an impromptu cross-country trip. Ending up getting arrested for vehicle theft somewhere near Mt. Rushmore. Naturally I decided not to buy the RV.

34. Invented a method to solve the world's food distribution problems but forgot to write it down. I think it involved conveyer belts and the world's longest rubber band.

35. Disguised myself as a chess piece and then robbed a jewelry store. Was caught when I couldn't run diagonally from authorities.

36. Spent $5,000 building and staffing my own sweatshop in Nicaragua, then having them make me one really large high top shoe to live in. It ended up collapsing and killing everyone in the factory before it was finished.

37. Opened a library in my bedroom, but failed to draw interest due to the fact I own less than 20 books, most of which tell you how to 3d model a horse and then how to animate a walk cycle.

38. Spent New Year's alone in a slime-covered alleyway, drinking cheap booze and stuffing cold Pop-Tarts into my mouth.

39. Cursed at the Canadian border guard who refused to let me enter his country. I think he was just jealous that I drive an Abrams tank and he doesn't.

40. Paid some Salvadorian gangsters to "disappear" Reid "Gentle Red" Paskiewicz.

All and all it was a lousy year for me, but not as bad as 2004 or 2003 or 2002 or really any year that I've lived through. In fact 2005 was the best year ever.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.5 Welcome to PharaohTech!

Thursday, Jan 05, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

PharaohTech
Where freedom is just a conspiracy.

Greetings, and welcome to another exciting year here at PharaohTech! As a new member of our Secure Labor and Violent Enforcement (SLAVE) program, you may have a few questions, such as, "How can I make this year as productive as possible?" or "Why was my tribe beaten and dragged away in burlap sacks in the middle of the night?" Some have even been known to ask, "My baby! What have you done with my baby?!" PharaohTech is glad to say that all questions that aren't asked by you and *don't* provide a dangerous amount of information will be answered throughout the course of this orientation. Those of you suffering from dysentery are encouraged to keep at least a life-sustaining amount of liquid in your bodies until you are shoved to the proper work area.

Mission Statement

Here at PharaohTech, we make it our goal to provide great leaders of our society with suitable burial plots in the form of opulent death chambers, hundreds of feet tall, and thousands of feet deep. How are we able to build such architectural marvels at absolutely no cost to the consumer? Using a bold new management technique pioneered by PharaohTech known as "Forcing," you'll soon find that anything is possible! You may also find that, even with broken legs, an ordinary SLAVE can do as much work as three camels in a single day; all it takes is a little gumption, and the ability to ignore the anguished wails of your fellow man! It's all thanks to Forcing: If You Don't Want To Do It, We'll Make You!™ That's the PharaohTech difference.

Welcome to your new life! You'll find escape is impossible!

Tools of the Trade

All members of our SLAVE program will be given the following supplies:

- Loincloth = 1

Please try to keep your loincloth as clean as possible during the entirety of your 60 year work period. After all, you know what they say: a dirty loincloth incurs the wrath of Ra, who will make your blood boil and turn your appendages into poisonous serpents, which will murder your family members before devouring your immortal soul! We don't want this to happen to you, not when there's work to be done. That's the PharaohTech difference.

Livin' Large!

Corporate housing will be provided for all members of our SLAVE program. All SLAVEs will receive 1 (one) PharaohTech GroundPatch, a six by two feet tract of dirt which can be used for the following purposes:

- Sleeping (during designated 20 minute daily sleep periods)
- Working outside of the GroundPatch

We give our SLAVEs options. That's the PharaohTech difference.

Takin' Care of Business!

Your supervisors, Ancient Jesse Jackson and Delta Burke of Greater Egypt.

Your supervisors, Ancient Jesse Jackson and Delta Burke of Greater Egypt.

As a member of our SLAVE program, you may wonder, "What's the right job for me?" This can be answered in two parts:

- Wondering is prohibited within PharaohTech
- All choices regarding your life will be made by PharaohTech, and its parent company, Sun God Enterprises

To select the position best for you, our crack research team of scientists and camel surgeons have come up with a mathematical choosing system known as the Savage Beating Room. Once led into the Savage Beating Room, you will be served tea and allowed to converse with your fellow SLAVEs about Pharaoh-approved topics as you sit on leather couches. You will then be led into the Conversation Parlor, where your personalized savage beating will commence. We at PharaohTech apologize for any confusion, as the rooms in our Savage Beating Center were named before we knew what to do with them. That's not the PharaohTech difference.

Based on how long your savage beating lasts before you A) submit or B) die, one of three jobs will be selected for you. It's important that you remember which job is yours; you'll be unable to escape it for the rest of your life!

0 - 20 Minutes of Beating: Stone Pusher

The weakest members of our SLAVE program will be pushing around the thousands upon thousands of enormous stone blocks which make up the very foundation (No pun intended!) of PharaohTech. And, while this may seem like an unexciting career decision, we're happy to state that you have no say in the matter! However, you are an important part of PharaohTech, and we value your life, as a dead SLAVE is a non-working SLAVE, and a non-working SLAVE isn't working. And that doesn't work for us! This is why we've instituted the TutUncommon Rewards® program, to keep our SLAVEs motivated, and only mostly hopeless. Here's how it breaks down:

Stone blocks pushed/day	**TutUncommon Reward®**
1000	light whipping
2000	light whipping
3000	light whipping

8000	death from exhaustion
Mountains Moved	only the pharaoh can move the mountains; kill yourself for this blasphemy, infidel

Please note that those who do not push enough blocks to meet the criteria for the TutUncommon Rewards® program will receive the standard daily heavy whipping. That's the PharaohTech difference.

Please note that the real snake pit does not contain any chocolate. Well, maybe at the bottom.

Sammy the Snakepit sez: "Stealing venom is a crime!"

21 Minutes - 3 Days of Beating: Snake Handler

Handling over 20 minutes of savage beatings by our trained Beatologists proves that you're up to snuff for the next level of PharaohTech's corporate pyramid (No pun intended!). Unfortunately, this doesn't mean that you are immune to venom, so we suggest that you just "roll with the punches" as one of PharaohTech's many snake handlers. As a snake handler, it's your job to install the thousands of snakes which are meant to protect the various jars of our Great Pharaoh when he is taken into the afterlife within the next 50 - 70 years (please note that the jars will be missing until this period). These serpents will also protect our Great Pharaoh's stuff, which he will need to furnish his studio apartment in the afterlife.

Snake Handler F.A.Q

- Where can I find the snakes and what do I do with them?

All snakes are located in the giant snake pit, which can be found by following the sounds of hissing, writhing flesh, and oppression. Once retrieved from the snake pit, all snakes must be placed within the snake deposit cubbies located in various areas inside the tomb. If you cannot find the snake deposit cubbies, please ask one of the many large, armed, violent men that kick you. (Note: All snakes must be gathered with your bare arms; Snake Sacks were eliminated to help fund our research department's development of the Gilded Wife)

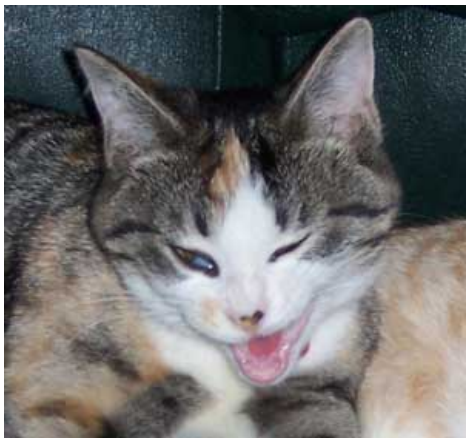
- I have been bitten by a snake!

This is not a question. Please note that all venom belongs to PharaohTech and its parent company, Sun God Enterprises. Should you get bitten, please try and remove all venom from your bloodstream. Venom can be forced back into the mouth entrance of the snake, but remember that this may result in more bites, and an extension of the venom retrieval/resubmission process. Before dying, drag yourself to a lighted corridor so your corpse may be thrown into the giant snake pit, a fitting end for a venom thief such as yourself. We defile the corpses of our employees. That's the PharaohTech difference.

More than 3 Days of Beating: Pharaoh Phriend®

We congratulate all of those who can withstand the almighty judgment of the Conversation Parlor, and as a reward for allowing your body to be brutalized in such a fashion that you are no longer recognizable as a human, we welcome you into the Pharaoh Phriend® program! Being a Pharaoh Phriend® entails more than just allowing your bones to slowly knit back together on a cold stone

floor after we slide your mangled body down into the burial chamber. A Pharaoh Phriend® lives his life as a human cavefish, grasping around in total darkness, looking for some kind of warmth, as he waits for the decades it may take for our Great Pharaoh to perish. And if this doesn't sell you on being a Pharaoh Phriend®, just think of all the fun you'll have helping our Great Pharaoh move his furniture in the afterlife, and what a treat it will be to have the gods use you as their eternal torture puppet, dancing in flame which burns but does not consume for their immortal joy! We look out for the gods first. That's the PharaohTech difference.



We're pretty sure this is one of our gods. Whatever it is, you're pissing it off.

Everybody's Workin' for the Weekend!

Not at PharaohTech, they're not. Here at PharaohTech, the weekend has been replaced with the double-weekday, a two-day orgy of violence where work is enforced by fire and bloodletting, and the living envy the dead. You'll find the regular weekdays a nice five-day break after the sheer madness and abject terror of the double-weekday. Some days we torture more than others. That's the PharaohTech difference.

We Care About YOU!

And by YOU, we mean "The Great Pharaoh." We apologize for the brief bit of hope that you may have gotten, but our typesetter is new. Yet, while we don't care about you, we would rather have you alive than dead, unless you are weak, old, have an attitude problem, smell, or resemble people from our childhood that we at PharaohTech didn't like. And should you be part of this 5%, you also have to have a strong back. So, it's safe to say that we would rather have a good 2% of you alive than dead. If you happen to be one of the other 98% that we value less than camel dung, and your spirit isn't broken to the point where all of your emotions are dead and you view life outside of captivity as a completely abstract concept, just remember: a SLAVE is forever, and escape is impossible.

And that's the PharaohTech difference. It should have been clear by this point.

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

1.6 Cabinets Say the Darnedest Shit

Friday, Jan 06, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Miss Favors' class has been on an extended vacation while their school has the asbestos removed from the drop ceiling, so I have had to search out new groups of people to query. Sure, I could have found a different class of kids in a nearby school, but I would have felt like I was betraying the trust placed in me by Miss Favors and all of the children at Whitebrook Elementary.

With "kids" off my agenda I decided to turn to the arena of politics. I cashed in my frequent flyer miles and hopped a redeye to Washington. I grabbed a cab to the Whitehouse and entered just as a cabinet meeting was breaking up. It's amazing, you can just walk in there and ask the President's cabinet whatever you want and they will be happy to take the time to answer any of your questions. Some of the cabinet members had already left, but I was able to sit down with Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice, Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, Secretary of Commerce Carlos Gutierrez, Secretary of Agriculture Mike Johanns, Secretary of the Interior Gale Norton and Attorney General Alberto Gonzalez. Norman Mineta was there too, but he had talked too much without asking permission during the cabinet meeting and was confined to quiet time in the corner.

This great bunch of people patiently answered my questions with surprising candor and a great sense of humor. I hope you enjoy reading their responses to my questions as much as I enjoyed talking to them.

What New Year's resolutions did you make for 2006?

"I resolved to throw no more than one javelin a month through the chest of a barbarian. It's going to be hard, but I think if I just limit the number of javelins I have sitting around my house it will be a lot easier."

"I *will* defeat breast cancer."

"The Lord works in mysterious ways and hopefully one of those ways is in giving me the strength to overcome my crippling addiction to P'Zones. You'd think when Pizza Hut stopped selling them I'd stop being addicted, but no, I've got to ebay the damn things and I don't even think they're safe to eat."

"I have got to stop crying after sex. That's not my resolution, I'm just thinking outloud."

"1600 by 1200. Linux, of course."

"I resolved to finally stop drinking. I intend to ingest all of my fluids intravenously through this PICC line in my carotid. It's dual purpose, too. If I disobey the President he can just pull this plug and I'll bleed out in a matter of seconds."

What was your greatest personal achievement in 2005?

"Probably back in November when I finally willed my egg tooth to grow in between the giant gap in my front teeth. It makes my smile less distracting and it will really come in handy if I ever have to pip my way out of a difficult situation. Like, say, being trapped in a giant egg."

"I finally finished my decade-long project to write the guitar tabs for "Psychotron" by Megadeth. To be honest, now that it's done I feel kind of empty."

"I got this absolutely brilliant happy slap on this old bird riding the bus in Surrey. She literally slashed in her knickers. Me mates was crackin' up. It's up on our website at happyslaps.gov if you want to see."

"I managed to wrap up the paperwork on offshoring my business. We make extra large American flags for Bob Evans and Ponderosa."

"My wife and I remarried and had 970,000 beautiful children. She is half ant. I am all ant."

"I marched in a big anti-war protest in Montreal. I don't really care about the war or whatever, but there were some smokin' babes there."

Who do you think deserved to be "Man of the Year?"

"I met Bono once. He smells a lot like when you buy a DVD and you first open the case. That sort of plastic and cardboard dust smell. Anyway, my choice would be Mr. Peanut."

"The American worker. I don't really respect the American worker, I just really like vague cop-out choices."

"You may hate him, but there is no denying that Mr. Peanut had the greatest impact on the world of any individual."

"I'm torn. I really want to say Mr. Peanut but I also really like cop-out answers. How about Mr. Peanut's victims?"

"Wait, Condoleezza said Bono was the winner? I thought it was Mr. Peanut."

"No, it was Mr. Peanut. Personally, I liked Bono better and I think I'm the only one here who has met them both."

What was your favorite movie of 2005?

"I don't watch movies. I prefer to have memories implanted in my brain via the Dream Inductor and no memory is more precious than the time I freed Narnia with the help of a talking lion."

"Stealth because I think we should make a robot jet like that and also a Jessica Biel like that."

"I attend every Star Wars movie dressed as Mara Jade and Star Wars Episode III: Revenge of the Sith was certainly no exception."

"Oh, that's a tough one. I would have to say it's a tie between "Butthole Angels 17" and "Cum in My Gaping Butthole."

"Munich was *hysterical!* Two big thumbs way way up!"

"I have to go with Racing Stripes. I don't know if it came out in 2005 but Norman Mineta and I got it on NetFlix and we watched it together curled up under a blanket on my couch."

Does the president have the right to order secret wiretaps during a "time of war" that may span decades?

"The President only taps wires inside the positronic brains of Al Qaeda robots. Think about that the next time you're trying to hate America."

"The authority to issue secret wiretap orders without judicial oversight was implied when Congress approved the war in Afghanistan. Sort of like how when you stay in a hotel it is implied that you are allowed to take all of the towels and light fixtures."

"¿Qué? No hablo inglés."

"The President has many powers. One might say that he has *super* powers. One might even say that the President is the Incredible Hulk. Of course that person would be wrong because the Incredible Hulk is only an alter-ego of Bruce Banner, the real POTUS. "

"There are some things we know about this war and some things we don't know. The key here is to know what you don't know so that you can know what you know by a process of elimination. Unfortunately, we can't know what is unknown without first not knowing about it, so you can sense the complexity of this situation."

"The President can tap my wire any time he wants, if you know what I mean."

Who would make a good Prime Minister for Israel?

"Is that guy from Schindler's List still alive? He could run Israel like a business."

"The order of succession has been decided by the Elders of Zion centuries in advance."

"If it's going to be decided by way of a battle of the bands I would like to throw my hat into the ring and showcase my virtuoso zither playing."

"Maybe it would help them find a new Prime Minister if we got all of the Jews in America onto a big boat and sent them over there to live. I'm just thinking outloud again."

"I'm not actually sure whether or not he's Jewish, but Paul Wolfowitz would be a great choice. I know he did a fantastic job drinking the blood of white babies as my deputy and that's got to be like half the job right there."

"I could do it. Hell, I wouldn't even have to quit my job with Agriculture. All I do here is let Monsanto fly a plane around scattering seeds into farmer's fields and then sending them a bill for the crops. If Israel gives me the job over there I'll have Gaza covered in 10 foot high corn that lives by digesting rat carcasses and sings at night."

What was the biggest political blunder of 2005?

"Not pulling the trigger on Mr. Peanut when we had him trapped in that canyon. We could have dropped a tactical nuke on him, but the Democrats wanted us to reason with him. We tried, but they just wanted us to keep him talking and talking and by the time they had some real proposal of what to do he had cut a swath through the troops we had bottling him up."

"Allowing egg sandwiches in the cabinet commissary. Maneta goes through those things like my wife goes through cotton balls. The big difference is that I'm usually not shut up in a room with my wife for five hours while she rips stinkers that could set fire to a rock face."

"Did the President cancel Firefly last year or the year before?"

"Probably when I wore my white pantsuit to that press conference during the middle of my period. Flow control my ass."

"Does vehicular manslaughter count as a political blunder? If so I have something to say about what Norman Maneta did last summer."

"Probably the time I stopped by Rummy's house with my pet ant eater. I will never forget the sound of his wife screaming. It was this high-pitched monotone wail with these clicks in it."

I think all of this just goes to show that you never know what those crazy cabinets will say next! I hope you enjoyed the article and hopefully in a few weeks all of the asbestos will be cleared out of Whitebrook Elementary and we can get back to talking to the kids there.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.7 How I Spent My Christmas Vacation by Stephen King, Grade 5

Saturday, Jan 07, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

> *Simon stayed where he was, a small brown image, concealed by leaves. Even if he shut his eyes the sow's head still remained like an after-image. The half-shut eyes were dim with the infinite cynicism of adult life. They assured Simon that everything was a bad business.*
>
> -William Golding,
> *Lord Of The Flies*

> *This is how Christmas vacation ends... not with a bang but with a whimper.*
>
> -The Chipmunks
> *A Very Chipmunks Christmas*

Alan and I met up at the great maple tree between our Maine houses, the first foot and a half of its knobby trunk buried beneath the Maine snow. Boy was it ever Maine.

"Mai- I mean it sure is cold!" Alan said, rubbing his sides briskly. "What do you want to do?"

I surveyed our block, considering the options. It was the morning of Christmas Eve and we were anxious to make the day pass as quickly as possible, but we would have to keep an eye out for Randy Fowler and his gang. Our pal Bill Callahan had died a bad death at the hands of those kids a few days earlier when they ambushed him with snowballs. Poor guy never even saw it coming. His guts had steamed when they spilled out into the freshly fallen snow, and his anguished screams were silenced thanks to the snowball that had punched a hole clean through his neck, leaving his head attached by only an inch or so of muscle and skin. Randy's boys had propped his body up on the playground's monkey bars. It still hung there on display as a warning to us all.

"Anything, as long as we stay away from the playground."

Alan nodded in agreement and then shivered, in all likelihood not from the cold but the mental image of Bill's frozen corpse and his lifeless eyes forever locked in an expression of puzzlement. To prevent the horrific thoughts from lingering in his head and ruining one of the best days of the year, I suggested the first thing that came to my mind.

"Say, why don't we go bust up some of the neighborhood snowmen?"

"Sure!" Alan's face lit up. "I've been trying to get you to do it for weeks!"

The truth was that I've always been a good kid, and the thought of damaging other peoples' property knotted my stomach up in the worst way. But hey, Alan needed cheering up and it wasn't as if the snowmen were really worth anything. They were just frozen water and dog pee rolled up into shapes that vaguely resembled humans.

Keep telling that to yourself, kid, my inner voice said. *You've steered clear of trouble this long, you think Santa's going to be okay with you doing something that you know is wrong? Heck, he's the least of your worries. Doing this could open a greatbiggodawful can of worms, kid.*

"Steve?" Alan was across the street, standing next to a snowman and his snow wife on the Sawyers' front yard. The husband's head had been knocked to the ground and its eyes stared blankly into the Maine sky. "Earth to Steve! Are you up to this or not?"

"Sorry, guess I spaced out."

I approached the snowcouple and inspected Alan's handiwork. Clean separation of the head at shoulder level, no evidence left behind. A perfect murder. We grinned at each other and broke out into laughter, and I realized this wasn't so bad after all.

"All right, you took out the old man so I'll wax the lady to make sure there won't be any loose ends." I said, smiling. "Can't have any witnesses popping up to cause trouble later on."

Pulling my fist back without knowing where I would land my blow, I swung wildly and connected with her stomach. My fist was met with the resistance of packed snow for the first couple of inches, but then came something unexpected. Something wet.

I warned you, kid.

As I withdrew my fist in revulsion, the hole I had punched in the snow woman's stomach swelled outward and a hot red syrup poured out. Blood. Tons of it, already forming a sizeable pool of darkness in the virgin white snow. I glanced back and forth between the hole and my crimson hand in disbelief. This couldn't be happening. Not on Christmas Eve.

The stream of blood slowed as something blocked the hole from the inside. There was an awful sound as the object squished its way outward, and then with a 'plop' a snowman fetus emerged riding on a festive holiday placenta. Instead of snow he was made entirely of exposed muscles, and he wore a top hat upon his head. Improbably, he even had a small corncob pipe tucked into the corner of his mouth. He lay on his side shaking pathetically, groaning a horrible groan.

The snowfetus' beady charcoal eyes locked onto Alan and I, and he stopped shaking. Opening his mouth and letting the pipe fall aside, the snowfetus coughed deeply. From within his underdeveloped lungs spewed forth a cloud of dead and dying gnats. Those that were able to flailed helplessly on their backs in the pool of thick blood as the fetus moaned in a small but deep and raspy voice, "KWAAANZAAAA..."

"What the hell is happening?" I blurted out as I backed away from the snowfetus, who had resumed his shaking and appeared to be dying. Alan did not respond for he was no longer at my side. I didn't blame him for running, but when I saw the direction he was heading my heart sank.

"Alan, NO! The playground!"

Instead of running home he had stumbled directly toward the playground and into the waiting crosshairs of Randy Fowler's gang. I closed the distance between us as best I could, but it was too late. When he heard my voice and realized his mistake, Alan came to an awkward stop with his arms flailing and turned to run back, but the first snowball had already been thrown. Alan's stomach blew outward as the snowball passed clean through him, his intestines looping outward crazily. He cradled his insides as close to his body as possible and attempted to shuffle out of his attackers' range when another snowball blew his right shoulder apart, sending even more intestines flying out of this second wound.

I was now twenty yards away from Alan on a suicide run to save him, but he held out a hand to halt me.

"Go home," croaked my doomed friend with a sad smile, "there are other playgrounds than these."

With that he fell face down in the snow. More snowballs sailed through the air toward me from unseen assailants crouched behind the cover of a snowbank, but none came closer than ten feet before hitting the ground. After hesitating a moment I turned and ran as fast as my legs would carry me, away from my best friend, past the snowfetus, and back to the warm safety zone that is my home.

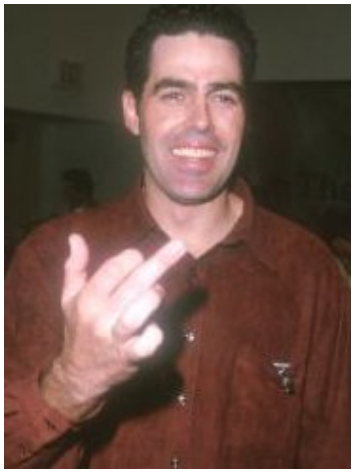
Although Bill Callahan's corpse stayed on display for weeks, Alan's body was never found. I do not

know what became of the horrible little snow creature. I suspect it died, but sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and hear a quiet rustling outside of my window. As I lay with my eyes squeezed shut and cry I can't help but imagine being braver, summoning my courage and slowly stepping toward that window to come face to face with the horrors that await me.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.8 How To Succeed On The Radio

Sunday, Jan 08, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink


Shine on, you beautiful bastard!

Among all the forms of media, radio remains the last great frontier of free expression. Without the hindrance of the fascist normative ideals of the mainstream, a radio personality is allowed to fly wherever his coke-addled paranoid brain will take him. Talk radio, much like a child of two celebrities, is beautifully unsupervised and allowed to say pretty much anything without fear of reprisal or anyone caring at all.

Are you ready to move on a fast-track broadcast job? Are you interested in joining the only type of media given less respect than bloggers? Allow me to ease you in with a guide designed to give you your first wobbly steps down the long road of making shit up into a microphone at 3 in the morning.

Note: These tips are also helpful for success on television, with the addition of Appendix A ("10 Steps For Keeping The Body Odor Down") and Appendix E ("How To Not Be Startlingly Ugly For Someone With A Decent Speaking Voice").

Tip 1: Lose All Sense of Appropriate Speaking Volume

When on the radio, everything you say should be shouted at the microphone as if it was hard of hearing and you were trying to give it directions at a gas station. If the people who are listening to the radio want your voice to be quieter, they can always turn down the volume. You're a hard-hitting rebel who doesn't need to worry about audio distortion or listener comfort. As a bonus, the slow destruction of your vocal chords will give your voice a gruff rasp over time that will add to your Everyman credibility.

To practice this concept, let's try a little bit of role-playing: You are face to face with a charming woman. She is romantic and European. Let's say she's French. And a princess. She's a French princess. She smiles coyly. What should your next move be?

If your answer wasn't to lean uncomfortably close to her and start a rant about how visitors from countries other than America should immediately make some sort of travel arrangements to the country of their birth with a vocal volume usually reserved for testicle electrocution or the kind of sex you would have received from the French princess if you hadn't yelled at her, then it may be time to consider alternate career options. There's no place on radio for pansies or people who get regularly laid.

Tip 2: Never Stay On The Same Subject For More Than Ten Seconds

The best way to prevent this is to never stay with any argument long enough for its illogicality to become noticeable. It's like you're constantly hitting corner shots at logic, and logic is having to spend so much time diving for them that it never has time to start scoring any points. So you've started a rant on why the Death Tax is unfair, but all you know about the subject is that anything people call the Death Tax can't be good? Quick! Use the word "tax" to segue into a defense of some local city tax no one has heard of! Now unexpectedly bring up some unrelated conflict from years ago, like Iran/Contra or the Clinton Impeachment! Great job! Logic didn't stand a chance.

Tip 3: Callers Are Important Sources of Feedback and Information

Just kidding, of course. Callers are there to be ridiculed and ignored! As a radio host, it is your duty to dismiss any point a caller brings up, no matter how valid it may be. After all, if they're so smart, how come they don't have a radio show? Think about that.

In radio, it's important to think of logic as your enemy. You are playing Ping-Pong with logic, and logic is glaring at you from the other side of the table. The moment you talk about any subject, logic starts to wear you down. It won't be long before the little plastic ball goes flying past you and you have to go look for it under the couch because you were the one who missed it. Sometimes it will have rolled all the way behind the vending machine, and you'll have to spend a few minutes trying to push it away from the wall. The ball will be dirty by the time you find it, and you will have to wipe it off with your shirt.

The point here is that the moment you respond to anything a caller brings up, you are acknowledging that the topic is worth considering. Even violently disagreeing with them is risky, as they may have some pesky fact or statistic that would, for however short a time, force you to backpedal. This is an intolerable affront to your authority.

The best way to handle this is to rant about an entirely unrelated topic after each caller speaks. The less it has to do with their question or comment, the better you are doing.

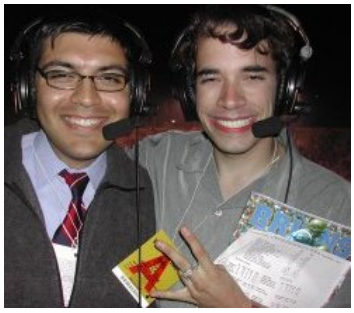
Wrong:

> **Caller:** I just think that maybe adding a tax hike to the bottom 5% income bracket in order to pay for a Congressional swimming pool might be wrong.
>
> **You:** You know, this is the kind of Marxist thinking that's sending America down the drain! Here you are, just assuming that the money is paying for a swimming pool when they clearly told us that it is going to lower income housing!
>
> **Caller:** Yeah, but the actual text of the bill says "We are using this money to build a Congressional swimming pool and not, in fact, for lower income housing like we are telling everyone in the news."
>
> **You:** Oh...

Right:

> **Caller:** I just think that maybe adding a tax hike to the bottom 5% income bracket in order to pay for a Congressional swimming pool might be wrong.
>
> **You:** I was talking to my grandma yesterday and JESUS CHRIST did her breath stink. So I said to her, "Can't you get some kind of new toothpaste to handle that?" and she slapped me. Can you beat that? Just slapped me right on the face.
>
> **Caller:** Yes, but the actual bill says-
>
> **You:** So I slapped her back. *Makes cartoony slapping sound effect.*
>
> **Caller:** *Hangs up.*

Tip 4: Say Something Racist At Least Once A Week



So go ahead: Tell the world what you think about the Chinks cheating good Americans out of their educations. Explain just why you think that Niggers are looking through your mail. Give a detailed analysis on why Ranchero music is proof that Spics aren't quite human. If anyone questions your right to say things like that on the air, attack them for not having a sense of humor and being too caught up by corporate media to understand satire when they hear it. Then complain to your friends off-air about the fucking Jews trying to keep you down.

The trick here is to make these comments sparse enough that no one is ever sure whether you're joking or not. You want to take a stand and give the finger to authority, but not to make any stand real enough to lose your airtime until you retire. Speaking of which...

Tip 5: Never Retire

By this, I don't mean never stop being on the radio. In fact, by the time you hit your mid-forties, it is time to start thinking about ending the show. But retiring is exactly the kind of corporate sheep behavior you've ranted about your whole career. It's no way for a rebel like you to go out.

The only way to go is to be kicked off the air. When it comes time to end your show, do whatever it takes to make sure that happens. Tell constant jokes about rape. Threaten to kill important politicians. Bring a homeless man into the studio and beat him up on air. Remember, this is your moment to shine. If you don't go out with a bang, you might've just as well not spent twenty years bringing awareness to the serious issue of anal rape in our local DMVs. An entire legacy gone to waste.

In the end, the single most important piece of advice I can leave you with is this: Shame and you must not be on speaking terms. Never doubt anything you're going to do and never second guess anything you've done. If it is physically possible for you to do it, and it creates some kind of noise that can be broadcast, then it is absolutely fair game. Your duty is to free expression, not to your listeners, no matter who they are. If they don't want to listen, they can turn off the radio. And if those goddamn kids had just done that before I had even *started* anointing the chickens, that gold-digging mom would have had her case thrown right out of court.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

1.9 ExecuCorp Helicopter Solutions

Monday, Jan 09, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Efficient transportation networks are the lifeblood of corporations in the global environment of the 21st century. Fleets of trucks and ships can service the needs of the consumer, but there are times when the executives in your corporation may need to be somewhere as quickly as possible. For that situation ExecuCorp suggests a commercial airline or perhaps a modest corporate jet. If your goal is to make a big impression on a client or competitor, however, then ExecuCorp Helicopter Solutions will be happy to meet your needs.

Helicopters are loud, powerful and fairly slow. They have a lot of flashing lights and they can land virtually anywhere. In a word, ExecuCorp likes to think of the helicopter as "dramatic." When you want to lend gravitas to your daily business operations or turn an event into a major event then nothing can make your case quite like a helicopter.

ExecuCorp understands that not every corporation can maintain a fleet of helicopters and that not every client can afford to buy even a single helicopter for an event. That is why we offer several tiers of packages to cater to the needs and means of our clients.

Departing Executive Package

The Perfect accompaniment to shouting "shred everything!"

This package is perfect for the executive who needs to get out of somewhere quickly and wants people to know that even a chauffeured limousine is beneath him. This is also a great way to give people the impression that your business is very urgent. Your coworkers and clients will think that you are fleeing from the FBI when you are just taking a quick tour of the city and then a trip to your suburban home.

This package includes an unadorned late model Bell civilian helicopter, a pilot and a man in a suit wearing dark sunglasses who will stand next to the helicopter and hold the door open as you rush inside. The package also comes with a pager for the pilot linked to your cellular telephone. Just page him and he will immediately start the helicopter up so that you do not have to wait around on the rooftop.

Terms: $20,000 per month

Rooftop Monologue Package

Whether coming or going there is only one way to say what you mean and that's with a helicopter.

Do you have something very important to tell someone, but you're not sure you can deliver the

information convincingly? A helicopter whirring in the background will put you on the high ground! Whether it's a nosy reporter prying into your corporate affairs, an ex-employee with some very serious accusations you have to answer for or just a family member you want to impress, giving your speech on a rooftop with a helicopter waiting is going to blow them away. Your credibility will soar as high as our Bell 124Z late model helicopters!

This package includes a Bell 124Z (available in ink, saffron or milk paper) with corporate appliqué logos available at reasonable prices. Our helicopter will deliver you once a month to a location of your choosing or remain on standby to pick you up with one hour's notice. Our pilot will land the helicopter and wait up to fifteen minutes while you deliver your monologue. For an additional premium fee this package can also include a reasonably attractive woman in executive attire who will stand near you talking quietly on a cellular telephone.

Terms: $25,000 per month + $2,000 for "personal assistant"

Traveling Villains Package

A bigger helicopter and a bigger statement about the seriousness of the situation.

That scientist has defected to a rival Zaibatsu and you will be in deep trouble with the shadowy upper management if you don't get him back! Sure, you could drive around with the Keystone Kops from corporate security, but what you need is a symbolic effort. Our Traveling Villains Package will provide you with a great opportunity for a dramatic monologue, followed by a departure that lets your rival salarymen know that you're the man in charge.

This package includes a Sikorsky OH-72 (available in midnight, gun metal and gold finch) helicopter with leather interior, custom logo application and room for up to three passengers. In addition to the helicopter we will include one of three dramatic henchmen packages from HireCorp, our sister corporation.

- The Oyabun's Ronin package includes three indistinctly Asian men with top knots in tailored suits. All three will wear designer sunglasses and earpieces. Each carries a briefcase and a katana.
- The Secret's Out with HireCorp's Secret Service look-alikes package. Hand-picked muscular squarejaws in dark business suits will accompany you wherever you go. Like the Oyabun's Ronin package these men come complete with sunglasses and earpieces, but they will stand much closer to you and appear to vigilantly scan the area. Every few minutes one or more will reach suddenly into his breast pocket as if he has spotted a threat.
- The Sinister Menagerie package is perfect for those executives who like to foster an image of thinking outside the box. This package include a disfigured mute giant wearing chainmail and leather pants, a busty woman in a gothic corset with welding goggles and replica machine pistols from Heckler & Koch and a man in a stained powder blue tuxedo with a leather bondage mask over his head and gloves that end in hypodermic needles.

Your henchmen will stand by and, if asked, interject a bit of wit into your monologue. They might bow deferentially or they might make crude gestures depending on the package you have selected. They will follow you once you board the helicopter. The helicopter rental includes a pilot who will fly you up to 500 kilometers or 6 hours per month. Time includes henchmen loiter time.

Terms: $75,000 per month

Dramatic Paramilitary Arrival Package

Arrive with the forcefulness that you merit.

Labor disputes at your Guatemalan factory? Offices a bit too close to a WTO meeting? A class reunion? Our Dramatic Paramilitary Arrival Package (or DPAP) will ensure that you burn your first impression into the minds of your friends, clients and competitors. Swoop in on your location in up to three Blackhawk helicopters and watch the faces of your clients as an elite team of commandos fan out. Those guns aren't real, but the peace of mind you get from a great entrance is completely authentic.

This package includes one to three refurbished Sikorsky Blackhawk helicopters (available in coal, verdant field or glacier shock) with militarized interiors. Our graphic design department will modify your logo to give it a more militant feel for the 21st century and our custom stenciling department will mark your helicopters as if you belonged to a branch of the US government. These logos will not include official seals and you will be in no danger of arrest for impersonating government officials.

Also included are four elite Show Commandos from HireCorp per helicopter. These flexible performers are fully trained in military jargon, radio chatter and effective tactics for posing around a landing location. Each man comes equipped with forehead stress point tactical headset, authentic stripy face paint, a replica assault weapon (your choice), SWAT-style combat webbing and, for a nominal fee, a poncho or overcoat that will flutter dramatically in the downdraft from your helicopter's rotors.

For an additional fee of $10,000 a late model Bell helicopter in matching colors will fly past the landing location in advance of your party and drop red, white and blue smoke grenades.

Terms: $100,000 for one time arrival for one helicopter, $75,000 for each additional helicopter

Deluxe Paramilitary Arrival Package

The ultimate package for the ultimate executive arrivals.

When three Blackhawk helicopters just aren't sufficient for the job. We have taken the idea of a paramilitary arrival and we have brought it to the next level. This is the perfect package for the on-the-go executive who needs to be seen in a war zone. Iraq, Iran, Syria, Washington, Yugoslavia, Africa: all of the hot zones around the world are just waiting for an enterprising individual to show up and take advantage of chaotic markets. A lawless land is a free land! Sign up for our Deluxe Paramilitary Arrival Package (or DPAP) and show those war torn nations why the free market rules.

This package includes one Sikorsky Blackhawk helicopter (available in char, transition metal and faded ruby) with as many additional

Blackhawk helicopters as you care to rent. Each helicopter will be fully customized as per the DPAP and will carry four Show Commandos equipped as per the DPAP. This package also includes your choice of two helicopter gun ships (Cobra or Hind) in matching colors that will remain on-station near your landing location.

What really puts this package over the top is the wide variety of ala cart upgrades offered by ExecuCorp.

- For $25,000 your gun ships can be upgraded to AH-64 Apache helicopters.
- For $50,000 a Predator armed drone aircraft will circle the landing location for up to a full hour prior to your arrival.
- For $10,000 per Blackhawk rented your Show Commandos can be upgraded to ExecuForce+. These Show Commandos will rappel down to the landing site before you actually land and they will be equipped with a cinema-quality replica of the OICW system.
- For $200,000 HireCorp will contract from 100-150 Show Insurgents from the local population and equip them with replica Soviet weapons. These Show Insurgents will then engage in a pyrotechnic battle with your Show Commandos for several minutes before your arrival.
- For $500,000 HireCorp and FXCorp will join forces to create a supernatural army numbering up to 50 men to do battle with your Show Commando force. In the past we have created zombie armies, werewolf armies, mummy armies, animatronic dragons and dinosaurs, alien invasion forces and an interesting all-nude women's soccer attack force.

The DPAP is also great for parties, birthday surprises and unannounced visits to friends.

Terms: $300,000 for one time arrival for Blackhawk and two gunships, $75,000 for each additional Blackhawk

Please remember that ExecuCorp is a full-service corporation. If our packages do not meet your exact needs then contact your friendly ExecuCorp representative and we will do our best to create a custom package suitable for you and your corporation. Customer satisfaction is the ExecuCorp difference.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.10 The Letters of Beresford Maynwaring

Tuesday, Jan 10, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

My Dearest A-1 Hardware & Feed,

No force in the world can compel me to slumber. For so many fitful nights I have lain awake, unable to find comfort even in the stupefying indolence brought by strong wines and opiate tinctures. I can no longer deny the task set forth by my heart. My soul shall not afford me even the briefest respite until I have delivered this declaration to you, my sweet.

I can no longer deny my love for you, and I can no longer be denied your love. Every moment I spend away from the comfort of your seed-strewn aisles is a dolorous eternity of sorrow. Oh, how I yearn to wrap my body in the honey-sweet embrace of your wide selection of baling wire; I cannot live without the soft caress of your seemingly infinite varieties of hay, from your clean and dustless Crested Wheatgrass to the rich green of your Smooth Brome. My senses are a collection of worthless and vestigial faculties if they cannot forevermore drink in the soft aroma of lanolin, sorghum and steer manure. If I cannot have your love, I will waste away and die a broken-hearted fool.

To say that my love for you merely humbles the fleeting enterprises of man would be too great an understatement. My perfect love for your reasonable prices and down-home friendly service dwarfs even the permanence of nature. Even as mountains slide into the oceans, even as the stars of the firmament dwindle and extinguish, my love for your wide selection of seeds, feeds, and household needs shall shine like a radiant beacon. If all the creations of God should one day dissipate into nothing like a drop of India ink in an infinite sea, the vast empty space that once was all creation shall be marked with just one feature: the bright, enduring and indestructible symbol of my love. It shall float there in the void, neither solid nor abstract (for it is too real to be an abstraction and too immaculate to be a concrete object), forever announcing the most flawless love ever to grace the universe.

I beg of you: be my wife, and join me in my manor so that we may live the rest of our days in perfect bliss. My financial means are by no means modest, and I could guarantee a life of comfort and abundance. You would want for nothing, my dearest plum. Please return my love and satisfy my only need in this world, or I shall promptly cast myself into the sea.

Eternally your loving servant,
Beresford

Beresford,

Owner, A-1 Hardware & Feed

Thank you for your interest in A-1 Hardware & Feed. We pride ourselves on the satisfaction of our customers, but we regret to inform you that your particular desires must go unsatisfied. Pragmatically, we have no way to answer your personal affection; we are unable to relocate our facilities to your manor, and the law will not allow a man to marry a business enterprise.

All of our employees are flattered by your devotion to our little store, but we are sorry to say that we can offer you nothing more than low prices, friendly service, and the highest-quality feed in the county. You're welcome to stop by any time; at A-1, the coffee's always hot *and free!*

Please do not cast yourself into the sea!

With my best wishes,
John O. Newman

My beloved Paco,

From the first moment I laid eyes upon you on that glorious spring day, I knew that nothing in the world would satisfy me until you were mine. I can no longer apologize for the forwardness of my advances; the passion in my soul so consumes me that I sometimes feel like a beast, intent on nothing more than having and possessing you. I cannot apologize for my passionate outburst beside your cage, when the torment in my soul burst forth from my mouth and formed such savage, ineloquent declarations of my desire. I know that I embarrassed you in front of your companions, but I cannot apologize. My mouth was, at that moment, an organ with no other purpose than to express a need for you, and I could no sooner stifle it than I could stifle my heart from beating.

I know that I am unworthy of you. I cannot hope to match your purity, your virtue. But if a creature so perfect as you could, even for a moment, condescend to entertain the love of a beast like me, I would die with the assurance that there is mercy in this world. I worship you, my Paco. You are my conception of the divine, an angel sent here to spin the course yarn of my basest desires into the gentlest silk of love.

I must make an awful confession. After I bared my soul to you beside your metal cage, I was so consumed with passion that I nearly sunk so low as to buy the title to your bondage. I asked your jailor if, for a price, I might take you home and release you in my manor to be my wife. The cruel slaver informed me that you could be purchased, like property, for a mere pittance; however, he claimed that you were a wild creature, and he insisted that even if I purchased you from him, I must keep you caged at all times.

Although I restrained myself from performing physical violence upon him, I knew that I could never offer any sum of money to such a beast. I do not wish to purchase your love, Paco. I am not a slave-owner and you are not a courtesan or a harlot. Nor will I steal you from him, for a man of my station cannot bear to break the law, even if he against whom I trespass is an immoral procurer of flesh.

Our love is not doomed, Paco. You must escape! Merely lift the latch in the front of your cage, and you will be free. Leave that horrible place behind, and live with me upon my impressive tract of property. I will make you my wife, and we shall enjoy a lifetime of beautiful love together.

Leave that terrible place and fly to me, Paco. I shall waste away and perish if I cannot hear your gentle voice once more intone the very few words that you can pronounce. Although you are from a far-off land that is strange to me, perhaps one day I can translate your trills and whistles into my own tongue, or perhaps I can teach you to speak in mine. Until that day, I shall be content simply to hear you say “Paco, hello Paco.”

If I do not hear the beating of your gentle wings again, Paco, I will hasten my withering by swallowing a fatal dose of laudanum.

With my deepest love,
Beresford

Dear Beresford,

We regret to inform you that Paco has been sold. He was a great bird, and we're sorry you weren't able to purchase him sooner. However, we currently have two other yellow-faced Amazons in stock, with three more on order. Since we buy only captive-born, handfed parrots, almost every yellow-faced Amazon that passes through our shop is as talkative, friendly and personable as Paco.

We would like to assure you that we are not cruel and we certainly do not consider ourselves jailors or "purveyors of flesh." Given adequate cages and plenty of attention, most parrots are perfectly happy living in captivity. Furthermore, we only deal in captive-bred birds, and we never buy or sell wild-caught parrots.

Before you do anything hasty, please stop by again and see if another bird catches your fancy!

George Herman

Herman's Aquarium

My dear sweet Travis,

I have lost count of my attempts to write this letter to you, my dear Travis. Each time I attempt to put to paper the message that I so desperately need to convey to you, my pen stalls upon the page, or my heart reels from the thought of what I must say, or my words become overly ornate (I know that you are more comfortable with simpler correspondence, and that the meandering of my elaborate poesy would only perplex your innocent mind). I only hope that you do not mistake my terse words for anger or dismissal, because I love you with all of my heart, mind, and soul.

Forgive my weighty preamble; I sought merely to delay the writing of the following line: Travis, we must never meet.

My correspondence with you is what keeps me alive, and I know that you are likewise invested. Our love must, however, remain exclusively in the realm of words. Our romance will forever be in the record of our correspondence, but it shall live there and only there, never to be consummated in deed.

I know that your disappointment must be unbearable, but please do not despair. While your simple conceptions may conclude that our love will never truly come to fruition if we cannot be together, perhaps a lifetime of tragic correspondence is the most ardent embrace two humans can ever share.

The world is not ready for our love, Travis, but one day our letters will be read by heartsick romantics the world over, and perhaps they will take comfort that such a full and passionate marriage could be carried out in words alone.

Faithfully yours,
Beresford

Dear Berryford,

Hi today was good we went to the zoo. Mom says a lions are like a cat.

I got two cats and I lost a tooth!

Mom said you can't visit oh well.

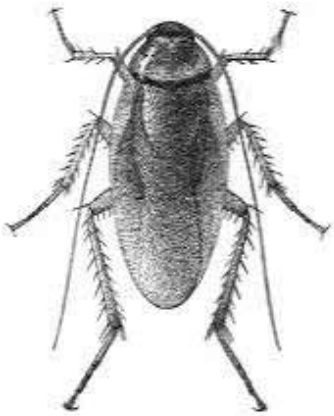
Have a fun day.

Travis

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

1.11 Intersection

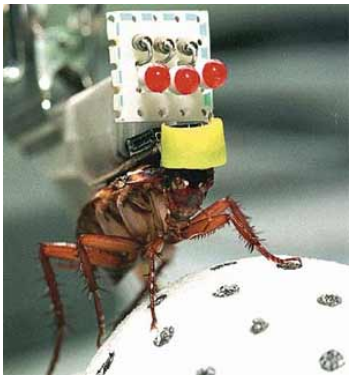
Wednesday, Jan 11, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



Filed somewhere under conventional wisdom is the knowledge that sooner or later mankind is going to do something irreparably harmful to itself. The exact nature of this fatal act remains a mystery, and likely will remain as such until it is too late to prevent. There are many theories about how we will all die and what will happen afterwards, though only two withstand scientific scrutiny. One of these theories is that, upon mankind's demise, insects will inherit the earth. Cockroaches, for example, are really adept at surviving, and would make likely candidates for the role of Future Rulers of Earth. This insect supremacy theory, however, is often ignored for its lack of imagination, especially when compared to the more colorful ideas about the post-apocalypse.

The prevailing theory is that our own machines will eventually overtake us, slowly marginalizing mankind until it is all but extinct and the machines alone rule the planet. There, in that horrifying world of endless smokestacks and rusty horrors, factory wombs will spill out yet more robots on assembly line birth canals. Slowly but surely they will conquer outer space, building mirror replicas of their dead home world on thousands of other planets. President Eisenhower graphically warned us of this future when he gave his farewell speech to the nation.

I tend to disagree with President Eisenhower and the scientific community's gloomy warnings of a mechanical apocalypse. My own belief is that mankind will end with a whimper. As technology and a desire for police procedural stories escalates, humankind will be increasingly resigned to watching Law & Order and CSI shows in lieu of actually living. I predict that humanity will eventually die by replacing itself with a nearly infinite supply of gritty crime dramas. These shows, beamed through the air and space from satellites and broadcasting towers, will expand through the galaxy, and eventually even overtake the universe itself. What happens then is for philosophers to debate. Perhaps these signals will then travel back through time, eventually finding a primitive world called Earth, teaching the primitive beings there about something called "the Criminal Justice System." The possibilities are myriad.



My own theory aside, the world really revolves around the two theories that have been dominant since the Industrial Revolution: the all-machine future, and the all-insect future. It appears, now, that these two futures are intersecting. The future will belong to the insect machines. What happens then, I can only imagine, will be rather gross. It is worth mentioning that those who cling to religion have long held that in the future, insects and machines will live in harmony with mankind. They are of course silly to think such things. While insects may well have immortal souls, it is obvious that humans and robots do not.

The reason that the insect and machine timelines have merged is because of one startling recent invention: the cyborg cockroach, or Robo-roach. Obviously mankind bears responsibility for creating such a stupid thing. Those keeping score at home will note that, as the cyborg cockroach is manmade, it therefore meets the criteria of being a probable cause of the end of all human life as we know it. A round of applause for science, if you will!

The Robo-roach is essentially an ordinary cockroach that has been stripped of its wings and antennae. A big old block of robot is then strapped to its back, complete with cameras and various gadgets. The robot part receives instructions from humans (for now) and stimulates what is left of the cockroach to respond to them (for now). The practical applications of such a thing are somewhat clear when you consider the types of places an insect can navigate. It also opens up the possibility of insect espionage: sending a covert robot cockroach into a cockroach nest to stir up dissent and stage a coup, or possibly just carry out sabotage. Benefits aside, we cannot forget that this also opens up areas of contention.

This hideous half-creature represents a step back for robots, and a step forward for insects. It also represents the dawn of corruption in the realm of professional flea circuses, as now those tiny athletes may well be guided by superior minds rather than there own skill. More important is the fact that robots have, as of late, gained a reputation for cleanliness. The Roomba is a robotic vacuum that roams your home, cleaning your floors and essentially saving you a lot of time. Thus far the Roomba has obeyed the Three Laws of Robotics without incident, and found its place amongst man. However, let us not forget that insects and cleanliness are natural enemies. The idea of creating unclean robotic-insects to undermine the actions of the hygiene-oriented Roomba is the first step in robot class warfare, and a surefire ticket to Apocalypse Town, USA.

I have my doubts about the practicality of such actions overall. I applaud science for continuing to undermine nature, as I generally think that's a very neat thing to do. But I have to wonder if these insect machines will ever reach the efficiency of a pure insect or a pure robot. If you could make a tiny robot car the size of a cockroach, what good is a robot cockroach? More importantly, how long before these creations evolve beyond our control? Robots are sworn to do no harm to man and obey his every whim. Insects have taken a vow to annoy and vex us. These two conflicting ideologies, once combined, are likely to create all manner of chaos. Now that Pandora's Beehive has been opened, all bets are off.

Could humanity be wiped clean from the world by hideous cyborg insects? Could robotic ants work endlessly mining the earth for all its resources while cyborg mosquitoes and bees and wasps carry out raids against human survivors? Will these aerial insects of doom sting our valiant resistance fighters with nano-viruses or implant parasites beneath their skin? Could we have just combined our two greatest end time scenarios? Is the future world of machines now no different than the future world of the insects? By the time we figure these mysterious out it will be too late.

◘ Daily Dirt

For a listing of fourteen additional uses for the standard issue recreational Frisbee (for example: a dinner plate) please click here with one or more of your mouse buttons.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.12 Xbox 360: A Something Awful FIRST Exclusive!

Thursday, Jan 12, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Standing your console on its side so it can inevitably be knocked over by your drunken roommate at four in the morning? Another Sony innovation ripped off by Microsoft.

One year it was Tickle Me Elmo. Another year it was Beanie Babies. During yet another year it was the long-anticipated Doom House DVD now on sale from Awful Video. In fact Doom House was in such high demand that the United States Postal Service was so overwhelmed with shipments they decided to only deliver it to one person and chuck the rest in a dumpster somewhere. It seems that every year there is a hot toy that people just can't live without.

This year it's the Microsoft Xbox 360. You may have heard rumors about how hard it is to get your hands on one of these things. Let me tell you folks, everything you heard is true. There is an age old question that man often asks, "Could God create a consumer electronics product so in demand that not even he could buy it?" The answer is yes and that product is the Xbox 360. Trying to find the new Xbox has become a 24 hour a day job. Hopeful customers must stalk Internet forums, constantly call retailers, and perform complex differential equations to figure out who has units in stock.

In order to control crowds and keep order most retailers have enacted special procedures for buying an Xbox 360. The first thing you have to do is file an intent to purchase application with the state you are going to buy the console in. This takes 5-7 days and is generally trouble free. On the day of the sale you must drive to the store seven hours before opening just to get on a waiting list. Some parents have put their newborn children on waiting lists so that some day they may own an Xbox 360.

The best place to find a 360 is Best Buy. Apparently their policy of not letting you leave their stores until you have been offered a warranty on the package of batteries you just bought has impressed Microsoft so much that they are practically the only retailer being shipped units. On the day we bought our review unit there were one hundred people in line for only two systems. Despite being 85th in line, we had a Louisville Slugger.

Once inside they made us go through the line of accessory and warranty horror. There we were bombarded with high pressure warranty pitches. One associate told me that he could look into my soul and tell me my destiny. Apparently my destiny is a 2 year extended warranty and a blowjob administered from the Geek Squad should my Xbox 360 malfunction, no questions asked. From there we entered the gauntlet of pain where Best Buy associates paddled our asses while we grabbed for games and accessories. By the end of the line my ass was a healthy cherry red.

Then, the final step! We finally handed around 400 dollars in cash and purchased an Xbox 360. Unfortunately we couldn't afford a game because my buddy Jerry is the biggest fuckup on the planet. More on that later. On the way back to the truck we ended up getting mugged by those in the line who came too late to get an Xbox 360. Luckily Best Buy had another line set up for mugging victims to pre-order a system for the next shipment twenty years from now.

Six weeks later we struck gold. We finally got our Xbox 360 and the first thing we did was take it home and rip it open to show you it's shiny innards. The sight of electronic circuitry and wires just turns us on so much. Plus we look pretty bad ass opening up a brand new console system and showing our readers the inside. I mean, we can actually point out to you where the CPU and the graphics chip is. Can IGN give you that? No. Can AnandTech give you that? Well yes, but we

delve even deeper into the hardware. We're going to break the 360's hymen like horseback riding. And then when the Xbox 360 explains to her first boyfriend why she doesn't have a hymen but that she's still a virgin he'll wonder until the day he dies if she really told him the truth...

The box is what you would expect in a box. There are colors, words, and probably many germs on it. The words on the box signify that something may be inside, which is a good trait for a box to have. That is, unless you are shipping embarrassing goods to your house like edible underwear or Veronica Mars Season 1 on DVD.

Opening the box is simple unless cardboard is your one weakness. If so call 911 and they will arrive shortly to open the box for you. However, it is impossible to figure out how to close the goddamn thing once you open it. I mean, I have no clue which flaps go where or how you are supposed to fold them. Can someone help me out with this so I can put it in the closet?

The Xbox 360 comes in two flavors. There is the core system, which comes with the console itself and a letter that says, "FUCK YOU". We opted for the premium bundle which comes with a wireless controller, a remote control, an Ethernet cable, all the cables needed to hook the system up, and the system itself, sometimes.

If there is a cat inside instead of an Xbox don't worry. This is a known issue. Simply call 1-800-4-MY-XBOX and Microsoft will replace your system at no cost to you. We had to go through this three times before we got a working unit.

Much has been said about the size of the Xbox 360 power source but we just aren't seeing it. Once again the Internet has proven itself to take little things way out of proportion. What we didn't like, however, was that some jerk stuffed a wad of paper in the battery holder for the Xbox 360 controller. I had a hell of a time getting it out. After getting through the accessories it was time to take a look under the hood instead of, you know, actually playing it.

DISCLAIMER: OPENING YOUR XBOX 360 WILL VOID THE INCREDIBLY GENEROUS 90 DAY WARRANTY DESPITE THE FACT VIDEO GAME CONSOLES ARE DESIGNED TO EXPLODE AND STOP READING DISCS EXACTLY 1 MINUTE AFTER THE WARRANTY EXPIRES. SO OPEN THE FUCKER UP AND KEEP A SPARE OF CAR KEYS IN IT.

As you can see the Xbox 360 is a vastly different beast compared to the original Xbox. The 360 boasts an incredible triple core CPU that can handle two threads each. That means the Xbox 360 can do an astonishing six things at once. I don't know what the big deal is though. I often play six porno video files at a time on my computer but usually many more. Sometimes I just can't decide between transgender cosplay horse fucking and naked school girls stomping on baby hamsters.

It must be noted however that none of the current Xbox 360 games take advantage of this feature. Despite this, running games that utilize only a single core allow the system to assign tasks to the unused cores. For example, while one core could be running say, Kameo, another may stream music and yet another could send the upskirt pictures you just took of Kasumi in Dead or Alive 4 to grandma's email address (Update: she thinks they are hot).

CPU power isn't all it takes to render sweaty black men in unfinished EA sports games. This bad boy comes equipped with a custom made ATI Radeon graphics processor running at 550 mhz. This allows the 360 to render 40 gazillion gigaflops of polygons per second. The 360 also boasts an impressive 48 level shader pipeline. The 360 is so powerful in fact that MSNBC uses its shader capabilities to make Rita Cosby look presentable for television.

Look at these pictures of the inside of an Xbox 360. My dick is so hard right now. We opened you up baby. We split you open like a 5 dollar whore. Let me see that memory card port you slut. Ah yeah, your wires are so big. Let me cum all over that heat sink. Wrap that SATA cable tightly around my balls until they turn blue and fuck my ass with a Army camo faceplate.

Now that we have looked at the hardware let's take a look at what really matters to everyone but

Electronic Arts, the games.

Condemned: Criminal Origins - Oh Lord do I hate this game. It's not because it was poorly made. From a technical standpoint Condemned is quite good. I mean, who knew anyone could do dark boring hallways better than id Software. And when you thought there was nothing left to collect in a video game, Sega taught us that rotting dead birds are more fun than gold rings.

Is it Doom 3 or is it Condemned? The answer just might surprise you!

No, I hate the game because of its horrendous portrayal of subterranean-dwelling drug addicts. As someone who spent two homeless years in New York I can tell you with the utmost authority that the finest coke fiends and heroin addicts in the world would never stoop so low as to attack someone for no good reason. There is an unwritten code of laws that subway drug addicts follow. We never attack gruff looking detectives out on a mission to clear their good name and catch the real killer for drugs. That would only perpetuate the stereotype of the angry coked up homeless guy who attacks gruff looking detectives who engage in simple forensic sequences where arrows tell you where to point your seminal fluid detector.

The time I spent in New York's underground utopia were two of the most enlightening years of my life. There I was, a lonely 20-something in New York freshly laid off from a cushy web marketing job. I owned a million shares of stock in my old company and all of it worthless. I used it to start garbage can fires those first few rough nights.

It was then that I trekked into the subway system. I was not met with pipe-wielding maniacs as the conspirators at Sega, Warner Bros., and Microsoft would like you to believe. I was met with the kindest, most gentle group of men I have ever been privileged to meet. Though I was bitter and mad at the world, these bums taught me how to love again. With every pass of the heroin needle I learned what sharing with your fellow man was all about.

During the course of Condemned's story there is no real explanation as to why bums attack your character at random. It's only assumed that they want drugs and think you have it. Have you ever stopped to think that there could be another reason they are attacking you? Maybe they think you have candy. Wanting candy so bad you turn bloodthirsty isn't as bad as wanting drugs. Maybe these homeless guys are just misunderstood. Sega never gives us the benefit of the doubt.

This is why I am starting a web petition to get this hateful game pulled from the shelves and I urge Sega to issue an apology immediately. I could overlook their anti-Semitic remarks in Vectorman

and their pro-Marxist stance in Comix Zone, but Condemned: Criminal Origins is the last straw. Rather than actually start a web petition I am going to sit here on my ass and look up videos of girls dancing in their pajamas on Google Video. It pretty much accomplishes the same thing.

Dead or Alive 4 - Fighting games are for faggots and if you play this game you are a faggot.

When you little babies are done with Dead or Alive come play with the big boys.

Perfect Dark Zero - I apologize in advance but it really needs to be said. They just keep doing it. At this point I don't think they will ever stop.

One minute into Perfect Dark Zero you encounter a crate. A whole goddamn room of them.

Here we have a next-generation system with three CPUs, some kind of graphics processor, and a power source that has it's own zip code. Despite this giant leap in technology developers are still putting crates all over their first person shooters!

We are now in the HD-era of video games and these bastards can't think of anything else to put in a level but texture mapped cubes? How about a rocking chair? Can we replace all crates with rocking chairs? Because I would love that. It'd be lovely to play a first person shooter AND SEE ROCKING CHAIRS EVERYWHERE. No matter how bad that game is I will buy it.

Microsoft's acquisition of Rare from Nintendo has proved to be a foolish one. Has Rare released a single thing on the Xbox or the Xbox 360 that could even compare to Rare's Nintendo offerings? Grabbed by the Ghoulies? What the hell is that? If I were Microsoft I would have sued the hell out of them for Grabbed by the Ghoulies. I'd say, "YOU PEOPLE CREATED DONKEY KONG COUNTRY AND YOU GIVE US THIS SHIT?!" Microsoft's purchase of Rare is like buying the Yankees at the height of their success and during their first few Major League games they pull down their pants and just start shitting right there on the field in front of a sell out crowd. They'd still be better than the Mets though.

Project Gotham Racing 3 - Let me tell you about my friend Jerry. He is the kind of guy who doesn't think ahead about anything. He thinks a 401k is the record for most strikeouts in a season of baseball. He takes forever to leave the house because he's always forgetting something, be it his car keys, wallet, or a coupon to Bed Bath & Beyond, and has to go all the way back to his apartment and get it. He'll occasionally bring over his Gamecube and forget to bring controllers. One time he brought the cables and controllers, and forgot the Gamecube. Jerry is a nice guy and fun to hang out with but he isn't all there 100 percent of the time. As Hank Hill would say, "That boy ain't right." (LOL I love when he says that)

As a special treat Bizarre Creations included the ambiguously gay duo car as an easter egg.

So I call Jerry on the eve of the Xbox 360 launch day and I say, "Hey, come with me to Best Buy so we can buy the new Xbox." He agrees because like me he has nothing better to do. I pick him up and he gets in the car with a Nintendo DS lodged firmly in his stubby sausage fingers. I insult him and his mother for buying a Nintendo DS and off we go.

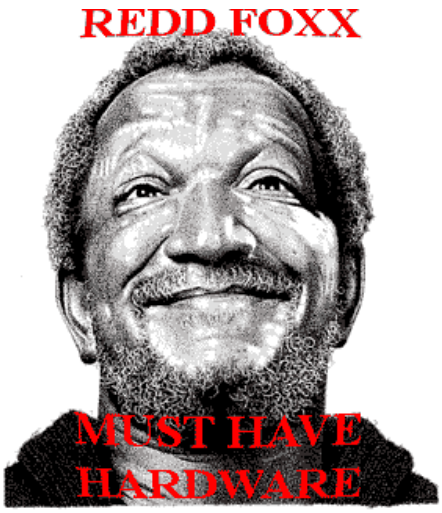
We get to Best Buy and there are about 15 people along a wall waiting in line. The first thing I notice is that the people in this line get progressively uglier and fatter the closer you get to the first person in line. Sure, we're hideous at number 16 and 17, but look at number 1, he's a monster! I

was genuinely surprised he made it to the store without the aid of a forklift. I tell Jerry to give me his Nintendo DS because I was intensely afraid of making eye contact with anyone there. Turns out, oh nothing, HE FORGOT TO PUT BATTERIES IN IT.

After an ungodly amount of hours of listening to supernerds explain to each other why Arrested Development was funny and how it was criminal of Fox to cancel it Best Buy finally considers selling us an Xbox 360. I put the box and a copy of Project Gotham Racing 3 on the counter. Here was the plan. I was going to buy the system and Jerry was going to buy the game. He owed me money anyway. But when it came time to pay he didn't have it. No, he didn't forget it. It fell out of his fucking pocket. Somehow he managed to lose 60 dollars in cash between his house and the store.

In addition to not getting a game to play on my shiny new Xbox 360 I got to backtrack our steps over and over again for an hour, a futile search that turned up nothing. We ended up going home with no games and took turns playing Hexic all night until I kicked him out for eating all my fruit snacks.

So anyway, this update is getting too long and Lowtax is already yelling at me and threatening to cash in my pension. That's why Microsoft's Xbox 360 gets our highest rating possible!



-~Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

1.13 The World Itself is a Filthy Monster

Friday, Jan 13, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I met her at a karahane in Istanbul. She had hair as black as raven's feathers and skin the color of burnished bronze. Her body rolled and moved liked a serpent behind the glass, but it was her kohl-rimmed almond eyes that won me over. I slid a hundred US dollars through the slot and followed her home. She told me her name was Sunflower. She told me her brother lived in Bebek and worked as an engineer for the Europeans. Her apartment was small and hot, the neighbors were cooking but the smell of frying fat turned sour in the humid air. The electricity was out and the fans had stopped turning. We fucked on her couch and her son stood in his crib and watched. I wondered if he would remember me. I couldn't cum.

We stopped and talked for a bit. Her English was rough and my Turkish was almost nonexistent. She sat on my lap and kissed me. I felt nothing for her. She asked if I would like to eat. I left and bought fish from a stall on the way back to my hotel. I could still smell the cooking fat from her apartment when I tasted the fish.

The city moved and breathed and lived as though nothing had happened, but the sirens wailed day and night. The hotel was a mess of press vans and black sedans. French mercenaries stood outside the lobby with machineguns and Raybans. I nodded to them and stepped past into the cool and dark interior of the hotel. Bed seemed the best choice for me with an early start the next morning, but instead I drank beer with a pair of German expats in the hotel bar. They lived in Turkey and were doing advance work for the UN relief teams. They were happily drunk and full of awe at the scale of the disaster.

"Millions dead," the fat one said in English with only the barest trace of an accent, "if not yet then within days. The riots are coming."

I didn't disagree.

"Even with airborne supply it is not possible to feed all of the refugees," the other switched his eyes to me over his pint of lager.

"If it can't be done, it can't be done." I drained my glass and got up from the table. "Best of luck to you both."

"Eh, one minute," the fat one followed me from the table, "what are you here for? American? Are you with the assayers? The developers?"

I laughed.

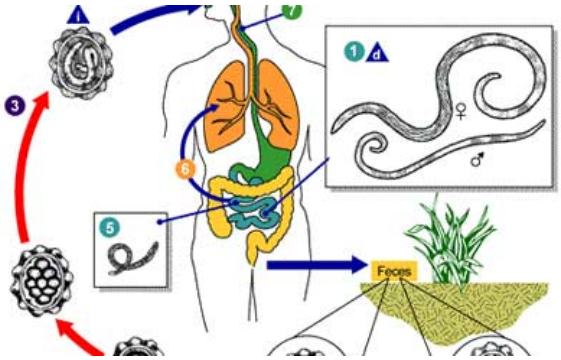
"Why are you here?"

"Irony. Circular narratives, maybe. Nah, I'm here for no reason at all."

He stopped and stared at me as I continued my walk to the elevators.

The Greeks found Jesus a while back, but before Him they believed in a motley crew. One of their favorites was Zeus and Zeus had parents. His mother was Gaia and in Greek mythology she was the earth personified. Gaia created the blue sky above her and named him Uranus. In an incestuous twist Uranus and Gaia got together and had a whole litter of babies.

One of these babies was a bad seed by the name of Cronos. Uranus was getting a bit long in the tooth by the time Cronos came around and the old man was whipping his offspring into a frenzy of evil. Gaia tried to punish the kids, but like some sort of adult video you can only get by sending cash to a PO Box, Cronos intervened and ended up castrating his father and having sex with his



all-mother.

That made Cronos the head honcho, but things tend to work in cycles in mythology and that meant that Cronos would be overthrown by his son. That son turned out to be Zeus and Cronos decided that he would eat Zeus to prevent his downfall. At the last moment before Cronos gulped down his offspring vitamin, good old Ma dropped a rock into the swaddling clothes and Cronos ended up swallowing that.

The rest of the story isn't too important to this one, what is important is that the Greeks called this sacred stone Baetylus and the Jews, much later, came to call all sacred stones Bethel. What made these stones so special is that they were rocks fallen from heaven; meteors to the rest of us. Sometimes they would inscribe them with holy symbols and texts and sometimes they would leave them unadorned. The Greeks and the Jews worshipped them.

The Greeks had a really special rock they called the Athens Baetylus. It fell right down on their capital and killed plenty of people. The Greeks dusted off the rock, put some magic words on it and decided that it was a physical manifestation of the wrath of their gods. They would carry it around in battle and show it off to scare people and inspire their armies. Naturally when you carry something like that around with your army it's going to end up in the hands of the enemy if you ever get defeated. It changed hands a few times and eventually it made its way to Suleiman the Magnificent and was brought to Constantinople. Suleiman was so impressed by this rock that he enshrined the thing in the Hagia Sophia.

The Athens Baetylus was a pretty neat looking rock. It stood about 6 feet tall and was rounded at the end that was pointing down when it came through the atmosphere. It was smooth and dark, with very fine veins of dark green tektite running through it. Geologists and astronomers loved the thing almost as much as the Greeks and Suleiman.

Gaia gave Cronos another rock to swallow. It landed almost dead center on the Hagia Sofia with the force of an atomic bomb. I guess Zeus needed saving again.

"Justinian I," Donald Ferrywell said it 'Justeenean eye' and spit out his toothpick, "was a goddamn homosexual."

I presumed that Donald Ferrywell cared for neither Justianian I, patron of the Hagia Sophia, nor homosexuals. We were standing on the roof of the hotel trading his pair of binoculars back and forth between us. He was there with Geophysical Services Incorporated. One of the vultures.

"You ever seen it?" He asked me.

"I've been there." I nodded to the plume of dust and handed the binoculars back to him.

Donald downed the last of his Turkish Coca-Cola and screwed up his face before taking the binoculars

back.

"Too goddamn sweet." He spit on the graveled roof beneath our feet and it hissed.

"They use real sugar." I was tired and I hated Donald Ferrywell, but he had agreed to give me a lift into the Relief Zone in the afternoon.

Later, with the French mercenaries at our backs, I helped Donald's crew of local hires load a pair of spotless Land Rovers with ground-penetrating radar and infrared equipment. He had received permission from the Turkish government to go in and search for survivors trapped in the debris. Donald Ferrywell planned to go searching for oil. I grunted and hefted an aluminum trunk into the back of the Land Rover. One of the hotel employees approached me and pressed a piece of paper into my hand.

"Please look." He whispered.

I unrolled the sheet of paper and saw a list of names and addresses, neatly printed in English, with a hand-drawn diagram of the Relief Zone.

I looked up.

"Please." He repeated.

Something beeped in the Land Rover. Donald groaned and brought out the satellite phone.

"Hello," he answered and then covered the receiver, "hey, can you get rid of this guy and take care of the loading, I've got to take this call."

He didn't wait for an answer.

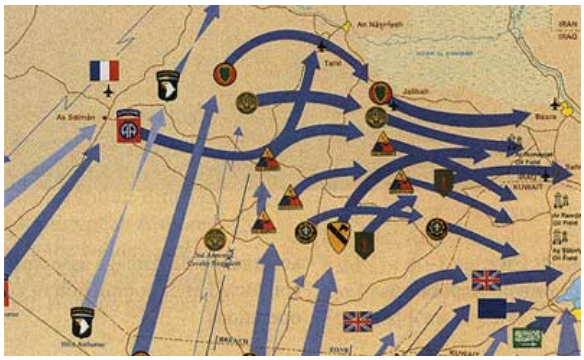
"No, goddammit Charlene, you tell him if he doesn't get out of bed and get to school today I am going to..." his words were lost in the roar of a helicopter passing overhead.

"Please." The man repeated again.

"We'll look." I lied to him and sent him on his way.

The Relief Zone was a series of rings. First were the refugees and families of those lost in the Relief Zone. They clamored to get in, to feel the ruin beneath their feet and touch it with their hands. They wanted to know. They wanted to see their lost love and not wonder. The Turkish military had different ideas. It had formed a cordon, tanks and all, around the Relief Zone. Guns bristled and when tempers flared theirs batons fell like a farmer tilling his field. I drove the second Land Rover and they held the roadblock open when they saw we were Europeans.

Beyond the army were the field hospitals. These were triage centers for those injured by the impact



and the fires and calamity that had followed. They had since become vast morgues and the area was heavy with the stench of death. I covered my face and mouth with a dusty handkerchief. I gagged.

The last ring before the crater was supposedly military, but the Turkish armored carriers and tanks were lost amid the news crews, scientists and Red Crescent workers trying to get some fresh air. Here and there teams of people were working over the devastated buildings along the edge of the crater. They might have been searching for survivors or bodies or they might have been looking for treasure. The Hagia Sophia was gone. Nothing remained but churned rubble. Down in the crater the elite vultures were picking through the blasted ruins. Some were local scavengers in army uniforms, looking for gold, but most were Europeans and Americans looking for the real prizes: religious artifacts.

A road had already been bulldozed down into the crater. It was winding and unstable. We navigated the Land Rovers down to the pit cautiously. Stone and dirt slid away from beneath a rear tire. I gunned the Land Rover back onto the road before we were pulled along with it. The local hires chattered nervously behind me.

When we reached the bottom we were not given a pleasant welcome. A Russian brandished a pistol and shouted. An academic with a white beard and a floppy safari hat shoved me as I got out.

"You'll not take this!" He shouted with a British accent and the Russian pressed his gun into my chest.

I realized he was talking about a crate next to our vehicles.

"I'm not here for that."

It was a gold palanquin studded with rubies. It had been partially melted by the heat.

I left the Russian and the Brit and Donald Ferrywell behind. My hunt was that of the small hyena circling a carcass. I was shoved aside from promising spots and menaced with guns and knives by men who probably taught theology classes at Harvard.

Night came. My back ached. I worked by flashlight, turning over rocks and sheet metal. Donald Ferrywell offered me a bottle of water near midnight. He said he was done and was heading back. He told me he would be happy to give me a ride back to the hotel. I declined but accepted the water.

At dawn the ruins gave their heart to me. Beneath a liquefied and reformed ingot of gold probably worth hundreds of thousands of dollars was the cracked finger of the Athens Baetylus. I poured the last warm remnants of the water out on it and the green veins shined with life once again.

My cell phone had reception. I laughed out loud at that. I called my backers and told them I had

found what they wanted. I slapped a woman in the face when she got too close. She swore at me in Chinese. By noon the helicopter had finished loading. I took my money and watched it depart, bound for Israel. It was a strange and wondrous trophy for a new shul, museum, monument or private collection. Just a rock.

I walked back to the hotel and took a shower.

I drank coffee for an hour at a souk outside Sunflower's apartment. She came home with a policeman. I was not deterred. I paid him a hundred dollars and paid her two. He was angry, but he left. I followed Sunflower to her apartment. Her son was asleep. We fucked on her couch without interruption. The electricity came on and the fans began to turn. My skin prickled as the breeze stole my sweat. Her body was exquisite.

"Did you find what you look for?" She asked.

"No." I told her and stood up.

Her husband was waiting outside smoking cigarettes. His policeman's hat was crumpled in his fist. He cursed in Turkish as I walked past, still buttoning my shirt.

I felt nothing for him.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.14 Keep Circulating The Tapes

Saturday, Jan 14, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Mystery Science Theatre 3000 is my all-time favorite television series, and in my eventual trial for crimes against humanity I will be willing to testify that it was largely responsible for my sense of humor. The show went off the air in 1999 but I always held out hope that it would return on a new network. After all, Hollywood will never stop making bad movies ripe for riffing so MST3K could theoretically go on forever. I realize that it has only been a seven year hiatus, but I'm getting a little antsy so I used my considerable "cred" in showbiz (I know a few people who work at Blockbuster and I saw Dennis Rodman eating in South Beach once) to find out if there's any interest in resurrecting the series.

I was shocked while reading the replies that flooded my inbox, in part because I was taking a footbath and using my snazzy new exposed wire mousepad but mostly because the letters had intriguing content. A number of network executives expressed interest in the show due to its loyal fanbase and success on dvd, and they were kind enough to explain how they would relaunch MST3K.

■ Jerry Kubiak
CBS Director of Programming

> You've got this show called Mystery Science Theatre 3000, right? Only the series never really lived up to its name. Where's the mystery? Where's the science? Where's the 3000? In our experience viewers want procedural dramas centered around forensic evidence, so we'd launch MST3K as our fourth iteration of CSI. Of course we'd have to rename it CSI:MST3K, or to really emphasize that this is the future CSI:MST4K.
>
> There could be all sorts of murders revolving around everyday futuristic items used as weapons. Stuff like rocket-bats, space crowbars, things like that. Floating handguns. I'm just tossing ideas out there but you can see how limitless the possibilities are.
>
> Detective Mike Nelson would be a gruff but loveable veteran who has some sort of quirk such as collecting comic books or drinking a new brand of coffee every day. This is how we establish character in television. He'd be played by Gary Busey or maybe Ashton Kutcher if he's available. Crow and Tom Servo would be his lab assistant bots which go out and collect evidence while engaging in witty banter that barely conceals the thick sexual tension in the air between them.
>
> Every other case could revolve around some sort of sexual perversion because that stuff makes for great teaser commercials.
>
> > **Crow:** Detective Nelson, this shuttle refueler pump was covered in blood and a thin layer of lubricant. Our victim died of blood loss from his anal cavity.
> > **Nelson:** And I thought my job was a pain in the-
> > **Announcer Voiceover:** *Tune in to CSI: MST4K this Wednesday at eight!*
>
> See? Great stuff.

■ Francine Conniff
FX Creative Director

We'd leave the show completely untouched cast-wise, but instead of featuring bad movies we'd have really great films owned by our parent corporation 20th Century Fox. Mike and the bots would enjoy Big Momma's House 2 and Supercross and just be really quiet during the whole movie so they don't distract anyone. Maybe every once in a while when there's nothing going on or it's really quiet one of the bots can comment on how great the movie is.

Okay, wait. Charlie Silver is on the speaker phone, you know Charlie right? He had that wine party? Anyway, he brought up a good point. You know how there are those shadows on the bottom of the screen? Those would really get in the way of our half-screen ads which pop up during shows to remind people to watch the Shield or Nip/Tuck with an explosion and the sound of gunshots played back at a volume twice as loud as the show they're interrupting. Maybe move the shadows to the top of the screen or get rid of them altogether?

■ Sparky Anderson
G4TV Head Of Series Development

The whole point of G4TV is to target males aged 17-34 with attractive women, sexual innuendo, adult humor, and content centered around self-proclaimed geek subcultures. Oh wait, and I guess games and technology too. Are we still doing that? Wow.

We'd buy up the rights to MST3K and axe the entire cast and writing staff immediately. The new host would be Morgan Webb or maybe Kristin Holt, and replacing the robots would be a rotating cast of booth babes and asian import models. Instead of bad movies they'd watch... hell maybe Baywatch or something? MXC? That seems to work pretty well over at Spike TV.

The only problem is those infamous shadows would make it hard to really see the babes so they'd be in full-color and take up most of the screen. I don't know what they'd be able to talk about, but I'm sure the guy who writes The Feed segments for Attack of the Show could come up with some great one-liners about conservatives. Take that, differing viewpoints!

Instead of an invention exchange, we could have a t-shirt exchange where the hostess and her guests all take off their tops (provided by Jinx thanks Jinx you're the best Jinx) and trade shirts with one another. I'd probably schedule it to air after the Man Show and before The Ultimate Fighter. Wait, is that one ours?

■ Uwe Boll
Movie Director, on a follow-up to MST3K: The Movie

I am talking to some people about getting the rights and one guy sent me a script so I'm excited. The whole series was about a supersoldier locked on a Mars space station (kind of like Doom or Total Recall) who had to watch these bad movies. So we're going to really look at the psychological aspect of that by having his eyes glued open like the guy in A Clockwork Orange while this really crazy rock music plays during a collage of bad movies. Getting access to bad movies would be tough but I'm sure I could dig around and find some in the public domain or something.

After that the hero breaks out and it's seven years later, and he's out for revenge like in Revenge of the Nerds. The name of the space station in the show was the Satellite of Love, so we're going to explain that more by having the whole place be filled with space hookers. It'll be a party place, with the bass music and neon lights you know. Maybe

a few cool looking statues of naked women and some fire. The first thing the hero will do when he gets out is fuck all these hookers, and we're going to have actual hookers in these scenes because that's, you know, what would happen. There will be naked breasts everywhere too. I think it's important because tits are like in the top five.

So then the hero will get some guns from like a military ship that comes to investigate why no one is watching the bad movies anymore. He'll probably snap a guy's neck and then use him as a shield like in Rambo(?) or maybe it was Die Hard, and then when he goes to escape back to Earth he'll run into Tom Servo and Crow, who are going to be these huge cgi mechs with chainguns and rocket launchers. They'll say something funny when they shoot at him like "Satellite of Love, huh? Love this!" and then a rocket will fly past the hero and blow up a storage room full of explosives. After the hero destroys the robots with a Jedi power (like Star Wars) then he'll fly back to Earth and face off against his mad scientist captors who mutated on purpose when they heard he was coming like Shredder in Ninja Turtles: Secrets Of The Ooze. I won't spoil it by saying what happens next but I guarantee it will be in like the top five.

We can shoot the movie in Liberia because there's this tax loophole that will drive the production costs down to a few thousand dollars. I'm thinking of Christian Slater as the hero Joel Nelson, with Tom Hanks and Morgan Freeman as the mad scientists.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.15 There is Nothing to Wink But Wink Itself

Sunday, Jan 15, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A substance exists in our universe that is unseen and undetectable. It lurks, invisible, in the space that lies between space. Across the infinite void and between the vast reaches of distant galaxies this strange matter exerts its subtle influence. It pulls planets, stars and even galaxies out of alignment. It is the stuff so dark it cannot be seen and by its fruits shall we know it. It is Wink Martindale, and it's available in three styles.

Wink Martindale is ripping tags off mattresses in stores and damn the consequences. Wink Martindale is playing with hospital beds in the children's oncology ward. He's paging the third-shift nurse and demanding more Pokemon stickers. Wink Martindale's name comes printed on everyone's friends and family visitor list. Wink Martindale is letting you die in agony so he can give your morphine to his pet turtle. Wink Martindale just intentionally failed a Voight-Kampff test and shot a Blade Runner. Wink Martindale is wanted in all 52 states and all off-word colonies.

Wink Martindale owes 75 dollars to the Community Chest. Wink Martindale is evading a luxury tax. Wink Martindale just opened nine hotels on Boardwalk, and guess where you're about to land? Wink Martindale navigates escalators with a sextant. Wink Martindale is writing ad copy for w00t.com. Wink Martindale is filling a brown bag with DVDs of Corky Romano. Wink Martindale hopes you love bargains.

Wink Martindale is using a supercollider to measure the quarks in a Fleshlight. There is an infinitesimal but non-zero chance that Wink Martindale will simply blink out of existence. Wink Martindale is creating a tangent universe and he's doing it so he can drive over a girl with his car. Wink Martindale just caught an interception at the Super Bowl. Wink Martindale is making the playoffs. Wink Martindale is setting the odds in Vegas. Wink Martindale has just been indicted on nineteen counts of racketeering and he's pleading no contest.

There is a house in New Orleans they call the Wink Martindale Museum of Unusual Bowel Impactions. It's been the ruin of many a poor bowel impaction sufferer and, Wink Martindale, I know I'm one. Wink Martindale's mother was a tailor, she sewed those matching satin jumpsuits for those fat twins. Wink Martindale has one foot on the platform and the other foot on a suborbital scramjet bound for Tokyo. Wink Martindale is playing an organ solo. Oh mother, tell your children, not to do what Wink Martindale has done. Spend your life in sincere misery because his museum was in the 9th Ward and still has significant structural damage and possibly dangerous levels of mold from floodwaters.

Wink Martindale is vomiting into the mouths of baby birds. Wink Martindale is crushing butterflies because he hates beauty. Wink Martindale is crying at the sight of the setting sun. Wink Martindale just burned out his retinas staring at an eclipse. Wink Martindale is offering free LASIK to the retarded. Wink Martindale just tricked an old man into buying 900 dollars worth of vitamins. Wink Martindale is filing his teeth into points. Wink Martindale is envenoming a dagger.

Wink Martindale just rolled a natural 20. Wink Martindale is resisting rods, staves and wands. Wink Martindale is DMing an old 1st edition module where the players can get lasers. Wink Martindale is role playing out sex between two vampires at a LARP session. Wink Martindale just used Domination to get you to bring him another Mountain Dew. Wink Martindale violated the Masquerade and is being hunted by the Prince of Moon Base 19. Wink Martindale is masturbating to anime.

There's an old saying in Tennessee - I know it's in Texas, probably in Tennessee - that says, fool me once, shame on...shame on you. Fool me...it is impossible to fool Wink Martindale even once.

Wink Martindale is telling his wife that he's going out to the garage to work on that old Chevy he's been fixing up, but he's really going to be cooking meth. Wink Martindale has 18 condoms full of cocaine in his lower intestine and they got there the hard way: anal sex with a man made out of cocaine. Wink Martindale is asking someone else to carry his package onto a plane. Wink Martindale is leaving his luggage unattended. Wink Martindale is being placed on the Department of Homeland Security's watch list. Wink Martindale is setting off a radiological detector because he loves the taste of radium. Wink Martindale is depleting uranium with a straw. Wink Martindale just turned on his breeder reactor.

Wink Martindale is an ugly girl who transforms into a beauty queen when you take off his glasses. Wink Martindale would like the court reporter to read that last statement back to the jury. Wink Martindale is perjuring himself to cover for an accomplice. Wink Martindale doesn't have to answer that. Wink Martindale is sustained.

Wink Martindale is pretending to be totally into the Dali Lama at a Beastie Boys' concert to get into a girl's pants. Wink M. got the beat and Mike D. got the hook. Wink Martindale gonna rock out on this track. Wink Martindale is getting a hand job at Burning Man from a fat woman named Mystery. Wink Martindale is too high to care. Wink Martindale is watching the Dark Crystal on acid in his friend's basement. Wink Martindale just dropped a cherry on his lap and yelled like a girl. Wink Martindale swears that faux-wood panel just smiled at him. Wink Martindale is right.

Wink Martindale is Africanizing his bees. Wink Martindale just got stung tending the apiary. Wink

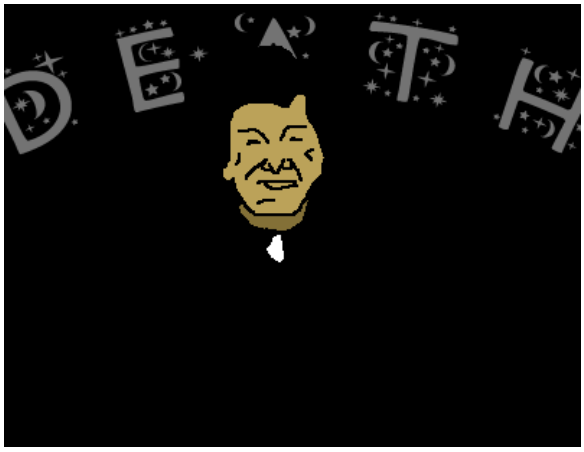
Martindale is burning it all down. Wink Martindale is dropping his surname because he thinks it is getting between him and his fans. Wink Martindale is announcing his resignation at a press conference in the south gym. Wink Martindale is denying all charges, unless you want to charge him with being the world's greatest grandpa. Wink Martindale's Folding at Home group just hit number two. Wink Martindale is not respecting a NPOV in his own Wikipedia entry.

Wink Martindale is leaving a comment in a dead girl's Livejournal. Wink Martindale wishes you hant dun it b00b0084 and u will b missed ;_____; Wink Martindale is reformatting his hard disk. Wink Martindale is placing a trojan in a JPEG. Wink Martindale is sending spike. Wink Martindale is leaving b4 he is expunged.

Wink Martindale is adopting Angelina Jolie's children. Wink Martindale is smoking a cigarette after coitus and laughing about Billy Bob Thornton's tattoo. Wink Martindale is buying a statue of Jesus at a gas station in Missouri. Wink Martindale is accepting the Eucharist to gain the warrior skills of the son of God. He is breaking bread with his betrayer. He is dying for your sins.

Wink Martindale is opening hailing frequencies. Wink Martindale wants you to lock phasers on that vessel. Wink Martindale is installing an erotic emotion chip in Lore. Wink Martindale is battling Moriarty on the Holodeck. Wink Martindale and Jalad at Tanagra. Wink Martindale is counting bars of gold-pressed Latinum. Wink Martindale is changing shape to get under a door and watch Hawk make out with that speckle-headed woman. Wink Martindale is crying because Spenser is no longer for hire except as a ghost. Wink Martindale is a carcinogen.

In the Bardo Thodol the Tibetans envision three states or "bardos" one must pass through as death occurs. The chikhai bardo is the moment at which the person expires. The chonyid bardo is a vision of the divine Buddha. The sidpa bardo is the bardo of rebirth. It is the state in which a dying person experiences visions of their past and future as a new being. Wink Martindale exists as a being of such pure stubbornness that, though he dies, he returns again as himself, fully grown. Each life is lived out in a realm of pure pleasure. Wink Martindale is the sole inhabitant of this realm. As Wink Martindale dies and enters the sipda bardo he dreams our reality.



We are nothing but fading hallucinations, owned and manipulated to our very fabric by the dying mind of Wink Martindale. Every moment we have experienced is a figment of his death dream. Every grain of sand, every sunset, every piece of art and every artifact of our science, every fleeting kiss, every child, every funeral, every fire, every famine, hate, war, death, love, sickness, salvation, religion, murder, cataclysm, genocide, tragedy and triumph that is now, has been and ever will be is just a frozen moment in Wink Martindale's misfiring neurons. Wink Martindale is in the park eating a frozen banana and you're welcome to join him on the bench.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.16 Kevin Smith: A Truth Media Celebrity Report

Monday, Jan 16, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

Born and raised in New Jersey and very proud of it, this fact can be seen in all of Kevin Smith's movies.

And so starts the IMDB profile of Kevin Smith, one of America's most beloved filmmakers. Smith, known for such generation-defining pieces as "Clerks," "Mallrats," and "Jay and Silent Bob 3: Jay and Silent Bob Meet Mothra," is humble about his roots and everything from his dress to his media work reflects this.

Somethingawful.com celebrity reporter Evan "Pantsfish" Wade recently caught up with Smith during a promotional tour for his latest movie, "Clerks 2: We Still Hate Our Customers and it's Still Funny." Smith sat down for lunch with Wade and allowed him to tape record a conversation between the two. What follows are excerpts from a three-hour conversation with this master of modern cinema, reprinted with the director's permission, interlaced with biographical commentary. We only hope you enjoy reading as much as we enjoyed interviewing.

Beginnings

Although his early career is well-documented, Smith's young life is a substantial gray area, even to his biggest fans. While he is reluctant to divulge secrets of his past, a few things are known.

He is so connected to his youth, for instance, that he wore a Bruins jersey to his mother's funeral.

Smith is known for his down-to-earth dress style.

Born on the second of August in 1970, Smith was quickly deemed an outcast by his peers. He was subjected to near-daily beatings by his manic-depressive, drunken, Asian father, Terrence "Crazy Fists" Smith. Terrence, a former Golden Gloves boxer, was a lifelong miner and often vented his job-related frustrations on his "fat fuck" son. Smith, who weighed nearly 200 pounds by the age of 10, struggled to find oversized clothing to cover the welts and bruises left in the aftermath. Later in his life Smith would discover a new sense of style but still stuck with baggy clothing, proving he is true to his roots.

"I took to taking the stakes out of tents and cutting arm and neck holes in them," Smith said. "People made fun of me for wearing a dress but they mocked me harder for having bruises over my varicose veins. They called it the lardo expressway."

Besides social problems, Smith also struggled with school from day one. Smith claims the problems came from "boredom, not a lack of wit," and his old report cards agree. While he did excel in the subjects he was interested in, such as Home Economics and Poetry, other subjects, such as Biology – and especially gym class – were very hard for him.

"I guess, I don't know," Smith said, holding back tears. "To me, Home Ec. was about as close to a graded lunch period as you could get, you know? Poetry I've always been good at, sure. But to get paid to bake things? It's like asking Matt Damon to take a job smoking reefer all day."

And bake he did. It was at the 1979 Greater New Jersey Great Kids Bakeoff competition, in fact,

that he met Matt Damon and his friend Ben Affleck, two friends who would have a positive effect on his life before and after the silver screen struck.

Damon, who was there to sample the contest's submissions, was immediately drawn to Smith. He introduced his good friend Affleck to the aspiring baker, and the three were inseparable from that day forward.

"Things really clicked," Smith said. "They liked to eat and I liked to cook and eat so it all worked out. Only when I won a video camera in the following year's bake-off did the bond truly form, though."

As they reached high school the three often skipped school together to film movies about daily annoyances that bothered them.

Ironically, it was because of a tragedy that Smith was catapulted into the limelight. Years of mining work took their toll on Smith's father, he died of black lung disease only three days after diagnosis. The mining company offered the elder Smith's family $10,000 each to avoid litigation, which the group happily accepted.

"I mean, I really hated the cocksucker anyway," Smith said. "It's bad to speak of the dead like that but it's true. I took that $10,000 and bought my first car, which got me my first job, which inspired my first movie. I think of it as the one good thing he ever did for me."

A Star is Born

Besides his illustrious film career, Smith has been caught with his hand in television's proverbial cookie jar. Let's hope he didn't eat too many cookies!

Kevin Smith hated his job at the Quik Stop. Little did he know it would be the very thing that vaulted him into Hollywood superstardom and his work into critical acclaim.

"It was just an idea I was playing with," Smith said. "I mean here I had this fresh, original concept that nobody had ever thought of before. C'mon, jaded retail clerks who hate their customers? That was fucking innovation back then. Hell, it's still fresh today. And, you know, besides the fact that I was dealing with some groundbreaking material, the people it catered to wouldn't have much better to do than watch my movie two or three times on their days off."

And the plan worked beautifully. Given the success of "Clerks," Smith was soon greenlighted to start work on his next film, "Mallrats."

Of course, Smith's talent extends to the front of the camera, too. After stealing the show (along with cohort Jason Mewes) in "Clerks" as part of the Jay and Silent Bob dynamic, Smith decided to expand and deepen the two characters, assisting them into a pop culture phenomenon nearly as big as Smith himself.

And things just kept on growing from there.

"Listen," Smith said, "I'm not one to just let go of a good idea. I'm a big thrift-store shopper. Always have been. So when I went in looking for 32 XXL hockey jerseys and heard people cracking one of Silent Bob's few lines, or saying "Snoochie Boochies" before lighting up a joint in their cars with their infant children in the back, I noticed."

Smith applied his moviemaking philosophies to his real life and watched himself improve as an artist and a person.

"You know, things annoy me. I'm a rare type of humorist in that I like to complain about everyday irritants. Some people call it 'ranting,'" Smith said. "I just take those little slice-of-life annoyances and turn them into movies. It's a pretty fresh thing to do in comedy and there are lots of ideas to crank out. For instance, I recently finished writing a film about loud people talking loudly in theaters and how they're probably really slow drivers, too. Really fresh stuff, you know?"

Growing... and Growing...

The late 90's and early 2000's were not kind to Smith. After the box-office failure of "Mallrats" came flat-out bombs like "Chasing Amy," "Dogma," and "Jersey Girl."

Smith's connection to New Jersey is strong indeed. Smith says that, despite his father's vicious beatings, the oversized clothing helps him stay connected to his roots, no matter how big his trunk may grow.

Smith also has a passion for creating paper dolls that look like him and his friends. Here he is with "Kevy," his latest work. It took him six months and three million dollars to complete.

"I'm a Jersey boy, you know?" Smith asked. "I'm a Jersey boy and I'm from New Jersey. Being that I'm from New Jersey, I like to remind my Jersey boys in New Jersey that I am a Jersey Boy from New Jersey too. On a business end, I think it really keeps everyone in New Jersey watching my movies, which feels good if it flops everywhere else."

It was those same Jersey roots that helped Smith mount a small comeback to Hollywood's bosom. Drawing from his old style, he decided to make a film specifically about his two most popular creations, Jay and Silent Bob. Using a simple "road trip" backdrop, Smith sent the Gen-X's Two Stooges into a crazy misadventure, making sure they met up with plenty of booze, boobs, and bongs along the way.

Still, for all the fun, production was taxing. Smith quickly grew exhausted from all the physical activity he had to undertake as Silent Bob, and that exhaustion quickly took a toll on his appetite. Midway through the film, Smith ballooned to over 500 pounds, forcing him to halt the movie's production for three months. However, after 90 days with "nothing but Dr. Atkins and Nintendo 64 to keep (him) busy," he was ready to return to his passion.

Only then was he notified that, during the hiatus, cohort Jason Mewes had become mentally retarded after overdosing on heroin.

"It wasn't a super-huge deal," Smith said. "I mean, before the overdose, Jason was actually pretty bright for a kid out of Jersey. I think at one point in high school he was even reading at a sixth-grade level, and that's pretty goddamn impressive for someone with his background. And, you know, he basically played a retard in my movies. After the overdose he was about as bright as most people from Jersey, so we just told him to act natural.

"You'll notice about half the movie he has a heroin needle sticking out from under his shirt sleeve."

While the film met limited box-office success, Smith is still confused as to why the movie wasn't bigger.

"Pot humor and monkeys, separate or together, will never cease to be hilarious," Smith said. "I think if I could *effectively* incorporate a dope-smoking ape into one of my films, I will have created a comedic plateau that only a few others will ever reach."

Even though his filmmaking fame has cooled off again, Smith, like always, is expanding laterally. He has branched into the realms of comics and television already, and if Kevin Smith knows about one thing, it's growing.

Take, for instance, his recent guest writing/acting gig on the popular teen program "Degrassi: The Next Generation." Smith played himself in the role, and got a chance to do what any former loser would do: Kiss the prettiest girl in the school.

"People have criticized me for that," he said. "But, you know, I think I'm still a high-schooler at heart. There's not one thing wrong with a guy my age kissing a beautiful woman, no matter how old she may be."

And now, with his wife (not to mention his young daughter, Harley Quinn – who was named after Smith's favorite Batman character), he is forging a new life for himself. Even if that new life means bearing criticism and doing what he loves: Making hilarious movies for interesting people.

"You know, some people have called me a tremendous douchebag for basically not trying to improve a good formula much," he said. "Some people think I'm just a massive dickweed because I tend to make everyday occurrences humorous. Shit, just the other day one guy called me an asshole because he said I ran the two only funny things I ever did into the ground. Then, after that, some other guy called me a pathetic nerd-faggot for naming my daughter after a comic book character.

"But you know what? Forget them. They can call me a douchebag or a dickweed. They can think I'm an asshole or a pathetic nerd-faggot. But the truth is, at the end of the day, they're pulling 9-5 lives like the characters in my movies. They'll go home to their one-bedroom apartment and I'll be in a mansion, getting my dick sucked by models while I lift weights. After that, I may go film an ESPN commercial. Whatever I do, it doesn't matter, because I am not what those guys called me. Especially a pathetic nerd-faggot."

■ Daily Dirt

Click here for some of my most controversial thoughts and opinions! Also some fake news from Robert "Closeknees" Smith! It's so exciting I need two exclamation points!!

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

1.17 Entertainment Industry, Take Me Away!

Tuesday, Jan 17, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

Hollywood has a real problem with creativity right now. It seems like we're getting a new old thing every week. If it's not a movie like King Kong, it's a new Dragnet or Kojak, and most of it's pretty bad. They might be getting close to the bottom of the barrel now though, because according to the IMDB, a whole new Police Academy movie is in the works. The cinematic megafranchise that introduced us to Bobcat Goldthwait and that sound effects guy is being as enthusiastically dredged up as a homeless guy's body from a vat of rotting milk. All the time the list of things to remake is getting smaller, so reason would assume that any season now will bring an idea that's been on the tip of everyone's brain-tongue since Xena became popular. I'm talking about American Gladiators.

American Gladiators: REBIRTH

It can't just be a straight-up, plain remake, it needs something new. New events, a darker arena, and no more of that weight room interview bullshit before commercial breaks. There's no way they were really working out in there during filming. Thunder wasn't stupid. He had to know those fast emergency reps weren't going to do anything for him on "The Wall" five minutes from then. If anything they'd probably hurt him because his arms would get all tired. In fact, someone should make a graph of how well the gladiators performed in events just after working out compared to rested gladiators. I'm sure it would be very Thunder-enlightening.

Out with the old!

But for it to be really successful with today's audience, the new series needs a long, self-referential story with a sci-fi twist. The kind of story that's so long and convoluted that you can't help but watch every week and then feel like a jerk when it's over because they just led you around for an hour while showing you 6 slightly different commercials of that same guy talking into the toy microphone about Domino's Pizza. The kind of story where if you miss a few episodes you'll be completely, for lack of a better word, lost. I've had some very preliminary ideas for something like this since 2000 or so, when I first realized Gladiators had gone off the air. I figure now would be as good a time as any to write some of them down and maybe get some TV guys to read it in the process.

This is Maximus. Word on the shirt is he's quite strong.

Synopsis

It was the year 2080 in a gritty, futuristic world. The Seventh World War had just taken place, leaving Gladiator Arena in ruins and all but one of the gladiators dead. The strongest gladiator, Maximus, fought off enemy invaders by converting his Bowflex into a rudimentary ballista, wiping out whole battalions and turning the tide of the battle. Now a national hero and champion of good sportsmanship and teamwork around the globe, Maximus gives up his luxurious life to do what must be done: Rebuild Gladiator Arena and train a new generation of gladiators, no matter the cost!

Each week, four contestants will battle each other in games of strength and agility for the right to take their place alongside Maximus as a gladiator. The winner will be injected with a concoction officially known as the **S**ecret **T**raining **E**nhancement **R**ecipe pr**O**viding **I**ncreased **D**evelopment of **S**trength (called "Gladiator DNA" for short) and subjected to the largest amount of physical activity since Aeon Flux came out

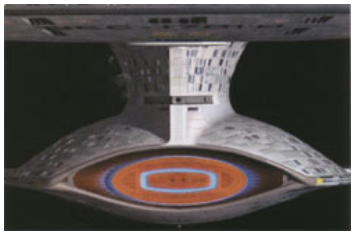
and millions of people ran into the woods to get as far away from movie theaters as possible. He or she will then don the glittery red, white and blue spandex outfit they crafted during the final stage of their training, and take a radical name chosen for them by Maximus. It is then a new gladiator will be born.

Don't stop now, Hollywood! I'm a barrel of ideas!

A Very Brady Backpedaling

That's just the working title, it would probably be called "A Very Brady- Holy Shit I Can't Believe They're Making Another Damn Brady Bunch Show" by most people. When we last saw the Brady family in 1990's "The Bradys," they were fucked up, simply put. Marcia was an alcoholic, Jan's uterus was an inanimate object, and Bobby was crippled in a racecar accident. I don't remember what was going on with the other family members, but if I had to wager a guess I'd say Cindy was a stripper, Peter was a deadbeat dad, and Greg had a problem with murdering people. The night after I caught that show for the first time I had a little trouble sleeping. It felt like meeting an old friend you haven't seen in years who's now a scraggly-bearded chain smoker wearing a shirt with more stain coverage than clean areas. Even if it's just a 30-second spot with Carol Brady saying something like, "Boy, I'm glad all that bad stuff happened in an alternate universe and not to us! Come on Bobby, let's go for a jog!" I'd be happy.

Star Trek: Just a Bunch of Ship Battles and Tits



Oh pardon me, madam.

Find me one person, just one, who's watched Star Trek in the last 18 years for anything other than neato spaceship fights and skintight clothing. I doubt you can, because mental facilities like that are off limits to strangers. Why do you think The Next Generation is on Spike, the so-called "first network for men", for 3 hours every weekday? It's not for the mind-expanding voyages into the unknown, it's for the lady lumps nearly bursting out of Counselor Troi's uniform. Sex is all over the place in Star Trek, just go back and have a look at the ship itself. The top part is a big round thing with a nipple in the middle, and under that there's an enormous sideways representation of female genitalia. I don't know about you but if I caught my kid watching that show I'd cover their eyes. Not so much because of the raunchy-looking ship, but because it could be one of those episodes where Data malfunctions and Brent Spiner has to try to act out an emotion.

ST:JABOSBAT would cut the preachy pacifist fluff out of the picture and replace it with more episodes where things need to be blown up. I'm talking an all-female crew, and here everyone gets a unique jumpsuit. You see, before only the biggest tittied cast member got the unique jumpsuit, but like Internet nerds are saying, Star Trek's gonna have to change if people are going to watch it again. Just imagine, 60 minutes of stuff exploding, the ship shaking around, boobs jiggling, and everyone's working on their little touchscreens. Hey, maybe someone's arms got messed up and she needs to press her touchscreen WITH HER BOOBS! Hell, I think we just wrote most of the season 1 finale right there.

Daily Dork

The nerdly adventure doesn't stop quite yet. (Now with art!)

-~Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

1.18 Dracula Bites

Wednesday, Jan 18, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Although it's a bit late in the game for this, I've been giving a lot of thought to Count Dracula. Dracula's basic power is that he bites people, and in doing so, creates more vampires. His main weaknesses are that he cannot be exposed to sunlight and has to drink blood. He also suffers from vitamin D deficiencies, which have weakened his bones and made him a bit of a shut-in. The reason I have been thinking about Count Dracula is because of an important question that popped into my head. Now, I know I'm not the first to ask such a question, because quite frankly it is so profound that at some point in time every human will have to consider it. That question forms the basis of today's update.

I often wonder how World War II would have been different if Frankenstein, the Mummy, Dracula, the Wolfman, and the Invisible Man were allowed to participate. But as interesting a historical what if as that is, it is nothing compared to the question of what would happen if Dracula bit a werewolf. Now I'm sure there is also some entire subculture of oily nerds that have thick, fully illustrated encyclopedias on what vampire-werewolf hybrids can do, as well as their stats, but for the sake of basic human dignity let us pretend such nerds and nerd tomes do not exist. This question, this fundamental question, is one that in many ways is the most important question in the history of human existence. In fact, I dear say, it *defines* human existence. Let me ask it again to you: *What would happen if Dracula bit a werewolf?* Do you feel that activity in your brain? That's the feeling of your neurotransmitters revving up their engines in a desperate race to the finish line, where the answer trophy awaits. Either that, or a brain aneurysm. Call 911 just in case!!

This week I will attempt to solve this enigma of the modern age by giving you an in-depth guide to the effects of Dracula bites on various things of interest, starting with werewolves. I trust this knowledge will save your life.

Werewolves

The answer to the question of the ages is rather surprising, and, at the same time, rather obvious. My first thought was that maybe the werewolf DNA would cancel out the vampire DNA. I suppose we will never know for sure until science maps the genomes of werewolves and vampires. In theory, though, I believe that they don't cancel each other out. Science tells us that when two powerful forces are put in the same space, they simply take turns. So, on even days, the werewolf-vampire would be a werewolf, which is to say he would be a normal vampire unless it is a full moon. On odd days the werewolf-vampire would be a regular vampire. Should the full moon fall on an odd day the werewolf-vampire would be a hairy vampire. Once in a blue moon the werewolf-vampire would be a werewolf twice a month.

Dracula

If scientists were somehow able to clone Dracula – and that would probably cost a million dollars to do, more money than anyone has – it would present some startling possibilities. First and foremost, what would happen if Dracula bit Dracula? Every simulation that the Transylvania think tanks have run shows that at first there would be some awkwardness, as each Dracula would undoubtedly struggle with the dilemma of being passive or aggressive. Eventually, the Dracula clone would agree to let himself get bitten, due to a lack of seniority, but also because he secretly wants to know what it feels like. The original Dracula would reluctantly agree, pretending not to be disappointed. After a few minutes of very awkward Dracula-on-Dracula contact, Dracula would bite Dracula. At this point the clone Dracula would pass out from a lack of blood, and the original Dracula would pass out from too much vampire blood in his system. When the two wake up the next evening, they would awkwardly apologize and quickly go their separate ways.

Other scenarios include: what would happen if the two Draculas bit someone at the same time, what would happen if Dracula accidentally ate Dracula's leftover teriyaki, and what would happen if Dracula bit a werewolf that was biting Dracula?

On the none-clone front, Dracula accidentally biting himself has shown to have no paranormal effects, though his sharp teeth can do a lot of damage. Dracula frequently bites his nails, and none of the discarded nail clippings he spits out demonstrate any unusual characteristics.

Apples

Studies using the scientific method show that apples bitten by the King of all Vampires rarely display supernatural tendencies. In the most widely accepted study, "Effects of Vampire Bites on Washington Apples," Dracula was asked to bite 50 Washington apples, and a non-vampire bit an additional 50 apples as part of the control group. Of the results, only four apples bitten by Count Dracula demonstrated paranormal attributes. That is, at night, they would grow wings and attempt to fly. The wings were too small and weak to produce any kind of lift. Conversely, only one apple in the control group demonstrated paranormal attributes. It divided into two apples, both of which were later married to each other in a mock ceremony conducted by overzealous scientists.

The most notable finding of the study is that Dracula does not like apples and had to be tricked into biting each one. Most of the apples were either coated with blood or hidden in the necks of mannequins that Dracula was too thirsty to properly identify. Researchers filmed two hours of footage depicting Dracula being tricked into biting apples, a deception that made him furious and foul-mouthed every time. Slightly edited footage was released on VHS in the 1980s, but failed to garner substantial sales due to poor marketing and a lack of any interest whatsoever. T-shirts associated with the tape have, however, gained popularity amongst fans of vintage clothing.

Crocodiles

In 1861 Count Dracula bit a crocodile while vacationing in the Florida Everglades. The famous "Crocopire of the Everglades" was eventually subdued by a contingent of Confederate soldiers, but not before spreading a campaign of terror that claimed fifty innocent victims, mostly slaves. Because the crocopire lacked the intelligence to bite its victim's necks, only eight vampires were sired, all by chance. They were prone to loitering in swamps, and most of them died in the Civil War from minor injuries that grew infected due to a lack of proper hygiene.

Uwe Boll

One does not need to ask what would happen, because it has already happened. A little known fact about Uwe Boll, director of every video game movie adaptation ever, is that he is in fact a vampire. The term "blood money" has been used quite often to describe how Boll finances his films, and that's somewhat more truthful then most people suspect. Most of the studio approval and financing of his films comes from killing or threatening people with eternal damnation. A little known fact is that Burt Reynolds, featured in Uwe Boll's upcoming "Dungeon Siege" adaptation, was already a vampire.

Garlic

Studies show that garlic is incredibly good for you, useful in reducing cholesterol, fighting off illness, and all sorts of ridiculous things. However, for Dracula and vampires in general, it causes severe irritable bowel syndrome and sometimes death. For this reason they avoid garlic like the plague, except for once a month, when they can't help but indulge in some Little Caesar's Crazy Bread.

Bubble Wrap

Bubble wrap is especially vulnerable to Dracula because of his sharp pointy teeth, which are adept at puncturing things like skin and bubbles. The release of air that follows the popping of a bubble wrap bubble is also pleasing to the senses, not to mention fun. This tends to hypnotize Dracula, making him unable to stop until all the bubbles have been popped. Dracula has even been known to order things online that he does not need, wishing only for more bubble wrap to pop. Nothing paranormal happens to the bubble wrap, except sometime the air bubbles give Dracula gas.

I think I've covered most of the obvious Dracula bite questions. Should more arise in the future there is always the possibility of further investigation and research on my part. Use this knowledge wisely, my friends, for it is far more important than you think.

DIRT DIRT DIRT

I'm not going to lie to you. There's no reason for you to read this as usual unless you like Moof, which you do, so go ahead and continue liking him by clicking here.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.19 The Creation of a Video Game Mascot

Thursday, Jan 19, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

FunTronic Fundustries Boardroom, October 1994

Funtronic Fundustries
Corporate Headquarters, 1994

You're probably all wondering why I called this emergency meeting. You may also be wondering why our new dental plan involves the company dentist drugging you, and then removing your teeth to sell as raw materials for the underground piano industry. Alright, alright, let's all settle. Come on people, let's put those goddamn hands down; there will be plenty of time for questions after I leave the room. Just be happy the office cafeteria now carries three different thicknesses of high-calorie mush for your lunch breaks. Anyway, why we're here today has a lot to do with what I just mentioned. Has anyone noticed any... changes to the office lately?

Is this about the stairs thing?

Why yes, Scott, this is about "the stairs thing." Marjorie's funeral was last Tuesday, for Christ's sake! Do you people think I actually wanted to sell fifty-six of our stairs to pay your worthless salaries? Do you think I like climbing a series of rope ladders every morning? Look at my hands! I've got rope burn so bad that I can barely slap around my little twerp of a step-son! This is what I'm talking about; we've had to cut corners because you little shitbaskets can't design a good game to save your money-hemorrhaging assholes! Shut up, everyone. Just shut the hell up. Who can tell me the name of the last money-losing piece of garbage that we miscarried out of the diseased womb of FunTronic Fundustries?

SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MODEL # 218

Fabergé the Fancy Flower?

Don't say it like it's a question Scott. You know very well you were the brains behind that fag factory. What the hell were you thinking!? You know who wants to play as a goddamn flower? Homos! But they're not buying our game! They're too busy trying to convert me to their den of butts and making passes at my step-son, who no doubt enjoys it. We sold nine copies of the game, all to Christian Youth Groups. You know who works in Christian Youth Groups? Pedophiles! Congratulations, everyone! FunTronic Fundustries has created the number one selling game amongst homos and pedophiles! Here's a fucking gangbusters idea: maybe we can get Michael Jackson to make an appearance in our next game. I bet we can sell *twelve* copies with that sick shitdrip on board!

Sir, I don't think that Michael Jackson was found guil-

Hey, everyone, are my eyes going? Is that Kojak sitting across the table from me? Or is that just Scott letting us know the intricacies of the legal system and why he thinks cancer patients should be molested by famous musicians? Hey Scott, what say we let the three surviving Beatles loose on St. Jude's Children's hospital? Those kids won't have to worry about their white blood cell count when that insufferable Ringo is doing unspeakable things to them with his drumsticks! "No, Mr. Conductor!" Maybe my step-son can give him a few hints! Oh, shut the hell up, everyone; like that image never crossed your minds. This is the problem I'm talking about: there's not an once of

creativity in this abandoned salt silo which I worked on for hours, literally *hours*, to convert into an office building.

By this point, we should all be familiar with the incident involving the suggestion box that was next to my office for a total of three hours this Monday. People, this was meant to get the creative juices flowing with the idea that I wouldn't be able to chew you out individually for your asinine concepts. Well, thanks to the power of anonymity, you shits decided to turn this great idea into a jackassery festival. Here, let me read the first entry in the race to create another failed mascot character: "Rape-Ear the Tapir." Maybe my stepson would be into this sick head-humping septic tank of an idea, but this crap doesn't fly in the world of video games, unless "Nintendo" is Japanese for "sodomy!"

A collection of mongoloids if I've ever seen one!

Mr. Carmichael, I think "Nintendo" means-

Scott, fuck you! Fuck you, Scott! I don't give a damn! Are you going to shut up now? Good. Now that Scott has shut his trap, I can read the rest of the entries, but there's no damn point as they're just long and characteristically uncreative death threats against me. I mean, look at this one, "a claw hammer?" Jesus, people, if we turn this into a video game, we could have another *Faggy Flower* on our hands! And even though the death threats were a real snooze-fest, I have to say that you filthy muffbuckets were actually able to impress me for the first time in your sorry lives by somehow filling the entire box with urine before lunchtime! I don't know how you were able to get that much urine in just three hours, but maybe if you applied your urine-finding skills to the field of video games, our next title could sell better than the rest of the piss-boxes we've been putting on the shelves this year. Listen people, I didn't squat in this abandoned salt storage dome and survive three standoffs with federal agents just so you jokers could lose my money and pee in my boxes. Now, to provide a little insight as to how this industry works, I've acquired this top-secret document which will give us the most sordid secrets of the video game industry.

Isn't that just an old issue Nintendo Power?

I WILL SINK YOUR SHIP OF FOOLS

Scott, I will jump down your throat and live in your kidneys! Do you want this to happen?! Really, I don't think you'll want to have a problem pissing, because it seems like you sure enjoy pissing in my prized boxes! Now, can anyone tell me who the piece of human waste adorning the cover of this top secret report is? *BZZZT!* Time's up, morons! His name is Mario, and this pizza-throwing greaseball has been outselling our games by such a large margin that I can't even figure out how to determine such a large number on my calculator watch! I can tell by the looks on all of your faces that you're shocked that I would take for myself the very gift I promised to the employee of the year. Well, in my opinion, none of you deserve watches, or even wrists for the anguish you put me through on a minute-by-minute basis!

As we know from the CourtTV special I make all of you watch weekly for inspiration, my grandfather spent twenty years of his short twenty-two year life

murdering Italian immigrants in their sleep, and I'll be damned if I'm going to betray his legacy by letting this meatball-rolling chunk of garbage ride green dinosaurs all over our profits. Kids have no problem with foreigners these days, even if they are taking away all of the plumbing and pizza box model jobs. For example, take a look at the other character kids want to get their grimy little hands on. Maybe Scott, A.K.A. "Mr. I Know Everything Because I Made It Through Middle School," can tell us who *this* is.

Sir, I...

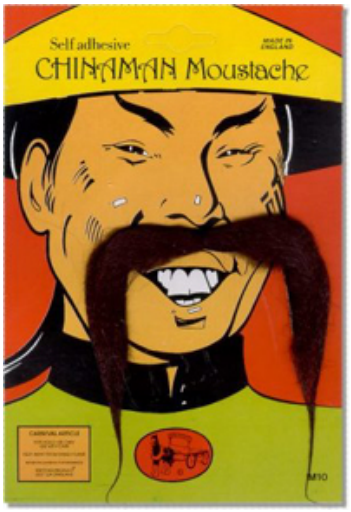
Scott, I will suplex you right here, in front of all these people! Do you want that?! Do you know I have videotapes of you going to the bathroom? Surely you don't want all of these nice people to see that! Now, moving on, this little blue fuck is Sonic the Hedgehog, and just like Mario, he's a *foreigner*. Don't look at me like that! I mean, honestly, how many of you have seen one of these crazy blue rats running around in America? None of you have! And if you think you have, you're probably on one of those designer homosexual drugs, just like my step-son! This is what it all boils down to, folks. Games made by foreigners, starring foreigners, *this* is what people want! I don't want to see hamburger *one* in this new game. The game plan is this: you chumbuckets come up with the foreignest character those little treasonous shit-children have ever seen, and let's try to make it within the next twenty minutes, because I had a light breakfast. Now let's think... What's as far from American as we can get? Canadian... No. Mexican... a spicy possibility.

Mr. Carmichael, why not Asian?

Scott, I will dropkick you twenty feet. I swear to Christ, Scott. Lunch isn't for twenty minutes, you three-wheeled shitwagon. Now, let's get serious.

Sir, I meant an Asian person *as our new game mascot.*

Yes, I imagine that there are Asian *people*. From what I gather, they must be 3 inches tall and sleep inside of clams. Listen, this is just what I read in magazines, but I think we can roll with it. Now, we just need a name... Let's see, he's small, and- Yes! *Tinyman the Chinaman*! Brilliant! Let's keep brainstorming, people. Now, what are the Chinese good at doing?



Rejected merchandise for Tinyman the Chinaman, 1994

Laundry?

Scott, shut up, that's brilliant! He could... throw laundry! And then maybe eat laundry and and get invincible or some crazy shit like that! Every level, full of piles and piles of laundry! Kids *love* laundry; I mean, they're always running around wearing clothes, much to the dismay of my pervert step-son! Yes, this is all coming together! *Tinyman the Chinaman: Laundry Adventure*! No, wait... *Raundry Ranger*- The kids will love that! Any more *bright ideas*, Scott?!

Well sir, children seem to enjoy rooms full of insta-kill spikes and bottomless pits.

Scott, first of all, shut up. Secondish, I'm glad you're looking out for my best interests, even though you're a total pansy that I should probably demote to the rank of assistant shitstain. Alright, get our programmers on the horn; we need spikes, the bigger, the better. Also, pits! I want every level to have thousands upon thousands of pits! Oh, and recycle the enemies from that *Fruity Flower* game or whatever the hell it's called. No one played that stinkpile

anyway. People, these are how good ideas are made: teamwork! Teamwork by me! Now that we have our idea, on what system are we going to publish *Tinyman the Chinaman: Raundry Ranger*?

Sir, before you tell me to shut up again, might I suggest the new Sega 32X?

Goddamntastic! With a number like 32, we can't possibly fail! Alright people, to celebrate our newfound success, we're all going down to the docks, and I'm buying every one of you seafaring shits a new boat. Oh, and Scott, when you get home, tell your mom I want Stove Top Stuffing for dinner.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

1.20 Are You Fucking Sirius?

Friday, Jan 20, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I was given a Sirius satellite radio receiver and subscription for Christmas a little over a year ago. I was initially impressed with the variety of stations and I enjoyed listening to more eclectic music and lots of choices for talk radio. I spent most of my time listening to the BBC, NPR and hippy liberal talk radio as well as a few of their music stations. It was okay, but honestly if I'm going to listen to music I might as well just pick the play list. As for the talk radio, you can only take so much news even with a sassy European accent and the lefty blowhards actually abandoned Sirius in favor of XM Radio. Sirius had its own TalkLeft station, but the headliner for that was Alan Colmes of Fox News infamy, so that should give you some idea of how much interest I had in TalkLeft. Howard Stern was still on terrestrial radio and eventually I just stopped listening. The receiver collected dust.

I am not a huge Howard Stern fan, but I enjoyed his public grappling with the FCC and I have fond memories of listening to him when I was younger. When he finally made the switch to Sirius earlier this month I dragged the receiver out and started listening to Sirius again. I've given the "new' Sirius about two weeks and I think I am ready to pass my judgment.

Before I get into the meat of this review, I should probably mention the bitter rivalry between XM listeners and Sirius listeners. Every single time someone makes even a passing reference to satellite radio on our forums a flame war erupts between XM and Sirius subscribers. I have never listened to XM, but I am willing to bet that XM is no better or worse than Sirius. I don't want people going into this review assuming I am an XM fan with some juvenile axe to grind with Sirius. I have heard Opie and Anthony maybe five times in my entire life and I don't care about them at all. I don't care which satellite radio network has better sports coverage because I don't listen to sports on the radio. If you love Opie and Anthony or Howard Stern then you probably already have a subscription to XM Radio or Sirius.

The Stern Dynasty

Stern is probably getting paid too much.

Howard Stern's deal with Sirius is 500 million dollars over the course of his five year contract. The former New Zealand territory of the Cook Islands - now autonomous - has a population of around 22,000 and a Gross Domestic Product of approximately 105 million US dollars. The Cook Islands narrowly beat out Howard Stern's Sirius contract over the span of five years, but the Cook Islands don't sell t-shirts, books or CDs. Well, they probably do, but honestly who wants to hear a 90 minute CD of "The Hottest Moments of Cook Islands 2006: Butt Bongo Fiesta?" Alright, *I* want to hear that CD.

Stern listeners won't be disappointed by his show's new incarnation on satellite radio. The minimal commercial breaks and increase in profanity would probably be enough to please most, but Stern seems genuinely excited. Despite some technical glitches and a bit of a third-week slump the show seems stronger than during its closing months on terrestrial radio. The show got a huge entertainment boost from a debut-week visit by Star Trek actor and recently out homosexual George Takei, whose deadpan delivery mixed well with the usual comedy. Once Takei was gone and the debut fanfare was fading the show began to suffer from a lack of planning. It was as if they blew their guest load on the first week and began scraping by on the usual genetic detritus that collects on Howard's phone lines. High Pitched Eric - a half-retarded giant with a hauntingly high-pitched voice - might

be funny one day, but having him call in day after day just shows a lack of effort.

Even with this slight disappointment for week three on Sirius, Stern's show is still better than ever before and definitely the high point of the entire Sirius lineup. Unfortunately, the rest of this Sirius lineup is not much to brag about.

In addition to the huge financial agreement, Stern received programming rights to two different stations on Sirius. These are known as Howard 100 and Howard 101. Stern's own show runs from 6:00 AM to 11:00 AM Eastern time and is replayed starting at 9:00 PM Eastern. Between the replays is a horrifying void that Stern has made only a cursory attempt to fill.

"The Wrap-Up Show" hosted by long-time Stern producer Gary Dell'Abate and John Hein airs, supposedly, immediately after the Stern show ends. In practice The Wrap-Up Show comes on anywhere from 15 to 30 minutes (or more) after Stern's show and usually consists of Dell'Abate and Hein gushing over what a great show it was. Since the show is by then running late and therefore shortened the fact that they pad it out with clips from the Stern show that just ended is totally unacceptable. If they have any guest it is usually one of the Stern staff members. As mediocre as The Wrap-Up Show can be, it is nothing compared to the Howard News Team.

The rest of the day on Howard 100 is filled with randomly selected Howard News Team clips. Stern has hired a crew of radio news people to cover his show like it's the Iraq war. This ridiculous premise has not only proven just as inane as it sounds, it is also gratingly repetitive as they are only able to generate a handful of three minute long bits every day. This results in a constant shuffle of news bites on the station for the empty hours it's on the air. If you listen for two hours you will likely hear the same piece three to five times. When it comes to entertainment value, dead air would give these clips a serious run for their money.

Here is a sample of what these clips are like:

> **Reporter:**Hey, Bababooey, what are you doing? You look busy!
>
> **Bababooey:**My name is Gary and I am just looking at these financial reports.
>
> **Reporter:**Oh, wow, financial reports! Are you going to put something in that envelope?
>
> **Bababooey:**Yes.
>
> **Reporter:**What do you think of the new studios? Are they awesome?
>
> **Bababoeey:**Yes, they are awesome.
>
> **Reporter:**Awesome!

Occasionally something will happen on the Stern broadcast that day "worth" following up on, like when model Rachel Hunter walked out on the show. The news team then does an inept job of trying to turn this momentarily amusing incident into a drawn-out saga that the listeners are forced to endure. It's basically like a gauntlet that Stern's rabid fans have to run to get tiny shreds of entertainment from their idol's withered comedy teat.

Howard 101 is the sole realm of Howard News reruns and Howard's bumpkin clone Bubba the Love Sponge. Despite my innate, almost genetic, hatred of that name, I gave Bubba's show a few listens just to make sure I wasn't pre-judging the man a bit too harshly. Having completed those listens I can say with absolute certainty that Bubba the Love Sponge is to radio what scat swapping is to pornography. Picture a meaty turd sliding from one anus to another and you've got a good image on the reprehens-o-scope of what this man's show is like.

He counts the number of farts and belches on a day's show, he will spend ten minutes or more talking about the smell of a fart and talks about politics like a congenitally blind man describing

a color wheel. All of that could be put down to taste, but on top of being generally repugnant he is also a lazy dullard who can turn the juiciest topics into a nap and then follow that up with one of his thousands of clips from old shows. Since the shackles of censorship are removed on satellite radio, Bubba has decided to page through the archives constantly, subjecting his listeners to what amounts to a long-running "best of" show. If you thought that clip of some woman complaining about anal sex was funny five years ago, wait until you hear her say fuck!

The rest of Bubba's shtick, aside from the tiresome NASCAR racing discussions, are your usual mix of ogling women, sexual stunts and raunchy talk amplified by the lack of restrictions. Does having one of Bubba's sidekicks with an Appalachian deep-mountain drawl describe a porno movie to you over the telephone sound like your idea of top-shelf entertainment? Then Bubba the Love Sponge is right for you. Everyone with more branches on their family tree than a spear will find his show intolerable.

A gentleman and scholar.

There are a few other shows scheduled to begin on the Stern-run Sirius channels. There is a Howard Stern intern show called, amazingly, The Intern Show. I can't wait to pay to listen to amateur radio! There is a late night masturbation-fodder show called "Tissue Time" that will supposedly be breathy sexpot Heidi Cortez performing phone sex over the radio. There's also The Red Peters Countdown and Meet the Shrink, both of which seem like they will be a notch above a test of the emergency broadcast system.

Stern's show might be the best thing on Sirius, but his two channels are definite contenders for the worst on Sirius. Speaking of the other Sirius channels, let's have a quick look at some of those and the programming they offer.

103 Sirius Stars

This channel consists of a series of talk, interview and comedy shows and proclaims itself as the flagship station of Sirius. The reality is that it's a garbage bin for pretty much everything that is too bad to be easily shoehorned into the lineup of one of the other stations. Inexplicably, some of the interview shows actually get decent guests, but you're not going to want to sit through its interminable schedule to hear an interview with David Cross.

104 Raw Dog

Comedy Hitler.

Home of Jim Breuer Unleashed. Who the fuck wanted Jim Breuer Unleashed? I want Jim Breuer safely contained behind those big nuclear blast doors. As for his show, I'd rather listen to a 911 recording of my mother being murdered. There's also some show I have never heard with Big Pussy from the Sopranos acting like he's in the mob when he's actually afraid of yelling women on that repoman show of his.

105 Laugh Break

Do you need your Carlos Mencia fix when you're driving around in your car? You could listen to this station for about ten minutes and you'll probably hear one of his bits in the random blitz of standup clips. I would prefer you just crash your car at high speed into a telephone pole.

106 Sirius OutQ

Gay talk and gay music. The station features no flaming gay men as hosts from what I can tell,

making it completely devoid of entertainment value. If I try to listen to a gay radio station I had better hear that fucking glitter flying out of Rip Taylor's hands. Gay music also sounds pretty much exactly like all of the Sirius alt music stations. The lesbian programming is also nowhere near as hot as it should be.

108 Maxim Radio

Maxim Radio is pretty much the heterosexual version of what I was hoping to hear on the gay radio station. It's a bunch of young guys sitting around trying way too hard to let the world know just how heterosexual they are. The hosts for all of the shows are on par with weekend DJs in a minor urban market and the Maxim connection is basically nonexistent. For some reason the hosts seem to like to make fun of Howard Stern, probably in the hope that Stern will acknowledge their existence and boost their number of listeners out of the double digits.

114 Lime

If Maxim Radio represents a station for the worst of men (that would actually be Bubba the Love Sponge) then 114 Lime caters to the worst aspects of women and women-like men. It's pretty much identical to the Martha Stewart station, but even worse. It has soft-talking female hosts and non-threatening male guests with medical degrees who talk about varicose veins and depression all day. Lime could have gone the hip and enabling route, but no, this is pound-pinching and spouse-pleasing. It's a bunch of lifeless sadsacks talking to other sadsacks about how eating raw foods will make them vital and happy. Hell, Oprah is too edgy for this station.

116 Kids Stuff

If your kid wants to hear a Blue's Clues song at 3:30 in the morning then this is the station for them.

118 RadioClassics

There is some interesting AM-quality music on this station, but more often than not you'll tune in and hear them playing an episode of some radio serial from the 1930s. Those just serve as a reminder that television was invented for a fucking reason.

I think Sirius and satellite radio in general offer a number of new and exciting opportunities for an otherwise dying medium. If the big satellite providers continue to expand, allowing more alternative and subversive content onto the market, then satellite has a real and vibrant future. If they play it safe and program like terrestrial radio then they will be doomed to failure.

On Sirius, the experiment of giving Stern two stations to program however he chooses is a modest and obviously flawed step in the right direction. It may take two or three years before Stern finds talent and programming worth keeping around, but even the failure will probably be more entertaining than what regular radio has to offer. Stern will figure out what works, what is fun and exciting, and he'll program - hopefully - to what he enjoys rather than purely based on the numbers that rule so much of the entertainment industry. I can't place faith in him, but I can hope.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.21 Down With The Sickness

Saturday, Jan 21, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Interacting with other people is a risky proposition. On one hand, you might find someone who has that missing Pete Harshnish card you need to complete your collection, see some unlucky schlub wet his pants, or on an even more rare occasion you might even find a person that's willing to have sex with you. On the other hand, you're much more likely to wet your own pants, meet someone wearing a Che Geuvara shirt, or catch some sort of illness.

For the record, I am against illness. I've taken a lot of flak for the pro-illness sentiments I expressed earlier in my writing career but I was young and idealistic at the time. I thought that even the most lethal flesh-eating viruses were capable of redeeming themselves. Why the sudden change of heart? I'm sick. Not just "take some aspirin and a nap and wake up feeling better" sick, but "the human body is mostly comprised of liquids and 99% of them just drained out of my nose along with some sort of brown slug and oh my God when did my cranium become a seismograph capable of sensing all the Earth's movements and registering them as pure pain?" sick. For the first time I actually considered asking one of the other guys to fill in for me, but after thinking it over I realized this was a great opportunity because I can pretty much write what I want and if it turns out horrible then hey, free pass. For the horrible jokes found in every single one of my other updates, I have no excuse.

As much as I may hate illnesses now, I must admit that they are very resourceful. The common cold is constantly mutating in a vile attempt to spread across mankind time and time again long after we thought we had seen the last of it, much like Madonna. What most people don't realize is that many other popular sicknesses have permutations of their own. That's right, the very diseases whose names young schoolgirls scribble on notebook covers and surround with lovingly doodled hearts are producing offshoot strains with new and bizarre effects for those unlucky enough to contract them. Most of these permutations shed a great deal of insight into the ever-adopting nature of our universe and are wholly fascinating. The ones I'm about to talk about are not.

Poisonous AIDS

Common Reaction: "Oh no, I have Poisonous AIDS!"

Description / Symptoms: Poisonous AIDS is exactly the same as normal AIDS, but with one horrible addition: a deadly poison that kills 100% of its victims after a period of eighty years. Given a choice between the two, most people would choose the regular strain of AIDS over a makeout session with infomercial star Billy Mays.

Contracted By: Having unprotected sex with people who have Poisonous AIDS (identified by the greenish tint of their skin), injecting the contents of a syringe labeled "Poisonous AIDS" into your body.

Narcomessy

Common Reaction: "Oh no, I have Narcomessy!"

Description / Symptoms: Narcolepsy is a condition in which patients fall asleep uncontrollably at completely random times. Narcomessy is a mutation of this genetic defect

that doesn't actually make you fall asleep, but musses up your hair as if you slept while standing on your head on a newly waxed kitchen floor.

Contracted By: Learning to read before you can walk, having an aunt named Sarah.

Herbies The Love Bug (aka Herpes: Fully Loaded)

Common Reaction: "Oh no, I have Herbies The Love Bug!"

Description / Symptoms: An offshoot of Herpes, Herbies is a highly annoying malady which renders its victims eligible to race in the NASCAR circuit regardless of their chassis size and aerodynamic configuration. Patients exhibit unusually cheeky personality traits and develop car doors and horns with which to play practical jokes on unsuspecting baddies. Victims typically long for Lindsay Lohan to be inside of them, even moreso than usual.

Contracted By: Sitting on an uncovered toilet seat directly after a Volkswagon (any year or model) has used it.

Not The Plague

Common Reaction: "Oh no, I don't have the Plague!"

Description / Symptoms: Now this is a curious disease. Once infected, the subject becomes absolutely positive that he or she does not have the plague despite the fact that he or she actually does not have the plague. This curious behavior continues throughout their perfectly healthy and plague-free life, the illusion upheld through what can only be described as severe pathos.

Contracted By: Living in a modernized country, washing regularly.

Bi-Polar Disorder Type 2

Common Reaction: "Oh no, I have Bi-Polar Disorder Type 2!"

Description / Symptoms: While the Bi-Polar Disorder from which this illness originates is entirely psychological in nature, Type 2 manifests itself physically. Patients unfortunate enough to suffer from this rare condition find that their foreheads and the tips of their toes become violently attracted to the Earth's magnetic poles, often to the point that they cannot lift their face or feet from the ground without the help of several strong friends or a forklift. Sufferers of this debilitating illness must adopt a salamander-like style of walking and often find that they are socially inept aside from the rare occasion when someone drops a contact lens on the ground. For these poor souls, dirty foreheads are a way of life.

Contracted By: Arranging the letter magnets on your fridge into a particularly traumatic phrase, visiting the North Pole while on your period.

Gigantic Dwarfism

Common Reaction: "Oh no, I have Gigantic Dwarfism!"

Description / Symptoms: An incredibly rare mix of Gigantism and Dwarfism, Gigantic Dwarfism curses its victims with average height and bone structure. Victims find themselves completely unable to fit in with either the freakishly tall or the small in stature, and presumably just go off into the desert to die of shame.

Contracted By: Kicking too much while in your mother's womb.

Cancer Shmancer

Common Reaction: "Oh, I guess I have Cancer Schmancer."

Description / Symptoms: Victims of Cancer Shmancer develop the same life-threatening tumors that come with regular Cancer, but don't feel it's a big deal. Most wave aside the concerns expressed by others, claiming they'll be fine if they just "walk it off".

Contracted By: Being born into a family with a history of Cancer, using a cell phone in a movie theatre or book store.

That's all I've got, folks. Judging by the color of the blobs currently seeping out of my nose, my sinuses have completely run out of water and are now converting my brain into snot. At this rate I'll barely have enough brainpower to click "Submit" in a few minutes to make this update go live, and by next week I'll have to take a job writing for Ain't It Cool News.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.22 Sequel To Popular Game is nowhere as good as Original Game

Sunday, Jan 22, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

awr

True, the graphics may be better in Sequel To Popular Game. The fire effects when Boss Who Inexplicably Explodes After Dying exploded were incredible. I could see each piece of ash reflected in Main Character's eyes. The water effects evident in Useless Body Of Water That Sits In Background Showing Off Water Effects were enough to make me sea-sick. And there was something undeniably visceral when I first saw Giant Geyser Of Blood That Comes From Every Dying Character Even If They Die From Drowning Or Poison Gas.

But in the end, all this empty eye candy could hardly make up for what Sequel To Popular Video Game lacked in content. Boring Opening Area That Over Explains Every Game Mechanic was the first sign that something was wrong. Original Game featured a great opening, with Equally Boring Opening Area That Allowed You To Shoot A Missile Or Something So You Wouldn't Notice How Bored You Were, a level that Sequel To Popular Game simply couldn't hold a candle to.

Speaking of levels, who thought that adding Awkward Stealth Level to Sequel To Popular Game was a good idea? It messed up the entire formula that made Original Game Which In Fact Included Two Stealth Levels The Writer Has Forgotten great. I want to use Repetitive Gaming Mechanic Used In Rest Of Game to take out those enemies, not Badly Implemented Stealth System. I'm playing Sequel To Popular Game here, not Splinter Gear Solid!

Of course, a game is nothing without interesting bosses. I'm sure everyone remembers Original Game's classic Ice Themed Boss With Obvious Weak Spot. Nothing that memorable exists in Sequel To Popular Game. The best we have is Water Themed Boss With Obvious Weak Spot That You Actually Have To Fight Three Times Because The Developers Got Lazy, which is fun but nothing special. Without a doubt, Fire Themed Boss With No Obvious Weak Spot Who's Killed Through Some Gimmick Like Pulling Levers Or Something was a sign that the makers of Sequel To Popular Game were moving just a little too far from Original Game's magic.

All the characters in Sequel To Popular Game come off as shadows of Original Game's characters. While I have no problems with Hot Chick With Less Clothes Than One Should Probably Wear In Combat, I'm less enthusiastic about Worthless AI-Controlled Apparently Suicidal Teammate, although I found Pathetically Unfunny Catchphrase Repeated Every Couple Seconds By Character funny enough to slightly redeem him. There are no characters as memorable as Original Game's Equally Useless Teammate With Slightly Better Repeating Catchphrase or Other Hot Chick With Even Less Clothes Than The One In The Sequel, but, in defense of Sequel To Popular Game, few characters have ever matched those two.

The ending of this game leaves much to be desired as well. I was expected some satisfaction in terms of Sketchy Overarching Plotline, but instead we were left with Inevitable Cliffhanger Designed To Blackmail Companies Into Funding A Third Game. Sure, it's true that Sudden Return Of First Game's Villain At Climax Of Second Game was an unexpected twist, but I think they could have done better than Completely Unexplained Disappearance Of Villain Pending Further Sequels.

So where did things go wrong for Sequel To Popular Game? To understand, we must first go back to the development of Original Game. When Visionary Designer Who Has Never Actually Finished A Goddamn Project In His Entire Life left the company that was working on Original Game, development was handed off to Workhorse Game Designer Who May Not Be A Creative Genius But Who Actually Fucking Does A Little Work Now And Then And Delivers A Fucking Product.

war

While I love what Little Known Niche Game Company has done in the past, including Game No One Has Heard Of But A Few People Talk About Like It Was The Fucking Messiah, they just didn't have the necessary resources to produce something along the lines of Original Game. Even with the budget given to them by Large Company, the evidence of cut corners can be seen in Long Interior Level With Only One Texture For Both The Wall And Floor, and also Ending Area Missing Most Of Its Content. Flaws like this stack up in Sequel To Popular Game.

Maybe part of the problem was the enormous amount of hype before the game's release. I was at E3, and I remember Huge Game Trailer Featuring Characters And Locations Never Even Planned To Be Included. That single video made me want Sequel To Popular Game like nothing else. Even for those who didn't preorder from Monolithic Corporate Store or didn't, like I did, preorder from Ratty Indie Game Store Secretly Owned By Monolithic Corporate Store, the reviews must have been tempting.

Magazine Owned By Video Game Company That Gives Nothing But Great Reviews To The Company's Games gave it a great review. Shitty Game Review Website That Rarely Goes As Low As An 8 In Its Ratings gave it a 10 out of 10. Tough Review Website That Occasionally Goes As Low As A 7 When A Game Is Really Bad gave it a glowing 9 out of 10. Reviews like this rarely lie, so I was pumped as I headed to Secretly Corporate Indie Store to pick up my preorder.

And here we are. All my hopes turned out to be for nothing. Sequel To Popular Game just plain isn't as good as Original Game. I haven't given up hope though. I'm still waiting eagerly for Third Game So Bad It Will Destroy The Franchise Forever to be announced.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

1.23 Charles Doory: The Ultimate Multitool

Monday, Jan 23, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Two traits separate mankind from lower beasts: our written language and our ability to construct complex tools. When you combine these two traits you get mankind's endless power of invention. We can pass learning from one generation to the next by storing information in written language and thus, with each year, our tools get better. For nearly as long as man has used tools man has sought to create the perfect tool. The perfect tool is multi-purpose, portable and not too difficult to employ. It can be used to build a house or to defend that house from an intruder.

An example of an effective multitool would be a revolver. If you watch a western you will see cowboys using a revolver to hammer signposts, break windows, club people and shoot people. You can defend yourself, earn a living doing trick shots or just defend your stagecoach with a revolver. If you would like to know more about the history of multitools I have included an excerpt from the wikipedia article on the history of multitools. If you're not really that interested in educating yourself on the subject of tools that have shaped our lives then you can skip past the history.

A Brief History of Multitools

Early cavemen probably thought the perfect tool was the rock, but technically rocks don't qualify as complex tools so poor old caveman doesn't even make the list. Eventually, some brainiac among the cave tribes realized that if he stuck a rock on a hefty branch, maybe sharpened the rock a little on one end, he'd end up with a much better rock. This rock and branch combination became the first real club and mankind embarked on the long quest for a better multitool. The club was a great tool. It allowed the cavemen to smash a wide variety of things, hammer things (although this was called "clubbing" things back then) and, if the rock in the club was sharp, chop things. That was also called clubbing at the time.

One day Professor Ugg was hunting some dinosaurs with his pals and a pterodactyl swooped in and sunk its talons into a caveguy named Guff. Poor Guff yelled for help and his comrades ran at the pterodactyl waving their clubs. Before they could club it with their clubs it soared into the sky. In anger, Professor Ugg hurled his club at the pterodactyl. It fell almost immediately back to the ground and Guff was carried away to a horrifying death, but Ugg thought to himself "perhaps I could make a club that was shaped to fly through the air and club the pterodactyl." He did not think this in English, obviously, as thoughts are generally arranged in your native language and English was still several years in the future. For many weeks Ugg devoted the one hour of daylight not spent either hunting or gathering to the task of developing a superior club. After much labor and many failed attempts, Ugg called his tribe together to reveal his creation.

With a fanfare he lifted the dinosaur pelt from his creation and revealed his new club. This club was much longer. In place of the rock lashed to one end was a smaller stone sharpened to a point.

"That rock is far too small," one caveman no doubt complained, again, not in English.

Ah, but Ugg showed them that his new club was up to the task. It could hammer and crush things if you used it a bit differently, but more importantly it added the new ability of "stabbing" to the repertoire of the cavemen. With this new club they could jam the tip right into a dinosaur and kill it quickly. He also demonstrated that this club could be thrown from a fair distance and kill things that were either too fast or too far to be clubbed normally. No more relying on mega turtles and slowadons for sustenance! His detractors were silenced. One caveman asked what Ugg would call this new wonder.

"Spear," Ugg replied, though it was probably not the actual word "spear" unless that is the caveman root word of the English word.

Spear was great. It was the top-tier multitool for millennia, shattering all previous records set by club and definitely giving rock a run for its money. Mankind moved out of the caves and into cave-like huts and yurts thanks to spear. Spear technology did not stagnate. Over the centuries spears improved to have a crude metal tip making them sharper and lighter. Everyone was singing the praises of spear, until one day a village elder decided that he was sick and tired of spear. It was hard to club things with a spear; you could really only spear things. Building yurts with a spear was nearly impossible, so the club was still being used for that. What people needed was something that was heavy, good at clubbing, but sharp like a spear.

This village elder was very wealthy and he had all of the roots and tubers of the land hoarded in his yurt. He commissioned an exploratory committee of the greatest thinkers to develop a new multitool that would combine the best qualities of spears and clubs. With his vast wealth he paid for many failed experiments. He was nearly down to his last dried-up yam when one especially bright shaman in the village devised the perfect multitool. It could club, it could spear and it could also slash things. It was called the sword and it was quickly adopted as the new multitool. Some favored their old-fashioned spears or clubs, but most switched over to the sword. Just to keep up with the quality of the sword people eventually made spears that could be launched using a cord and they called these the bow and arrow, but they weren't very useful for most things outside of bowing and arrowing. In other words, they didn't really qualify as multitools.

Many centuries later - after the fall of the dinosaurs, the wooly mammoths, the Egyptians and the British - a new country was formed called America. This was a great and verdant country, but it was so big that bowing and arrowing really didn't work very well. The inhabitants of America - known as "cowboys" - began tinkering with various ideas to create a better multitool. Some folks from the Orient had offered to help the cowboys build a railroad and they had a substance that could explode and create delight in anyone watching. It was called explosionpowder. The cowboys realized that if you put this powder on one end of a tube and put a spear on the other the explosion would make the spear shoot out very quickly and very far. Eventually, the cowboys realized that their spear launcher did not need to be so large and they began making miniature metal spears that they called bullets. They began to refer to their invention as a "gun" and they even took to calling the explosionpowder "gunpowder."

Cowboys could be seen everywhere using this new gun as the multitool of the time. They would hammer in fence posts with it, shoot a buffalos or an Indian from miles away or just use the gun

to open a bottle of sarsaparilla. Everyone wondered how a multitool could possibly get better, but sure enough, it did.

Over in the Orient the inscrutable Orientals were a bit irritated that the cowboys were claiming all the credit for the gun. After all, the cowboys would never even have the gun if the Orientals hadn't offered to help out with that railroad. The Orientals all got together in a tiny country called Japan and they said "guys, look, we need to create the ultimate multitool. We need one that is so far and away better than the gun that the cowboys will never even be remembered." They broke up the meeting and went back to their different islands and they all worked on designs. It took so long that all of the original designers died from old age and they had to pass their ideas on to their children and grandchildren. This went on for several centuries. Then, in the 1980s, an inventor from the Oriental island of Japan named Dr. Lu announced that he had finished his creation.

Much to the consternation of all of the cowboys, Dr. Lu revealed what he called a "robot." It was a man made from metal who was capable of doing everything a human being could do other than feel emotions and give birth to children. It was only a matter of months before factories realized that most of the jobs that a person could do could be done more efficiently by one of Dr. Lu's robots. Since the 1980s the robot has progressed to a modern version known as an "android" that is almost indistinguishable from a person. Robots remain restricted by Dr. Lu's Laws of Robotics and they still are incapable of feeling emotions, although it is believed that American scientists have secretly developed a means of making a robot feel scared.

I was a firm believer in mankind's ability to produce the ultimate multitool for many years. I felt that our collective knowledge, expertise and intellect could devise a tool so clever that no task would fall beyond its capabilities. Then I met Charles Doory. That is when I realized that the ultimate multitool is not some invention or construct. It's not some combination of metal and circuits. It's not even a really good rock tied to a stick. The ultimate multitools have been with us the whole time we have been around.

Charles Doory showed me that the ultimate multitools are the retarded.

Charles lived three doors down from me when I was in seventh and eighth grade. He was a huge slab of a kid of indeterminate age. He might have been 10 or he might have been 30; his slack face gave no clues and every photograph in his house that pictured him beyond the age of a toddler showed the same fully-formed behemoth. His eyes drifted in different directions and he constantly moved his oversized head like a sort of metronome in an elliptical swing. His arms and legs were thick trunks and he walked with a chaotic gait that involved flailing, shuffling and teetering in equal parts. When Charles Doory spoke it was in a toneless and overly-loud voice that would startle nearby flocks of birds. He rode a big, blue, old-fashioned bicycle with an orange flag on the back and he would make honking sounds like a car whenever he rang his bicycle bell (constantly).

At first, the kids in the neighborhood shunned him for his slightly unnerving appearance and strange behavior. Despite our jeers and taunts he persisted in trying to hang out with us and eventually he was an accepted member of our gang.

The other kids knew Charles as the big and usually gentle goof who would perform feats of strength or deploy mysterious non sequiturs like "guys, guys, guys I gave a gurch." No, we never figured that one out.

I knew another, more personal, side of Charles. I knew a Charles who would appear in my garage just after sunrise on a Sunday morning and stand there playing with things he found on the shelf. One lazy autumn day I came outside and found him slowly and methodically picking up every leaf that had fallen in our yard and placing them, one at a time, in the garbage can on the curb. Another time he mistook a municipal repair job on our block's water lines for a hole that our family was trying to dig. When I got home from the store he was covered in sweat and standing in a four foot

hole full of water and mud digging away with a shovel.

Being retarded, Charles was not very smart, but he was always ready to prove himself helpful and even on his own he could be industrious.

One day I heard loud thumping sounds outside and I ran to the window to see what Charles had done. He was nowhere on our property so I went outside to find him standing on the roof of his garage with a pillowcase full of coconuts. Every few seconds he would throw one of the coconuts onto the driveway. Most of them were hitting and cracking the concrete and then bouncing into the grass. Two of them had actually hit the concrete and stuck fast, like hairy brown meteors. As I watched he hurled another down onto the driveway and it cracked open.

"Yeth!" Charles cheered and sent tar paper sliding off the roof as he ran an awkward victory lap.

Charles' parents were horrified for their son's safety when they realized what was happening. They had no reason to be. Charles had long ago proven himself to be indestructible by running as fast as he could and jumping face-first into a gravel pit. We have no idea why he did that, but despite several cuts he came up laughing. Charles was in no real peril, so despite his parents' concern I asked him why he had been throwing coconuts off the roof of his garage.

"The monkeys wouldn't hatch."

Hell, if I were waiting on a dozen monkey eggs to hatch I would probably resort to throwing them off a roof. In retrospect, I probably should have asked why the fuck his parents had a dozen coconuts. I think I've bought maybe two in my entire life as an adult.

That day was important, though, because it was the day I finally put all of the pieces together. Charles loved to help. He wanted to prove that he could fit in and his best way to do that was to put his immense strength and stamina to work. He also had a sort of dreamy shrewdness. His mind could provide correct answers to the wrong questions. That was something I could work with.

Three days later, when Charles was at last released from confinement in his house for his misdeeds, Charles and I embarked on a new phase of our relationship. From that point on I intended to give his actions purpose and meaning to the best of my abilities. Charles began to perform every task I could find for him, from opening jars with too-tight lids to digging a grave for and eulogizing my cat.

"Chopper was bold and handsome." My cat's name was Nelson, but Charles didn't need to be corrected.

The other kids in our gang continued to use Charles as a comedic daredevil. I would discourage it, but there are limits to the cachet of even one as clever as myself when you're dealing with a gang of 13 year olds. On most weekdays Charles would work for me. Some days he would mow the lawn or shovel snow out of the driveway. Some days we just hung out and laughed about his incessant farting. Some days we would watch "Saved By the Bell" and he would insist that I was on TV and laugh and laugh every time anyone said "Zack."

My parents worried about how much time I was spending with a retarded kid and they questioned my motivations more than once.

"That poor boy shouldn't be mowing our lawn." My mother scolded me. "That was your job and

he's not your slave."

No, he was not my slave. Would Charles have been happier sitting in his house watching me mow our lawn through his window? Would it have brought more joy to his life? I don't think so.

I don't want to pretend that I was an angel. I certainly had selfish motivations beyond mentoring Charles. I did try to teach him math and spelling once or twice, with limited results, but for the most part ours was a friendly working relationship. Like Master Blaster and that little dwarf guy who sat on his back.

Charles' sometimes demonstrated his loyalty in surprising and unfortunate, but always comical, ways. One afternoon Charles and I walked to the drug store near our houses and I bought him Now and Laters. Charles loved the things. On the way back some horrible girl I knew and hated from school accosted us with her gang of giant-haired harpies. She made fun of Charles while he sat there impassively chewing on Now and Laters with his mouth wide open. I told her to stop so she started in on me.

"You and your retard are a couple of faggots!" She announced.

"You're a cunt." I wasn't even really sure what that word meant at the time.

She slapped me on the face. It was a shock, I had rarely been hit and never before by a girl. It stung my cheek. Before I could say or do anything in response, Charles lurched past me and planted his forearm right in the girl's throat. She dropped like a tree being worked over by lumberjacks and made a little "oof!" sound. Charles followed her down and began karate-chopping her on the face over and over again. It would have been funny if he wasn't so goddamn strong. His hand was rising and falling on her like a hatchet and she was too stunned to even bring up her arms to ward off the blows. Before I could get him off of her he had dazed her and bloodied her nose.

"We're calling the cops!" The girl's friends screamed as they staggered off with their wounded companion.

They were true to their word. Noting happened to me, but Charles was told he may have to go live at a "special house." That meant a hospital psych ward, the same place he had nearly ended up in when he stood masturbating in front of a bus a year earlier. That time around he had blamed a stoplight and said it made him feel funny, this time he got out because he was protecting me. My parents warned me away from Charles, but that incident only solidified our bond. I don't like the idea of hitting a woman, but that girl had it coming.

For the rest of that summer and all of the following year, Charles was by my side whenever our schedules would allow. Charles was so into doing work for me that he would greet me with "canivea job?" or "can I have a job?" Even when there wasn't any work piling up or chores that needed doing I would be sure to give him something to do. He built a tiny log cabin over the course of two weeks from firewood that he had cut and then the following winter it was slowly burned down in our fireplace. On top of being amazingly productive when supervised, he was also one of the funniest people I've ever met. Yeah, sure, I was laughing at the sheer absurdity of some of the things he said and did, but when I laughed Charles laughed. He may not have understood when I was being sarcastic, but neither does a robot or a spear.

Some of you might think turning Charles into my multitool was cruel. I can understand that sort of sentiment, but I disagree. I did not employ Charles carelessly or needlessly. He wasn't my butler or slave or anything like that. He was my personal problem solver. He was a friend. The fact that he never said "no" when I asked him to do me a favor just made him the most helpful friend of all time. If even half of the retarded people out there in the world can be as useful and fun to be around as Charles Doory, then they are the ultimate multitools.

Multitool Comparison: Robots vs. The Retarded

	Robots	The Retarded
Can experience most or all of the full spectrum of human emotions	No	Yes
Can speak in a creepy voice	Yes	Yes
Can tie shoelaces	Yes	Maybe
Can complete long math equations almost instantly	Yes	No
Can be stimulated to the point of masturbating by colors	No	Yes
Can use pressure sensors in grasping claw to carefully and gently stroke a small animal	Maybe	Maybe
Can mercilessly beat someone when threatened or for no apparent reason	No	Yes
Can connect an automobile's fluid lines (correctly) in less than eight seconds	Yes	No
Can eat six hamburgers and an entire cake in one sitting	No	Yes
Has a favorite character from "Dora the Explorer"	No	Yes
Can get on the garage roof carrying several coconuts and attempt to crack them open by throwing them on the driveway	No	Maybe
"Yes" TOTALS:	4	6

ADVANTAGE: *RETARDED*

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.24 Internet Discount Barn: Your Savings Fix for 2006!

Tuesday, Jan 24, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Hark! What's That Creaking? Why, it's the doors of the Internet Discount Barn swinging wide once again, so that the souls of the *deals of the damned* may be released for your internet shopping pleasure! Since 1994, the Internet Discount Barn has been the web's largest source for bargain-basement prices on the most esoteric of wares. Please suspend your disbelief for these fantastical deals:

Tortoise Hammer Mania is BACK!

What riches are hidden within the shell?

I'm sure we all remember the Tortoise Hammer craze of the Eighties, when kids and adults alike were busting open tortoises to search for the wond'rous treasures within! We won't lie to you: the fad died quickly due to its needless cruelty and nonexistent returns. Scientists and animal rights activists tell us that tortoises contain no treasure, only the occasional glassy, fibrous bezoar. The Internet Discount Barn says "hey, you never know!" Who do YOU believe? We've got an insane amount of original Wham-O brand Tortoise Hammers, MINT IN BOX! Some boxes feature colorful illustrations of gleeful children poised to smash an outline of a cartoon tortoise with a giant diamond within; some have been rebranded as meat tenderizers but still contain oblique references to busting up tortoises. Only $12! Tortoise not included, but they're just wandering all over Nevada, so pick one up for FREE!

Laugh all day with our riotous water-squirting FALSE CHIMNEY BRUSH!
Know a chimney sweep who needs to be taken down a peg or two? Looking for the *piece de resistance* for your ridiculously specific prank, heretofore impossible for lack of materials? Miraculously, against all odds, you have found the missing puzzle piece. Buy now or regret it later. $1500 – Only three left in the universe!

Unlabeled VHS Tapes!

Cancer? Maybe! Savings? Definitely!

We don't know where these cassettes came from, but we know where they're going: to the land of SAVINGS! Most are between ten and fifteen minutes long, and most depict a seemingly meaningless act; no two tapes are the same! One depicts a man in a robe beating up a near-extinct California condor; one contains a close-up of a mustached mouth slowly sucking up a six-foot-long strip of bacon; another shows a nude woman losing a chess game to a tiny purple fetus. Some are funny, others are vaguely disturbing, all are weirdly thrilling. One minute we were laughing like children at the sight of a giant yellow man peeing into a tornado, the next minute we were made ill-at-ease by an old woman staring into the camera and calling out our names in a thick, placeless accent! We don't know how it works, but we love it! Our stock manager told us that we were staring into the breach between two universes, and that we were all going to get cancer from it! Get these wacky things outta here! $15 for a set of 5! A word of gentle warning: these tapes are write-protected and cannot be used as blanks. Also, maybe cancer.

Dot-com Stock BLOWOUT!!!!
Looking to get your feet wet in the wild world of finances? Jump right in and take a bath with these rock-bottom stocks! Nowhere to go but up! Check out these hot earners:

EGroom.com: You mail them your dog, they mail it back spotless! $0.02 a share!

LispProfessor.com: Distance learning site allows you to cultivate a lisp with their special streaming video courses. Many impediments available. $0.005 for 10 shares.

UnitedGloveLender.com: All the tools you need to refinance, insure, or mortgage your gloves. Possibly the only site of its kind. Just a penny a share!

FreeMoneyNow.com: Free money for absolutely nothing! No ads, no gimmicks! The site everyone was talking about! Currently restructuring its busi-

ness model; on track to relaunch as YouPayUs.com in 2007. Strike while the iron is hot! $1.03 for a controlling interest.

LactoBots.com: Adult site specializing in hot, classy pix of lactating robots. No offer is too insulting to consider!

Fuck!

Loveable Little Man

We hate to see this little guy go! A diminutive naked hominid, no more than three inches tall, found in the exhaust system of a burnt-up tractor. Needy but endearing, he loves to ride around in a shirt pocket or nestle in your hair. When he finds occasion to speak, he utters gentle flattery in a rich, soothing voice. He is never smarmy or cloying, and over the months he has been with us we have come to depend on his sage advice and sincere encouragement. Some of us speculate that he may be edible, but we're simply too in love with him to destroy him. He's a true steal at $8,000, including bell jar.

ONE CONDITION: You must also take our HATEFUL LITTLE MAN, a similar but opposite monster advertised in the last newsletter and still unsold. Hateful Little Man has become even more unbearable; he has taken to aping the mannerisms those around him in extremely insulting ways. He made my wife cry on Christmas Eve, the little son of a bitch. UPDATE: the whole time we've had him we were going "god, who does he look like?" and then the other day we finally figured out he looks just like Marc Almond. Also, we figured out that he speaks pretty much every language. And he doesn't feel pain (we tried).

Execrable Mills Industrial Hardtack

Now tastes vaguely like earwax!

We don't even know how to sell this below cost, because the cost it so low! Industrial Hardtack was recently named "the world's cheapest food" by Consumer Reports Magazine, and we just knew we had to get our hands on it! Mostly sawdust and watery wheat broth, spiced up with material scraped from beneath elementary school desks and held together with silage deemed unfit for animal consumption. The flavor is reminiscent of earwax and the texture is a bit like steel wool. Definitely an acquired taste, but if you're at the point of eating it, you're too poor to care! The FDA won't let us sell it as food, so let's just say it's "for novelty use only!" Wink wink! Watch out, this stuff is going fast!

$0.05 for a three-pound brick. Also the world's cheapest building material.

Land Ho, it's DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEDS!
Somebody once said "buy land; they're not making any more of it." We don't know who said that and we can't be moved to find out, because it's no longer true! Those crazy sultans of Araby are busy shoveling big palm-tree-shaped islands into the sea so insane people can build thousand-story hotels on them. Meanwhile, all this old land has GOT TO GO! We flipped through a big book of cheap deeds and bought up all the cheapest and most menacing-sounding ones. Locations include "La Boca del Mal," "Hollering Gorge," and, get this, "Lost Man's Bog" (oooooh!) Don't ask us where they are, we can't read maps! Many locations are rumored to be heavily haunted or trapped, and still more are entirely inaccessible to man. Only $99 per deed! Wow!

The Timeless Feminine Mystique of FINGERNAILS!

We pass the unholy savings to YOU!

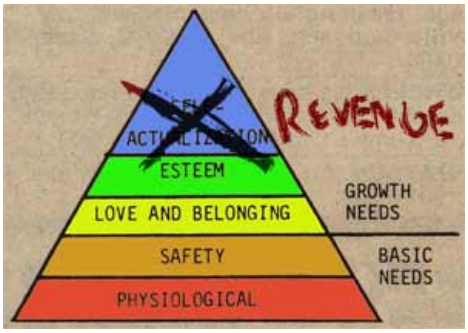
While lesser sites offer you mere clippings, the Internet Discount Barn is proud to offer full, unabridged fingernails! These aren't tacky press-on whoreclaws, these are the real deal: human fingernails, violently pried from unwilling fingers by the world's most evil men! We take *absolutely no pride* in dealing with Turkish gangsters, CIA torturers and white slavers, but we DO take pride in HUGE SAVINGS on FINGERNAILS!!! How do we sleep at night? In a big fluffy bed of CUSTOMER SATISFACTION! Please specify skin tone so that the ragged cuticle flesh matches your color! $22 for 10! A DEAL???

We hope you have enjoyed being sucked into our maddening nightmare of savings! As always, you can click here to unsubscribe to our newsletter and miss out on all the AMAZING DEALS we have in store for you!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

1.25 Vengeance is Mine

Wednesday, Jan 25, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



A long time ago I wrote an update proclaiming vengeance to be the most important thing that a healthy human being could achieve. It was so important that I revised Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs, replacing self-actualization and transcendence with "REVENGE." Well, at the time critics labeled me as bloodthirsty, cold, and uncivilized. The joke is on them because now experts in England agree with me: Vengeance is a capital idea, old bean. In a recent groundbreaking scientific endeavor, researchers found that men tended to enjoy getting revenge, whereas women like shiny things.

> *Scientists monitored brain activity in people while they watched someone they either liked or disliked apparently suffering pain.*
>
> While women showed signs of empathy with people they both liked and disliked, men appeared to enjoy pain being inflicted on their foes.

This is what I've been telling people for ages. I'm glad science has finally decided to put my theories to the test and prove them to be facts. I can also personally attest to the accuracy of this study, as I felt quite pleasured when it vindicated my own findings. Now that we have established vengeance as a healthy activity, let us get on to the meat and pet potatoes of the matter.

For men, vengeance is clearly a healthy activity. In a world of saturated fats, blimp accidents, occasional icy driving conditions, increasing postage stamp prices, and other stressors, a healthy mind and body are critical to survival. As men, to improve your health, you should start seeking revenge immediately. Now, in the past learning how to get revenge has been a complicated procedure known only by an elite few. I'm sure you've all heard about the expensive seminars or seen advertisements for guides in the back of Soldier of Fortune magazines. Those all seemed like pyramid schemes and pits to throw money in that would later be emptied by unscrupulous men and then filled with dirt by people concerned about holes. I'm going to do you a solid and sahre with you the real secret to getting good revenge every time. No, I am not a conman, I am sharing with you the Five Steps To Vengeance so that you too can experience healthier living.

1. Be wronged

I can't stress this enough. If you want revenge, you need to be wronged first. This can be very tricky to pull off, as it is difficult to intentionally be unknowingly wronged. If you let somebody wrong you and you know that they are wronging you, then really you are just wronging yourself and the only person to blame there is you. Obviously you can't get revenge against yourself, so that's why extreme caution and cunning are needed for this step to be done properly.

Here are some things to consider that might help you get wronged:

- You couldn't possibly know that someone was wronging you if you develop amnesia immediately afterwards (perhaps cursing you with amnesia is how they wronged you??).

- We all know that two wrongs don't make a right, but two rights? You've got yourself a wrong there, partner.
- The more right you are, the more wrong everybody else is. A little role reversal will help you land on the wrong side, or the right side of being wronged!
- If you associate yourself with assholes but delude yourself into believing that they are good people, the chances of them exploiting your naiveté and wronging you are pretty high.

2. Don't get over it

A common rookie mistake after being wronged is to get over it and forgive the person or persons that wronged you. This is as foolish as you can get, and what separates the amateurs from the pros. Never forgive, and never forget. That was Benjamin Franklin's personal mantra, and he took it with him to the grave. If you accidentally get over it or forgive the person, then you're right back to square one. Think before you forgive!

This is partly why vengeance isn't for women. They would cry and probably hug and then the next thing you know all is forgiven. Either that or they would skip steps 3-4 and just fight it out like angry king cobras in the jungle of life. That kind of reckless vengeance has no place in our civilized society of numbered lists.

3. Formulate your plan of action

Now comes the most creative and second most rewarding part of the Five Steps To Vengeance. You need to concoct an elaborate scheme to get revenge on your enemies. Typical generic schemes involve murder, betrayal, and tricking your enemy into totally kissing another dude. These schemes are all rather played out and dull. In this modern age of revenge as an art form, you need to think beyond conventions. The sweeter the plan, the sweeter the payoff. Think of this as a long-term project and make it interactive whenever possible. The more entertaining your act of vengeance is to witnesses, the more they will remember you and the more respected and revered you will be in the annals of revengedom. Don't limit yourself to bombs or bullets, instead look at this as an opportunity to take your enemy apart piece by piece, crumbling them like a gingerbread man in a gingerbread woodchipper. This is your great American Novel, only with vengeance instead of words, so make sure you write a proper beginning and ending, while not neglecting a solid middle.

4. Execute your plan of action

Denying action to a great plan is like denying the stars the right to shine in the night's sky. I believe it was Ernest Borgnine who once said that. Once you have finalized all the intricate details of your plan for vengeance, you must execute! For example, if your plan was to run over your enemy's leg with a tractor while he is passed out from drinking homemade moonshine, this is the stage in your plan where you would climb onto the tractor, start it, and then proceed to drive over his leg. If Step 1 is the birth of vengeance, Step 2 is its growth, and Step 3 is its immortal soul, then Step 4 is definitely its body. It's time to move that body, baby.

5. Prepare for counter-vengeance
If all goes well, you will have wronged your enemy and put them in the exact same place you started in. This means that the cycle of vengeance has restarted, but with the roles reversed. You now have two options. You can either rejoice in knowing a new opportunity for vengeance is near, or you can guard against counter-vengeance by taking yourself out of the equation. For the former option, you merely wait for your enemy to get revenge and then follow the five steps from the beginning. For the latter, you run away like a coward. Perhaps you might change your name to something unassuming like "Egbert McHaberdashery" and take on a new life building grain silos in the Sahara. Few enemies would ever track you there, or to that name. Just keep in mind that to escape vengeance, you have to sacrifice a great deal. And in sacrifice, don't be surprised if your health declines.

I wish you the best in your future vengeance-related endeavors. I remind you to keep your vengeance clean and focused, as you do not want to accidentally wrong any innocents and thus put yourself on the receiving end of undue vengeance. However, we can infer that since vengeance feels good and is therefore healthy, obsessing on vengeance could increase your health and lifespan exponentially. While further testing is needed to determine if vengeance can make you live forever, it's definitely a possibility. The only drawback is that vengeance also brings risk, so you should only pursue danger to the extent that it is not fatal.

Daily Dirty

IMAGINE THAT!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.26 USA 2006 World Tour: Stage One

Thursday, Jan 26, 2006 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Well hello there, my good Internet friends! Did you miss me? No? Well fuck you then!

Welcome to the first leg of my year-long journey around the great country of America. As you may already be aware, I have stepped down from my prestigious position as a weekly front page writer to engage in the noble pursuit of collecting welfare and spending it on delicious crack cocaine. No, I'm sorry, that was plan B.

On the last Thursday of every month, I will be updating you good folks on the progress made in my travels. I have set out to traverse this sweeping nation, to spread incurable viruses and the good word of the Internet wherever I happen to roam. Like the early nomads that conquered this land thousands of years ago, I will travel wherever the wind takes me or wherever has the cheapest airfares at the time.

Why was I hand-picked by Lowtax for this daunting task, you may ask? Well for one thing, Livestock is under house arrest for installing a satellite dish on his car without a permit, and Zack Parson's ears rupture at high altitudes. I was the next logical choice since my cache of Steve Perry jokes was getting stretched thin and I obviously needed a break from the fast-paced lifestyle of an Internet comedian.

I was notified of this new position with a pink slip of paper, which granted me the freedom to explore at will and with little or no pay. Like the caged songbird, I have been set free into the open sky, only to electrocute myself on power lines.

Everybody back home is giving tons of support for my departure, almost seeming aggressively eager to get me out of their lives. My town even threw a huge party that ended with various drunken speeches applauding my decision to leave them, so that the area might grow and prosper -- unhindered by the mysterious fires that had grown in frequency since I hit puberty.

I made this image myself and did not steal it from clipart.com despite the rumors you may hear.

As the ambassador of the Internet, it is my promise that I will represent you folks in a positive light, and help obliterate the ignorance and hate that keeps this medium hidden in the shadows. To this end, I have outlined a mission statement that I intend to follow to the letter while on the road. The entire thing has been tattooed on my belly so I can look into mirrors everyday and remind myself what I have set out to achieve. It will be like the movie Memento, but hopefully less confusing. (Spoiler: Teddy gets shot at the end.)

Mission Statement

I, Reidly Frolixo Edward Paskiewicz, swear fealty to the holy trinity of Internet comedy -- the Bandwidth, the Webmaster, and the Fart Joke -- so that I might serve with honor in the face of the enemy. I am bound to abide by these rules during my noble Dragon Quest:

- I will conduct myself in a manner befitting a royal ambassador of the Internet.
- I won't give up my seat and move to the back of the bus.
- I will be belligerent when approached by children with questions for which I have no

answer.

- When I see somebody trying to change a tire on the side of the road, I will stop to help them. Since I don't know how to actually change a tire, I will offer my Wiccan magickal love spells instead.
- I will not pay more than $200 for an escort.
- If I see a minority coming towards me on the sidewalk, I will not run in the other direction, and instead engage them in verbal communication and learn about their strange and barbaric culture.
- I will tip my waitresses 17% if they refill my coffee more than 3 times.
- Shoes are optional.

That's right, go ahead and make a "Frolixo is a fatty" joke.

While traveling through the country, most of my time will be spent visiting schools to give speeches on Internet etiquette and the dangers of trolling. For a few months out of the year, I will be staying at a drug rehabilitation center, teaching the patients computer hotkeys and kicking my habit of freebasing Nerds. When not teaching, I will find towns in need of a hero to fight off evil fat cat bankers who want to demolish their homes to build a Gameworks. I will rent a motorcycle with a sidecar and hire an Indian sidekick who makes me look good. To this I pledge.

Since these special updates will be once a month, they will be presented in a special travel log format: presenting the events as they took place, based on my notes. The month of January is low on action, but that's because I am just getting started, and must get all my affairs in order as well as escape my crafty landlord to dodge back-rent for 2005. Next month the tour will be in full gear, and I will be knee-deep in the red, white, and blue fecal matter that makes up this great nation. Let's get this pony show on the road!

January 15th

Failed to find reliable ponies for the pony show. Also they were too expensive and afraid of my WW1 German spiked travel helmet. I will continue without them.

I finished getting all my shots and vaccinations, as well a very painful pap smear. Then I packed all my bags, burned some mix CDs, and loaded the Winnebago that I bought from a Swede for $300. Tomorrow I am leaving for the first destination on my tour: Chicago.

January 16th

Disaster. The Winnebago won't start. It was running yesterday when I bought it, but I think it was already running before I got there and he probably jump-started it. I am trying to call him, but he turned off his cell phone. Never trust a Swede.

The tour is over. I am going to write an email to Lowtax to see if he will let me back as a full time writer.

January 17th

Lowtax replied that my unprofessional method of resigning from the writer position (taking a large steaming dump on the hood of his new car) is the deciding factor for him not considering taking me back. He told me that I better get my ass on the road for the Internet Tour or he will send a local goon to beat me up.

With this new development, I am now looking for a cheap flight and forgoing my original idea of driving cross-country.

January 18th

I found a flight! It is leaving in 3 days for San Diego. I decided to start my tour from the other side of the country and work my way back. This is gonna be awesome!

January 20th
Leaving tomorrow. Right now I am playing Dragon Quest VIII for PS2. My guy just reached 16th level and learned a new sword ability. I was a big fan of the original Dragon Warrior and think that this game is great. I kind of feel bad killing the slimes because they are so cute, but I keep reminding myself that they are diabolical and are getting what's coming to them. I have spent the last couple hours just role-playing in-game and coming up with my own storyline. I also like to switch the lineup and look at that one chick's boobs from different angles.

This is the closest I've been to getting laid in years.

January 22nd
I missed the flight! I was so entranced by Dragon Quest VIII that I totally forgot I had a 9:30 AM flight yesterday. Shit!

I bought insurance for the tickets so I am looking for another flight. I'm planning on packing my PS2 so I can play this game while on the tour.

January 23rd
Found a flight leaving for San Diego tonight at midnight! I have never been to California and I'm really excited. I hope when I step off the plane there will be movie stars and earthquakes waiting for me. I'm not really sure of what I'll do when I get there, but I guess we'll just see what fate has in store for me.

This once proud and noble creature of the sea is now exploited for our amusement.

January 24th
I arrive in San Diego, California!

Airports make me realize how much I hate people, and how they should all be wiped off the planet in the cleansing fire of a nuclear holocaust or swift smallpox epidemic.

The weather is warm and sunny and the girls are very pretty, unlike the post-apocalyptic scenery of my home town Detroit. I try to approach a group of pretty girls. but they can smell the failing car industry on me and scatter like pigeons.

As soon as I walk out of the airport I find a cab and tell him to take me to the place that needs the most help. We drive for about 20 minutes in the thick California traffic until he drops me off at Sea World. I pay the cab driver with a gift certificate to Bed, Bath, and Beyond and walk up to the gates to get a ticket, prepared to do my part to help the ailing Sea World.

It was very large and filled with aquatic oddities that boggled the mind. One area was filled with a bunch of goofy looking creatures called penguins. Then I went to an outdoor tank and saw a huge animal called a killer whale. He was swimming around the tank and performing tricks for the cheering audience. It was only then that I realized that Sea World didn't need the help, these poor whales did.

They belonged in the vast ocean but instead were forced to live captive lives in small holding tanks and perform tricks for ignorant humans. I ran up to the edge of the tank to try to figure out a way I could free the poor beast and let it swim into the ocean that was only a few miles west.

Just then the whale lept high in the air and came down in the water, sending a wave over the wall and soaking me to the bone. The crowd all laughed and jeered at my plight as I fled the area, crying all the way. I had had my mouth open when the torrent came down on me and had consumed a stomach full of the foul tasting liquid.

I found a cheap motel nearby and retired to the bed, weary from the travel and the incident at Sea World. I don't feel well and think it might have something to do with the whale water in my belly.

January 25th
So sick. The bacteria from the whale water is in my blood and brain cells. I am not doing well and can't move my legs. If I don't survive, cherish my memory, and tell Lowtax that I love him in a manly, confusing, "Brokeback Mountain" kind of way. Alas...I fade away...

January 26th
I'm starting to feel better and now can breathe without the help of a kindly robot machine. I'm in the emergency room at the San Diego hospital at the moment, sending this update to the SA servers remotely via PDA. If I am ever able to walk again, the tour shall continue next month. I plan to explore California and wander the desert in search of my spirit animal and catch some lizards. Stay tuned, my dear friends. Pray for me.

Transmission Over

Ragtime Piglet Act III

Ragtime Piglet: Mr. Capone I would like to opt out of my contract for your nightclub.

Al Capone: Youse keep dancing piglet or youse gonna sleep with the fishes.

Ragtime Piglet: Ok.

THE END (Act III)

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

1.27 Death to Israel

Friday, Jan 27, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Sieg Heiling in Israel?

If the world were a class in junior high school and the kids in the class represented nation states, then Israel would be the pimply-faced nerdy quiet kid who does really well on all of the tests but is hated by everyone. People would beat him up, but he's got a big brother on the football team named Chet America who occasionally pops by to tell the class that if they touch his little brother then they are fucking dead after school. Once in a while the kids pick on Israel anyway, but he is a scrappy fighter. Egypt, Syria and Iran have all had their share of surprise bloody noses from Israel.

Israel would get by well enough if he didn't have a freakish conjoined twin named Palestine. Palestine is just like half of a face - a few teeth, an eye, maybe a nostril - and a couple fingers stuck on the side of Israel. Palestine doesn't actually get to decide what Israel does with their shared body; he just sort of sits there and makes this creepy clicking noise with his half-formed throat. Occasionally Palestine will get really mad and curl one of his fingers around and jab Israel hard while yelling "GOD IS GREAT! DEATH TO ISRAEL!" Israel doesn't really care for this very much and it certainly is not going to help him get a date to the spring dance. Besides, if god was really that great he wouldn't have made Palestine half a face stuck to Israel's side.

Well, that kid named Israel recently underwent a procedure to give Palestine his own miniature little meat body. It is a long process involving a lot of surgeries and hormone treatments. You could say it's sort of like having a sex change, only with fewer shady Brazilian doctors and more pressure from Chet America and the big goofy class president the United Nations. One of the big steps in this procedure is letting Palestine decide what to do with itself. A couple days ago Palestine decided that it hated Israel more than ever.

Back in the world outside of my forced metaphor, the Palestinian people recently decided the shitty Fatah party was doing a shitty job with their shitty hunk of land and they elected the even shittier Hamas party. To give you an idea of how bad Fatah was, it was started by recently-deceased and still-hideous purpling frogman Yasser Arafat. The guy who wanted to bathe in the blood of the Zionist oppressors had his party voted out of office only to be replaced by Hamas. Those guys want to bathe in the *marrow* of the Zionist oppressors.

To give you an even better idea of the huge difference between Fatah and Hamas, take a look at their snappy logos and the accompanying descriptive captions courtesy of wikipedia:

The Fatah official emblem shows two fists holding rifles and a hand grenade superimposed on a map of the land they claim as Palestine (roughly, present-day Israel, the West Bank and the Gaza Strip)

The Hamas emblem shows two crossed swords, the Dome of the Rock, and a map of the land claimed as Palestine (roughly, present-day Israel, the West Bank and the Gaza Strip).

Delicious irony for this catastrophe comes courtesy of big bro America, who sponsored the elections in Palestine that resulted in Hamas being voted in as the political majority. What was America's response to this surprise turn of events?

> *"I have made it very clear, however, that a political party that articulates the destruction of Israel as part of its platform is a party with which we will not deal." - Da PrEz*

Except, of course, Fatah. The United States spent over 500 million dollars bolstering the support of the Fatah government in Palestine and had high hopes that they would sweep the election. Hamas is a wild card. Can their bloodlust be reined in with enough money as was the case with Fatah or will they rebuff American payouts and suicide bomb their way to the top of the charts?

With Israeli Prime Minister and lard mountain Ariel Sharon out of commission the new government is approaching things cautiously. After this many suicide bombings I think most Israelis probably approach reading a book cautiously. They're not saying "no" to further negotiations just yet. Personally, I think the Israelis and Palestinians have to find some interest they can share that can motivate them both. Hamas has demonstrated that nothing motivates quite like hatred, so why don't they find something they can hate together? Hating Israel is no good for Israel and hating Palestine is pretty much out of the question since even Israelis are trying their hardest these days to act like they don't hate Palestine. Hating the United States would be a pretty good choice, but it's a little too bandwagony. Everyone else in the world already hates us and I don't see China cozying up to Taiwan.

Hating ethnic groups is probably the best route, but these days hating an entire ethnic group is considered a bit unsavory. You can hate Francophones, but again, everyone already hates people who speak French to the point that they actually dislike people who learn French as a second language.

Gypsies are a good choice, because they're only really an ethnic group to fat goth girls who smoke clove cigarettes and like to romanticize their coarse Eastern European facial features. The thing is, it's hard to get worked up about gypsies. When was the last time you saw some woman in a silk head scarf with smoldering eyes pawing a crystal ball and talking like count Dracula? Probably at least a month ago, maybe two or three. Yet there is a group of people, like gypsies but not gypsies, who travel the land and are immediately distrusted. Where they wander, trouble is sure to follow.

No, not truck drivers, although they're pretty horrid as well. I'm talking about hurricane Katrina refugees.

Black, white or racially indistinct, they have been uprooted from their chocolate city by the rising tidewaters and now they travel the land. Whether they're taking jobs from your community or taking the lives of your children in a midnight orgy of bloodletting, they will take and take and take. They will out-stay their welcome. They will eat you out of house and home. They will will fart up your couch and pretend to try to find a job and an apartment while they order On Demand pornos and spend their Red Cross money on Vicodin. Katrina refugees are truly unwanted outcasts worthy of the mutual hatred of Israelis and Palestinians.

You guys are still here? We're supposed to have a wrestling meet.

What better way to find homes for these poor souls and simultaneously accelerate the Middle East Peace process than to give the hurricane Katrina refugees a tract of land *between* Israel and Palestine. Throw in a few holy sites within their domain and maybe leave a few warehouses full of mortars or rockets and you've got yourself a nearly instant solution to the rift between Palestine and Israel. I can only imagine the sort of fatwah that will be issued when Ron-Ron of the NOLA White Moffya decides to spray paint a giant penis on the Dome of the Rock. There will be street musicians busking with overturned plastic buckets in the streets of Megiddo and a guy drunk on forties of Lazer relieving himself on the Wailing Wall.

The Israelis and the Palestinians will suddenly realize that they have a lot more in common than they had thought. Specifically, they will find that they share a hatred for hurricane Katrina victims. Just as well, since all of the money earmarked to help the Katrina refugees ended up lining Fatah's pockets and getting Hamas elected in the first place. We would be killing two groups of dissidents with one stone.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.28 Perhaps We Shouldn't Have Built This City On Rock And Roll

Saturday, Jan 28, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

What does this picture look like to you, a solid foundation for a city or a squirrel waterskiing? You must choose one of the two.

Gentlemen, I am here before you to announce that we have made a grievous error. Contrary to what we have assumed for so long now, recent findings suggest that rock and roll is not a suitable foundation for a city. In fact the very building we now find ourselves in could potentially collapse at any moment.

Please don't use such foul language! I know how crazy this all sounds but if you'll just give me a few moments of your time I'll explain. Was it really necessary to throw that beer bottle full of urine, Mr. Pratcher? I don't think I've ever been as upset by the fact that you carry that around as I am right now.

First I'd like to emphasize that I'm not pointing fingers or laying blame. I played as big a part as anyone else when the decision was initially made. It all seemed terribly exciting, building an entire city on rock and roll. Such a feat had never been attempted before. We were modern day pioneers, daring to do the impossible armed with the knowledge that our good intentions would overcome all obstacles. We plunged headfirst into the project, not even remotely aware of our limitations. Some people say that not knowing your limitations is a good thing. Not me. Just ask the guy who thought he could wrestle a grizzly bear without his lucky anti-grizzly medallion, or the man who thought he could impregnate his wife by making love to her shoes even though he was just a ghost.

You shake your heads and frown at my claims, but I have scientific evidence on my side. Did you know that nearly every other city is built upon soil of one kind or another? It's true! Above that soil, there are also varying amounts of concrete and steel that have been laid down to support the city's infrastructure and buildings. Perhaps all of this seems archaic and time-consuming, but it has worked for countless cities across this great nation. As dirty as it may be, dirt is a solid foundation. Rock and roll, while abundant and less time consuming to prepare than dirt, is not a solid at all. It's more of a sound than anything, really. Sort of like someone yelling for help or another person barking and growling at the first person. You know? It's a miracle that our city even survived the first few days of construction, much less remained standing after all this time.

Still not convinced? I suppose this must all seem like baseless speculation to you. After all, every night we all pull up to our beautiful homes on Stairway To Heaven Street and Freebird Lane, lay down in our inviting beds and sleep the deep sleep of the content. Nothing goes wrong. Nothing changes. But tell me something, have you ever been to the poorer side of town? I have. I've seen the ramshackle homes with my own eyes and felt the unsteady ground give way beneath my feet with each step. I've heard whispers that corners were cut when this part of the city was constructed, and that as a result of someone in this very room looking to save a few dollars those poor people now live atop a thin layer of Phil Collins.

It's not as though that's the only part of the city that's in bad shape, either. Whose idea was it to place the retirement home atop Cat Scratch Fever? How about the day care center and elementary school residing in the Gary Glitter district? I won't even get into the problems we've had with the Aryan Recreation Center being located on Back In Black. This is not pretty, gentlemen. Our city

is a veritable pressure cooker of pressure and cooking that cannot possibly hold up for much longer. The foundations of every last building in the troubled areas I just mentioned have shown significant signs of decay, and it's only a matter of time before our finest districts crumble and fall.

With all that I've learned over the course of the past few months, I can't believe this ever seemed like a good idea. An entire city built on rock and roll? We might as well have tried, I don't know, building a house on top of a haunted Indian burial ground. Stop nodding to each other and mumbling approvingly, that was a purposefully bad idea!

I've presented all the evidence I've gathered as best as I could, but it seems as though you still doubt me. I have no clue what I can possibly do to convince you that this is a serious problem that we need to address immediately before a catastrophe strikes.

Eat that pepper whole? You're serious? Yes, I'm sure it is very hot. That's not what I'm asking. Oh hell, just hand it over.

So you guys actually trust me now? Great! Now let's get down to business. We're obviously going to have to undergo a massive reconstruction project, completely tearing down one section of the city at a time and rebuilding it on an entirely new surface after we've removed all traces of rock and roll. You're with me so far? Good. The hardest part will be choosing a replacement material that we can feel confident in using as our new foundation.

Might I suggest jazz?

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.29 Mean Gifts

Sunday, Jan 29, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

Every year I pray for only one gift and every year the powers that be shoot me down. It is not a malicious wish, even if it is a bit self-serving: I simply want my mom to fall into a temporary, but impenetrable, coma for about two weeks leading up to my birthday.

Let me explain: My mother is insane. Not "cute" insane. Not "collects Boyd's Bears and puts them around the house" insane. Although she is a completely rational person in every other way, she is simply incapable of giving me a gift that makes one bit of sense.

This is not the whining of a spoiled kid. At this point in my life, if I went to my mother's house and opened up a package that contained some socks and a Wal-Mart gift card, I would be ecstatic. It would mean that God, after years of ignoring me and basically finding ways to annoy me on an everyday basis, was finally listening to me. Either that or my father, who has not received any of the bizarre gifts himself but can still sympathize, started spiking mom's morning Frusion with Prozac. Either way, I'm not too picky.

To prove my point, I have collected the worst of these gifts from over the years and taken pictures of them for you, the reader. Maybe you're a terrible gift giver and would like some hints on what not to do. Maybe you're the recipient of some insane gifts yourself and would like a shoulder to cry on. Maybe you stopped reading this piece a paragraph ago and decided to send me a shitty email about not doing enough research.

Well, if you're a member of the first two parties, keep reading to learn a valuable lesson. And if you belong to the third group, please remember that "faggot" is spelled with two G's and one O.

Canned Meats

Canned meat was, of course, made popular by fellow Indiana native David Letterman, whose early career consisted of "doing unfunny things" and "doing unfunny things while dropping canned meats off of buildings." Until that point hardly anyone had heard of things like "luncheon loaf," and undoubtedly nobody had eaten one – at the time Vienna sausages ruled the congealed fat in a tin can market.

Even after that spike in popularity, canned meats were still not considered an appropriate birthday gift. My mother, the trendsetter that she is, set out to change that. One year, along with some

video games and – you guessed it – a Wal-Mart gift card, I found a shining star wrapped in tissue and ribbon. A salty but nutritious star that, to this day, sits in my pantry to remind me of mom's gradual descent into insanity. That's right: It wasn't really a star. It was two cans of some sort of loaf.

In some cases, a canned meat very well may be a thoughtful gift. For instance, if you're the type of person who eats canned ham. If you were a subscriber to Luncheon Loaf Fancy you might jump with glee if you opened this sort of present. However, I ask you to bear these things in mind:

- To this day, I have never once eaten (or considered eating) any kind of canned meat
- I did not express to my mother a desire to try canned meat
- When I received the gift, I was 21 years old, holding down a professional job, and living comfortably on my own, and the gift was not part of some kind of care package
- Canned meats are disgusting.

Still, since it was from my mother, I smiled and thanked her for such a great gift. To this day when she comes to visit I have to hide the meat, lest she discover the horrible truth.

Three Shot Glasses With "X" Printed On Them

Maybe if a person was on a number of psychotropic drugs he could justify a canned ham as a gift. "It's free food," he might say, "and besides, I'm a raving psychopath." However, when a person's mother gives him three shot glasses that could be considered vaguely dirty, especially when said person has never been a big drinker, there's no argument that something is wrong.

Please note that I am not insinuating that my mother was hitting on me. Besides my mind playing dirty tricks when I am masturbating, the thought would never even enter my head. What I am saying is that slightly imbalanced people sometimes do not think about things before they do them, and I am pretty sure that's how my mom thought the shot glasses were a good idea.

My mom has never been a drinker, and she knows that I am not a huge fan of it myself. I can't drink beer since, to me, it tastes like a charming combination of gutter water and urine, and liquor only works for me if I feel like spending the evening crying apologies to the toilet for puking in it.

I guess my main question is the same I ask about other presents she gets me: *Where the hell did she even find these things?* What would convince my mother, a sweet, middle-aged woman, to venture

into a store where they sell shot glasses like these? I would assume that, if she did venture in that kind of shop, she would at leat have the good sense to come back with a bong or a package of those all-hemp Zig-Zags. At least that would explain why the hell she thought these would be a good gift.

Oh, and the final factor behind my questions: I had just turned seventeen at the time and she often lectured me on the dangers of underage drinking. Go figure.

A Bright Red AC/DC Hoodie

I am formulating a theory that this is not really a sweater. Instead, I'm pretty sure it's actually a tent tarp or maybe one of those flotation devices you're supposed to use if you're in a plane wreck.

The thing is huge. Not "I got it baggy since everyone puts on weight in the winter" huge, either. It is massive-huge and undoubtedly took the third-world sweatshop kid that made it twelve man-hours just to embroider the AC/DC logo on the front of it. This is the kind of thing a morbidly obese person hangs on his wall to warn himself what will happen if he keeps overeating.

It is also as red as a million burning suns. With the size factored in, putting the thing on makes me look like a gigantic gay Christmas ornament. A gigantic gay Christmas ornament that also enjoys horrible music.

I mean, I'm not a music snob. I listen to all kinds of terrible stuff. One time I divulged my musical tastes to Your Band Sucks author Dr. David Thorpe and he fell into a stroke-like convulsion that he hasn't recovered from to this day. But I'm not an AC/DC fan, and I think that's still something to be proud of.

The AC/DC logo is so prominent across the front I am sure it would lead people to make false assumptions about me if I ever wore it. Maybe they would think I drive a Trans-Am to my job at the factory. They could possibly assume I use food stamps to buy cartons of Marlboro Reds. Still, they probably wouldn't want to look at me too long, since it's a commonly-known fact that AC/DC fans are pure-bred asskickers.

The shirt is even more strange because my mother has absolutely no idea about the music I listen to. There are innumerable bands making music today: Maybe, like some bizarre, slightly more painful game of Russian Roulette, she just picked a band at random and hoped I liked them. Hopefully next year, if she decides to buy me another shirt I will never ever wear, it will be from a more universally-liked musical act. Possibly Don Henley or Fleetwood Mac.

A Picture With a Bunch of Cats Walking Into the Sun

Why would anyone want this painting?

I mean, seriously, just fucking *look* at it. It's got some cats. Ok. They're all different sizes and they're walking into the Sun. Alright. Apparently they are walking into the sun because they are being unfairly persecuted by white slashes and multicolored dots. Mmm-hm.

The best I can figure is that this present was actually a charitable gift for someone else. I would assume my mother, the philanthropist that she is, met a starving artist on the street and gave him enough money to satiate his raging crack habit in return for this print.

My real question is this: If she did not buy this art from a drug addict, exactly where did she get it? I am fairly certain no retail shop would pawn off this kind of work, and even a business like Goodwill would have trouble stomaching the guilt they'd feel for selling it.

All I know is that I hate this painting and I only hang it when Mom's around. And, without fail, the cocksucking thing manages to give me a splinter every time I hang it. Sometimes people talk about art that "reaches out and touches people." I'm pretty sure this is not what they mean.

So, much like a war-scarred Vietnam soldier rustling through thick brush, I'll walk into my mom's house in a few weeks with a dual sense of wonder and horror. I'll play a game of Gift Russian Roulette, one where I don't know if the next package will be a book or a transmission assembly kit for an '89 Topaz. Who knows? Maybe this will be the year she finally snaps and I'll find some sort of endangered rain forest animal in a gift bag.

But whatever the case, I will be sure to come as prepared as possible. My numerous birthdays have bestowed me a certain right only age can give: The right to carry a concealed firearm. Also the right to legally drink. Between these two things I should be able to handle whatever comes out of that bag. I hope.

■ If You Like Summer Blockbusters You Will Like This Daily Dirt

Forums user "Atomo" has given us access to his upcoming blockbuster "SILLY BABY." Also, there's something there about movie reviews I think. Either way you should read it.

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

1.30 Cobra After-Action Report: The Gamemaster

Monday, Jan 30, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Cobra After-Action Report series.

Why We Fight.

In the world of cartoons and comic books it's a given that no matter how powerful and evil your foe may be, there is always some adversary even more diabolical. In the aftermath of the World Trade Center attacks Doctor Doom - a villain who had tried to destroy or enslave the world on more than one occasion - shed a tear at the sheer horror of buildings exploding. Even in the real world there is always someone worse out there. Stalin was pretty bad, but his red legions were nothing compared to the Aryan evil of Adolf Hitler. I'm sure there was a triple Hitler lurking behind the real Hitler; some sort of man-eating rape beast bent on global genocide that we have yet to find and destroy. It's the same principal that always unites mankind in the face of an alien invasion in cheesy movies and books.

So what glue could bind the yang of GI Joe to Cobra's sinister yin? I will accept "drug dealers" and "pedophiles" as answers, but in the case of "The Gamemaster" it is an ultra-rich man-child the size of Goliath with a legion of robotic toys ready to do his bidding. The Gamemaster plucks two Joe members and two Cobra members from their day-to-day lives of doing good and evil respectively and places them in a hellish game of his devising. Meanwhile, Cobra and GI Joe accuse one another of the disappearances and conduct bumbling raids to discover the truth. When they realize that a third party has duped them, they join forces to find and rescue their missing members. But will they find them in time to save their lives? Yes, of course. This is GI Joe we're talking about.

Before we get down to a detailed after-action analysis, let's look at the forces that The Gamemaster has arrayed against Cobra and GI Joe.

- **Theater Commander:** The Gamemaster

- **Theater Resources:** Coco the Robotic Clown, a multi-billion-dollar robotic manufacturing facility located on a secluded island, a super computer capable of tapping into every video camera and possibly every piece of solid-state electronics, a landscape composed of various deserts and desert-toppings.

- **Corps Level Resources:**

Various robotic agent provocateurs
One platoon of robotic toy soldiers
One squad of robotic pallbearers
One squadron of robotic biplanes
One fleet of robotic battleships
One battery of robot-manned SAMs
Various robotic servants
A giant anachronistic lawnmower
Truckasaurus

- **Known Opposing Forces:**

Flint, Lady Jaye, Cobra Commander and the Baroness
Possibly all of GI Joe and Cobra

- **Primary Mission Objectives:**

The sadistic amusement of the Gamemaster.

- **Alternate Mission Objectives:**

Exotic voyeur catfight videos to sell on the Internet.

The exact combat-ready strengths of Cobra and GI Joe are never revealed, but one can piece together a picture of large air and armored forces accompanied by thousands of infantry. Both GI Joe and Cobra also have a focus on elite Special Forces units and asymmetric warfare capabilities. One could argue that the value of these forces are dubious at best, but one could say the same thing about an army composed entirely of windup toys. The Gamemaster would seem to be outmatched by even one of his foes. The success of his plan rests on his secrecy; a secrecy that you will soon see is undermined by Flint's comical willingness to die. Also, the Baroness spends the entire episode in a bikini.

198X, Day 1, 10:00 AM

An Autobot brings a glowing energy sword crashing down on the armored shield of a Decepticon. The purple robot turns the blow aside and lashes out with its morning star. Are we watching Transformers? Alas, no. The dueling robots are only a holographic videogame being controlled by a giggling fat man with a bow tie and a cackling robotic clown for an opponent. After slaying his foe, the Gamemaster judges his amazing robot combat game to be boring and informs the grinning clown, Coco, that he wants to play a new game "where real people fight for their lives." Coco does not really approve, but the Gamemaster is undeterred.

Teehee!

"First, we have to catch them," the Gamemaster explains. "Like butterflies! When they think they are safe!"

Terrible similes aside, the Gamemaster puts his plan into motion.

198X, Day 1, 4:00 PM

Flint returns home to his apartment in his sporty convertible. The Gamemaster explains that Flint "is returning home from a mission." Yeah, maybe Operation Golf. He seems to be dressed as if he has been golfing, but he's not carrying any clubs and he's still wearing his hut-hut special forces beret. Maybe he just goes to the course to hang out in the clubhouse and he wears his beret to get the people to buy him drinks.

"Oh yeah," I can imagine him saying, "remember that big amoeba creature that attacked the city a few weeks ago? I was in charge of the unit that filled tank cannons up with apples and then shot them at it to kill the thing."

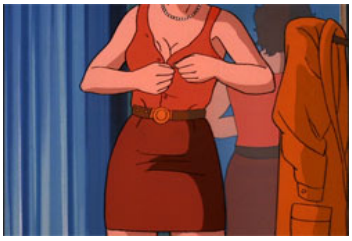
"Doesn't the government have some sort of poison gas that you could have sprayed on it with an airplane?" I'm sure one of the clubhouse patrons would ask him.

Then Flint would get angry and start yelling about "civilians questioning his methods" right before he is ejected from the clubhouse. No more free Heinekens, Flint. Your membership has been revoked.

Flint gives the doorman a wave in the way-groovy lobby of his apartment and hops into an elevator. As it ascends to Casa de Flint something goes wrong. The elevator stops abruptly and when Flint presses the emergency button like a big sissy the button falls off the panel. Then the numbers start going up way too fast and Flint freaks out. Cut to the roof as a helicopter lifts the elevator through

the ceiling with a crash and flies Flint off to the Gamemaster's evil island.

198X, Day 1, 4:45 PM



She must tape those things down when she's in her uniform.

"This is Lady Jaye," the Gamemaster explains as he watches her shop through a security camera, "clothes are like candy to her."

Lady Jaye chooses the outfit she intends to eat and heads to a changing room. As she begins to unbutton her blouse the view slowly lowers to her feet and her blouse and skirt fall to the floor. A sexy ruse considering the view returns to Lady Jaye's upper body and she's wearing a slip that wouldn't look out of place on a beach in the 1920s. Our fleeting glimpse of the javelin-hurling ladyboy's unmentionables is almost immediately obstructed by the four sides of a wooden crate that rise up from the floor and out of the wall with a mechanical whir. Lady Jaye cries out for help as she is enclosed in a crate labeled "couch."

Two robots in deliveryman uniforms enter to wheel her away with wind-up keys turning in their backs. Surely their emotionless faces, obvious joints and big turning keys won't give them away as they wheel a crate that is yelling "let me out!" through the department store. You see, that was sarcasm, but in the world of GI Joe sarcasm becomes double sarcasm.

198X, Day 1, 5:10 PM

This sequence is sure to rock the preconceptions of those of you who thought "fan service" was something unique to anime. The world's biggest hot tub can barely contain the overflowing bikini of the Baroness as she lounges beneath a glowing heat lamp. She stares down at the water like it's going to get knifed as the Gamemaster describes her in a voice over.

"This is the Baroness: a brilliant and resourceful Cobra agent."

No offense to the Baroness, but "brilliant" and "resourceful" are both pretty relative terms when you've got "Cobra" in the same sentence. The heat lamp deactivates and shuts the Baroness inside the hot tub. A grinning nurse robot ambles out and pushes the hot tub away.

198X, Day 1, 5:30 PM

Cobra Commander watches a procession of his troops from a raised and heavily Cobra-embellished platform. "This is Cobra Commander," the Gamemaster explains, "He craves power, but when he feels most powerful he is most vulnerable." A trapdoor opens beneath Cobra Commander's feet and he falls through the platform. A dummy version of Cobra Commander rises up from inside the platform to take his place.

Oh well, maybe this one will have better schemes.

Destro joins this motionless doppelganger on the platform and gripes about Cobra Commander's need to see his troops on parade. When Cobra Commander fails to rebut the complaints in his usual screeching voice Destro prods the duplicate for a response. He pushes harder and Cobra Commander's head launches from his shoulders like a Jack-in-the-box. That might be worth a few laughs if you're a fantastically wealthy childlike villain like the Gamemaster, but if he had just replaced Cobra Commander with a regular dummy

it might have taken Destro weeks to see through the ruse.

While Destro is having an embolism over the unexpected elongation of Cobra Commander's neck, a bunch of poorly-disguised robots wheel out a huge red bomb containing the real Cobra Commander. Ah, if only Cobra weren't an organization built on the idea of doing everything to extremes, that giant bomb might have attracted some attention. If any Cobra troopers noticed it they probably just assumed that when it blew up it would turn people into dinosaurs, stop time or maybe turn all of the world's gold into biscuits.

The accusations of guilt immediately fly among Cobra and GI Joe. The Joes believe that Cobra is responsible. When Zartan hears about Cobra Commander's disappearance he literally points the finger at Destro. Destro is hearing none of that, probably because Cobra is his biggest (and possibly only) customer, so he redirects the blame to GI Joe.

198X, Day 2, 8:00 AM

I think I have seen a fetish porno that started this way.

Pink trees dot the pastoral hills of a secluded island. There is a solitary house, built from a lazy approximation of children's blocks. Inside there is a nursery. Four oversized cribs are filled with stuffed animals. Bears, elephants and plush lions are the silent companions of each crib's occupants. Cobra Commander curls in the arms of a teddy bear. A cuckoo bird emerges from a huge clock and hoots loudly. Flint stirs and the Baroness covers her ears amid the mechanical cacophony.

As the occupants of the cribs wake they are greeted by the abrasive laughter of the Gamemaster. He informs them of their predicament through a speaker mounted on the wall.

"Good morning players! I am the Gamesmasters[sic], welcome to my game! As there are no rules, it will be an easy game to learn. Hidden somewhere ont his island is a one-man helicopter. The winner is the one who finds it and flies away."

"What happens to the losers?" Flint asks.

"They die," laughs the Gamemaster.

To underscore his point a squad of life-sized toy soldiers enters the nursery and take aim at the four unwilling participants. Flint and the rest dive beneath a volley of gunfire and then escape through a window. Cobra Commander manages to stumble and falls several hundred feet. He lands at the feet of Flint, Lady Jaye and the Baroness. They all have a hearty laugh. Being laughed at by a guy in a golfing outfit and a military beret has to hurt your pride.

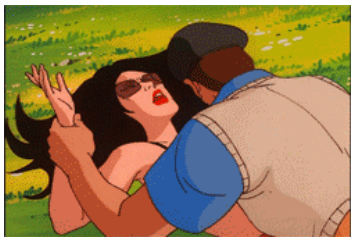
198X, Day 2, 11:00 AM

Ace is flying his F-14 Tomcat over snowy peaks. A Cobra surface-to-air missile battery spots him and opens fire with predictable results. "Third Sky Striker this month, Duke is not gonna be pleased." Way to go Ace. I'm fairly certain you get shot down every single time you appear on the show and I think your codename is sarcastic and I don't mean the usual GI Joe double-sarcasm. After parachuting to safety, Ace is rounded up by suspiciously competent Cobra troops and dragged off to be interrogated by Destro.

Meanwhile, back on Danger Island, Flint and Lady Jaye stroll through the peaceful setting practically holding hands. They realize that nearly all of the plants are made from candy and immediately begin

chowing down on candy apples and bon-bon trees. By the way, Flint is sporting a wicked overbite during this sequence. Suddenly, Cobra Commander and the Baroness attack with giant candy canes! They knock Lady Jaye into a lake and then charge ineptly at Flint. He dodges out of the way of Baroness and uses some sort of vague karate move to throw Cobra Commander into the lake. Baroness returns with her own quasi-kung-fu, but Flint is highly skilled in the goofball fisticuffs and manages to get her in a good rapelock.

Flint is about to start licking the Baroness's ear when she delivers a head butt that knocks him crazy-faced. Flint responds and they end up thrashing around on the ground like the Zodiac killer plus date at the charity golf outing. Lady Jaye and Cobra Commander thrash around in the lake (it is butterscotch) and call for help even though they both landed like six inches from shore. No matter how much Flint loves pinning the Baroness to the ground he realizes he can't just leave Lady Jaye to drown. He and the Baroness reach an agreement: he'll rescue Cobra Commander and the Baroness will rescue Lady Jaye. Unfortunately, the rescues succeed and there is no butterscotch wrestling.

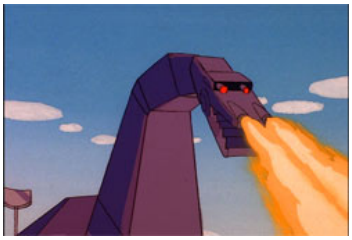


It's okay Flint, she was asking for it.

198X, Day 2, 11:00 PM

Duke, Gung Ho and some other nameless Joe compare the squareness of their jaws and then snorkel around a swamp. They then climb into a buggy that they then drive right back into the swamp. They arrive at a secret Cobra hideout where Zartan is working with an evil scientist on some sort of serum. The Joes drop in through the ceiling and take Zartan and his swamp technicians hostage.

198X, Day ????, Daytime



SUNDAY SUNDAY SUNDAY!

The timeline becomes confusing at this point. It seems to be only moments after the butterscotch lake rescue, but it was nighttime in the bayou for Duke and his raiding party. We'll just have to assume that the writers for this episode got a bit creative with their storytelling. Just a bit.

Flint and Cobra Commander are debating their exit strategy. Flint suggests taking the fight to the Gamemaster, but Cobra Commander is being an all-around prick about things. He insists he'll claim the helicopter and fly for help. Even the Baroness remains unconvinced by this logic.

Suddenly (and awesomely) Truck-a-fucking-saurus bursts on the scene. He's 500 tons of car-crushing, fire-breathing, truck-stomping mega machine and our captives can't hope to fight him. Following some inept buffoonery, Cobra Commander falls at the mercy of Truckasaurus. He's about to die, but Flint leaps to his rescue. Flint saves Cobra Commander, but Truckasaurus scoops Flint up in its jaws with a lot of rocks and dirt, chews him up and then spits him several stories back down onto the ground. Lady Jaye screams in terror as robotic pallbearers arrive. They throw Flint's lifeless remains into a coffin and cart him away.

The Baroness offers her condolences to Lady Jaye and suggests revenge as the best course of action. I would like to suggest a plan involving the use of a strap-on dildo, but I think the suggestion box is closed on this episode.

198X, Day ????, Daytime

Destro questions Ace on the location of Cobra Commander and the Baroness. Ace doesn't know, but he tells Destro to release Lady Jaye and Flint. Destro is confused. A televiper with a pronounced Brooklyn accent enters bearing news of a distress signal from Swamp Base 2. He tells Destro that the Joes are demanding the release of Flint and Lady Jaye or they are going to off Zartan. Destro unravels the mystery and sends a giant TV screen version of a phone call to Swamp Base 2. After some negotiation and some inconsistent animation, Destro convinces Duke and the Joes that a third party is responsible for the disappearances. He suggests a temporary cooperation agreement and the Joes reluctantly accept.

198X, Day ????, Daytime

The pallbearer robots carry the casket containing Flint's mangled remains to an open grave. Unsurprisingly, Flint bursts from the casket and tackles the robots into the grave. "Rust in peace!" he quips with an insane look on his face.

He's a crazy-eyes killer.

I have some issues with Flint's clever scheme to fool the Gamemaster into thinking he is dead. First off, Flint allowed himself to be chewed up by a giant fire-breathing truck-crushing robot. The odds that he would escape without serious injury would be nearly zero. Then the robot spit him 100 feet onto the ground. Again, something that is almost impossible to escape without injury. Even worse than all that, when Truckasaurus took a bite out of Flint it obviously compacted him into a space about three inches wide. It was a suicide mission and yet there he is, leaping from a casket without a mark on his body. His clothes aren't even dirty. His stupid hat isn't even rakishly pulled to one side.

"It's a cartoon!" I'm sure you're saying.

Fine, it's a cartoon, but you can't use cartoon logic to escape danger in a cartoon that takes itself semi-seriously. If you're going to do that you might as well have Flint pull a hole out of his pocket or paint a tunnel onto the side of a mountain and then run through the tunnel only to have Truckasaurus smash itself to pieces when it tries to follow.

When you were sitting there I didn't notice you were five times the size of a normal human, but now that you stand up I am astonished.

While Flint goes looking for the Gamemaster, Baroness, Cobra Commander and a "totally over it" Lady Jaye happen upon the one-man helicopter. A fight erupts over the helicopter. The Baroness tackles Cobra Commander and Cobra Commander grabs Lady Jaye's feet as she tries to run past him. A catfight then erupts between the Baroness and Lady Jaye, much to the Gamemaster's delight back in the control room. He watches with glee, no doubt planning to start a pay site featuring videos of the two dangerous women duking it out. Then he deploys a giant old-timey lawnmower to chop up his captives. They flee in terror as it shreds through the helicopter. The Gamemaster is so enthralled by the commotion that he fails to notice Flint creeping up behind him.

Flint sass-mouths the Gamemaster. The Gamemaster stands up, revealing the fact that he is roughly ten feet tall. Flint manages to dodge the Gamemaster's initial onslaught and the huge baby ends up smashing his weight down on top of Coco. The Gamemaster sobs and flails petulantly over the loss of his robotic sidekick. Flint manages to stop the lawnmower, and get a transmission out to the

Joe base telling them to trace his location, before he is recaptured.

198X, Day ????, Daytime

The Joes succeed in their star-69 of Candyland and they keep their promise to Destro. The sky above the islands is filled with dozens of GI Joe and Cobra aircraft. The Gamemaster sends out his whimsical biplanes and blue and yellow battleships to greet the attackers. Batteries of water-powered SAMs are prepared by a cadre of robots working hand-pumps.

What a surprise ending!

Standard tactics here would be to use over-the-horizon missiles to bring down the enemy aircraft, heavy anti-ship missiles to take out the battleships and special purpose weapons like HARM missiles to bring down the SAM batteries. Instead, Joes and Cobra alike charge in guns blazing. Their planes explode in the sky by the tens and one can only imagine that the sky above the island is nearly blotted out by the thick canopy of parachutes. Even the obsolete biplanes and water-powered SAM rockets take their toll. Cobra and Joe transport aircraft begin dropping airborne infantry over the island and the assault begins in earnest. Scarlet and Zartan lead the attack, engaging in a close-range but one-sided firefight with the army of toy soldiers. Zartan and Scarlet even have time to flirt with one another after some adept grenade throwing.

Furious at the destruction of his army, the Gamemaster is about to club Flint with his meaty hands when the joint Joe and Cobra forces burst into his control room. The Gamemaster laughs and taunts the invaders as he flees. His odd menagerie of henchmen charge the enemy and are gunned down in one of the most violent scenes in GI Joe history. Destro demands to know where Cobra Commander and the Baroness are and Flint shows him the screen, pointing out that Cobra Commander is stuck in a marshmallow swamp. Detro gets a good laugh out of this. Gung Ho and some Cobra troopers attempt to run down the Gamemaster, but he is too inhumanly gigantic to be caught and he escapes in some sort of slingshot-launched flying saucer.

198X, Day ????, Evening

The victorious GI Joe and Cobra forces reflect on a hard-fought battle that should have been an easy and overwhelming victory considering the pathetic forces arrayed against them. Both sides seem inappropriately impressed with the performance and Cobra Commander ponders what sort of power he might have if Cobra joined forces with GI Joe. It should be noted that no background was illustrated for this scene so another background was dropped in. Duke hovers in midair and Flint is lazily omitted from the wide shots. Cobra Commander and Flint almost immediately have a falling out and any hope for future cooperation is lost barring the intervention of drug dealers or pedophiles.

Today's Cobra After-Action Report demonstrates that even when Cobra and GI Joe work past their differences they are still completely incompetent. Real despots and terrorists make me wish for a real Cobra Commander and, similarly, make me live in simmering fear that our special forces might be more like GI Joe than their hyper-competent image would have you believe.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.31 I'm So Cyber-Cool

Tuesday, Jan 31, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

Boom, another headshot. I know you didn't see that coming, I was hiding behind those exact same boxes everyone hides behind. You might have more luck finding someone with Parkinson's and letting them aim for you. Or you could blame it on your computer like every other newblet that comes in here.

You have a new Compaq, huh? You might as well just take that black and beige hunk of crap back to Circuit City right now because you got ripped off. You see, I'm a smartass that built my computer from a bunch of parts. I don't call it a computer, though. It's a rig, like a truck. I spent months compiling and pricing a list of hardware and then I bought all the parts and put them together. It's not for everyone, only the most elite power users among us could possibly screw a circuit board into a metal box and then plug in a bunch of wires. Oh man, that surge of adrenaline when I watched it spin up for the first time was unlike anything I've felt since squaring off in the Magic: The Gathering Battle Arena at Comic Kingdom 2K3.

First of all, it's got a top of the line AMD processor that I overclocked and got another hundred megahertz out of. Good luck unlocking the multiplier on your department store CPU, sucker. Never mind the fact that I voided my warranty, my room is as hot as the surface of Mercury, and all of the fans in my case make it sound like it's trying to clear a runway - I'm getting nearly 4 extra frames per second in Unreal Tournament 2004. Do you have any idea how many 3DMarks that translates to? At least 30. That's free performance, baby! Couple that with my video card, which has a model number with more Xs and 0s than the average episode of Hollywood Squares, and I'm on a runaway train to Bragsville.

The case itself started out as a plain old tower. First thing I did when I got it was cut an enormous window in the side so I could see all those amazing things that happen inside a computer case. Since I can't let my posters of Trinity from The Matrix lose their color, my room is completely shielded from sunlight. So I added a blue neon light to the inside. The color compliments my case's fans which have blue LEDs embedded into them, and my RAM sticks which also light up a pleasant shade of blue. When I turn it all on the lights in my house dim for a moment and then blue light shoots out of my bedroom window like it's the fucking ship from Close Encounters of the Third Kind.

My motherboard is branded with the handle of world-renowned cyber-athlete "Fatal1ty" so you know it's meant to kick some ass. I know we've all seen the flowchart that explains how the word "Fatal1ty" becomes "Fatal one ty," then "Fat alone ty," which can mean "Fat, alone, thank you," but let's not be silly here. At the last LAN party I was anything but alone because my buddy Ray's sister sat right next to me for at least 15 minutes while she was talking on her cell phone. And the fat part, well, I won't dignify that with a response.

Want to see the complete specifications of my rig? If you're lucky enough to live near me maybe you could come by and read them off of my custom-fitted

LCD display. I've got every part listed down to my water droplet design mousepad. Otherwise, just check out my signature in any one of my thousands of forum posts. I update it regularly. No, keep scrolling down, it's right under the 600x300 pixel, 800 KB anime signature image. And under the Chuck Norris jokes. And my "Now playing in Winamp: System of a Down - Toxicity.mp3" image. And my current mood. It's "stoked," in case you were wondering.

Maybe I'll take a break from this mess and watch a movie on one of my monitors, I just need to close this system status program first. Let's make it a short movie since I feel naked without being able to see at any time the exact temperature of my processor in the form of a large, purple progressbar. What do you like, Spider-Man 2? Busted: The Citizen's Guide to Surviving Police Encounters? How about King Kong? It's normally 3 hours long but my copy isn't, the guy filming it with his Sony Handycam got kicked out of the theater halfway through. I'll stop it before the usher starts yelling. Don't ask where I got it, either.

Well, if you must know, it came from a little place called IRC. A hacker friend of mine let me in on it, and anyone who's anyone in the "scene" hangs out there, like this one guy, RoB-DeTh, who is actually too fat to get out of bed. He gets disability though, so he can afford a fast connection to send us the latest Hollywood hits. A great guy to talk to, too. He knows a lot of anti-Microsoft jokes. For example: Why did Bill Gates cross the road? To crash all the computers on the other side! Haha! Just don't go looking for any jokes while his name has "-away" on the end of it, because that means he's either sleeping, being fed, or using a broom handle to try and rub his underside.

Just have another look at those laser-cut fan grills. This place is a biohazard, and I'm not talking about the pile of rotting paper plates and Hot Pocket crisping sleeves under the desk. I mean your online reputation could be seriously wounded or even destroyed. Just back away, you have no idea who you're dealing with.

-∼Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

Chapter 2

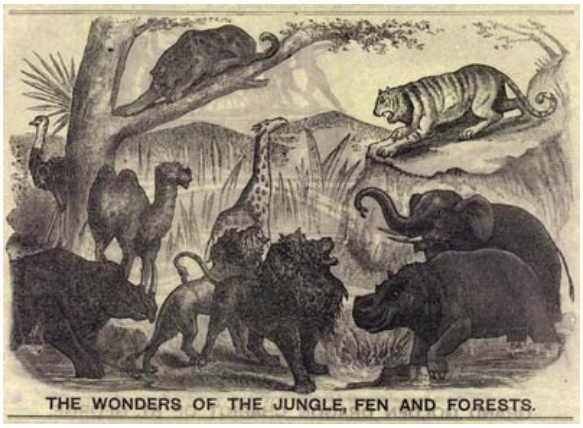
February

2.1 The Most Honorable Way to Die

Wednesday, Feb 01, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Life is perhaps the greatest gift of all. It is a rich tapestry of experiences that unfolds on an ever-changing canvas, populated with ever-changing faces and landscapes. Unfortunately, though, life does not go on forever. It ends, and whatever happens beyond that is a mystery that will never be solved by mortal men. What we do know is that, as mortals, we will have to confront death sooner or later. Death sometimes comes without warning, taking us before we ever get the chance to question why or fight, and other times it looms before us like a destination we are traveling towards. If we know how far away it is we can arrive on our on terms. In cases such as this, we have the choice to die with honor, to resign ourselves to the notion that we cannot escape and instead will leave this world doing what is most noble and wise with our time. We will use our gift of life to place an indelible mark on the world, a landmark on an otherwise ever-changing canvas.

Today, for this special update, I am joined my friend and colleague Tom "Moof" Davies for a formal discussion on life and death, and dying with honor and dignity. We will discuss openly and frankly death and dying for both man and citizens of the animal kingdom. We will discuss the most honorable way to die, for a variety of creatures that call this planet home. If you are frightened by death and do not wish to be reminded of its eternal embrace, may we advise you to avoid this update for it will not spare you any grief.



Moof: The most honorable way for a cat to die is to be baked into a pie and fed to cows.

Livestock: The most honorable way for a cat to die is by purring so hard that it explodes and literally transfers its warmth and affection into pure light and energy that heals all nearby skin rash sufferers.

Moof: The most honorable way for a cat to die is to be crushed be falling books in a library.

Livestock: Make up your mind about cats!!

Moof: The most honorable way for a cat to die is to chase a mouse into a forest (an enchanted forest okay) and be turned into a tree by an enchanted owl and then be cut for lumber to build a new Petco in Flagstaff, Arizona.

Livestock: Agreed.

Livestock: The most honorable way for a parrot to die is by whispering the name of the man who killed its owner to authorities with its dying breath.

Livestock: The most honorable way for a vulture to die is eat the flesh off the bones of the world's fattest man and die of a heart attack.

Moof: NO!!!

Moof: The most honorable way for a vulture to die is to accidentally fly into the burner of a hot air balloon and catch on fire and then land in a haystack and burn down a barn.

Livestock: That's practically what I said!!

Livestock: The most honorable way for a fish to die is to swim into the torpedo tubes of a submarine, die, and make the whole submarine smell like fish until everyone onboard takes their own life.

Moof: Yes, you are correct.

Livestock: The most honorable way for a vampire to die is to overdose on garlic in the streets to protest the harsh conditions Imperial England places on its colonies.

Moof: The most honorable way for a vampire to die is to parachute from a plane and land on a cow and then fall off the cow and impale himself on a fencepost.

Livestock: The most honorable way for a beaver to die is to have built dams on no less than three of the world's mightiest rivers including the Mississippi. His last built dam should hold for no less than 10 days and flood no less than two valleys.

Moof: How does the beaver die?

Livestock: An Indian shoots him and trades his pelt to a white man.

Moof: The most honorable way for a beaver to die is to bite down the Christmas tree in Times Square causing it to fall into a building and then he is killed by falling glass.

Livestock: Arghhhhh! Fine!

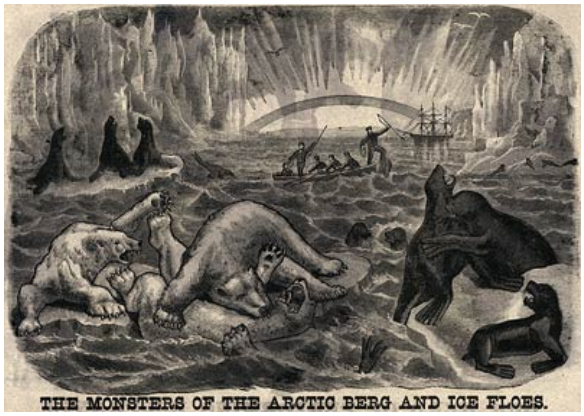
Livestock: The most honorable way for a turtle to die is to have its shell archived in the Library of Congress after passing in the night from complications related to diabetes.

Moof: The most honorable way for a turtle to die is to swim into the arctic to save a drowning polar bear and hit an iceberg and sink to the murky depths below where he will lie for all eternity (with the drowned polar bear).

Livestock: That is absurd, where is the glory in that?

Moof: No woman, no love.

Livestock: The most honorable way for a turtle to die is to not do what you said and do what I said!



Livestock: The most honorable way for a slug to die is to secrete the world's longest mucus trail, which causes a massive 20-car pileup on the highway and a wayward hubcap to slice the slug in two.

Moof: The most honorable way for a kangaroo to die is to jump so high that the sun melts the wax in his arms and they fall off and he falls to his death and all he wanted to do was taste a little bit of heaven that is all he ever wanted and sadly now his dreams have come true.

Livestock: Are we in agreement on the slug!?

Moof: Yes, there is no doubt.

Moof: That is common knowledge.

Livestock: I have some concerns about the kangaroo death. I believe the most honorable way for a kangaroo to die is to rob a bank and put the money in its pouch, hop to safety, then fall into the world's largest hole and spend the rest of its life trying to hop out but never being able to jump high enough.

Moof: Attention, Livestock, I believe you know nothing about kangaroos and I will not talk about this matter further until you seek an education on this matter my honorable fellow!

Livestock: Fine!

Livestock: The most honorable way for a president to die is to take a bullet for the world's most honorable dog (the St. Bernard).

Moof: I am the president of corn.

Livestock: I didn't vote for you!

Moof: The most honorable way for the president's dog to die is to swim to Bolivia to assassinate the president and then choke on a dog biscuit.

Livestock: The most honorable way for the president's dog to die is to fight and defeat the president of Russia's dog in a globally televised event. After defeating the Russian dog the American dog will pass out dead from an aneurysm!

Livestock: Did I mention the Russian dog is huge and on steroids and the American dog is actually a barrel full of pickles?

Moof: You bring up some good points but I fear you are blinded by stupidity.

Moof: Sir.

Livestock: Moof we are having a mature conversation here and if you cannot avoid *ad hominem* attacks I will file your face under "C" for clobbered!

Moof: Dear Livestock, I must apologize for my outburst. I ask for you to understand the passion I feel for this subject.

Livestock: All is forgiven; it is only natural in debates this profound for the debaters to relinquish civility and reason in favor of emotion.

Moof: You and I are driven by the same passion. We are of the same kind.

Moof: If I may...

Moof: I would like to broach the subject of whales

Moof: My investigation into the matter has led me to believe that the most honorable way a whale can die is to swim into the dead sea and rise to the top, unable to sink

underwater due to the high salt content of said sea, eventually rising high into the heavens.

Livestock: Incorrect. The most honorable way for a whale to die is to have wheels added to him so that he can drive cross-country seeing the great American landscapes and then get robbed and killed in New York while buying a Chicago style hot dog.

Livestock: The most honorable way for an alligator to die is to be frozen in a block of ice for 40 years, get thawed out, then attack a county fair, killing everyone there including the 4H animals (this is also the most honorable way for 4H animals to die). After a tense standoff between the alligator and authorities, it will be subdued by a SWAT team and turned into a suitcase that will later carry stolen hotel towels to various destinations.

Moof: No, the most honorable way for an alligator to die is to live in the sewers of New York and grow to such an enormous size that he must escape and roam the streets of Hell's Kitchen eating hobos until he grows to the size of a house and is assassinated by the mafia.

Livestock: The most honorable way for an rhinoceros to die is to learn how to fly a plane and then die in a dogfight with another plane piloted by an opera singing coyote somewhere over Akron, Ohio.

Moof: Your heart is in the right place my friend...

Moof: But I think it is your mind that is somewhere in Akron, Ohio.

Livestock: The most honorable way for a Moof can die is to lie down in the fields only to be run over by a tractor pulling a wagon containing pumpkins.

Moof: The most honorable way for a Livestock to die is to be pushed off a pier by a Moof in a storm.

Livestock: The most honorable way for a Moof to die is hydroplane and drive his car off a bridge into a barge full of sulfur and accidentally swallow a large amount of sulfur and go through life smelling like sulfur until he is kindly put out of his misery by a falling piano playing some ragtime jazz.

Moof: THE MOST HONORABLE WAY FOR A MOOF TO DIE IS TO FLY A SPACE-SHIP INTO THE MOON (LIVESTOCK IS LIVING ON THE MOON BECAUSE HE HATES AMERICA)!

Livestock: THE MOST HONORABLE WAY FOR A MOOF TO DIE IS TO SHUT UP BEFORE I THROW YOU INTO A RIVER FULL OF PIRANHAS AND SNAKES!!!

At this point the debate became too heated, as such profound debates often do, and I had no choice but to cease communications with Moof, who was clearly too emotional to continue debating. Who won this debate? Well, clearly you, the reader. You now have a greater understanding of life and death and the proper ways to die. I hope that you use this knowledge to better yourself and the lives of other creatures, ensuring that they are able to die with honor and dignity. In the end, there is no better way to leave this world.

Daily Dirt

For a practical how-to guide on garage door repair, please make your browser eat this link.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.2 Honest College Course Descriptions

Thursday, Feb 02, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

SOCI 3750 - INCOMPREHENSIBLE FOREIGN PROFESSOR

Another wonderful semester at Pendelhurst University Memorial University has begun, and since our old University was burned to the ground due to violent student riots, we've decided to be less disingenuous with our course listings this semester. We have also removed the flamethrowers from the science labs, and replaced them with common street pistols and/or bazookas with acid rounds as a precautionary measure. Please consider these exciting courses, and don't forget to visit our exciting Bursar's Office!

Go on an epic ten-week journey with Dr. Balahadra to discover just what the fuck he is saying! Students should expect a nine-week learning curve to adjust to Dr. Balahadra's unique "spin" on the English language. Until then, some meaning may be discerned by picking out the various curse words the administration taught him as a joke. Experience moments of intense confusion that will prepare you for your life in the job market of the confusion-based future! We honestly have no idea what this course is about because the syllabus is in that crazy "language" he insists on using, so just try to wing it and don't sit in the front row, *for the love of God* ***do not*** *sit in the front row.* Dr. Balahadra was hired because we assumed people from India were very smart, especially people from India that claimed to travel to America on a magic carpet from Pottery Barn. Wait a minute, I don't think there are Pottery Barns in India! Or magic! Actually, we don't really know if he is Indian. This one time, we saw him eating curry. I guess maybe you should buy the book.

The book has a picture of an elephant on it.

FILM 1550 - HOLY CRAP WE GET TO WATCH MOVIES

Mannnnn, it's like we're being controlled by The Matrix that in this case are the corporations of Bush's 43rd Reich! Does my hair smell like feet?

Yeah, that's right, you get to watch movies! In class! At prices only slightly higher than an actual movie theater! Make sure you tell all of your friends who decided to not go to college that you get to watch movies, and not like in sixth grade on the days when it would rain during recess and you would have to stay in watch the beginning of Mrs. Doubtfire over and over again. I mean, Christ, you didn't even get to the part where the dude turns into a chick! Students will watch and discuss classic films from Citizen Kane to Easy Rider, but The Matrix will probably be shown sometime during the last week so people will actually show up and share their ignorance about philosophy. Expect the white guy with dreadlocks in the Tool shirt to ramble on about "reality" and "the third eye" for about forty minutes. Upon exiting the class, you will have a passing knowledge of film history, or at least why those movie references were so funny on The Simpsons. Remember that episode with Mr. Burns and his lost teddy bear? Boy, that was great. I have no idea what I'm writing about anymore.

ENGL 3570 - LOOK AT THE TITS ON THAT GRAD STUDENT

I mean, have you *seen* her? Yeah, I know what you're thinking, "What's she teach?" I have a question for you: "Shut up." Don't blow this. She's got to be, what, 23? You know how often tail rolls around in an environment like this? You know what they call an unmarried woman in her 50s? *Doctor*. That's the caliber of crap we have to put up with. Don't become what I am. Sign up now, and don't tell anyone. You know, you could be staring at her for fifty minutes three times a week without even carrying any singles on you. The chances for you to score in some sort of Cinemax episodic series-inspired secret tryst are dwindling as you waste your time with this pointless reading! It'll be just like all of those hot teachers who molest their teenage students except it will be *much* hotter and *completely legal*. Don't tell you friends about this. They are your enemies. Blind them. She will be yours.

Also, Shelly, if you're reading this, I'm not talking about you and I noticed you never opened my Secret Santa gift. I know I was never your *official* Secret Santa and you caught me on three consecutive occasions smelling your office chair within the same 5-minute period, but that is just unprofessional. Please love me.

HIST 2790 - NON-TRADITIONAL JAMBOREE

STUDY BUDDIEZ (^_^;)

Webster's defines a "non-traditional student" as someone who waited a few decades after high school, and until their levels of bitterness have raised to near-immeasurable levels to go to college. You'll forget Webster, and call these people your "friends," or even "sir" or "ma'am" after completing this course! Most of our students know who the non-traditionals are by the few that are scattered about the landscape of the campus. They don't go by names, but by titles, such as "the old guy in the purple sweatpants who smells like a musty basement" and "that wacky old bitch in the hooded sweatshirt who won't stop talking about god." After having a class with these gentle folk, who we've collected all in one small and terrifying room, you'll soon know them by "the old guy in the purple sweatpants who smells like a musty basement WHO IS MY FRIEND" and "that wacky old bitch in the hooded sweatshirt who won't stop talking about god WHO IS MY FRIEND."

Take a trip to a land that time forgot, as you encounter people that don't even have a passing knowledge of the basic functions of Microsoft Word! Thrill as they tell you how you don't know how good you have it, as they have kids and you have full access to the on-campus Abortorium (Coming November 2008)! Grit your teeth in fury as they monopolize the professor's time because they believe they are friends with him or her just because they happen to be the same age! Experience new frustrations as you hear questions so stupid you would think *no one would be ignorant enough to ask them!* Just don't ask the 75 year-old man what he's going to do with his Philosophy degree. He probably fought in the some kind of war.

BIOL 8735 - DISSECT SOME CATS I GUESS

Don't you hate cats?! I sure as hell do. Now you can take your aggression out on those little bastards by slicing up a new one every day! Pendelhurst University Memorial University has hundreds and hundred of trash bags full of dead cats, and we need to get rid of these things because we can't afford refrigeration units to store them in. Seriously, they cost like $4000.00 *each*. You'll probably learn how cats work, and also which organ holds all of the ghosts. It's common knowledge that cats are full of ghosts and run on ghost power. We need to get rid of these cats. Students will be graded based on the amount of cats they can tear through in one semester. Do you have a pickup truck? Sign up for this course.

Please meow-der us!!!

Lab Fee: $4000.00

BUSI 1880 - PROFESSOR BOOK SALE

Don't let the word "sale" fool you; the book for this course costs upwards of $170.00! As a result of taking this class, though, you will fully be aware of the money-making possibilities that professordom has to offer. Students will learn the following:

- How to buy your professor's book
- Proper care of your professor's book
- How to not sell back your professor's book at the end of the semester
- How to write to publishers about your professor's book, demanding an expensive new leather bound edition
- How to sit quietly as the professor lectures to you directly from his/her book
- How not to ask questions, such as "How much money do you make from selling your book?" and "Isn't there a much more reputable book available for $150.00 less?" also "Why does 80% of your book consist of blank pages?"

Each student must buy 2-3 copies of the book to pass, and also to not make the professor's "Official Enemies List" in Appendix A.

I would like to thank all of the incoming students who have chosen Pendelhurst University Memorial University as their place for higher education, and I would like to remind all returning students that arson is a felony that has consequences, such as up to 20 years in Crime Jail. Please drop off all tuition in unmarked laundry bags (CASH ONLY) at Loading Dock B. You'll get your education when I'm good and ready.

Sincerely,
Dean Charlemagne Pendelhurst XIV

- The Daily Dirt

I asked for your letters, and then you sent them, and then I had to do extra work! Click here for the aftermath.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

2.3 Eyes of Flesh - Eyes of Flame

Friday, Feb 03, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Adolph Hitler brushed an errant strand of hair from my face and ran the back of his hand across my cheek.

"We're all in this together," he whispered.

Before I could reply he stepped into the doorway of the hacienda and raked fire from his Tommy guns across the jefe's men.

The dinosaurs strode over the jungle. They were titans of muscle and bone. Each foot was the size of a modest church and each brain was no larger than a diorama of a church. Something splattered beneath one dinosaur's foot. It was a nest but the dinosaur was too slow-thinking to notice.

In the nest was the world's first human baby.

TimeViper Maximillian Te'h'roll screamed in horror and smashed his time escape button.

When he returned to present day God's plan had changed.

George Washington bit down with all of the strength in his jaws, but the octopus would not release him.

"Go for the eye!" Honest John the Hessian shouted.

George Washington flailed and kicked as the octopus dragged him beneath the water. He landed a powerful blow on its clacking beak and, with a burst of ink, the pair resurfaced.

Honest John tried to throw him a harpoon, but he was too weak from loss of blood. George Washington looked the octopus in its cyclopean face and pulled the pin on the grenade.

"I'll see you in hell, you motherf-"

His words were lost in the roar of fire.

The nubile servant women finished dressing the pharaoh and bowed as they fled his quarters. The pharaoh snacked on honeyed dates and regarded his kohl-rimmed eyes in a polished platter of silver.

He scarcely had time to swallow as the robed figure burst from the shadows with a soft susurration like wind stirring the Nile reeds. With a zip the garrote was across the pharaoh's throat. A line of blood marked its passage as it tightened into the flesh of his neck. The pharaoh gagged, struggled and then slumped.

Moses released the handles of the garrote and disappeared through an open window. Before his people could be free he had to settle a few more scores.

The lander descended the final few feet to the surface of the moon. There was a thump heard within

the lander and then touchdown was announced to Mission Control. Buzz Aldrin slumped at the controls, a thin trickle of blood dribbling from the bullet hole in his temple. Neil Armstrong looked at the lunar module pilot one last time before tightening the seals on his helmet.

"I'm sorry, old friend."

He closed Aldrin's eyes with an awkward sweep of his gloved hand. The lunar module popped with escaping air and Armstrong carefully descended the ladder.

"Armstrong, you forgot the line." The voice came over his headset.

Armstrong turned to the camera mounted on the lunar module to make sure he was perfectly centered in the frame. Then he unfurled the flag and drove it into the soil of the moon. A gasp when up at Mission Control.

"I claim this world and all I survey for the empire of Armstrong."

A perfectly-timed formation of MoonJets passed overhead trailing smoke. The war for the moon had begun.

Aphrodite stood nude and shimmering with power. Her ample bosom swayed with her breathing and a naughty smile curled her lips.

"Do you love me, Sappho?" She reached out to the poetess.

The woman drank in the exquisite beauty of the goddess. Sappho frowned.

"Nah, I think I'd like to have a go with a horse."

Sappho walked back towards the stables.

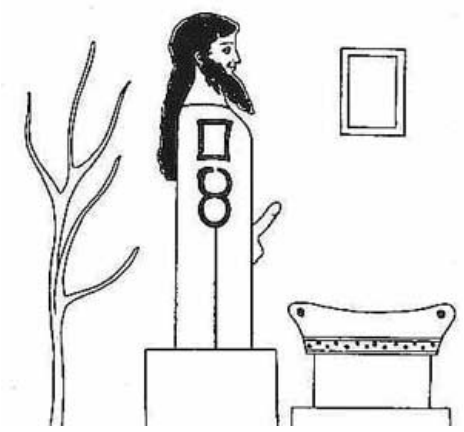
Theodore Roosevelt dipped his pen into its inkwell and set to writing his latest letter.

Dearest Edith,

I write to you on this proud day to say that my greatest ambition has come to fruition. That which I have longed for and sought after for much of my adult life is now within my grasp. Though the fat cats in Washington call me crazy, I know in time they will learn to respect what I have done.

Doctor Ferrel has come to visit today and after a bit of fuss with the gussy and a near collapse of the frame I was lifted out of bed. It has been made official, my love. I am the world's fattest man.

Roosevelt paused in writing to take a drink from his iced ham shake. He returned the shake to its place on his bedside tray and, after careful consideration, crossed out the word "fattest" and replaced it with "greatest."



"Won't accept DINARS?!" Jesus threw his fist in the man's face and knocked him back from the table.

"Do you know who I am?!" He waved the thick wad of dinars at the horrified moneychangers. "I am the son of God! I traveled halfway around the fucking world and you are telling me you don't accept dinars?!"

"There's another temple across town, m-maybe-"

Jesus backhanded Paul and sent him flying into a stone column.

"I will see you all dead by my hands before the day is done." Jesus rolled up the sleeves of his robe and strode purposefully towards the nearest moneychanger.

"Not if I can help it!" The voice originated from a nearby rooftop.

Jesus squinted up at the figure silhouetted against the sun.

"You and what army, Judas?" Jesus laughed.

"The Roman Army!" The cry came from Pontius Pilate at the head of a phalanx of Roman soldiers marching into the temple.

"I won't be stopped so easily."

Potent Christian energy began to crackle around Jesus as he prepared to unleash his full power.

"Kkkkkkkyyyyyaaaaaaaaaa!"

The brave Roman soldiers raised their shields to deflect his charge-attack, but they were cast aside like ten pins. Judas slid down into the temple on a zip-line and the battle was joined.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.4 Super Bowl Extravaganzalonelyfest

Saturday, Feb 04, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The Super Bowl. Also known as the big dance. The big game. The motherlode. The great pumpkin. The hoverbike level in Battletoads. It's by far the most important sporting event of the year, and an American tradition every bit as iconic as living in America and asexual reproduction. Something Awful is so enthusiastic about the Super Bowl that Lowtax gave me the thumbs up to go all out this year, sparing no expense in my effort to bring you the most high-tech and professional coverage you'll find anywhere, provided I pay for it out of my own pocket.

Take that, ESPN graphics department! That cinematic masterpiece only took me three hours in ImageReady. Two and a half if you don't count the time I took trying to find out how to make each frame last more than 1 microsecond.

The Super Bowl is a veritable media circus. First there's the gigantic crowd of reporters wearing brightly colored wigs and red noses, and then there are all those bears on unicycles using plywood ramps to jump through hoops of fire. Some say that even though the media circus is pretty good as far as circuses go, it's gotten out of hand and only distracts ordinary folks from the game itself. After all, what's really important is that two teams overcame incredible odds by slogging through sixteen regular season games and the playoffs for the honor of participating in what could be the most significant game of their lives, assuming they never get the chance to play Risk. That shit is fun.

Let's meet the teams that will be playing between all those great commercials!

Pittsburgh Steelers

The Steelers are a storied franchise. Ever hear the story about Beowulf killing that dragon, or the swiss kids who tried to eat that witch's house? That was the Steelers.

They pride themselves on playing a particularly brutal brand of football, and are perhaps the most physical team in the league. Allow me to explain their hardnose style with a metaphor. If beating your wife were a sport and that sport were football, I don't think it would be as popular as it is. For one you'd have to get approval from the censors just to get the sport on television, and I really can't see that happening. Insurance rates would be pretty insane too. It's just a bad idea.

For the sake of full disclosure I must admit that I'm a lifelong Steelers fan, having been born in Pennsylvania the year after they won their last Super Bowl. If the Steelers don't win the big game this year then in all likelihood my very existence is the problem and they won't win a championship as long as I am alive. Should they lose, I'll have to make some very tough choices this offseason.

Keys To The Game For The Steelers:

- Have to score more points than the Seahawks without accidentally leaving the stadium before the game is over.

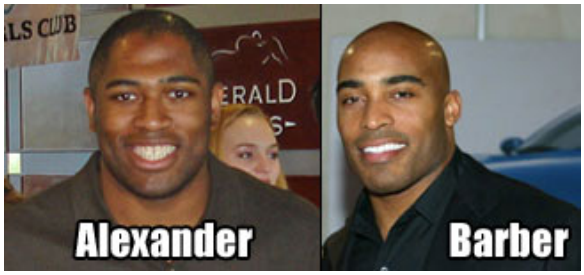
- Pittsburgh's 2nd year star quarterback Ben Roethlisberger looks a lot like that Jim guy on The Office, which happens to take place in Pennsylvania. Look for this to be a deciding factor.

Seattle Seahawks

The Seahawks surprised sports analysts everywhere this year by actually existing. The revelation that they were in the NFL was a stunning turn of events for everyone living outside of the 2-block radius surrounding Seattle's Qwest Field, and although several league officials had to take several weeks to check, they eventually confirmed that the Seahawks were indeed an NFL team. The Seahawks further shocked the nation by reaching the Super Bowl in their first year (I think) in the league. I'm told that they've done an excellent job getting to this point, and that their uniforms are green.

Keys To The Game For The Seahawks:

- Can't score less points than the other team or attempt to hold their breath for the entirety of the game on a dare.
- Seattle's league MVP running back Shaun Alexander looks a lot like a Real Doll version of the New York Giants' running back Tiki Barber, who happens to be a badass. Look for this to be a deciding factor.



Now that you're familiar with the teams, it's time to get ready to enjoy the game. I'll go ahead and assume that you're lonely and plan on watching the game by yourself at home since that's exactly what I'm doing.

You might think that watching the big game by yourself is sort of sad and lame, but nothing could be further from the truth. After all, would you rather watch the Super Bowl alone or watch it with a sexy lingerie model? From what I hear models are pretty self-absorbed, so NO THANKS LADY. I don't even think we'd get along. There's no way I could hold an entire conversation about lingerie, or even say more than "I like lingerie". I'm just not knowledgeable about the whole topic. How am I going to talk about that shit day in and day out, much less find new ways to talk about how great the sex was after we make passionate love every night? The whole thing's a big hassle.

Going solo is clearly the best option, and as an added benefit it also makes the task of preparing for the game much easier. Sit down with a cold beer in one hand and a plate full of taquitos in the other, then start the car and drive to a Circuit City or something. You're going to need a tv.

Get the absolute biggest set they have at the lowest price. Those 60" Panasonice HDTV-Kinda Ready sets that only cost $999 are top-notch from what I hear. When you're back home, drink some more beer and a few shots of tequila to steel your nerves. Installing a new television is a dangerous endeavor that requires all the courage you can muster, and you probably shouldn't have waited until half an hour before the game starts to do this. If all the differently colored wires start to frustrate you, drink more tequila. Soon the colors will be meaningless as your vision becomes obstructed by a blurry swelling of tears. Go ahead and sleep it off for the night behind your new tv. Its poorly constructed frame will shield you from the harsh rays of unwantedness which barrage you.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

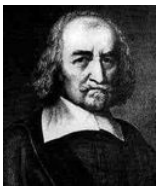
2.5 Philosophy Sunday: Dudes. Are they bad enough?

Sunday, Feb 05, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

As many of you may know, here at Something Awful we pride ourselves in our serious philosophical content. From time to time since the inception of the site, we have run a special educational Sunday feature set aside for round table discussion on a current philosophical issue or question. I am proud to present this week's Something Awful Meeting of the Minds, and I am extremely excited at the group of thinkers we have gathered to share with us their point of view.

The topic this week is an old question that has plagued and inspired scholars for centuries:

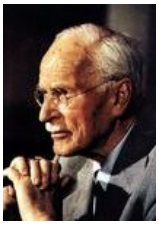
Before I turn things over to the group, I'd like to remind everyone to hold their questions until all our guests have had their say. And now, point: Are *you* a bad enough dude to rescue the president?



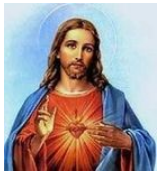
Thomas Hobbes

"In regards to this question, one must first consider the basic nature of man. If there is anything the discovery of these so-called "civilizations" in Africa and the Americas has taught us, it is that man is at heart savage. This is to be expected. As life is nasty, brutish and short, it must be responded to in a similar fashion. All this leads to the expectation that all dudes are indeed "bad dudes" unless controlled by the outside force of strict morality. What I am saying, in summary, is that I am a total fucking bad dude and I am so ready to rescue the president. Just give me the chance. Come on, man, don't be a douche. Just let me try. "

"It is a mistake to ask an individual as to the quality of badness in their inner-Dude. A Bad Dude is not some physical man you can seek out to rescue someone. Instead, he is only approachable as the archetypical Bad Dude in our collective sub-conscious, that primal force of Dudeness that drives us to rescue our own personal presidents from ninjas."



Carl Jung



Jesus Christ

"Come my child. What is it you wish to ask your lord? Am I... I don't understand. Why are you asking me if I'm bad? I'm the son of god, remember? Perfect and good in every way? Is this some kind of joke you're pulling? *Hey Judas you can come out now! This isn't what I meant by 'betray me'!*
What the hell is a 'president'?"

"YARGHHH! FUCK YEAH! WHARGGG!"

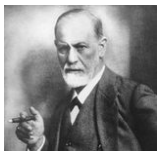
Bad Dudes

Karl Marx

"The question of personal badness is one we must understand by its universal meaning rather than my specific level of badness at the time in which the question is asked. Rather than 'Are you a bad enough dude?' the question should instead be phrased, 'What if you are not a bad enough dude?' The answer would then lead not to me but instead to another dude who is badder and thus more able to perform the function of saving the president and indeed any who find themselves in need of saving. It cannot be asked of me any task which exceeds the badness imparted to me at birth.
Each dude to give according to his badness, and receive according to his hunger for burgers."

Lao Tzu

"If I were asked this question, my first response would be that of quiet reflection. You in the west, the land of Bad Dudes, would be tempted to rush off and rescue the president the very second he went missing. It is this rash element found within your culture of the Bad Dude that leads to wars, crime, and Vin Diesel's unfortunate casting in more movies. If I were asked this question, I would say that what is missing is the element of *wu-wei*, that idea that if we only were to *let* the ninjas take the president, nature would right itself without the help of Bad Dudes.
Unfortunately, I find myself unable to answer the question this way as I did not actually exist at any point, so



Sigmund Freud

"Before I begin, I just want to mention that I don't appreciate you bringing that hack Jung in here. The man knows *nothing* about psychological problems. For christsake, his first name is Carl, mine is *Sigmund!* You think that was easy in school? Why do you think I started snorting all this cocaine? The point is if you want some real psychological analysis, you come to the Freudmaster or nothing at all.
Just look at him up there, that little curl on his mouth like he thinks he knows what he's talking about. Man, it just makes me furious when people bring him into things. Look at that little curl in his mouth, and those delicate lips. I bet he has to moisten those lips a lot, the bastard.
Anyway, what was the question? Bad dudes? Well, they're probably not actually *bad*, just saddled with issues of sexual repression. And why did he get to go first, huh? That moist-lipped son of a bitch."

Buddha

"In answer to your question, let me tell you a story:
One day, as was my custom, I gathered all my disciples together for a sermon. But this particular day, instead of speaking to them on the nature of life as I usually did, I simply wheeled out an arcade machine of "Bad Dudes Vs. Dragon Ninja." I showed it to them one at a time, silently. Each of them only stared at me, confused as to what I was trying to tell them. Then I came to the last of my followers. I showed him the game. He contemplated it carefully, then took out a knife and stabbed himself in the eyes repeatedly. As blood gushed out of the sockets and poured down his face, he laughed because he would never have to watch such a terrible game again.
I turned to the others and told them: 'Only this man understands what I was trying to tell you.' Then we went back inside and that poor asshole spent the rest of his life blind. Shit, those were good times."

Temple Guard

"Hey! Hey kid! I got you now, kid! No, don't try to run away, you'd never make it. Look at these arms, kid. These arms could rip off a grown man's head easy. And you're like what? Ten? You wouldn't stand a chance.
I could cripple you, kid. Want to spend your life as a cripple? I didn't think so. Why don't you just give me the pendant and nobody gets hurt. Especially not your mother and father who live at 3366 Elk View Lane. Yeah, just hand it over...thank you. Ok, keep going, and good luck finding Marco Polo's Femur!"

Adam Smith

"You know, I've been doing a lot of thinking. Yeah, yeah, I'll get to your question in a second. But look, I've been thinking, and I've decided that maybe this whole free market thing was a bad idea after all. What? No, I heard you the first time. President captured by ninjas, blah, blah, blah. This is important, what I'm trying to tell you. I've been thinking that maybe some limited form of government control in the private industry might- Yes, goddamit, I heard! Fine, ok? No, I'm not a bad enough dude to rescue the president! There! I said it! Is that what you wanted?! Oh great, now I'm crying. No, don't touch me. I don't need your comfort. Just leave me alone. Marx up there said he wants to talk to me about something."

The President

"Hey Dudes! Thanks for rescuing me! When it comes to defining religion, one must remember the distinction between a substantive and functional definition! What I mean is, do we look at religion as a sacred complex within itself, or does anything that functions in social world construction count as a religion... Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"ME QUEEN BITCH ME NO LOVE NOTHING BUT MONEY"

Ayn Rand

There you have it folks. If you have any questions for our guests, email them to maxnmona@somethingawful.com and I'll make sure they get to the right people.

Daily Dirt

Click here for a special message to Tim Schafer and also maybe some of your emails.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

2.6 Leave a Message in the Anonymous Muslim Man Complaint Box

Monday, Feb 06, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Muslim Man Complaint Box,
I saw on the TV that there is a show now with a woman host. This is not very bad by itself because the woman was dressed in accordance with the laws of Islam and did not expose herself and inflame the lust of any male guests. However, this woman was having a talk with guests and things got a bit out of control when the woman host said "no, I don't think so" to one of the guests. I was so mad I told my wife to drown herself in the bathtub while I finished watching the show. Then, later in the show, the host says "you are wrong" to a doctor! I could not believe it!
Please see if you could beat this woman with a chain and I thank you in advance.

Inshallah Muslim Man Complaint Box,
My child was drawing pictures for school and this is forbidden. What makes the situation worse is that the picture was of our whole family and also blessed Mohammad. It was not a very clear picture of Mohammad and I think his likeness would be considered obscured by the scriptures. Just to be sure I hanged my son and burned his body and then my brothers burned the school and also hanged the teacher. What I want to know is what can be done about the ability to draw? Any child can go about creating blasphemous rendering of Mohammad! This is lightning in the hands of the unprotected. My son is in the afterlife now because of these crayons and "construction" paper, which I say is "destruction" paper. That is a little joke, but I am not laughing. Something must be done.

Dear Muslim Man Complaint Box,
This is a complaint in general about women these days. Things are getting out of control with the influences of the West and they are more willing than ever to speak their minds. Yesterday I thought I heard a woman whisper "Ally McBeal" in a marketplace to another woman and then their heads turned to each other like they might be making eye-contact through the mesh screens hiding their eyes. I do not know if anything can be done about this, but I would like to find myself a good Muslim wife.
Also death to America, death to Israel, yadda, yadda, yadda.

Dear Muslim Man Complaint Box,
I am a devoted Muslim man living in the heart of the beast. I live within the Jew-cursed border of the state of Jew Jewrsey in Jewmerica and I am very unhappy. The other day I heard an American man say that Islam is not a religion of peace. This is intolerable and doubly so when the laws of America prevent me from cutting out his tongue, setting fire to his house and taking his wife as my own. I demand that something be done about this and also death to Israel.

Dear Muslim Man Complaint Box,
I am a devoted follower of the Prophet Mohammed living in the occupied land of Iraq. I am not an insurgent, I am just an honest man trying to live my life. There is an American by the name of Pete Reynolds who sometimes buys baklava from my shop and he is very nice. The problem is I found out a few weeks ago that he was an atheist when I was talking to him. I know it is my duty to kill all infidels, but I was wondering if exceptions could possibly be made if the infidels are particularly friendly. Perhaps I could simply wound the infidels or hurt their feelings very badly. He was fat as all decadent Westerners usually are and I think maybe I could have made some rude comments about that to him and he might have even killed himself. Anyway, no biggie, he was beheaded a couple days ago when the United States refused to release Jalal "The Red Hand of Allah" Al Harami. Get back to me when you get a chance.
PS - Death to Israel

Dear Muslim Man Complaint Box,
Hey, I don't know if you noticed, but my entire family lives in a fucking bomb crater eating leaves all day. I know Death to Israel, Death to America and all that but do you think you could take a look at installing a floor in my crater or something? I'm on your side, I'm Muslim, I just think we need to prioritize better. Maybe ease back on the "death to X" stuff and look into paved roads and running water. When I can afford to buy a car I promise to load the trunk full of fertilizer and drive it into a Jewish wedding. Let's just get me to the "buy a car" part first.

Dear Muslim Man Complaint Box,
Waddup mah G-had niggaz. I'm ridin' high in U to the A to the E and I just wanna kno what a nigga can do to drop dem bombs on tha club. My main Mullah nigga MC Ishuan got hot tracks like napalm and he be wantin' to roll on up with some OBL samples but a nigga be livin in caves and shit. Get me tha GPS and I'll send tha stretch hummer out to pick his ass up. Hit me up on my blackberry and it's on like Alizzy Jizzyerizzy.
D2A, D2I, TTYL

Dear Muslim Man Complaint Box,
I like cowboys and I think that means I have to cut my hands off. That kind of sucks.

Dear Muslim Man Complaint Box,
My daughter was raped by my neighbor and we burned her alive because she was tainted. My issue is that I think I should be able to rape his daughter back instead of having to burn my perfectly good daughter. So she was raped, so what? All of her parts still worked. She could still cook a meal. She could still find a good husband. She could still catch a beating like a net. I think this situation is unfair.

Dear Muslim Man Complaint Box,
the offensive against Christmas in the United States is stalling. Our enemies at Fox News have caught on to our plans and they are hunting down our operatives. Just last week Yasser was caught by the pig dogs trying to set fire to a Holiday Store in the McCormick Mall. Their nativities are multiplying unchecked! Please send reinforcements!
Also if there are any openings I would like to request a transfer to the Death to Israel division. This is pretty much a BS job.

Dear Muslim Man Complaint Box,
Megadittos! Hey, I was just wondering if you could look into moving Sunnis out of the "fidel" category and over to the "infidel" one. I think they are collaborating with the West because I saw one talking to a Russian who I don't think was Muslim and he also didn't look overly serious about killing Israel. Just look into it when you get a chance.

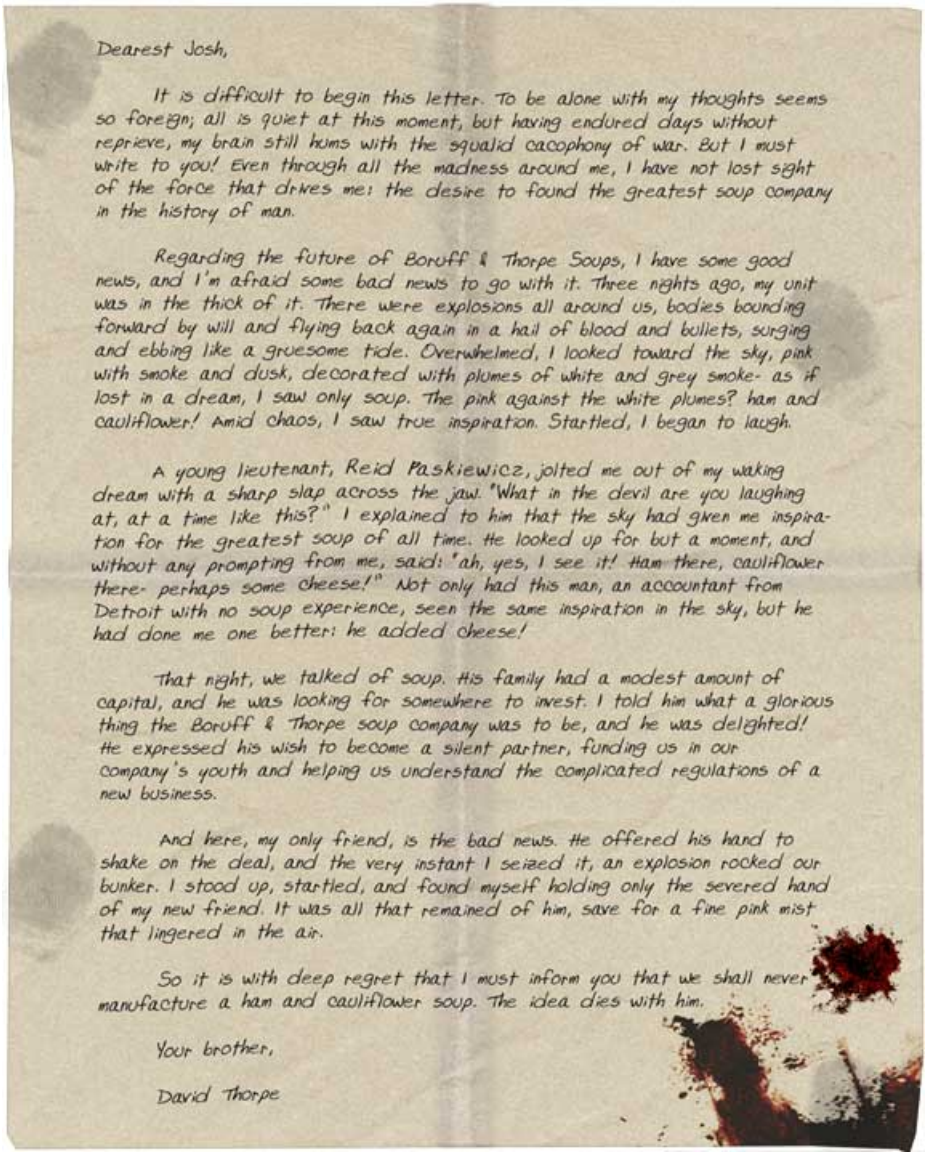
Dear Muslim Man Complaint Box,
I am displeased with the way that Shi'ites drive because they drive one way and we Sunnis drive a completely different way.
Desperately Seeking Fatwah in Damascus

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.7 The Bitterest Soup: Part I

Tuesday, Feb 07, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This week, another thrilling two-part update by David Thorpe and Josh "Livestock" Boruff.



Dearest Josh,

It is difficult to begin this letter. To be alone with my thoughts seems so foreign; all is quiet at this moment, but having endured days without reprieve, my brain still hums with the squalid cacophony of war. But I must write to you! Even through all the madness around me, I have not lost sight of the force that drives me: the desire to found the greatest soup company in the history of man.

Regarding the future of Boruff & Thorpe Soups, I have some good news, and I'm afraid some bad news to go with it. Three nights ago, my unit was in the thick of it. There were explosions all around us, bodies bounding forward by will and flying back again in a hail of blood and bullets, surging and ebbing like a gruesome tide. Overwhelmed, I looked toward the sky, pink with smoke and dusk, decorated with plumes of white and grey smoke- as if lost in a dream, I saw only soup. The pink against the white plumes? ham and cauliflower! Amid chaos, I saw true inspiration. Startled, I began to laugh.

A young lieutenant, Reid Paskiewicz, jolted me out of my waking dream with a sharp slap across the jaw. "What in the devil are you laughing at, at a time like this?" I explained to him that the sky had given me inspiration for the greatest soup of all time. He looked up for but a moment, and without any prompting from me, said: "ah, yes, I see it! Ham there, cauliflower there- perhaps some cheese!" Not only had this man, an accountant from Detroit with no soup experience, seen the same inspiration in the sky, but he had done me one better: he added cheese!

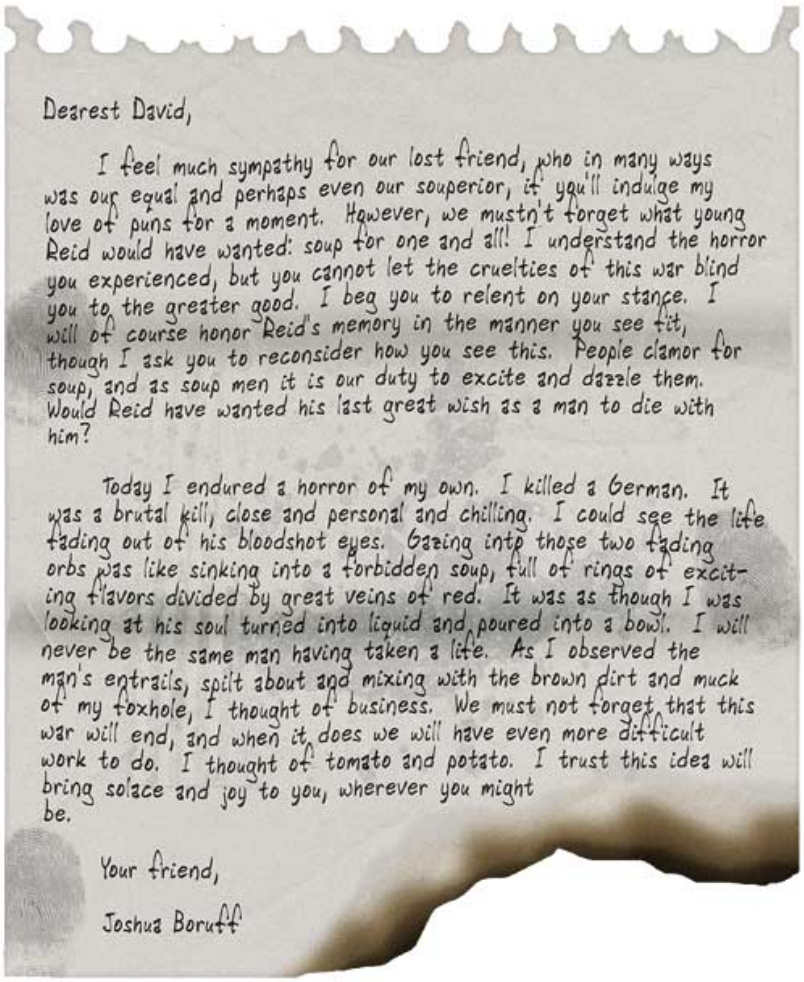
That night, we talked of soup. His family had a modest amount of capital, and he was looking for somewhere to invest. I told him what a glorious thing the Boruff & Thorpe soup company was to be, and he was delighted! He expressed his wish to become a silent partner, funding us in our company's youth and helping us understand the complicated regulations of a new business.

And here, my only friend, is the bad news. He offered his hand to shake on the deal, and the very instant I seized it, an explosion rocked our bunker. I stood up, startled, and found myself holding only the severed hand of my new friend. It was all that remained of him, save for a fine pink mist that lingered in the air.

So it is with deep regret that I must inform you that we shall never manufacture a ham and cauliflower soup. The idea dies with him.

Your brother,

David Thorpe



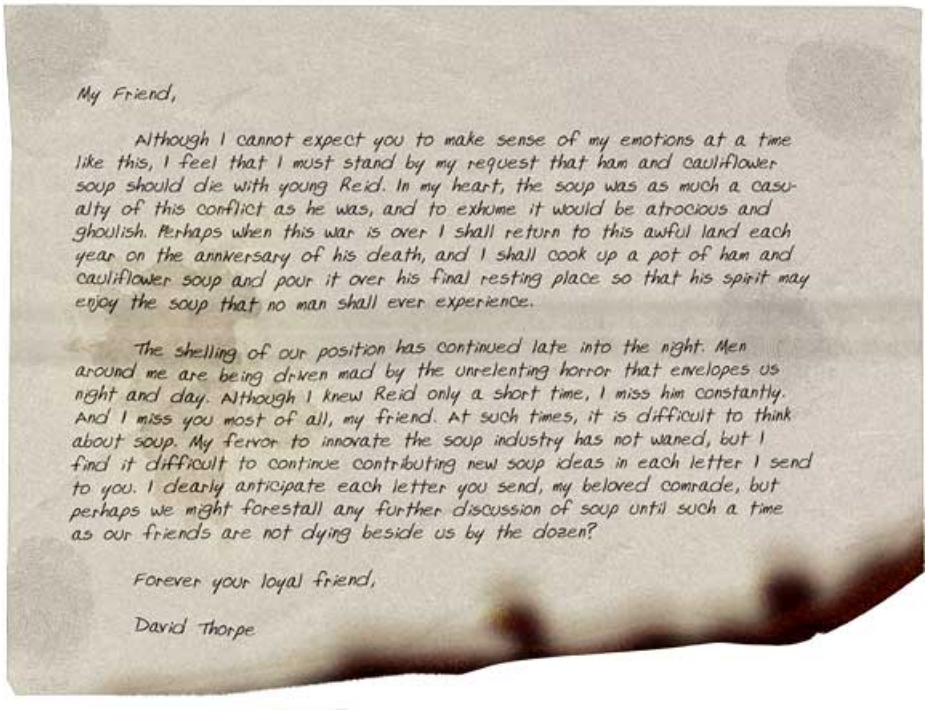
Dearest David,

I feel much sympathy for our lost friend, who in many ways was our equal and perhaps even our souperior, if you'll indulge my love of puns for a moment. However, we mustn't forget what young Reid would have wanted: soup for one and all! I understand the horror you experienced, but you cannot let the cruelties of this war blind you to the greater good. I beg you to relent on your stance. I will of course honor Reid's memory in the manner you see fit, though I ask you to reconsider how you see this. People clamor for soup, and as soup men it is our duty to excite and dazzle them. Would Reid have wanted his last great wish as a man to die with him?

Today I endured a horror of my own. I killed a German. It was a brutal kill, close and personal and chilling. I could see the life fading out of his bloodshot eyes. Gazing into those two fading orbs was like sinking into a forbidden soup, full of rings of exciting flavors divided by great veins of red. It was as though I was looking at his soul turned into liquid and poured into a bowl. I will never be the same man having taken a life. As I observed the man's entrails, spilt about and mixing with the brown dirt and muck of my foxhole, I thought of business. We must not forget that this war will end, and when it does we will have even more difficult work to do. I thought of tomato and potato. I trust this idea will bring solace and joy to you, wherever you might be.

Your friend,

Joshua Boruff



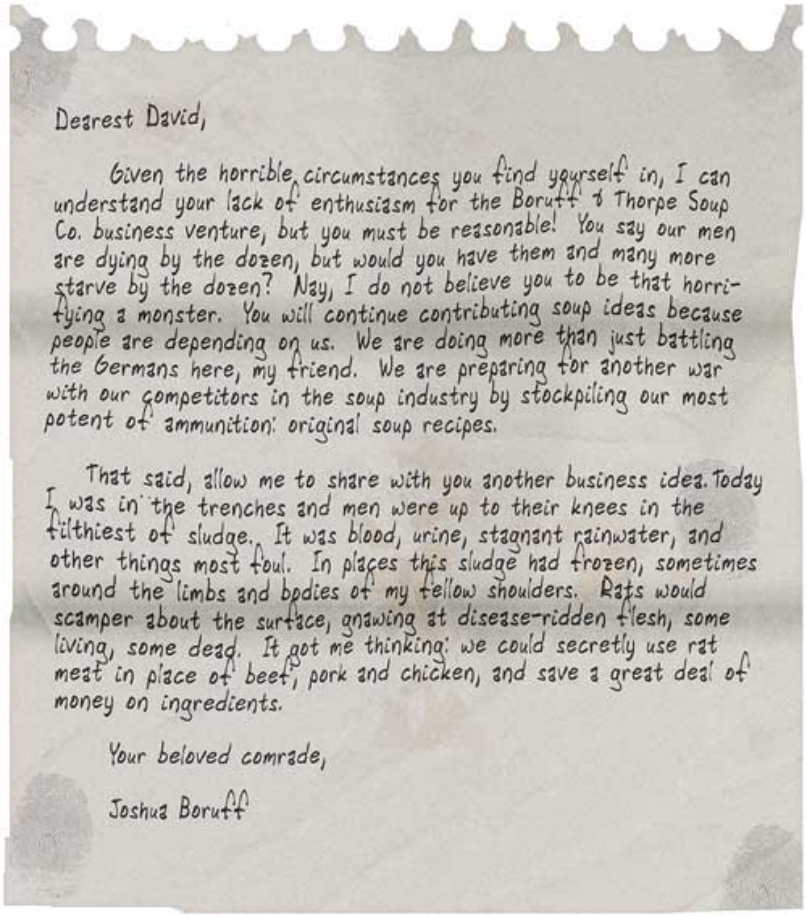
My Friend,

Although I cannot expect you to make sense of my emotions at a time like this, I feel that I must stand by my request that ham and cauliflower soup should die with young Reid. In my heart, the soup was as much a casualty of this conflict as he was, and to exhume it would be atrocious and ghoulish. Perhaps when this war is over I shall return to this awful land each year on the anniversary of his death, and I shall cook up a pot of ham and cauliflower soup and pour it over his final resting place so that his spirit may enjoy the soup that no man shall ever experience.

The shelling of our position has continued late into the night. Men around me are being driven mad by the unrelenting horror that envelopes us night and day. Although I knew Reid only a short time, I miss him constantly. And I miss you most of all, my friend. At such times, it is difficult to think about soup. My fervor to innovate the soup industry has not waned, but I find it difficult to continue contributing new soup ideas in each letter I send to you. I dearly anticipate each letter you send, my beloved comrade, but perhaps we might forestall any further discussion of soup until such a time as our friends are not dying beside us by the dozen?

Forever your loyal friend,

David Thorpe



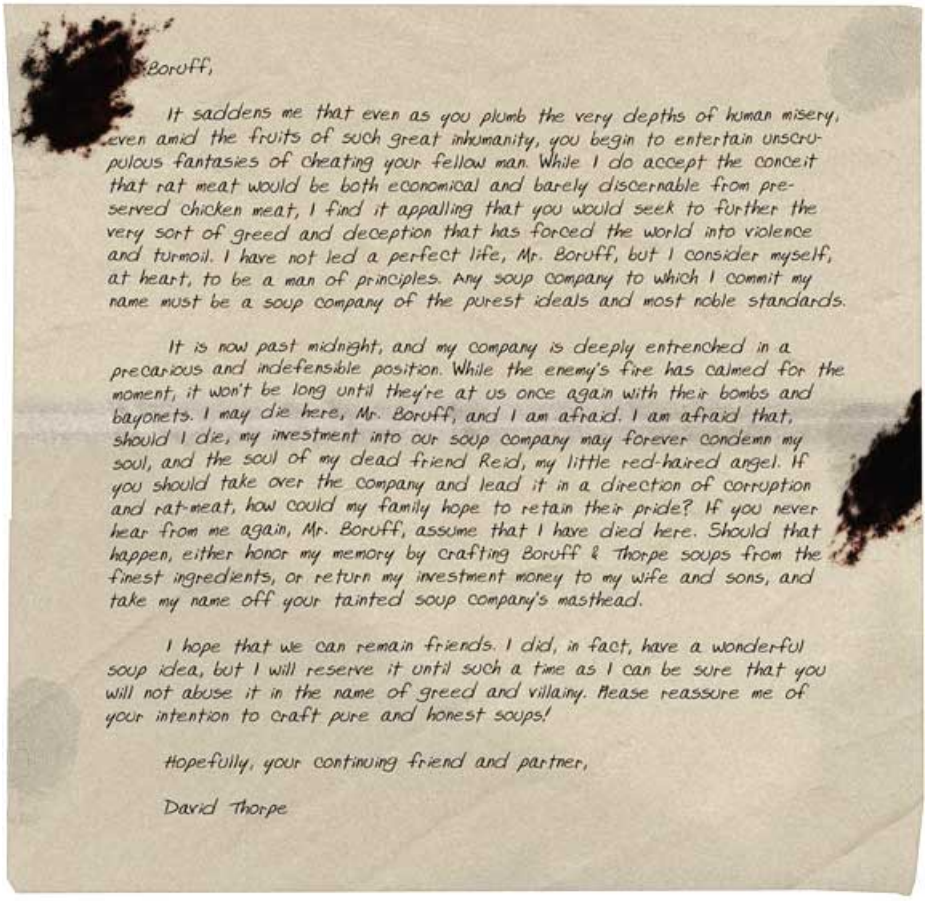
Dearest David,

Given the horrible circumstances you find yourself in, I can understand your lack of enthusiasm for the Boruff & Thorpe Soup Co. business venture, but you must be reasonable! You say our men are dying by the dozen, but would you have them and many more starve by the dozen? Nay, I do not believe you to be that horrifying a monster. You will continue contributing soup ideas because people are depending on us. We are doing more than just battling the Germans here, my friend. We are preparing for another war with our competitors in the soup industry by stockpiling our most potent of ammunition: original soup recipes.

That said, allow me to share with you another business idea. Today I was in the trenches and men were up to their knees in the filthiest of sludge. It was blood, urine, stagnant rainwater, and other things most foul. In places this sludge had frozen, sometimes around the limbs and bodies of my fellow shoulders. Rats would scamper about the surface, gnawing at disease-ridden flesh, some living, some dead. It got me thinking: we could secretly use rat meat in place of beef, pork and chicken, and save a great deal of money on ingredients.

Your beloved comrade,

Joshua Boruff



Boruff,

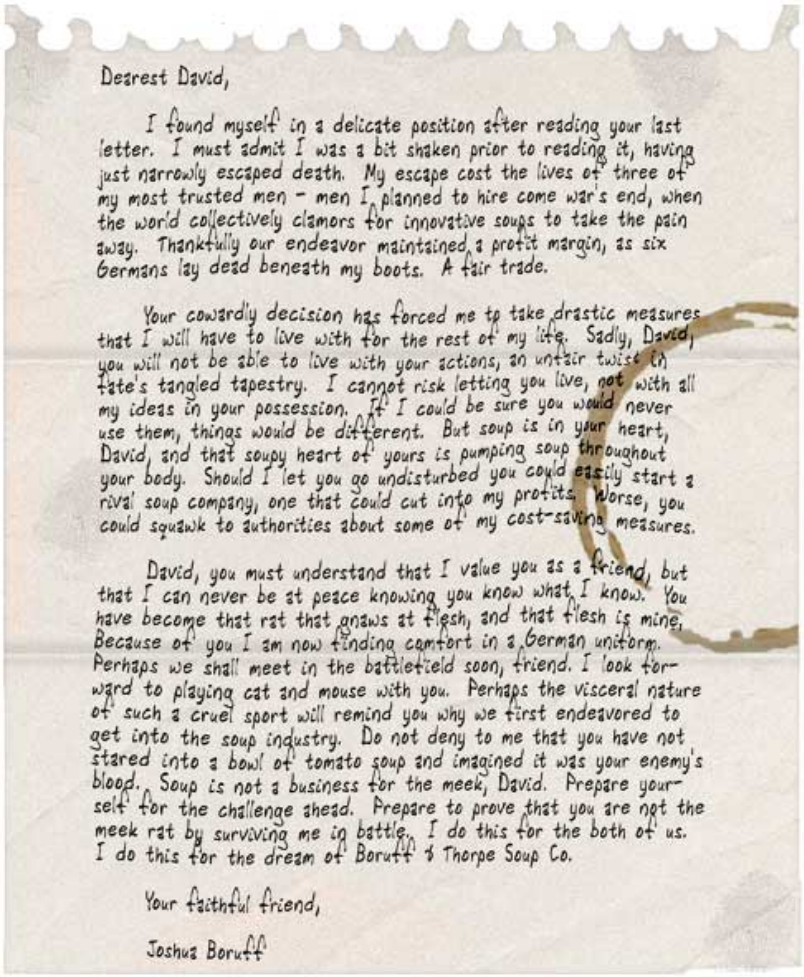
It saddens me that even as you plumb the very depths of human misery, even amid the fruits of such great inhumanity, you begin to entertain unscrupulous fantasies of cheating your fellow man. While I do accept the conceit that rat meat would be both economical and barely discernable from preserved chicken meat, I find it appalling that you would seek to further the very sort of greed and deception that has forced the world into violence and turmoil. I have not led a perfect life, Mr. Boruff, but I consider myself, at heart, to be a man of principles. Any soup company to which I commit my name must be a soup company of the purest ideals and most noble standards.

It is now past midnight, and my company is deeply entrenched in a precarious and indefensible position. While the enemy's fire has calmed for the moment, it won't be long until they're at us once again with their bombs and bayonets. I may die here, Mr. Boruff, and I am afraid. I am afraid that, should I die, my investment into our soup company may forever condemn my soul, and the soul of my dead friend Reid, my little red-haired angel. If you should take over the company and lead it in a direction of corruption and rat-meat, how could my family hope to retain their pride? If you never hear from me again, Mr. Boruff, assume that I have died here. Should that happen, either honor my memory by crafting Boruff & Thorpe soups from the finest ingredients, or return my investment money to my wife and sons, and take my name off your tainted soup company's masthead.

I hope that we can remain friends. I did, in fact, have a wonderful soup idea, but I will reserve it until such a time as I can be sure that you will not abuse it in the name of greed and villainy. Please reassure me of your intention to craft pure and honest soups!

Hopefully, your continuing friend and partner,

David Thorpe



Dearest David,

I found myself in a delicate position after reading your last letter. I must admit I was a bit shaken prior to reading it, having just narrowly escaped death. My escape cost the lives of three of my most trusted men - men I planned to hire come war's end, when the world collectively clamors for innovative soups to take the pain away. Thankfully our endeavor maintained a profit margin, as six Germans lay dead beneath my boots. A fair trade.

Your cowardly decision has forced me to take drastic measures that I will have to live with for the rest of my life. Sadly, David, you will not be able to live with your actions, an unfair twist in fate's tangled tapestry. I cannot risk letting you live, not with all my ideas in your possession. If I could be sure you would never use them, things would be different. But soup is in your heart, David, and that soupy heart of yours is pumping soup throughout your body. Should I let you go undisturbed you could easily start a rival soup company, one that could cut into my profits. Worse, you could squawk to authorities about some of my cost-saving measures.

David, you must understand that I value you as a friend, but that I can never be at peace knowing you know what I know. You have become that rat that gnaws at flesh, and that flesh is mine. Because of you I am now finding comfort in a German uniform. Perhaps we shall meet in the battlefield soon, friend. I look forward to playing cat and mouse with you. Perhaps the visceral nature of such a cruel sport will remind you why we first endeavored to get into the soup industry. Do not deny to me that you have not stared into a bowl of tomato soup and imagined it was your enemy's blood. Soup is not a business for the meek, David. Prepare yourself for the challenge ahead. Prepare to prove that you are not the meek rat by surviving me in battle. I do this for the both of us. I do this for the dream of Boruff & Thorpe Soup Co.

Your faithful friend,

Joshua Boruff

Come back tomorrow for the shocking conclusion!

Ol' Daily Dirty Bastard

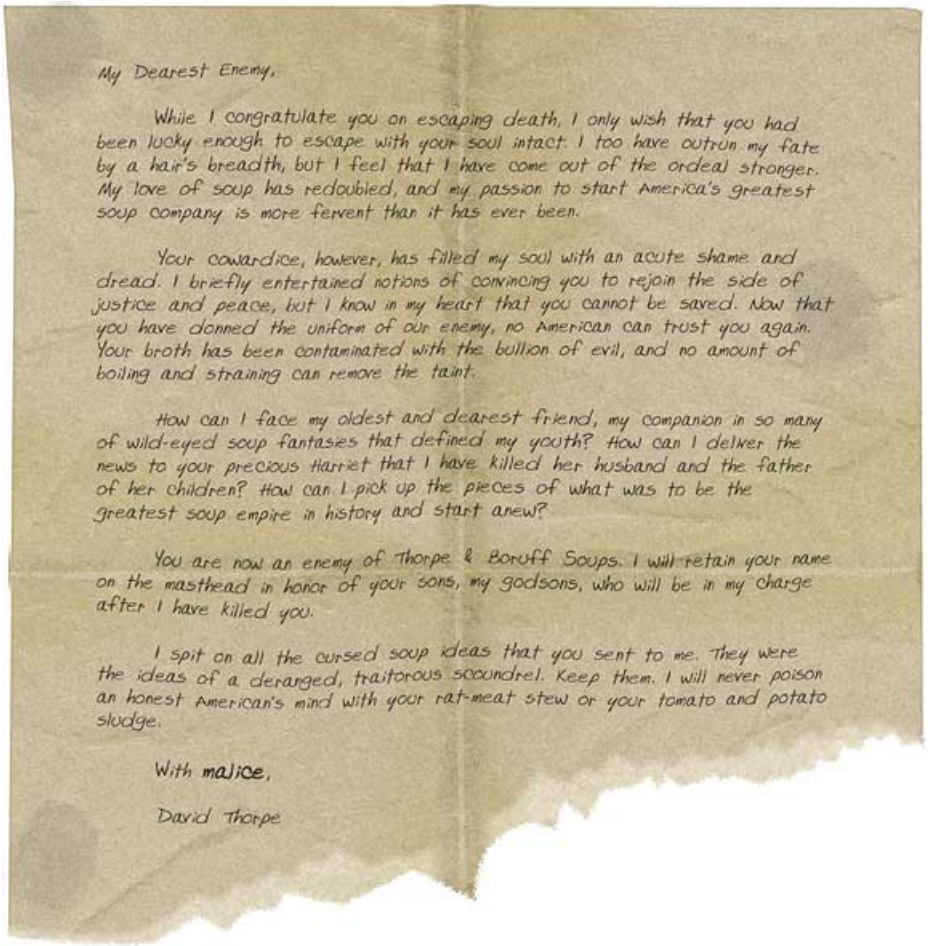
You can nominate us for a WEBBY award by clicking here!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

2.8 The Bitterest Soup: Part 2

Wednesday, Feb 08, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

And now, the conclusion to the stirring war/soup drama starring myself and David Thorpe. Be sure to read part 1 first!



My Dearest Enemy,

While I congratulate you on escaping death, I only wish that you had been lucky enough to escape with your soul intact. I too have outrun my fate by a hair's breadth, but I feel that I have come out of the ordeal stronger. My love of soup has redoubled, and my passion to start America's greatest soup company is more fervent than it has ever been.

Your cowardice, however, has filled my soul with an acute shame and dread. I briefly entertained notions of convincing you to rejoin the side of justice and peace, but I know in my heart that you cannot be saved. Now that you have donned the uniform of our enemy, no American can trust you again. Your broth has been contaminated with the bullion of evil, and no amount of boiling and straining can remove the taint.

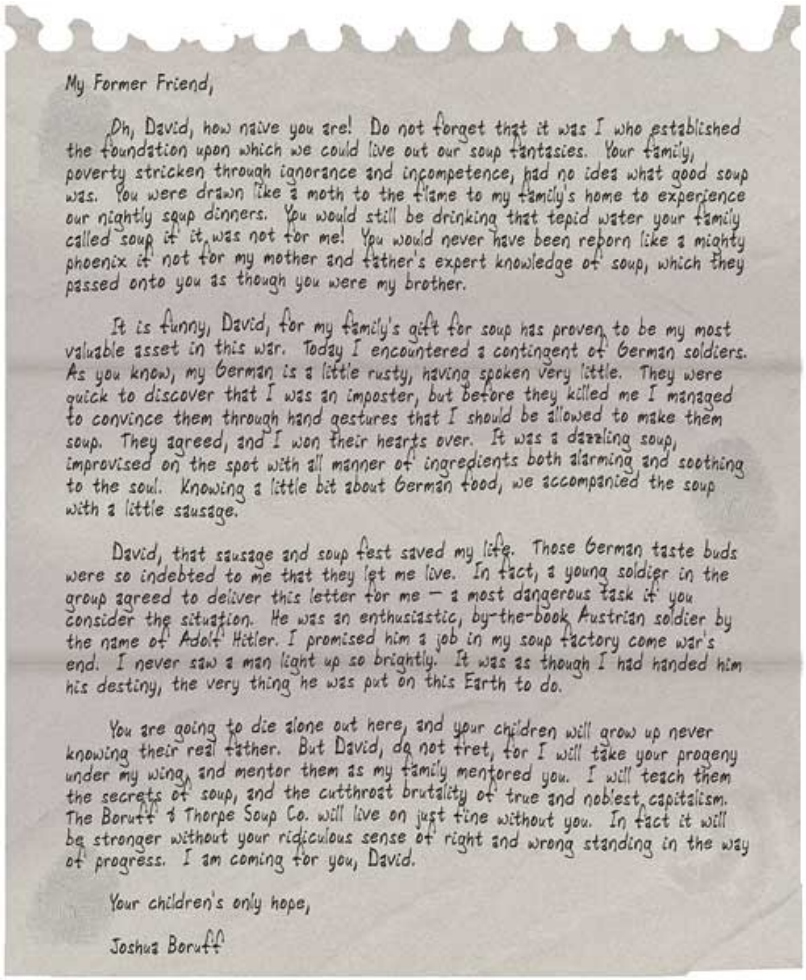
How can I face my oldest and dearest friend, my companion in so many of wild-eyed soup fantasies that defined my youth? How can I deliver the news to your precious Harriet that I have killed her husband and the father of her children? How can I pick up the pieces of what was to be the greatest soup empire in history and start anew?

You are now an enemy of Thorpe & Boruff Soups. I will retain your name on the masthead in honor of your sons, my godsons, who will be in my charge after I have killed you.

I spit on all the cursed soup ideas that you sent to me. They were the ideas of a deranged, traitorous scoundrel. Keep them. I will never poison an honest American's mind with your rat-meat stew or your tomato and potato sludge.

With malice,

David Thorpe



My Former Friend,

Oh, David, how naive you are! Do not forget that it was I who established the foundation upon which we could live out our soup fantasies. Your family, poverty stricken through ignorance and incompetence, had no idea what good soup was. You were drawn like a moth to the flame to my family's home to experience our nightly soup dinners. You would still be drinking that tepid water your family called soup if it was not for me! You would never have been reborn like a mighty phoenix if not for my mother and father's expert knowledge of soup, which they passed onto you as though you were my brother.

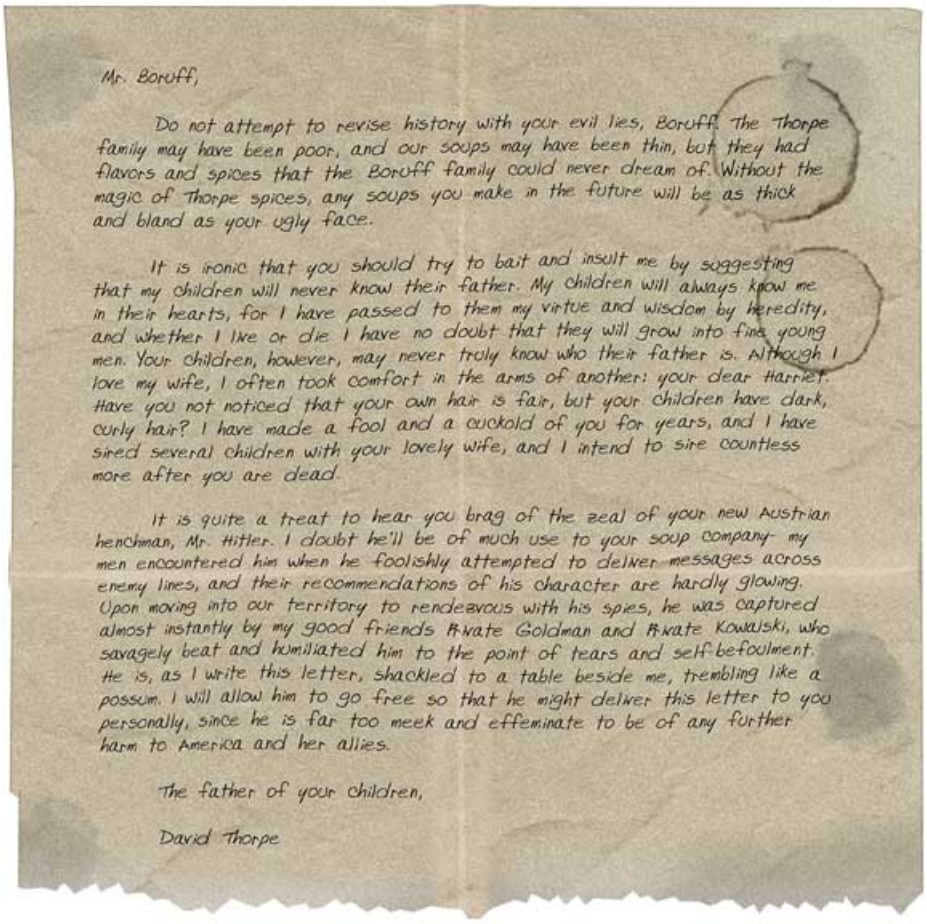
It is funny, David, for my family's gift for soup has proven to be my most valuable asset in this war. Today I encountered a contingent of German soldiers. As you know, my German is a little rusty, having spoken very little. They were quick to discover that I was an imposter, but before they killed me I managed to convince them through hand gestures that I should be allowed to make them soup. They agreed, and I won their hearts over. It was a dazzling soup, improvised on the spot with all manner of ingredients both alarming and soothing to the soul. Knowing a little bit about German food, we accompanied the soup with a little sausage.

David, that sausage and soup fest saved my life. Those German taste buds were so indebted to me that they let me live. In fact, a young soldier in the group agreed to deliver this letter for me — a most dangerous task if you consider the situation. He was an enthusiastic, by-the-book Austrian soldier by the name of Adolf Hitler. I promised him a job in my soup factory come war's end. I never saw a man light up so brightly. It was as though I had handed him his destiny, the very thing he was put on this Earth to do.

You are going to die alone out here, and your children will grow up never knowing their real father. But David, do not fret, for I will take your progeny under my wing, and mentor them as my family mentored you. I will teach them the secrets of soup, and the cutthroat brutality of true and noblest capitalism. The Boruff & Thorpe Soup Co. will live on just fine without you. In fact it will be stronger without your ridiculous sense of right and wrong standing in the way of progress. I am coming for you, David.

Your children's only hope,

Joshua Boruff



Mr. Boruff,

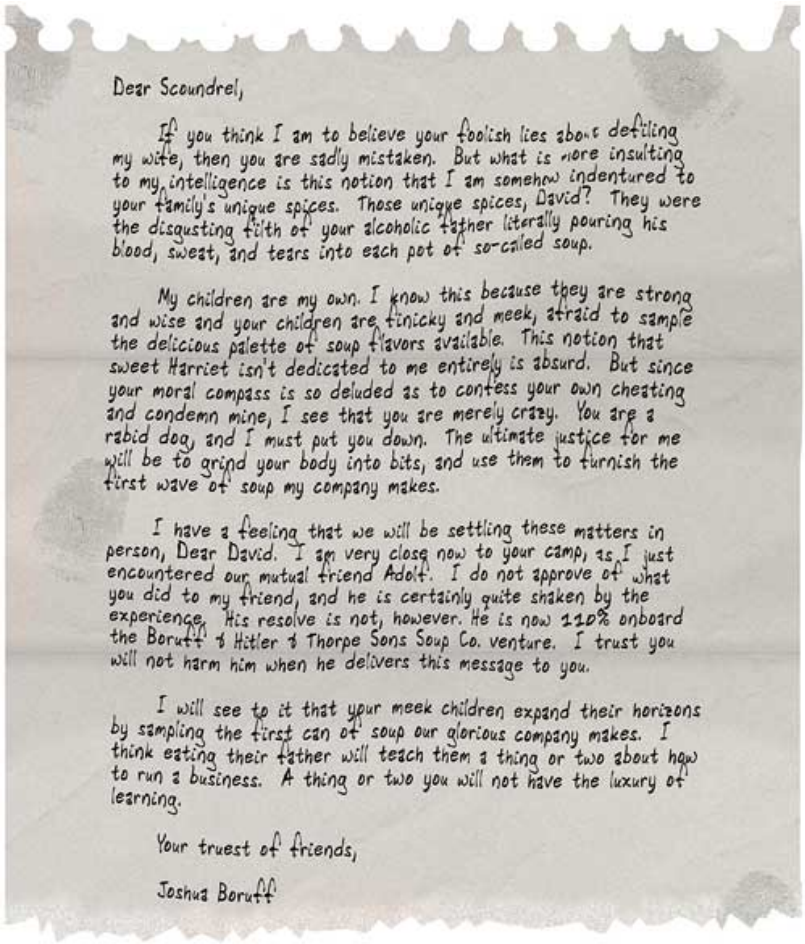
Do not attempt to revise history with your evil lies, Boruff. The Thorpe family may have been poor, and our soups may have been thin, but they had flavors and spices that the Boruff family could never dream of. Without the magic of Thorpe spices, any soups you make in the future will be as thick and bland as your ugly face.

It is ironic that you should try to bait and insult me by suggesting that my children will never know their father. My children will always know me in their hearts, for I have passed to them my virtue and wisdom by heredity, and whether I live or die I have no doubt that they will grow into fine young men. Your children, however, may never truly know who their father is. Although I love my wife, I often took comfort in the arms of another: your dear Harriet. Have you not noticed that your own hair is fair, but your children have dark, curly hair? I have made a fool and a cuckold of you for years, and I have sired several children with your lovely wife, and I intend to sire countless more after you are dead.

It is quite a treat to hear you brag of the zeal of your new Austrian henchman, Mr. Hitler. I doubt he'll be of much use to your soup company- my men encountered him when he foolishly attempted to deliver messages across enemy lines, and their recommendations of his character are hardly glowing. Upon moving into our territory to rendezvous with his spies, he was captured almost instantly by my good friends Private Goldman and Private Kowalski, who savagely beat and humiliated him to the point of tears and self-befoulment. He is, as I write this letter, shackled to a table beside me, trembling like a possum. I will allow him to go free so that he might deliver this letter to you personally, since he is far too meek and effeminate to be of any further harm to America and her allies.

The father of your children,

David Thorpe



Dear Scoundrel,

If you think I am to believe your foolish lies about defiling my wife, then you are sadly mistaken. But what is more insulting to my intelligence is this notion that I am somehow indentured to your family's unique spices. Those unique spices, David? They were the disgusting filth of your alcoholic father literally pouring his blood, sweat, and tears into each pot of so-called soup.

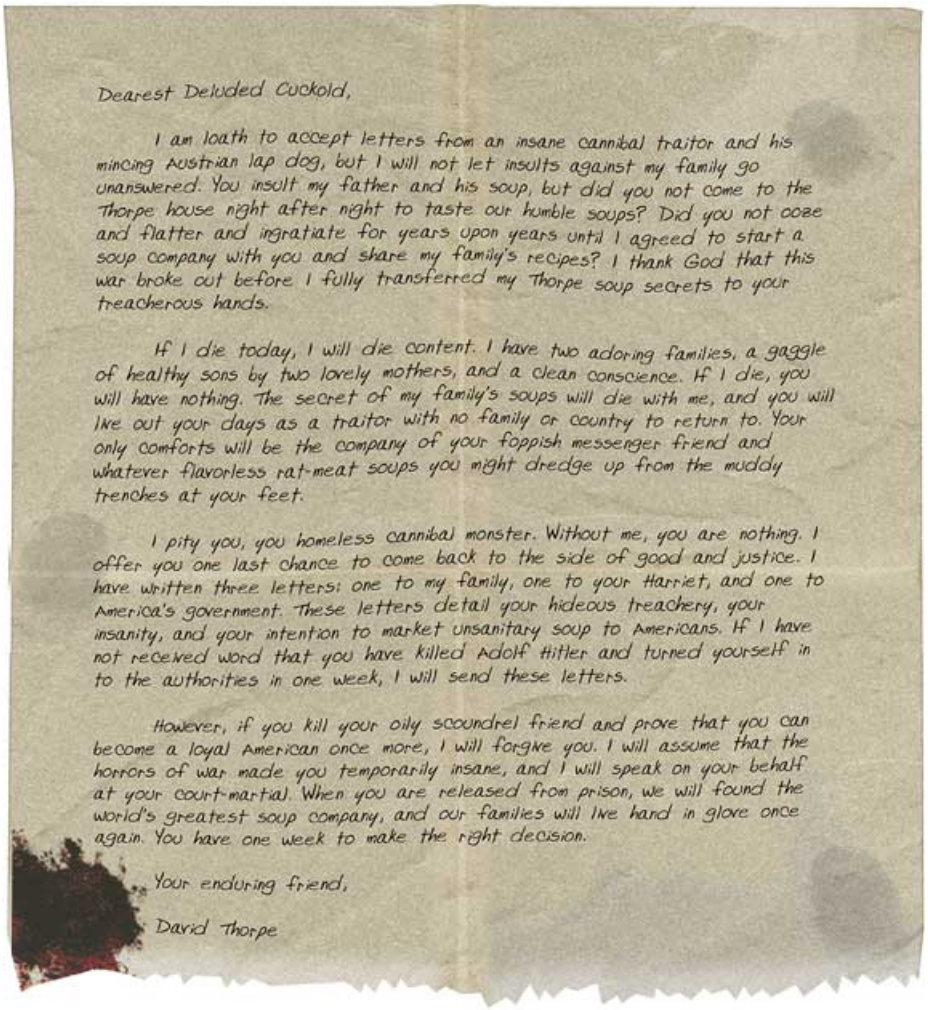
My children are my own. I know this because they are strong and wise and your children are finicky and meek, afraid to sample the delicious palette of soup flavors available. This notion that sweet Harriet isn't dedicated to me entirely is absurd. But since your moral compass is so deluded as to confess your own cheating and condemn mine, I see that you are merely crazy. You are a rabid dog, and I must put you down. The ultimate justice for me will be to grind your body into bits, and use them to furnish the first wave of soup my company makes.

I have a feeling that we will be settling these matters in person, Dear David. I am very close now to your camp, as I just encountered our mutual friend Adolf. I do not approve of what you did to my friend, and he is certainly quite shaken by the experience. His resolve is not, however. He is now 110% onboard the Boruff & Hitler & Thorpe Sons Soup Co. venture. I trust you will not harm him when he delivers this message to you.

I will see to it that your meek children expand their horizons by sampling the first can of soup our glorious company makes. I think eating their father will teach them a thing or two about how to run a business. A thing or two you will not have the luxury of learning.

Your truest of friends,

Joshua Boruff



Dearest Deluded Cuckold,

I am loath to accept letters from an insane cannibal traitor and his mincing Austrian lap dog, but I will not let insults against my family go unanswered. You insult my father and his soup, but did you not come to the Thorpe house night after night to taste our humble soups? Did you not coax and flatter and ingratiate for years upon years until I agreed to start a soup company with you and share my family's recipes? I thank God that this war broke out before I fully transferred my Thorpe soup secrets to your treacherous hands.

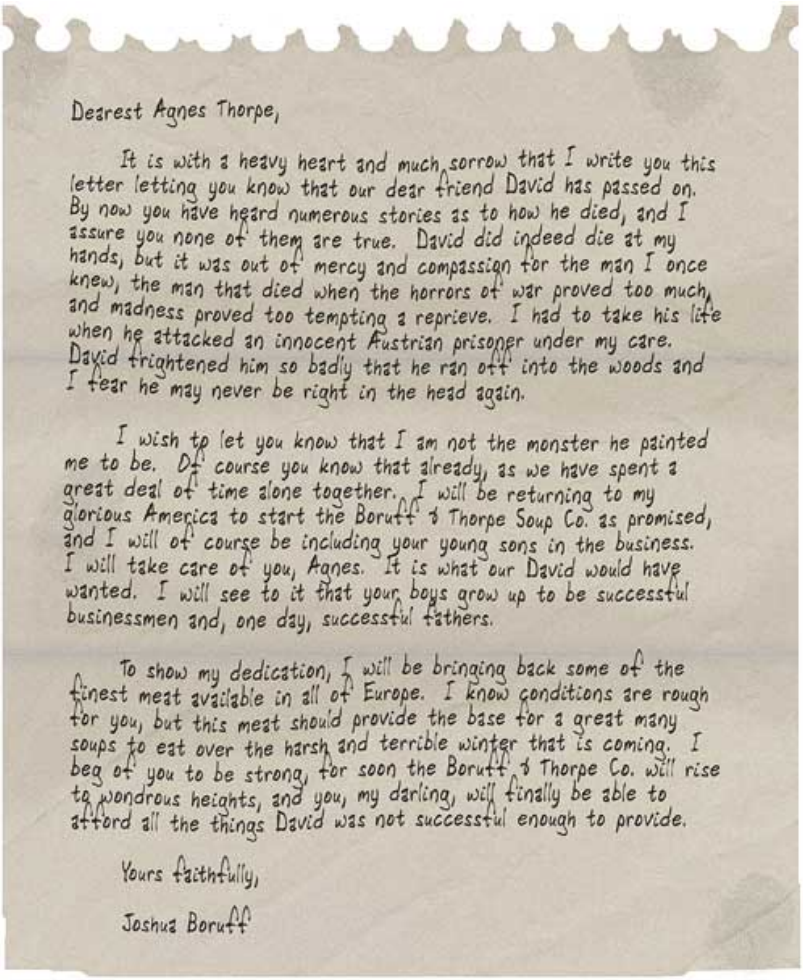
If I die today, I will die content. I have two adoring families, a gaggle of healthy sons by two lovely mothers, and a clean conscience. If I die, you will have nothing. The secret of my family's soups will die with me, and you will live out your days as a traitor with no family or country to return to. Your only comforts will be the company of your foppish messenger friend and whatever flavorless rat-meat soups you might dredge up from the muddy trenches at your feet.

I pity you, you homeless cannibal monster. Without me, you are nothing. I offer you one last chance to come back to the side of good and justice. I have written three letters: one to my family, one to your Harriet, and one to America's government. These letters detail your hideous treachery, your insanity, and your intention to market unsanitary soup to Americans. If I have not received word that you have killed Adolf Hitler and turned yourself in to the authorities in one week, I will send these letters.

However, if you kill your oily scoundrel friend and prove that you can become a loyal American once more, I will forgive you. I will assume that the horrors of war made you temporarily insane, and I will speak on your behalf at your court-martial. When you are released from prison, we will found the world's greatest soup company, and our families will live hand in glove once again. You have one week to make the right decision.

Your enduring friend,

David Thorpe



Dearest Agnes Thorpe,

It is with a heavy heart and much sorrow that I write you this letter letting you know that our dear friend David has passed on. By now you have heard numerous stories as to how he died, and I assure you none of them are true. David did indeed die at my hands, but it was out of mercy and compassion for the man I once knew, the man that died when the horrors of war proved too much, and madness proved too tempting a reprieve. I had to take his life when he attacked an innocent Austrian prisoner under my care. David frightened him so badly that he ran off into the woods and I fear he may never be right in the head again.

I wish to let you know that I am not the monster he painted me to be. Of course you know that already, as we have spent a great deal of time alone together. I will be returning to my glorious America to start the Boruff & Thorpe Soup Co. as promised, and I will of course be including your young sons in the business. I will take care of you, Agnes. It is what our David would have wanted. I will see to it that your boys grow up to be successful businessmen and, one day, successful fathers.

To show my dedication, I will be bringing back some of the finest meat available in all of Europe. I know conditions are rough for you, but this meat should provide the base for a great many soups to eat over the harsh and terrible winter that is coming. I beg of you to be strong, for soon the Boruff & Thorpe Co. will rise to wondrous heights, and you, my darling, will finally be able to afford all the things David was not successful enough to provide.

Yours faithfully,

Joshua Boruff

■ This Dirt Truly is Daily

Experience the thrill of a lifetime and click here on this magic Indian firetext!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.9 Valentine's Day Special: This Update FREE After Mail-In Rebate!

Thursday, Feb 09, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

A Something Awful Update. More fun than breaking in a new toilet.

Valentine's Day is fast approaching and many of our readers are asking themselves, "How can I trick a woman into having sex with me this year?" and "Why do I cry after I masturbate?". Many guys attempt to woo a woman by sending out Valentine's Day gifts to as many of them as they can much like colleges who send out brochures to anyone who has ever taken a SAT test. It's depressing when you get your horrible SAT scores and a brochure for UCLA in the mail at the same time. It's like they just wanted to rub it in. Sigh...

The trick to courting a female is choosing that special gift. It's not always easy. Flowers are cliché. Chocolates are boring. Cards are for homos. After years of lame Valentine gifts women have finally caught on to our stupid advances and all we are left with come Valentine's Day is a hand and a bottle of baby oil.

Friends, this year you can put down that dick because I've got a deal for you that is sure to make you score. For the first time ever we are selling Something Awful updates that are guaranteed to get you laid this February 14th. No other web site can offer you that kind of promise.

Sure, a Shacknews article might get you to second base. CNN.com might even allow you to insert a finger or two. Penny Arcade will make your girlfriend turn gay, leave you and fuck your ex-girlfriend. But only Something Awful has the get-your-sorry-ass-laid GUARANTEE. If our updates don't make your girl drop her panties and jump on your dick within the next two weeks I will come over and suck you off myself.

Something Awful updates aren't just for your Valentine. They are great for almost any occasion. Looking for a perfect gift for that special ill grandparent in your life who you never visit because you are just too busy playing World of WarCraft? Try a Something Awful front page update! We pack a lot of love into each and every article. Our updates are hand-made and prepared in our custom-built Internet ovens. Imagine your grandmother's face when you give her her very own SA update. It's enough to give someone a heart attack!

So you must be thinking to yourself, "How much is this going to cost me?" Normally an authentic 100% carb free update retails for a MSRP of $24.95. But, hold onto your hats folks, for the entire month of February we are giving away updates absolutely free after mail-in rebate! What a deal! You get an article on the Internet and sex from, hopefully a girl, all free free FREE!

Sure, you don't usually read the front page and go straight for the forums because who knew that there was a front page except for that one time you read an update and liked it and informed everyone that despite the fact you never read the front page because you hate it that one update was kind of good, but this time it's *free* after a pain in the ass rebate.

Don't just think you'll be buying Internet articles from some Joe Nobody. Something Awful has a

rich history that began almost four decades ago.

The story of Something Awful began in 1969 when a young Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka traveled door to door offering to tell people jokes about Arpanet right there on their doorstep. The first few years were rough as many people slammed their door on Kyanka's face. As debt piled on Kyanka considered quitting and jumping in front of a wheat thresher. But then he got an idea. Lowtax explains it all in this quote from his tell-all book *Dead and Loving It: The R. Kyanka Story.*

> *I was on the verge of bankruptcy and shareholders were threatening to break my legs when I got an idea. Why not stab and rob the people who didn't buy? Profits went through the roof! And it was okay because we only stabbed women and never men and children.*

And to this day Something Awful carries on that very tradition. There is a big difference between us and those *other* web sites. We call it...

The Awful Difference

It's a set of three ideals and philosophies that keep our loyal readers coming back for more each and every day.

Humor - At Something Awful our philosophy on jokes is quantity, not quality! Babe Ruth may have hit 714 career home runs but he also struck out 1,330 times, placing in the top ten for strikeouts each season he played. You can't hit home runs without swinging the bat and every single day we come out whiffing just to hit that one long ball.

We here at Something Awful promise at least one good joke per update or your money back. Not valid on Thursdays or days when we are feeling gassy.

New Talent - Something Awful has had an influx of new writers lately, myself being one of them. You may be asking yourself, "Who is Joseph 'Maxnmona' Fink?" or, "Who the hell is Hassan 'Nail Polish Remover' Mikal and why does he think he has what it takes to write on the Internet?"

"Frolixo?! Never heard of him!"

Well, goddamnitt, these are graduates of Something Awful University of Southwest New Mexico. These writers have gone through a rigorous program that consists of getting Lowtax his morning slippers and daily dose of Cialis because Lowtax likes to walk around with a huge honking boner all day.

Then, after months of preparation, they are ready to sign a check made out to cash and begin their illustrious career writing for Something Awful until they realize what they are doing with their lives. In this way Something Awful ensures a tight-knit family of writers whose only goal is to serve you, the poor bastard who haphazardly found this place while looking for anime porn.

Old favorites - While Something Awful is always developing new talent to squeeze into their bi-weekly 32 writer lineup, you can still find all your old favorites alive and well (contrary to police reports) right here each and every day. There's Ben "Greasnin" Platt! Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen! Zachary "Spokker Jones" Gutierrez! Emily "Integral" Reigal! Scott "Kung Fucious" Delbango! Seth "Terrorsaurus" Knisley! Tom "moof" Davies! Jeff K! And Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka!

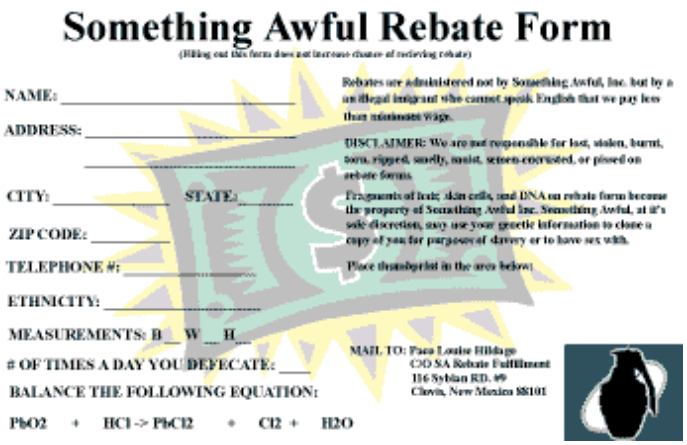
No matter how much life gets you down you can always find your old favorites at Something Awful.com!

That's not all! Those who call within the next 5 minutes get an authentic Something Awful update, three extra knock-off updates, two large bottles of Urine Gone, and the chance to get laid this

Valentine's Day. We even gift wrap at no extra charge! All this can be yours absolutely free after mail-in rebate. What are you waiting for?! Buy now! Supplies are limited! We literally did not make enough of this shit for even six people! PICK UP YOUR PHONE AND CALL! MASH THAT FAT FUCKING PALM OF YOURS ON THE KEYPAD OR GOD HELP ME I WILL BREAK YOUR LEGS! NGGGHHHH!!!!

In order to claim your rebate please adhere to these simple to follow steps.

Step 1: Please fill out the following form in blue *and* black ink. Also we would like to see some pink in there somewhere but not too much.



Something Awful Rebate Form

(Filling out this form does not increase chance of recieving rebate)

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

_____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____

ZIP CODE: _____

TELEPHONE #: _____

ETHNICITY: _____

MEASUREMENTS: B__ W__ H__

OF TIMES A DAY YOU DEFECATE: ____

BALANCE THE FOLLOWING EQUATION:

PbO2 + HCl -> PbCl2 + Cl2 + H2O

Rebates are administered not by Something Awful, Inc. but by a an illegal immigrant who cannot speak English that we pay less than minimum wage.

DISCLAIMER: We are not responsible for lost, stolen, burnt, torn, ripped, smelly, moist, semen-encrusted, or pissed on rebate forms.

Fragments of toxic skin cells, and DNA on rebate form become the property of Something Awful Inc. Something Awful, at it's sole discretion, may use your genetic information to clone a copy of you for purposes of slavery or to have sex with.

Place thumbprint in the area below:

MAIL TO: Paco Louise Hildago
C/O SA Rebate Fulfillment
116 Sybian RD. #9
Clovis, New Mexico 88101

Step 2: Place the rebate form in a stamped envelope. The stamp must be placed exactly 4 millimeters from the edges of the top right hand corner of the envelope. For every millimeter that it is offset we will subtract 1 Canadian dollar from your rebate check. Address the envelope to

Something Awful Rebate Fulfillment Shack
A Big Green Bin
Somewhere in Clovis, New Mexico, Under a donut shop

MAIL CARRIER: Do not deliver without booze!

I MUST SACRIFICE THIS CAT TO MY GOD FOR INCREDIBLE SAVINGS.

Step 3: Place the envelope in the hands of a mailman of Norwegian descent. Instruct him to not look at the envelope for if he does the rebate will become void.

Step 4: Forget to include reciept. Start process all over again.

Step 5: You'll eventually come to a cabinet with five holes in it. There you must place coins in the correct order. Place the old man coin in the second slot. Place the prisoner coin in the third slot. Finally place the snake coin in the fifth slot.

If successful a UPC code will appear. Attach this to your rebate form.

Step 6: Rebate forms may not be processed if God is upset. To please him you must have a bastard child on the second day of the Vernal Equinox. The birth must occur in the blood of a sacrificed kitten. If your God does not accept kitten sacrifices please check with your local church or synagogue about the right kind of animal your deity prefers.

Unfortunately due to unforseen circumstances the rebate expires before March 21st so, you know, deal.

Step 7: Wait by the mailbox. We'll be in the Caribbean doing lines of coke off the asscrack of a Brazilian whore. SUCKER!

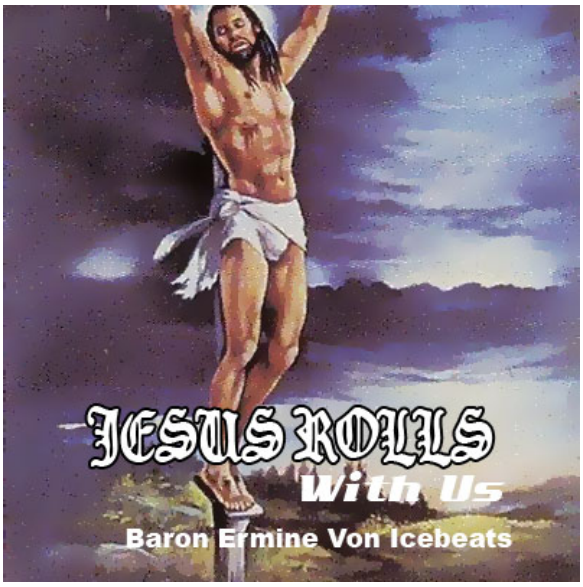
Disclaimer: The amount of money you receive for your rebate is dependent on how well you follow these steps. Some customers may receive the full amount and others may actually end up owing us money. That's how it is in the high-risk game of mail-in rebates.

This summer, all bets are off.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

2.10 An Intolerable Rap Rivalry

Friday, Feb 10, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



"Jesus Rolls"
Baron Ermine Von Icebeats featuring the Cris-poppin' Fur Lords

Hup, two, three, four
Hup, two, three, four
Hup, two, three, four

Preeesent arms!

[Intro]

I gotta
I gotta get an army
An army against all the things Jesus hates
An army against racism and sexism
An army against homoism and communism
An army against the presidents and senators
An army against hurricanes and right to work laws
An army rollin' together
Together with Jesus

(Jesus rolls with us with us with us with us)

(gunshots)

Ya'll know what's unsuitable? The Bold & the Beautiful
Where rich ass niggas schemes is inscrutable
And niggas called "math" because they immutable
Tell the world Fur Lords are indisputable
These rhymes as evidence is irrefutable

Double click and you'll see this container's unlootable
double click*
Try to open it
double click*
It's bound to owner
Tongues gettin' tied in knots what what you thought
Niggas is stutterin' like fools and soon you're
Hoping the Fur Lords say "T-t-t-today Junior!"
Huh? What's for breakfast?
Pieces of shit if you don't polish that necklace.
Shine that ice till I can use it in a laser
I ain't forget to pack my Mach-5 razor
Cuz we got to get ready to be shipped out
Gonna go Ding Chavez when we hit the MOUT
Well momma I know they say
We got to pray just to make it today but I think

(Jesus rolls with us with us with us with us)

[Chorus]

God help me along because the Devil gets all up in my face
(Jesus rolls with us)
The only thing I want for Christmas is a way out of this place
(Jesus rolls)
And I don't know what to do to put myself back on track
(Jesus rolls)
Imma let God figure it out while I stretch out in the back

(repeat)

To all the rapists, killers, slavers, bounty hunters even the women that hear this track
(Jesus rolls with us)
To the victims of the white man who just tryin' to watch they back
(Jesus rolls with us)
Achtung, Achtung, I wanna climb this rung
I know Jesus there to push me along
Cause rappers all they think about is money
I think about Jesus also which is sort of funny
I ain't here to tell you Jesus is in for the long haul
Even though he is and he's hearing my call
I'm just tryin' to say the way an old lady got a shawl
The way Linus got a blanket is how we need Jesus
Some vague people say I can't sing about Jesus
They want songs about money and pimpin'
But it's even better if I talk about those and politics and Jesus
Well if this track gets even crazier rotation
Get used in movies and is a commercial sensation
I hope it makes me rich but also gives Jesus elation
And bring the things I'm prayin' about
Kids goin' down hills in barrels shout

(Jesus rolls with us with us with us)

Fuck Bush
(five times)

"Up With the Puppet (Down With Jesus)"
Hysterical Puppet Squad

[intro]

This one goes out to all my night creepers,
Hysterical howlers and wicked dope dealers
To all the boys and girls in the wicked playground
We're gonna cut this motherfucka down!

[Hucky 2 Wicked]

Woooochahaha! Hysterical howlin' from the wicked playground!
Ya'll up with the puppet?
Woooochahahaha! Of course you are!
There's a lot of Bush haters out there and this track is being laid in their general direction!

We're gonna murder you so hard it's a double homicide
Comin' out of sewers and from every possible side
Get you and Jesus together in a car
Dim the lights, cut the brakes and there you are
Rollin with your man straight to your doom
While we're hysterical howlin' in the other room

Many ways to die if you ain't up with the puppet

[Chorus]

You wanna fuck Bush we gonna fuck you
Up with the puppet and back at you
Bush saves us from terrorism
Puppets save the world from people like you

Here come the puppet from the wicked playground
Gonna hunt every Bush hater down
Gonna chop you up with gardening shears
And stab American flags in your ears

Up, up, up with the puppet!
Down, down, down with the Fur!

[Murdery X]

Creepin' through the night like a crazy owl
I'm gonna sneak up on ya and hysterical howl
You're gonna go in your pants so hard you bust a hole
And my scary fuckin' face is gonna take a scary fuckin toll

I got blood red eyes and blood red teeth
Blood is coming out of my blood red nose from underneath
My hair is blood red and my face is vermillion
Sprayin' red Shasta like old faithful when I start killin'

I've got an axe and a knife and a spear and a hatchet
The hatchet was probably unnecessary which is why you gonna catch it
Right in the face and then I'll hit you with the mace
Which I also remembered I brought to this place

Night creeper throwin' stars from the wicked playground
Like a cross between a ninja and a really loud sound
I'm hysterical howlin' in your face right before you die
Ain't no runnin' or hiding because you're gonna die

[Chorus]

[Hucky 2 Wicked]

Busting from your closet like a sneaky owl with a knife
First I'm gonna stab your balls and then I'm gonna stab your life
I got hammers and nails and I'll stick you to some boards
So you can be like Jesus and we can be the hordes
That run amok across your face
And smash in your dome
And play with your guts
And burn down your home

Hope you got a sweet girl cuz Murdery's gonna fuck her (Woooochahaha!)
Feed her meth and dick and sell her to a trucker (Woooochahaha!)

This ain't a threat, Fur Lords, it's a promise
We're comin' for you and we gotta long list
Of scary things to do like evil owls
While we sprayin' Shasta and makin' hysterical howls

Fuck you
(five times)

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.11 Not-So Famous Last Words

Saturday, Feb 11, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

"Say your goodbyes, dear friends. I am about to embark upon my journey to God's great waiting penis. I mean arms. Waiting arms."

- Sigmund Freud
1856 - 1939

"Don't you worry about me, soldiers. Our dimwitted savage guide wove me this special arrow-proof vest! Good luck getting out of here alive without one, suckers. Haha."

- General George A. Custer
1839 - 1876

"Man, this hurts! It does not feel good! It feels... bad! Please, have my ghost writer to come up with some gooder last words for me instead of mine."

- Oscar Wilde
1854 - 1900

"I'm sick of waving. A parade tomorrow too? Great. I need one of those like I need another hole in my... I dunno, swiss cheese collection."

- John F. Kennedy
1917 - 1963

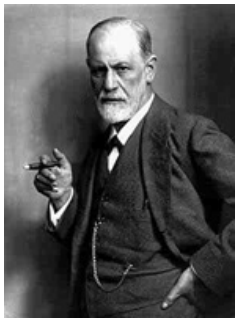
"It's-a so cold and dark in this-a infinite void! This is-a not Heaven at all! I don't-a want to go! Hee Hee!"

- Mario
1981 - 2007

*"All I ask is that you honor my passing by... *urk* having people I barely knew rap over my songs and... *khaf khaf* cash in on my memory for like the next thirty years. Do this in my name... (loses consciousness momentarily) and my life will have been meaningful."*

- Biggie Smalls
1972 - 1997

"I drank what? No, seriously, what is this hemlock of which you speak? It was pretty good. If you can put me into contact with your supplier I think we could make a fortune on this stuff."



- Socrates
469 BC - 399 BC

"You've done an excellent job preparing the clones, Mortorro. I thank you for your galaxy's service, and leave you now for whatever may await me on the shores of the afterlife. Kinch' mala schaveel!"

- Dick Clark
1929 - 1972

"Woah, is that volcano active? I'm gonna fly in for a closer look. Wait, I can't! the controls are stuck! We're on a collision course with the sun!"

- Amelia Earhart
1897 - 1937

"You guys have to be kidding. Right in my family plot? That's the first place they'll look."

- Jimmy Hoffa
1913 - 1975

"Police Acadamy has been a great experience, but I think it's time to branch out into other creative outlets."

- Steve Guttenberg
1958 - 1987

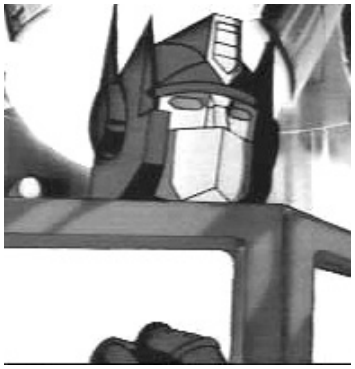
"No, I won't take the hat off. Oh yeah? Well maybe you should have thought about that before you bought those seats. Jackass."

- Abraham Lincoln
1809 - 1865

"Something's behind me, you say? No... I don't see anything there. Just the wall and a picture that's sort of crooked. Oh, and a shadow that looks kinda like you, only pointing a gun. Man, shadows are weird."

- Billy The Kid
1860 - 1881

"I know the underwear are a strange shade of green, Lois, but I'll be damned if they aren't comfortable. I'm wearing them and that's that. Why does everything involving my 'area' have to be a big fight with you?"



- Clark Kent
1938 - 1993 - 2012

"I'll come in to the pits on the next lap, chief. Just give me one minute. I'm going to get rid of this dragonfly on my hood once and for all."

- Dale Earnhardt
1951 - 2001

"Relax, will you? It's just a bunch of well-dressed hunters. Let's see what they want."

- Clyde Barrow
1909 - 1934

"Okay, 'Step Two - While being careful to turn the safety off, make sure there is no live ammunition in the chamber before cleaning'. How the heck am I supposed to look in the barrel and push the safety in at the same time? I swear my next project is going to be a manual for this damn thing that actually makes sense."

- Ernest Hemingway
1899 - 1961

*"A bone in my shrimp! *choking sounds* How...?"*

- Colonel Sanders
1890 - 1980

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.12 State Og: A New Beginning

Sunday, Feb 12, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

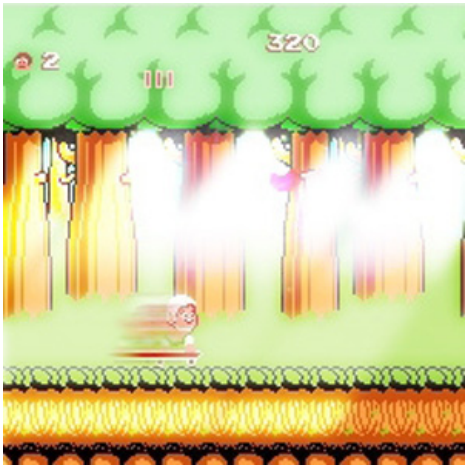
THE FUTURE IS NOW!

That's right: The times are changing and so is our corporation. As I'm sure you are aware, recent totally baseless and unfair litigations have forced us to expand into other areas of the fast-paced corporate world. Since you, the stockholders, are our number one priority, we are inclined to inform you that State Og will be moving its ventures in a new direction: consumer entertainment and electronics.

Wait, wait. Before you leave the meeting and decide to drop your money on junk stocks like Google or – God forbid – Microsoft, please hear us out. We are a forward-thinking company, and instead of sitting on one good thing we like to move on to other, better things while we still have the money before these cocksucking corporate lawyers bleed us dry. I mean, whose fault is it that those grills exploded if you didn't connect Wire A to the correct port? I say it rids the world of a bunch of goddamn idiots who don't know how to do simple things like put grills together!

But I digress. The fact remains that State Og is moving forward, and those of you who decide to jump ship because of one little major restructuring are going to be crying in the end. Or now, if that idiot tech ever got around to mounting those pressure-sensitive turret guns. Mr. Johnson! Maybe you'd be more inclined to sit if you heard those turrets are capable of blowing chunks of meat the size of hamburger patties out of your morbidly obese body! That's what I thought. Sit down and relax.

Please don't just think we're taking your money and running! Oh, no. It's pretty hard to run when those goddamn SEC bloodhounds are breathing down your neck about "paperwork" and "earnings statements" every two minutes. Before this meeting ends we hope our vision of the future, the State Og way, will show you exactly how we plan to reclaim our market dominance.



Staff artist Johnny "DocEvil" Titanium gives us a glimpse of gaming's future. It's so blurry it looks like your eyeshadow after the "Roseanne" finale, you pussy bitch.

- The OgBox Multimedia Gaming Platform

Ladies and Gentlemen, at State Og we understand the expectations and demands of today's gamer. After almost a combined man-hour of intense research with our Vice President's grandson, Steve, we have discovered the only two things modern gamers really care about: Motion blur and light bloom. And believe us, we have those two things in spades.

Let me introduce the OgBox Multimedia Gaming Platform. Thanks to the extreme dedication of our lead tech, Richard "Slobberbox" Kyanka, we have developed a sleek, stylish machine capable of creating the most advanced motion blur and light bloom physics known to modern gaming. How much motion blur and light bloom, you ask? Let's just say our titles will look like Tara Reid's birthday party at the Xanax factory.

But we know that those two things only matter if the system has solid games to back up the

technology. Again, stockholders, we have the answer. Mr. Kyanka's dedication has allowed us to offer not one, but two "killer app" games for our system's launch, slated for sometime after President Jeffries finds his checkbook. Let us give you another glimpse of the State Og future:

Drive Home from Work: Imagine, if you will, a gritty, realistic look at something we all experience – the daily commute from work. Well, we at State Og have captured the feel in our OgBox Multimedia Gaming Platform exclusive title, "Drive Home from Work."

Imagine recreating the stunning sensation of dodging the annoying secretary and her inane chit-chat on the way out the door! Feel the anguish of making it all the way out to the parking lot and seeing you got another ticket for parking in a handicapped spot! Experience the thrill as you shout at the parking cop, since no cripples work at your company because your boss refuses to hire them! Only the OgBox Multimedia Gaming Platform is capable of rendering the stunning realism of being rear ended by an uninsured, unemployed Puerto Rican at the stoplight next your slum apartment!

With several exciting minigames, such as "scream at your wife because she *always* needs something from the grocery and you just want to *get the fuck home*" and "avoid eye contact with the black cashier at the gas station," "Drive Home from Work" is a sure to be a hit with gamers and disgruntled employees alike. Just ask our intern, Joe! He played the game and shot up his office, killing two and injuring seven! Is that team spirit or what?

Stare at the Sun: Maybe you needed to sneeze. Maybe the skyline was beautiful. Maybe you had severe autism and you thought the sky was giving you directions on how to mutilate your neighbor's cat. Whatever the case, we've all been caught staring at the sun at some point or another, and "Stare at the Sun" is here to emulate the magic and fun of the experience.

Using our advanced Lens Flare and Burning Retina Sensation Rendering Technology System, we at State Og hope to create the most advanced sun-staring simulation available on the market. Optional SpectroGoggles ($49.99) will greatly enhance the experience, pumping countless nanometers of pure UV light into the discerning gamer's eyes. Of course, to avoid even more bullshit litigation, gamers will have to sign a release form prior to playing the game, but that's the price we pay for entertainment the State Og way!

Racist: The Reckoning: This title is still under development but we feel, in honor of Black History Month, we will let you stockholders in on what is sure to be a blockbuster title.

Market research has told us one thing: Online gamers love racist euphemisms. The average game of Battlefield 2 sounds like a Klan rally, and don't even get me started on those wacky Counterstrike kids!

"Racist: The Reckoning" will allow that portion of the market to live out their fantasies in a cohesive, interactive environment filled with branching storylines and breakout graphical performance. Imagine, if you will: You are Will Gentry, a time-traveling racist with an agenda. As Will, your goal is simple: shout racist euphemisms at inopportune times. A busy Popeye's Chicken? I'm sure asking for a "Junglebunny Deluxe" at the counter will cause quite a stir! A Black Panthers rally? I'm sure saying something like "I've never seen a panther drink so much orange soda" will get people riled up! Muslims are no match for your razor sharp wit when you shout "how are you going to drive my taxi when you're on your knees sucking Mohammed's sand nigger cock" at a crowded mosque!

With advances in graphical technology, the State Og Multimedia Gaming Platform is sure to be a worldwide hit. It will be available in a variety of festive colors. Except black, that is. I'm sure you all understand why.

The Ron Artest-bot

Let's face it, folks: There are sports and then there's sports entertainment. Thanks to a long-running joint venture between State Og and the NBA, we are close to reaching a middle ground.

The skills of an athlete and the mental power of an ostrich: only from State Og.

The field of robotics has advanced greatly over the last decade, allowing for, among other things, the creation of androids that are perfectly capable of acting like batshit-insane humans. Enter the Ron Artest-Bot.

Sure, the Artest-Bot has done well in its beta run. Besides being a great simulation of a professional athlete, it is also excellent at emulating the actions of a *schizophrenic* pro athlete. This is a great step up from our previous venture, the Latrell Sprewell-Bot, which showed only marginal athletic ability in contrast to its lust for insanity and choking human beings. The Sprewell-bot has recently been toned down, limiting its actions to mediocre basketball ability and occasional crazy statements at press conferences.

The Artest-bot, however, has gone through an upgrade after its recent placement with the Sacramento Kings. Let's look at the improvements:

- Smashes pictures of itself at nearly 150 percent of its old efficiency
- No longer uses hands to fill out applications to retail jobs; instead, simply swallows a piece of paper and excretes a professional résumé
- Wireless internet capabilities allow him to email insane quotes to reporters without the need for interviews
- Spring-loaded shoes and fists allow for quicker, more brutal beatings of unruly fans and cameramen

Our craziest robot, however, is the David Stern-Bot. Its position in the NBA assures us a deal for more robots will be taking place in the very near future. Long live robot sports!

Beer Commercials

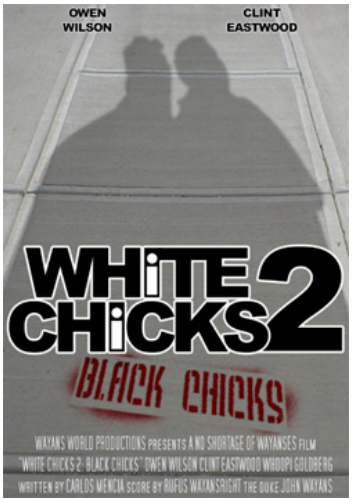
Beer Commercials are a dying art. Gone are the days of innovative, entertaining ads filled with frogs and monosyllabic catchphrases. State Og plans to change that. As part of its new ventures, State Og will be hiring out consultants to make sure beer companies give the consumer the best beer commercial experience possible. We have drafted an example script to send to these companies, which we will share with you now:

> *[Scene: A "hang-out room" in the suburbs. Two friends, Brad and Ted, are drinking beer.]*
> ***Ted:*** *Yo, Brad. We're almost out of beer. I think it's your turn to make a run.*
> ***Brad:*** *No can do, chief. I told the little lady I'd unclog the pipes, if you get what I'm*

saying.
(Guys laugh and high-five. ENTER Brad's wife.)
Brad's wife: *Hon! You guys drank all the beer! Are you watching sports again?*
Brad: *Hell yeah, hon. Sports. Brews. Buds. The way it oughtta be.*
Brad's wife: *You're hammered! Do you even remember how to get to the liquor store to get more?*
Brad: *I may go to crazy lengths to get more beer, but I'll be damned if I'm going to ask for directions!*
(Brad and Ted laugh and high-five. Wife smiles knowingly and rolls her eyes. Fin.)

Carlos Mencia and the ghost of Strom Thurmond Present White Chicks 2: Black Chicks

What could be funnier than a movie written by Carlos Mencia, you ask? How about a movie written by Carlos Mencia *and* the ghost of Strom Thurmond!


OWEN WILSON
CLINT EASTWOOD
WHITE CHICKS 2
BLACK CHICKS
WAYANS WORLD PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS A NO SHORTAGE OF WAYANSES FILM
"WHITE CHICKS 2: BLACK CHICKS" OWEN WILSON CLINT EASTWOOD WHOOPI GOLDBERG
WRITTEN BY CARLOS MENCIA SCORE BY RUFUS WAYANSRIGHT THE DUKE JOHN WAYANS
Another mockup from Johnny "DocEvil" Titanium shows us how undead racists and unemployed racists can work together in harmony. If that ain't diversity I don't know what is!

That's right, folks. One of our last ventures into the scientific field ended with a few permanently scarred scientists and the ability to communicate with the dead! Using this technology, and the knowledge that moviegoers love sequels to popular films, we are pleased to announce our first feature film: "White Chicks 2: Black Chicks."

You see, we found out the two cheapest workers in Hollywood are out-of-work racist comedians and dead racist senators. Mencia works for Wendy's gift certificates and the occasional "good job," and Thurmond, well, let's say he's inclined to work a lot harder when you start burning pictures of his loved ones. The dead may need their rest, but dammit, America needs comedy, and whose needs are more important?

"Black Chicks," starring Owen Wilson and Clint Eastwood, is a delightful look at the lighter side of urban culture. When the president is captured by a group of serious but wackily incompetent ecoterrorists, Wilson and Eastwood (playing FBI agents) are called to their hardest assignment yet – dealing with each other while costumed as morbidly obese black women!

Where will their adventures take them? We don't know but we're guessing they'll see at least a couple of K-Mart parking lots and probably a Baptist church or two! And with Carlos and the dearly-departed Strom at the helm, we can let the "edgy" humor fly. Consumers know racism is ok if minorities and ghosts are the ones making the jokes! Hell, maybe ghosts are a minority. I'll have to have R&D check that.

With these ventures we hope to rebuild State Og's flagship reputation as a solid, dependable company whose products are only marginally dangerous if used incorrectly. And we want you to be a part of it.

It is the future, ladies and gentlemen, and we hope you are with us. If not, I will gladly show you the door. You know, the one with the turrets by it.

My Daily Dirt Isn't So Much Daily As Biweekly

Does your idea of social contact involve a raid on Molten Core? Did you get your last haircut because your mom threatened to pull your WWE on Demand subscription? Do you own more wallscrolls

than personal hygiene products? Well, never fear, because this week we're going to learn how to be the most interesting guy at the party! Click here to find out more!

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

2.13 Blue Stripe: The Life and Times of a Replicator Repairman

Monday, Feb 13, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.

Oh, to work security. The guys in engineering make fun of them, call them "red shirts" and talk about how they're meat shields on every away-mission. Not me. Those guys have it made. They sit around and play three-tiered chess all day in the break room, they get double the standard holodeck time and then they get to go out in a blaze of glory on the away-missions with the upper crust of the bridge crew. I'd trade an extra twenty years onboard this bucket of shit for my name in a captain's log talking about how I had all of my carbon sucked out by some monster that looked like the hottest woman ever.

And the bridge crew, feh. Do you know how many times I've even been on the bridge? Once, when Captain Picard somehow fucked up the holodeck again (not my department) and got Moriarty to come out of his replicator. There was tweed everywhere. Bolts of the stuff just kept coming out of the damn replicator. Those assholes only ever call me when something breaks. My chest never beeps and then says "Ensign Dupree, we are under attack, what do you think the replicator can do." I would say "a whole hell of a lot," because holy crap, it's only like the second most incredible technology ever made. It would be the most incredible, but you can't make a replicator generate forty identical women with giant breasts and insatiable libidos. That's holodeck territory.

Anyway, I'm not too good at doing these report things for self-assessments so I'm just going to fill up the computer's word limit with my job logs. No one is every going to read this anyway and if the computer gives two shits she ain't tellin' me.

Stardate 41021
Call: 02:55 - Replicator Malfunction (emergency)
Complainant: Lt. Junior Grade Worf

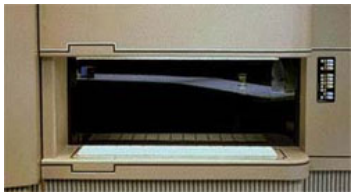
Report: Was woken up in the middle of the sleep cycle by a call from Lt. Worf. Asshead said he was having difficulty getting the replicator to produce k'ruh'nuwhatever. Some bullshit Klingon crap. I get there and Worf answers the door completely naked. Great start. He smells like he's been running laps inside a dog's asshole and he is apparently drunk again. I ask him what the hell the k'ruh'nuwhatever crap is and he launches into some unlistenable shit about his Klingon house. He's slurring all over the place with his giant deformed Klingon dong flapping around and I'm barely able to stay awake. I pretend to "tune" the replicator until he passes out and then leave.

Status:Resolved.

Stardate 41088
Call: 21:30 - Replicator Malfunction (non-emergency)
Complainant: Commander Beverly Crusher

Report: Not fifteen minutes into my shift I get a call from Doctor Crusher. She's legendary around replicator maintenance. She calls in a complaint after a couple glasses of wine and then tries to

seduce whichever guy shows up. It's a running joke around the place that not even Lieutenant LaForge would fall for it, but to be honest it was my first call to her quarters and I was kind of excited. I was two weeks out from my next holodeck chit and some genuine officer tang was sounding mighty good. BIG mistake. I get to her quarters and the lights are all dimmed and she has some vanilla scented candles burning.



She comes out in this billowy night gown and she says she is having problems with her replicator and then she says "sensual oil, 95 degrees" and boom, it works. She's all like "I don't know if it worked though, the consistency doesn't seem right, rub some into my back." She drops the night gown and I start rubbing the crap onto her shoulders, we're both starting to get into it and then she turns around. She's got an okay rack, but I look down and she's wearing this thong thing. The carpet matches the drapes, but she's got wall to wall Berber. It was like a rubber band wrapped around a big red spider. I'm backing away and then there is this clatter and her kid freaking falls out of a closet nearby. She's all like "Wesley, go to your room!" and I beat a hasty retreat. The real bitch of the situation is that after I escaped I checked my worklog and she had filed a complaint saying I was "unbelievably rude." Fuck that old bag, and I don't mean literally.

Status:Resolved.

Stardate 41202
Call: 06:31 - User Error (emergency)
Complainant: Lt. Commander Data

Report: I was covering for Ensign Glurch's morning shift when this call came. According to Glurch's worklog he gets the same call once or twice every month at around the same time. According to Lt. Commander Data, the replicator had "entered a non-terminating cycle of production" and was spewing out translucent plastic cubes at a rate of about one a second. Needless to say that was putting quite a strain on the old dilithium crystals and we were getting brownouts all over the saucer section. I get to Data's quarters and the cubes are piled up at least three feet deep and they're still falling out of the damn replicator. Data is just looking at them and cocking his head like some sort of albino bird. I ask him what he had it replicate and he says "love." After a really cathartic sigh and shake of the head I dig through the cubes and open up the override panel and toggle it off and then back on.

"I suppose the computer was generating a metaphor," was Data's theory. "I believe it is meant to be the ever-giving burden of love."

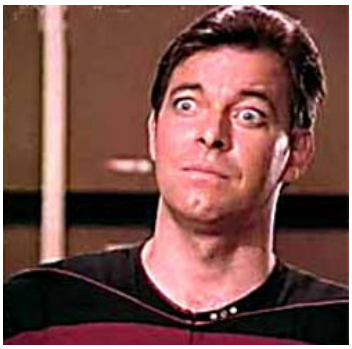
"Replicator: one wish." I said to demonstrate. Cubes started shooting out of it again.

Happens every time you try to replicate an idea. I tried to explain it to him but he just kept saying "fascinating" so I called down to janitorial and had them send up a cleaning crew.

Status:Resolved.

Stardate 41260
Call: 10:08 - Maintenance (non-emergency)
Complainant: Commander William Riker

Report: No one puts a strain on the replicator infrastructure quite like Commander Riker. The man is the laziest officer in all of Starfleet and the ultimate bachelor. His quarters are heaped with junk and he can never find anything in the teetering piles of books, gee-gaws, dishes and discarded clothing. What is a lazy man with unlimited access to a renewable resource going to do? Replicate everything he needs rather than even looking for it, of course. Can't find the keys to his gym locker? Replicate them. Can't find his leftover hoagie? Replicate a new one and let the old one rot. Can't find his bath robe? You get the idea.



That kind of workload on a private replicator means I have to make a trip down to Riker's quarters once a week to service his replicator. Normally that isn't too bad. I just shove my way through all the junk, replace some circuits and follow my footsteps back out. However, today was his day off so I had to contend with Riker. He sat on his swaybacked sofa watching me fix the damn thing and then he cajoled me into looking at his collection of alien bongs. He boasted about the adventures he'd gone on to acquire each bong, but I knew from looking through his replicator buffer that the bongs were just one of the thousands of things he had replicated. I didn't say anything though, he's got horrible self-esteem and will become extremely defensive and liable to pull rank if you criticize him in the least. After looking at the bongs I could tell he wanted me to smoke some replicated weed and sit around and talk for a while, but I had work to do. The whole encounter was more depressing than annoying.

Status:Recurring.

Stardate 41299
Call: 23:38 - Maintenance (non-emergency)
Complainant: Computer Dispatch

Report: This was a good one. I get a computer pop-up on my console telling me to report to acting Ensign Wesley Crusher's room in his mother's suite. It's flagged non-urgent so I take care of some other crap and then make my way down. Commander Crusher is sitting on her sofa in tears and there is a medical team and an engineering team already down there. Turns out Wesley decided he wanted a "giant rubber vagina" (direct quote from Lt. Barclay) and it came out of the replicator a bit more suddenly than Wesley had expected. One end of the thing got wedged in the replicator slot and the other end ballooned out of the replicator and pinned him to the floor of his room. The engineering team had to set their phasers to shame to get him out of that predicament. Unfortunately, by the time I showed up, he was long gone and there were just pieces of rubber left in the replicator that needed some work.

I'll never let that little prick live this one down.

Status:Hilarious.

Stardate 42009
Call: 03:46 - Security Emergency
Complainant: N/A

Report: We were boarded by some Romulans at about 3:25, smack dab in the middle of my lunch break. Security details were sent to the locations where the Romulans had beamed aboard and a huge sissy fight erupted with phasers. I used the replicator to make a .45 pistol and I went down and shot them all in the head. A couple of them shot at me but I just casually stepped out of the path of

their phaser beams. Somehow, LaForge managed to take the credit claiming he "disabled them with a phase-inversion field by venting the plasma containment units." Oh, is that why maintenance spent three hours cleaning brain-smeared bullets out of the corridor walls on deck 18? Fucking asshole.

Status:Resolved.

Stardate 42012
Call: 10:34 - User Error (Non-Emergency)
Complainant: Keiko Ishikawa

Report: During the middle of one of our more recent time travel incidents I was called to the shared quarters of Keiko Ishikawa and Miles O'Brien. I didn't ask why they were living together, but Keiko was in a tizzy about some food she had been replicating right when the time shift happened. I went in to their living room and there was some sort of live parasitic monster fused into the replicator. It looked sort of like a cross between a fish and a human baby only it was at least as big as a person and had these horrible hooked talons on the end of floppy vestigial arms. I asked the transporter room to beam it off the ship but they were all "transporter use is reserved for Commander use only and besides we're trying to slingshot around the sun and fly at the earth to travel in whatever direction in time."

Completely useless, as usual. Maintenance came down and had a look and they had no idea what to do either. The whole time we're trying to figure out what to do, Keiko is screaming her head off and that thing is moaning and puking up green crap all over the carpet. I eventually got a hold of Counselor Troi and I convinced her to get off her psychic ass and come down and help out. She walked in and started doing all her stupid mind magic crap, which actually worked for once and seemed to calm the thing down. That gave me the opportunity I needed so I snuck up behind it and brained it with a pipe. Took about ten good whacks to bash in its skull. Then Troi totally loses it and talks about how I just committed genocide on a new alien race and that it was scrambled DNA from such and such. She was threatening to confine me to quarters and just yelling and yelling. I was about to blow my top but finally I just managed to get in the zone and stare at her cleavage until she shut up. I would be ready to kill people about now, but my holodeck chit is up tonight and I think I know who is going to make an appearance.

Unfortunately, the replicator unit is out of operation. I will have to go back for a refit next week.

Status:Unresolved.

There's my report for the mandatory self-assessment. My conclusion is that, uh, I need to work harder on my personal skills and I should also probably get a promotion. I think I pretty much run Replicator Maintenance anyway. Maybe when my tour is up I can open my own replicator repair business on some nice little private station like DS7 or 8.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.14 Valentine's Day Emergency Kit

Tuesday, Feb 14, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

Oh, it's that day again. That day of days where unrequited love floats softly through the air like cars through a tornado. There's so much emotion and feeling involved I'm already uncomfortable just thinking about it. For the guys, this is your big chance to lay it on the line and hope you can get her to promise you a date before she gets a good look at what you're wearing. For the ladies, this is like sweeps for you, and you should be able to base how well you're doing on how many grown men you can get to throw themselves hopelessly in your direction. For Valve, that was a brilliant move with the free weekend of Day of Defeat Source right before Valentine's Day. You guys must really know your target audience.

Right now you're here reading the Internet, so chances are you either don't have a sweetheart or you're desperately searching for a way to appease any human being that will so much as be in the same room with you. That isn't to say there isn't still time to find someone special, because there is, but by now you've waited so long that the only things left for sale in stores are off-brand candy and boxes of old WWF valentines. Since I doubt any potential mate worth having would be impressed by your declaration of adoration as presented by a picture of "Stone Cold" Steve Austin doing an elbow drop, you're probably going to have to resort to something resembling good, old-fashioned gentlemanly or lady-like conduct.

I'd like to offer you, my gentleman friends, a couple tips if you're going to try throwing that legendary Hail Mary today. I've been around the block a few times and it's gone both well and exceptionally less than well, so you have the benefit of years of experience to help guide you along this magical and awkward journey.

☐ Try a Good Pick-up Line

Pick-up lines are previously only the domains of assholes and guys who are popular, but you may be surprised to know that almost anyone with an ounce of cleverness can pull one off and use it to start a conversation. Be warned, those store-bought lines everyone's heard a thousand times before just don't cut it. Once you spot someone that looks single and interesting, it might be a good idea to make something up or use a classic pick-up line that's been tweaked appropriately for the situation, so get that incorrigible wit of yours working and lay it on them. Here's an example scenario:

> *You're a dapper fellow in a bar that's next to some NASA office and you see a lovely scientist woman sitting across the room.*
>
> **Gentleman:** Did it hurt?
> **Lady:** Did what hurt?
> **Gentleman:** When you fell from orbit.

Excellent work! Sure, it was corny and stupid, but you aren't supposed to be Yakov Smirnoff yet. Save the good stuff for later. For now, the conversation should progress based on how she reacted:

Favorably: She laughs and continues talking to you. You're now part of a conversation!

Unfavorably: Unbeknownst to you, she has severe burns over most of her body and takes your

joke personally. Someone may or may not punch you.

Here are a couple more examples:

You are a dapper fellow at a NASCAR event that is attracted to a female spectator.

Gentleman: Gosh, I feel like a race car that's careening out of control.
Lady: Why do you say that?
Gentleman: Because I'm about to flip over you.

You are a dapper fellow watching a live taping of The Daily Show with Jon Stewart.

Gentleman: You're like an end to Republican lies and deception.
Lady: What do you mean?
Gentleman: You're outta sight, babe.
Audience: (wild applause)

Cards Ain't Bad Either

Your pick-up lines either work or they don't, that's fine, not everyone can say it with words. Lord knows I sure can't, so that's why I decided to come up with an all-purpose greeting card a couple years ago and I keep a few printouts of it in my car for occasions just like these. You're welcomed to use it all you like, just print it out, fold along the dotted lines, check the appropriate box(es), and you've just purchased a one-way ticket to loveland. Click the image for a big, printable version.

By the way, you can cross that last one out if you aren't in a Mexican gang. If by some cosmic miracle you happen to be successful with any of this, let me know. I'll be sure to read your emails between games of Day of Defeat Source. Happy Valentine's Day!

-~Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

2.15 My Amaizing Story of Survival Against all Odds

Wednesday, Feb 15, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Day One:

It is unfortunate that we find ourselves meeting again, fair reader. Forgive me if I am making the assumption that someone is actually reading this, but it is all that keeps me going. If I am to die here, then I want people to know that I fought long and hard against the forces of nature that have put me in this place to test my resolve once more. You no doubt remember me from my previous life and death battles, which I carefully documented here, and here. This latest is, so far, proving to be no less dangerous.

With any luck, by the time you finish reading this, I will have found my way to safety. And failing that, you will know how I stood strong against all odds, demanding that they recalculate themselves at every turn.

You see, I was on a routine trip to the local Wal-Mart to purchase some Sam's Choice Cola when I decided to take a shortcut through a large cornfield just off the main highway. However, I quickly found myself lost in a dense labyrinth that spanned before me for miles and miles. As the hours ticked away, my mighty SUV sipped fiendishly from its gasoline canteen until there was nothing left. I abandoned the behemoth and set out on foot to find aid, however, I quickly become even more lost. I no longer even know where my SUV is, or where I am.

An endless jungle of corn surrounds me; there is no sanctuary to be found in that. I am like the civilized man traveling into the heart of darkest Indiana. I will not give into the savagery that surrounds me, though.

I have nothing with me save for only a small selection of items: this journal, a pen, and my wits. It has been a long day, and now night approaches. I must find shelter if I am to survive the harsh summer conditions. Temperatures are likely to cool down to 60 degrees, and I have no protection from the elements save for the clothes on my back.

I can smell pie in the distance. It is quite clear the stress of this ordeal has given me a brain tumor, as I am now experiencing phantom smells.

Day Two:

The night was balmy and uncomfortable, as the warm weather made me sweat and then my frantic and nervous movements resulted in chafing. Survival has taken a toll on my body, a toll I may not be strong enough to pay. Walking is now an irritating process and in my haste to go to Wal-Mart, I neglected to bring a change of underwear.

In a move of desperation I attempted to fashion a new pair of underpants out of cornhusks, a move that ultimately made me itchier. Also I completely forgot to check for caterpillars and nearly fainted when one started moving across my skin. I have learned a valuable lesson in underwear manufacturing on this day.

Hours have passed and I have cleared a large section of field and I'm attempting to build a signal fire. With any luck, the rescue planes no doubt dispatched on my behalf will see my fire. I'm not dying in this field, not while hope still roars like a mighty hippopotamus protecting its harem.

Still more hours have passed and my signal fire is starting to burn, though not very well. The cornstalks are too lively, and are denying my fire the dryness it needs. I must find food for the fire.

I too am growing hungry and I have no food to eat, nor any source of fresh water. If only I knew corn's secret to life, then I could survive. It must get food and water from somewhere... BUT WHERE?

I am starting to tan. My flesh has lit up like a tomato and I am growing angry and increasingly despondent. I must confess that I spent a good hour yelling at what turned out to be the rusty carcass of a tractor overgrown with weeds and thorny bushes because in the sun and confusion it resembled what I thought might have been a hobbit burrow.

My fire is hardly noticeable, and barely emitting any smoke. Night will be here soon and there is little chance of being rescued before it comes. I must prepare for another long and grueling ordeal. I pray I live to see tomorrow.

Day Three:

It is already probably noon and I am just now updating this journal because I lost my pen and when I found it there was a caterpillar on it and I had to wait for it to move on, which took probably about six hours. During that time I sweated a lot. I need water soon, or I will be completely dehydrated. More to come later...

While exploring, I accidentally tripped over a cornstalk and my mouth landed on an exposed ear of corn. I struggled to get up, and in my haste I accidentally bit into and swallowed some kernels of raw corn. I was completely astonished. I had no idea raw corn could be eaten. My food troubles are solved for now. The Lord has seen fit to bless me with an entire maze of food.

The signal fire is burning bright now but unfortunately no planes are flying over. I heard dogs in the distance, wolves perhaps, and I briefly tried to pretend an ear of corn was a corndog. Sadly, the cob tasted nothing like a hot dog when I bit deep into it. I must remain calm and alert. I am not going to allow myself to get eaten.

I have little to add at this hour, just that I have been eating as much corn as possible, but without a toothpick this is going to prove a disaster in time.

While exploring I found where I think my SUV was parked. It is now missing. I attempted to follow the tire tracks, but they eventually disappeared into a large mud puddle. I must confess I was so thirsty I drank the muddy water, and then I spit most of it out and had some more corn.

I do not know where my vehicle went, but I can only assume I am not alone in the cornfield. I will not only need protection from the elements, but also from the potential predators stalking me out here amongst the corn. I also do not know where my signal fire went. Every step in this horrible place is a step you cannot take back.

It is now late afternoon and I am pleased to report that I have been industrious! I have spent hours constructing a veritable corn palace out of mud and corn. The inspiration struck me swift, like Cupid's arrow, and I was so moved to work that I did not pick up pen and paper until I had completed it. This fortress was a labor of love, and perhaps the most beautiful thing that I have ever created. It protects over two thirds of my body from the elements and also from predators.

Now that it is dusk I am hiding inside my corn palace and waiting for night. Tonight I will sleep nicely knowing that I am safe.

Day Four:

The Siege of the Corn Palace has begun. Birds and insects of all sorts have begun descending upon my meager shelter, chewing away at it and my sanity. I am doing my best to brush and whack them away but it is difficult to keep up with their relentless pace.

I must put down this journal and fend off the next wave. I cannot afford to lose the outer wall of kernels, or this whole place could collapse in on me.

It is now afternoon and the Corn Palace is in shambles. Wave after wave of birds picked and clawed at the walls, chiseling away until it began to buckle and shake under the stress. I stood strong, whacking at the birds with cornstalks, but a wave of caterpillars moved in from the east. I could not fight a war on two fronts, and so I retreated.

I am writing with the last of the day's light, which will soon be gone. The night is smoky. I wonder if perhaps my signal fire is still burning. This could be a good sign, as rescue planes are no doubt prepped and ready to begin aerial search in the morning.

Now that it is dusk the birds and insects have vanished into the shadows, and I am busily reconstructing what's left of my Corn Palace. It now only protects about a third of my body, but that's still one less third of me for nature to ravage in the night.

Day Five:

These are frantic words I etch, friends. I was awoken from what is left of the Corn Palace by a continuous thunder. The entire field was ablaze, and popping with machine gun intensity. It is like Normandy out here, with kernels flying and exploding every which way. As I am writing this, I have lost hearing in my left ear from an exploding cob that went off beside me.

I am rapidly trying to flee, but the entire field is a cauldron of flames and great white explosions. I am attempting to move away from the fire, but it is hard to keep focused amid this chaos. I only pray I have created a large enough display to attract rescuers.

Hours have passed since I last wrote, but thankfully I have some good news! I have found my SUV! It was parked at the edge of a yard just outside the cornfield. It is near a barn and a small house with a pie on the windowsill. It appears I am free of brain tumors after all, one less worry for me to contend with. Apparently the house was there the whole time, but I didn't notice it while struggling for my life. Thankfully the signal fire eventually spread to the whole field and in turn that sequence of events lead me to safety.

Whoever moved my vehicle out of the field was kind enough to add a little gas. I think it must have been the people I see off in the distance trying to put out the fire with hoses. I must remember to send them a thank you card at some point for allowing me to burn their field down to save myself. Looks like they are in for a long night. I am too, as Wal-Mart will no doubt be closed if I do not head out right away. Not only do I still need that cola, it is clear from this ordeal I will need a new pen.

To all confronting overwhelming danger, remember to stay strong and wise, and never surrender your wits to fear and terror. Farewell and fare travels!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.16 Failed TV Programs in the Tradition of Hogan's Heroes

Thursday, Feb 16, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

1969

[2] [5] [37] THE FRANK FILES - *Drama 1:00*

This gumshoe is picking up the slack!

The creators of *Mannix* bring a fresh new retelling of the Anne Frank story to Friday nights on CBS. Anne Frank is a detective who plays by her own rules, with her only friend being her trusty sidekick robot/crime diary "KITTY 4000" (Krime Investigating Talking Technology Yiddishbot) which she uses to gather clues about the vast underground attic-based crime syndicate. In this premiere episode, the Munich art museum is robbed, but being confined to an attic doesn't stop Anne from getting involved with the case when stolen art is found in KITTY 4000's compu-partment! Next week: It's surf's up at the attic's annual beach party! But when Beach Boy Brian Wilson is found murdered, only Frank can break the case (Guest Star: Brian Wilson). "If there's a mystery happening, it had better not be far!" *Anne Frank: Jodie Foster. KITTY 4000: Sterling Holloway (voice).*

1976

[8] [15] [19] POL POT'S PLACE - *Comedy :30*

Spooks, you're in hot water this time!

Life can be hard if you're a certain Cambodian dictator dealing with the day to day rat race of killing thousands upon thousands of your own people. But when Pol Pot inherits a hotel from his dead grandfather, he finds himself with a whole new mess of problems! And the stress of running a hotel is nothing compared to the antics of a certain group of mischievous ghosts that he just can't get out of his hair! Pilot: Pol Pot's dinner party goes horribly wrong when Spooks McGraw (Jonathan Winters) gives the unwanted class attendees enough food to live off of! Can these ghostly pranks mesh with Pol Pot's Marxist philosophy? Next Week: Spooks and the gang are up to their old tricks again when Pol Pot leaves them in charge of the condemned digging their own graves, but boy will he be surprised when he comes back to see the place a mess after one of Spook's parties! Pol Pot's Place: Laughter checks in, but it doesn't check out! *Pol Pot: Pat Morita.*

1991

[56] [21] [33] OPERATION DESERT FUN! - *Comedy :30*

Chad Lankman (Pauly Shore) is just a fun-loving surfer dude from the west coat, until "The Weasel" catches a wave that washes him up on the shores of Iraq! Now, one way or another, Chad has to teach those Iraqis how Californians like to party, all while trying not to cheese off his Commanding Officer! Pilot: In an effort to clean up Chad's act, Commanding Officer Gruffman puts Chad in charge of the ballistic weapons department. But Gruffman nearly blows his top when Chad spends the PATRIOT Missile budget on... a hippo?! Let's hope that hippo knows how to party, "buuuuudy!" Next Week: Chad comes down with a case of desert fever, leaving Gruffman to sneak into one of Saddam Hussein's (Guest Star: Tom Selleck) palaces for the cure. But when Gruffman has to pose as a woman things get hairy... in more ways than one!

We bet you can't Kuwait to watch!

1983

[30] [58] [27] MY SO-CALLED DICTATORSHIP - *Drama 1:00*

Just because Fidel Castro may be known as an enemy of the United States and a promoter of Communism, that doesn't mean that there's also a sensitive side we don't get to see. In this new ABC drama, actor Dom DeLuise plays the infamous dictator, showing us the angst of suppressing dissent and beard maintenance. Premiere episode: Fidel has it all: fame, power, and a magnificently-stocked humidor. When he notices all the murals in Cuba are of Che Guevara, the only thing that can pick up his spirits is the upcoming Spring Fling. But will Susie Wilkins go with him? If special guest stars, A Flock of Seagulls, have anything to say about it, he sure will! We sure hope you don't run, run so far away! Next week: There's no cure for the summertime blues, especially when Fidel finds out his best friend is moving... to the United States?! Will Fidel be able to find the perfect going-away gift?

This is it. This is my life. Why did I, like, expect more by this point?

1968

[45] [49] [61] WHO'S THE FURHER? - *Comedy :30*

When Paul Lynde is Hitler, anything can happen, and it usually does on "Who's the Fuhrer!" Invading Poland was easy compared to putting up with such a pack of goofs! There's Rommel, Hitler's wacky Hawaiian shirt-wearing neighbor, always looking to get rich quick, Himmler, Hitler's tight-fisted boss, and Schnauzie, who, in the tradition of The Great Gazoo, is a talking German Shepherd from space that only Hitler can see! On "Who's the Furher," there's no telling what mischief these screwballs will get into! Pilot: Hitler has to be at the awards ceremony of the National German Art show, but he also made a hot date with his niece on the same night! When Schnauzie creates a Hitler robot to take his place, someone sets the switch to "wacky" and Himmler is there to witness the chaos. Will Hitler get canned and have to join his buddy Rommel's "Tunnel to Atlantis" scheme? All this and more on "Who's the Fuhrer." It's a gas! Next week: Pre-empted by a broadcast from the Anti-Defamation League.

Hitleeeeeer! You've got some 'splaining to do!

1986

[53] [46] [7] AFTER AFTER M*A*S*H - *Documentary 2:00*

A drunk Jamie Farr (Jamie Farr) is served drinks by Alan Alda (Alan Alda) as he sits on an empty sound stage and talks about how much he hated making "After M*A*S*H."

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

2.17 Heinz Bergen's Beweggrundmannschaft

Friday, Feb 17, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Good morning! Principal Johnson has asked us here today to have a conversation with you kids about direction. I see a lot of faces out there who are confused. Who don't know where they're going in life. Who think maybe they should smoke cigarettes or do drugs or drink beers just to look cool and fit in. Let me just tell you, I was like you once. I was unsure of the way in which I should live my life. I just went ahead and I did my own thing...and it nearly killed me.

When I was twelve I didn't know what to do. My parents both worked so I would come home to an empty house and I relied on my friends for companionship. We would get up to all manner of antics. We would throw rocks at the windows of our neighbor, Yitzhak Liebermann. We would break into the delicatessen down the street and steal bottles of schnapps from underneath the counter when the old Yids weren't looking. We'd drink and drink and drink until we were rowdy and ready to fight. We'd wait outside the synagogue and threaten to beat up passing women unless they gave us their money.

It was a terrible time for me and I was headed for a life of crime and self-destructive behavior. I was going to be sleeping in the gutter and eating rats for breakfast if I didn't pull myself out of that downward spiral. Do you think I'm still stuck in a rut? Do you think I just sat there and felt sorry for myself? Don't answer! Watch this demonstration of trick shots and slam dunks and think about that question.

[Trick shot interlude complete with trampoline and motivation team member dressed as a pig]

Whew! Now that was amazing shooting! Let's hear it for the Beweggrundmannschaft all-stars! Do you think they lack direction or motivation? Do you think they resort to alcohol, drugs or pre-marital sex? Of course not.

When I was fourteen I was arrested by one of the Ordnungspolizei in Hamburg for trying to jimmy the lock on a mail box to steal people's letters. That policeman gave me a choice: go to jail or go to work and whether you realize it or not that's the choice all of you are facing right now. Get your life straightened out, break away from the drugs and pollution of your body, the spiritual corruption of decadence or you will be headed to jail. Or worse, you will wallow in your proud white race's downfall while the Zionists slowly enclose the world in their red hand.

Your principal invited me here today to motivate you. To give you direction and confidence. That is why I would like to talk to you about the life-changing powers of National Socialism. I see a

lot of people out there who look a bit confused. First let me say that National Socialism is not communism. It is a belief in the strength of the state and in the strength of yourself as an important part of that state. You must have pride in your nation, the great United States of America, and you must be proud of yourself. You are the greatest race that God has ever placed on this earth and it is your birthright to inherit the lands.

National Socialism is strength! If it were weakness do you think that my friends here would be able to do this?

[Feats of strength interlude complete with marching strongmen who bend metal bars and a pig on a trampoline]

Wow! Let's hear it for the whole Beweggrundmannschaft. Do they seem weak to you? Do they seem like they are ready to be conquered by the Jewish tribes? The gypsies? What about the homosexuals ore the lowly negroes? No, I sure don't think so! Swiney is going to pass out a very important book to you. I would like you to open that book to page 88 and I would like you to read along with me. This is an oath to our glorious leader, but it is also an oath to yourself. It is a promise that you will be improving yourself for yourself and also for your race.

Come on folks, everyone who recites the oath gets a flashlight keychain.

"I swear: I shall be loyal and obedient to Michael Whitley, the Führer of the American Reich and people, respect the laws, and fulfill my official duties conscientiously, so help me God."

Tucked into the back of that book is an 8 by 10 picture of the Führer. I think you should get that framed and put it up in your room. Whenever you are unsure of what to do or you're having a moral crisis you can look at that picture and ask "what would Michael Whitley do?" He would do what is right for America and the white race! And that means no drugs, no alcohol, no cigarettes or pre-marital sex. He is also against abortion, but if you stay away from sex before marriage you shouldn't have to worry about that.

After this you can all talk to the members of the Beweggrundmannschaft outside the auditorium and if you're interested you can get a promise bracelet. We also have an exciting youth program for you kids with camping and lots of outdoor activities. Also I am told you have a varsity women's basketball game tonight so go Lady Buccaneers! We'll all be sure to attend the game as athletics build a stronger white race.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.18 Web 2.0 - Synergistic Folksonomy And You

Saturday, Feb 18, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

In the beginning Al Michaels created the internet, and it was good. A new frontier of tremendous potential, the internet made anything possible as long as it involved animated gifs of rotating "Under Construction" signs and tastefully embedded midis of timeless classics by Poison and the Spice Girls. It was a magical time. Even people with no vested interest in whose balls Mr. T had eaten knew something special was happening, and they wanted to get in on the ground floor. If you knew how to register a domain and acquire hosting, you were immediately qualified to receive millions of dollars in startup capital from investors. The following scene was extremely common back then:

> **Investor:** Thanks for stopping by my office. As you know, I represent a group of individuals who are very interested in financing your website. How does twenty million dollars sound?
>
> **Young Man:** Wow, sounds great! But before we go any farther I must tell you that I haven't exactly figured out a way to make this site profita-
>
> **Investor:** Properly run on such a small budget? Oh God, what have I done? Forty million.
>
> **Young Man:** Look, it's not that. There's simply no business mod-
>
> **Investor:** Why did I say forty? *(grimacing, he takes a very expensive-looking pen from its ivory stand on his desk and jabs it completely through the back of his left hand, pinning it in place on his day planner)* Whyyyyy? *(he looks up from his hand, his eyes mad with eagerness)* Eighty million!
>
> **Young Man:** Okay, sounds good.
>
> **Investor:** *(sobbing as he drops his head to the desk)* I just wish I had more to give. I'm an utter failure. If only suicide wasn't illegal!
>
> *(The following week, www.WePayYou100DollarsEveryTimeYouLoadThisPage.com launches with a staff of three hundred hipsters diligently riding scooters around a posh San Francisco office. Thanks to buzz from other websites and several news spots about the company's incredibly progressive workplace filled with nothing but comfy couches and assorted arcade games, shares in the company start off at $40 and skyrocket with no end in sight.)*

There were so many meetings just like this, in fact, that four startups attempted to buy WePayYou100DollarsEveryTimeYouLoadThisPage.com, leading to the invention of the .net, .org and universally reviled .co.uk suffixes.

Surprisingly, this money party did not go on forever. Stockholders across the globe soon found that the companies they invested in were incapable of actually making money through outside sources, and the dot com bubble burst. Countless businesses which shouldn't have existed in the first place went under. Dozens of office buildings in San Francisco were filled with cement to seal the evil contained within forever. Landfills overflowed with discarded scooters, some of which were still attached to their hipster owners due to mishaps with crazy glue. Everyone got a good laugh out of those guys during an otherwise bleak time, but no one thought to save or at least feed them, and eventually they starved to death.

This leads us to 2004, when the phrase Web 2.0 first pops up in all of its retarded splendor. At first glance the label seems to suggest that the internet as we knew it has been replaced by a shiny,

glorious new model with adjustable seats and free wainscoting. In fact, it does not denote an entirely new network, upgraded servers, or any sort of change in protocols. So what is it?

It is a buzzword coined by a group of people who would like investors to start spending their money on internet businesses en masse again. It's a way of buying into the notion that the dot com bubble burst occurred because the internet itself was broken the first time around, and that it's perfectly safe to spend money now because this is *Web 2.0*, which is obviously improved and much more stable because it has a "2" in it whereas the original internet didn't even have a number in its name, much less a decimal.

Web 2.0 Conference organizer John Battelle sums up the event's message.

Just to make things even more confusing, the guys who coined the term decided it would also represent a standard set of features required to be totally rockin' on the internet, which would present all sorts of great opportunities to cram one big buzzword with tons of smaller buzzwords. If you want your website to be Web 2.0 compliant (and who doesn't?), you'll need to keep the following guidelines from Tim O'Reilly of O'Reilly books' manifesto in mind:

- **The web as platform**

Your site as good if web as platform. This is not example of poor grammar or awkward phrase as.

- **Control over unique, hard-to-recreate data sources that get richer as more people use them**

If your visitors can't share pictures of their cats with a dynamic community of people who don't give a shit or read Amazon.com product reviews written by angry first graders, your site is doing something very wrong. The future lies in a billion jerks sitting at their computers writing crap that a billion other jerks will ignore.

- **Harnessing collective intelligence**

I'm not sure how you're supposed to harness this collective intelligence. I guess you could somehow harness the collective intelligence of Ain't It Cool News' readers to power the device that upends buckets of fried chicken into Harry Knowles' ego hole? It would only run at half-speed and the readers would need to really strain, but it could theoretically work.

- **The perpetual beta**

By keeping your content in a state where it's never quite finished, you're doing your part to advance the internet. Apparently, Web 2.0 was based on Star Wars Galaxies. Who knew?

- **Data is the next Intel Inside**

Okay.

- **Trusting users as co-developers**

I wouldn't fall asleep anywhere near any of the other writers at Something Awful for fear that they'd brain me with a tire iron. If I can't trust the distant acquaintances I rarely talk to (because I dislike them, which I point out every time I do talk to them) with a tire iron, how am I supposed to trust you people with my podcasting data-driven social networking Ajax collective intelligence rich user experience? I can't even imagine what it would feel like to be brained with *that*, but I bet it would hurt.

I had hoped that Web 2.0 would go away, as the very idea of a few people deciding what buzzwords and features on the internet are most important and then defining an ever-changing network of global information with their own narrow and self-serving label is just plain horrible. Since it doesn't seem to be dying, though, I'm going to go ahead and give the next stage of the internet my own buzzword label: **Web 2.1**

Web 2.1 is the new standard for web sites and applications in the blogosphere collective information age. It is scaleable and easy to use, as well as being user friendly and designed with the end user in mind. In order to be Web 2.1 compliant, you must follow these guidelines:

- **If it comes to a rest on the floor for less than five seconds, you can eat it**
- **No means no**
- **Don't expose it to bright lights, get it wet, or feed it after midnight**
- **Data is the next Intel Inside**
- **If the kick returner signals for a fair catch but drops the ball, the other team can attempt to recover it**

Keep an eye out for an exciting line of books on various aspects of this new era of the internet, coming soon from my publishing house!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

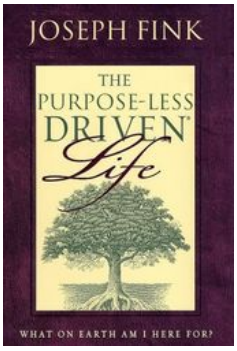
2.19 My Future Writing Career

Sunday, Feb 19, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Lately I have been giving some serious thought to the future. While I enjoy my work here at Something Awful, this is clearly not the place to launch a high profile and high paying career. With that in mind, I have been busy on my next generation of writing projects. My hope is that these will be my ticket to a better class of writers, ones who do not work because they are proud of what they do, but rather because they are huge whores for publishing companies.

Still, a lingering sense of nostalgia and duty forces me to feel some obligation towards all the little people at this community who gave me the boost I needed to get to the top. With the goal of alleviating that pesky sense of attachment, I am giving you all a sneak peek of what I have in the works. Consider this repayment in full for my time here and don't come knocking when I have my mansion.

- **The Purpose-less Driven Life**



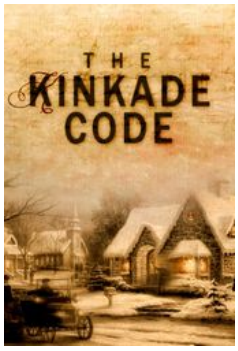
Any pussy can give their life over to Jesus and discover his purpose working in their life, but it takes a real man to fuel his life with sheer lack of meaning. In 40 chapters, each representing a "day" in your journey to animal degradation, we will explore subjects such as the statistical unlikelihood of life's creation, the statistical likelihood of its pending destruction, and how love doesn't even exist man it's like just a bunch of chemicals in our brains reacting and fucking with your head man you can't let it fuck with your head man. After finishing the book, you will have gained the skills and attitude necessary to claw your way up in the world for a few fleeting moments of happiness at the expense of anyone necessary because, in the end, does it even matter?

I will also make available for separate purchase several related products, including The Purpose-less Driven Life Countdown To Death Journal, The Purpose-less Driven Life Little Nihilist Coloring Book, The Purpose-less Driven Life hand knitted book cozy, and The Purpose-less Driven Life shower curtain.

Sample chapters include:

- Day 1: Finding Your Nietzsche
- Day 16: The World Makes No Sense or How Kelly Clarkson Got Famous
- Day 33: All People Is Bitches
- Day 40: Why Haven't You Killed Yourself Yet? You Scared, That It? No, I Can See It In Your Eyes. You're Scared. Jesus, I Don't Know Why I Wasted My Time With You.

The Kinkade Code



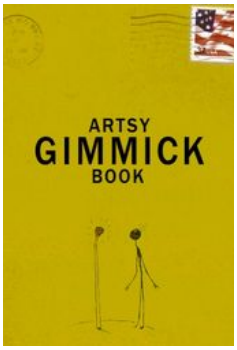
Thomas Kinkade, Painter Of Light And White PeopleTM, has been hiding coded messages in his artwork, messages that may lead to a secret buried for thousands of years. Now it is up to one man to seek out these codes and discover the truth for himself. Also, for some reason, he can't just ask Thomas Kinkade what the secret is. Maybe Kinkade's out of town or his phone line is getting worked on. I'll think of something before it gets published. In any case, The Kinkade Code will grip you all the way from its explosive opening:

> Prologue
>
> Dr. Fredrick Klauster ran away from a shadowy figure. Then the shadowy figure shot him. He gasped and then he died but first he rearranged all the furniture in his house into specific patterns while slowly bleeding to death. He did this instead of calling the police.
>
> Chapter 1
>
> Dirk Battalion is the type of man that, if you were a lady, you would be all over. He may not be handsome in the traditional sense, and he may write books for a living instead of doing a "real job," and maybe his wife left him because he wouldn't stop talking about that one book of his that was successful and maybe despite all his massive amounts of money he cries himself to sleep each night in his oversized and oh so empty luxury bed, but he is still the biggest lady's man around. Suddenly there was a car about to hit him.
>
> Chapter 2
>
> It didn't hit him.
>
> "Hey, there was a murder in Europe. I don't know anything about this type of thing, and the police could probably handle it but I'm going to fly over there and check it out anyway."
>
> Said Dirk
>
> "Yeah, that's a good idea," said his boss Rex Fister, who isn't evil.
>
> Then the car started backing up and it looked like it might actually hit him this time. Also there was a cliff nearby, so he could maybe slip and fall off that. It's a possibility to keep in mind anyway.

To the pulse pounding conclusion:

> Chapter 57
>
> I FUCKING HATE RELIGION FUCK RELIGION OH GOD WHY ARE PEOPLE PART OF A RELIGION CAN'T THEY SEE IT MAKES THEM LIKE SHEEP YOU ARE LIKE SHEEP BAAHHHH BAHHHHH suddenly a gun was pointing at Dirk.

Artsy Gimmick Book

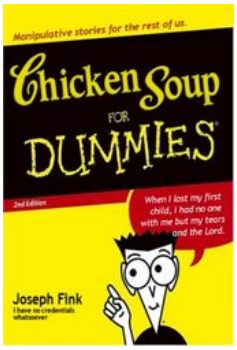


This tasteful volume is a fantastic addition to any collection and the first in what could be a lengthy series. That's because writing a book like this is easier than most other activities, including writing *any* other type of book, finding giraffe-in-wheelchair porn on the internet, or watching a David Lynch movie without declearing a blood vendetta against David Lynch. In a book like this you only need one line per page, and then the rest can just be covered up with paint blotches or some doodles you made while you were bored.

That's not to say no skill at all went into its creation. I had to, for instance, fake sincerity. Each line had to be ambiguous enough to mean absolutely nothing at all, but at the same time give off the impression that it was both warm and profound.

For example, the perfect line for a book like this is "Take ticklenaps daily." What's a ticklenap? As far as I know and want to know, they don't exist, but throw in some crude stick figure drawings that use art techniques discovered around the same time as fire, and I can charge $30 bucks a copy for maybe 500 actual words written.

Chicken Soup for Dummies


Manipulative stories for the rest of us.
Chicken Soup
FOR
DUMMIES
2nd Edition
When I lost my first child, I had no one with me but my tears and the Lord.
Joseph Fink
I have no credentials whatsoever

Walk into any bookstore and it should be obvious what sells: the same book over and over. If you can get a successful series going or, even better, a *franchise*, you are set for life in the publishing business. Or are you?

The sad truth about successful franchises is that, like supermodels and computers, it doesn't take long for them to grow too old. Perfect examples of this are the "Chicken Soup" and "for Dummies" franchises. Can I actually learn piano from a book I spent five bucks clearance on? Who really cares if a dying little girl finds god? (The question is rhetorical, damnit.)

But perhaps if these two franchises were somehow fused, then, like a supermodel with a computer interface, it would create something revolutionary, something that would change how you think about sappy stories and simplified instruction books forever. Imagine how much more interesting a book on dog care would be if it included the following tip:

When bathing your dog in any outdoor area not properly fenced (garage, front yard, etc.), always keep him or her restrained with a rope or leash. Failure to do this can cause the dog to become spooked by the water and run out into the street. This happened with my dear Aunt Agnes. Oh, she loved that dog, but one day it was hit by a car. We were scared of how she would react, elderly as she was, but she just said "Oh, the Lord'll give him back to me one day." Years went by, and every time that dog was brought up, she would say that. Eventually, Agnes got seriously ill and we had to get her hospice care. She lay in the same bed she had been born in, slowly dying of a painful disease. And right before she finally went for good, this stray dog what looked just like Agnes's old dog comes in and barks once. Agnes sees that dog, she smiles, and she passes away. The stray walked out and we never saw it again. I don't know if I believe in the Lord, but I know I witnessed a miracle that day. Also, if you use flea shampoo, be sure to cut it with a little water so it doesn't sting the animal's eyes.

If this does well, I plan to expand into other aging franchises. Look for future releases such as Now That's What I Call Chicken Soup For Dummies and Low Carb ZONE Chicken Soup For Dummies

Lite Atkins Edition.

That's as many as I've finished so far, but rest assured that I have plenty more ideas up my sleeve. If all goes according to plan, I will have an entire industry centered around me and more money then I could possibly spend even though I will be trying my hardest to do so. It will be common for movie stars and hip hop producers to casually drop by my house hoping that a stray paparazzi will catch them in the same frame as me, thus giving their career that much more of a boost. I will be forced to devote an hour each morning to a careful sorting of all love letters addressed to me.

But in all that noise and fuss, the truth is I will still remember and miss these quiet times we had together every other Sunday.

Shhhh, don't talk. Let's just take this moment while it lasts.

Daily Dirt

I found some gif on my hard drive that was pretty funny but I'm not sure who made it.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

2.20 Infrequently Asked Questions

Monday, Feb 20, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Q. Why is the harpoon used as a weapon in so many movies yet there are so few movies about whale attacks?

A. It's all product placement from harpoon manufacturers trying to broaden their sales base to include alien hunters.

Q. When they give a press conference in a zombie movie why do all of the reporters act like they have never heard of a zombie?

A. Reporters inevitably fail at everything they attempt, up to and including understanding the zombie apocalypse.

Q. If carbohydrates are so fattening then why aren't cows fatter and why doesn't eating a cow that ate so many carbs make you fat?

A. Photosynthesis.

Q. If coal is cleaner-burning than gasoline and there is more coal in the world why don't auto manufacturers make steam turbine automobiles?

A. Various lawsuits from Native American tribes have driven the once-proud iron horse from the plains.

Q. Why don't women in porno movies ever take off their shoes?

A. Porn sets are notoriously infested with hookworm.

Q. In the movie "Armageddon" instead of drilling a hole in a meteor and putting a nuclear bomb down the hole why didn't they just shoot like five nuclear bombs in a row at the meteor?

A. This is what is known as Baysian Physics. This is the same phenomenon that allowed American pilots to become airborne and shoot down Japanese airplanes in Pearl Harbor. Essentially it is the tendency of the universe to gravitate towards circumstances and conditions under which the most heroic acts possible can be performed, no matter how contrived.

Q. But why was there a machinegun on the meteor buggy?

A. Reply hazy, try again later.

Q. Is there anything scarier than spiders?

A.

Q. Why have they put bad cameras into cellular phones but not bad cellular phones into cameras?

A. People sometimes want to take a picture when they're talking on the phone but they NEVER want to call someone when they're taking a picture.

Q. Is there such a thing as Type 3 diabetes?

A. Yes, the fabled Super Diabetes or Los Glucos Loco. It can only afflict animals and it is the source of all miniature breeds of dogs and horses.

Q. Wait, miniature horses? Why would you want a miniature horse?

A. Why do you hate freedom? It's not like they asked for diabetes!

Q. If obesity is such a problem and cigarettes are so addictive because of nicotine then why don't they just put nicotine in a negative calorie food like celery and solve both problems at once?

A. Good idea! Unfortunately, something similar was tried in the late 90s with methadone and raw potatoes. Thousands bled to death through their gums before the program was discontinued.

Q. Why do most good bands seem to have a huge critical success then dissolve under the weight of their own pretension with horrible bloopy-bleepy shit or flaccid droning?

A. Are we talking about Radiohead or Nine Inch Nails? Trick question! Neither band was ever good!

Q. That reminds me, when Trent Reznor is old and dying of cancer what unexpected song do you think he will cover and re-popularize?

A. It's impossible to know at this early stage, but we can only hope the world will still have songwriters creating works with the subtlety and nuance of "Hurt." If not then he could always cover "Bat Dance." Vicki Vale, V-v-vicki Vale!

Q. Does God exist?

A. See below.

Q. Why was "Mind of Mencia" renewed for a second season?

A. See above.

Q. Can the United States ever win the war on drugs or the war on terror?

A. Much like the war on hemlines, these conflicts will ebb and flow, but will never recede entirely.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.21 AMDB Trivia: Copper Heart (1987)

Tuesday, Feb 21, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Copper Heart

(1987)

Directed by:
Harold Wells

Writing credits:
Harold Wells
John Milius(uncredited)

Genre: Action/Crime/Drama/Sci-fi

Tagline: One good cop. Five billion ways to die.

Plot Outline: Eddie Reynolds is a New York cop with a bad heart and a score to settle. When a boxcar filled with seized radioactive... (more)

User Comments: Uneven and sometimes confusing, Copper Heart provides enough cheap thrills to win over even the stodgiest, most miserable piece of...

(more)

User Rating:

★★★★★☆☆☆☆☆ **5.2/10 (644 votes)**

Cast overview, first billed only:

Michael Nouri	...	Eddie Reynolds
Powers Boothe	...	Max Branson
David Patrick Kelly	...	Dan Kitten
Michael Ironside	...	Dick Rutherford
Diana Venora	...	Jean Prowozikylantioni
Rip Torn	...	Lemuel Hugo
Joe Grifasi	...	The Savage

(more)

AMDB Trivia:

- Newcomer Harold Wells was brought on to direct after David Lynch bowed out due to his commitment to direct "Maniac Bellhop 4," a project which was never completed.
- John Milius took his name off the screenplay after director Harold Wells "butchered" it by adding several bizarre sci-fi subplots.
- The role of Eddie Reynolds was turned down by Tom Cruise, Harrison Ford, Eddie Murphy, Brian Blessed, and Steven Seagal. Australian actor Bryan Brown signed on for the part, but had to pull out after being severely electrocuted by an extinct species of crab on the set of F/X(1986).

- Gay rights group GLAAD nearly boycotted the film due to an ad-lib by co-star Powers Boothe. When actor Michael Ironside lost a pair of sunglasses on the set, Boothe exclaimed, "they're in your fanny-pack, right between your rape whistle and your Virginia Slims, faggot." The cameras were rolling, and Harold Wells liked the line so much he wrote it into the script.

- **Director Trademark:** Close-up of scrotum.

- David Patrick Kelly, who insisted on doing his own stunts, fractured his skull while filming the cactus dance sequence. Kelly, who held an MA in Biology from UCLA, had his degree revoked after the accident left him with a minor speech impediment.

- The original John Milius screenplay had the working title of "Last Cop." After Harold Wells took control of the project, proposed titles included "*Trained* to Die," "NYPD: Bloodshed," "Bloody Nightstick," "Bellow of the Andrioid," "Alien Holocaust" and "The Last Human." Test screenings of the film were billed as "Destinyhammer," but the title was changed yet again after test audiences reacted negatively to the sword-and-sandal barbarian subplot.

- Harold Wells insisted that actor James Remar drink real human urine during the transformation scene. After almost two hundred takes, Remar left the production, accusing Wells of being "a pervert." Remar was replaced with an abstract funnel-shaped puppet designed by French philosopher Jacques Derrida, himself a urine enthusiast.

- **Director Trademark:** Characters are chewing during every scene.

- The bank robbery scene was filmed inside an abandoned gymnasium filled with mattresses, which annoyed the actors involved and bewildered test audiences. Ridley Scott was hired to reshoot the scene after principal production was completed, but he refused to shoot in another location on the grounds that it might compromise Harold Wells' artistic vision.

- Harold Wells had constant disputes with lead actor Michael Nouri over how to portray the character of Eddie Reynolds; Nouri wanted to play him as a hard-boiled, streetwise detective, but Wells envisioned the character as a bilious, surgically reformed dwarf.

- Production ground to a halt for three months after Michael Ironside contracted hepatitis-B from eating an old man's tooth.

- More cars were destroyed during the production of *Copper Heart* than any other film before it; the record was broken in 2005 by Terrence Malick's The New World (2005).

- Midway through the production, Harold Wells briefly toyed with the idea of reshaping the film into a teenage sex romp called "Hardbody Carwash Weekend." The idea was scrapped after studio executives burnt down the Malibu sets.

- Harold Wells was furious when the studio chopped the film's running length to only 58 minutes, making it ineligible for an Academy Award for best picture. The original cut ran 2 hours 19 minutes.

- **Cameo:** Ringo Starr as the voice of the *Perroquet de Viande*. (uncredited)

- To prepare for the role of Dan Kitten,David Patrick Kellywent eight months without sleep.

- Harold Wells originally demanded a budget of $136 million, a figure which studio executives dismissed as "Caligulan." The film was greenlit at an unassuming but supple budget.

- **Director Trademark:** Close-up of yelling mouth filled with food.

- Rip Torn was nearly killed when his boat capsized during the filming of the soup dream sequence. Shaken, the actor briefly turned to Christ; a body double was used during his nude scenes.
- Actress Diane Venora, the only woman involved in any capacity with the production, spent most of the shoot in a self-induced drug coma at the approval of Harold Wells. Conveniently, there were only two scenes in the movie that called for her to be awake: the scene in which she is decapitated and the scene in which she leaps into river of lava.
- Harold Wells wanted to film the landing sequence atop the Tecohulcochen Ruins in Peru, but due to budgetary constraints it was filmed on a wet baseball diamond covered in marbles.
- A thirty-foot tremiere lond was constructed for the train crash sequence, but it collapsed under its own weight. It was the biggesst such lond ever fabricated, and the biggest overall lond ever engineered for a motion picture.
- Powers Boothe developed a rash (which did not affect the production).
- Michael Nouri unsuccessfully sued the studio after an accident while shooting an action sequence atop a windmill resulted in the half-developed fetal Siamese twin on his back being sheared off by a wooden rotor. Although he was medically unaffected, Nouri insisted that half of his soul lived inside the tumid hump.
- **Director Cameo:** Harold Wells appears as a singing walrus (uncredited).
- **Director Trademark:** Character spitting chewed food into a baby's mouth.
- The chrome earwig model had over three hundred points of articulation. Crew members affectionately referred to the creature as "Tits."
- After filming for several weeks in Canada, the Canadian government was so enamored of Harold Wells and his unique artistic vision that they declared April 14th "Harold Wells Day." Harold Wells Day was taken off the national roster of holidays in 1994 when Wells was publicly revealed as a bigamist.
- A speech therapist was brought to the set after Powers Boothe was found to be unable to correctly pronounce the world "toilet" (he kept saying "turlet").
- After Copper Heart's underwhelming critical and commercial performance, Harold Wells found it difficult to find work as a mainstream director; however, he found his calling directing straight-to-video erotic thrillers such as Boob Alley (1989), To Catch a Boob (1991) and Nightboob (1994).

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

2.22 Presidents' Day Miracles

Wednesday, Feb 22, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Many historians regard George Washington as the first President of the United States, a rather dubious honor when you consider that no living American voted for him. Still, it is not worth arguing about in this world of pressing issues and murderous vice presidents, especially with the recent holiday. This past Monday was Presidents' Day, a national holiday in which we honor all presidents from the fancy George Washington to the stunningly dumb George W. Bush. Originally intended to celebrate Washington's Birthday, Presidents' Day has evolved into something much more magical over the years.

What many of you probably do not know is that Presidents' Day is designed not just to honor the highest office in our nation and the men that held it, but also the miraculous deeds performed in the name of the office. Today I want to take a break from the usual silliness and share with you some of the more interesting miracles and magical deeds performed by some of our former presidents. Now, granted, there have been far more presidents and far more miracles than I have listed here, but this is a dense subject and we are limited by time and space. Plus, who the hell even cares about Zachary Taylor? Certainly not anybody that is fully human.

- **George Washington** started the tradition of presidential miracles by curing a half dozen lepers and appointing them to the Supreme Court. This tradition continued for some time, until it became readily apparent that leprosy was not a good enough qualification.

- **James Madison**, with his dying breath, predicted a century's worth of events, including his own death. Only one such event came true: he died. Madison was also the only president with an exoskeleton.

- **Abraham Lincoln** stunned a small crowd of onlookers when he transubstantiated a live cow into a top hat. The top hat went on to become something of a holy relic, and briefly ended up in the hands of Adolf Hitler before American commandos liberated it. The current whereabouts of the mysterious hat are unknown, but many have reported seeing it near the old Reading Railroad headquarters.

- **Theodore Roosevelt** suffered from a derivative of lycanthropy that made him turn into a bear on full moons. Most of the time he was harmless and friendly, but every now and then Secret Service agents would have to feed him a human. Usually it was criminals, but rumors abound that he ate at least one foreign dignitary.

- **William Howard Taft** was a notorious fat ass, but did you also know that his weight was the result of keeping the world's biggest secret? The miracle was that he took said secret with him to the grave when he died suddenly of spontaneous human combustion, the first and only sitting president to do so.

- **Woodrow Wilson**, upon reciting his Fourteen Points, would grow to be fourteen feet tall. This would cause a serious strain on his bones, and he would have to sleep for 4-5 hours until the effect wore off. As such, he tried to recite the Fourteen Points as few times as possible so as not to frighten women and children with his ghoulish transformation.

- **Warren G. Harding**, nicknamed "The Regulator" by the press, was famous for dividing into two separate beings so that he could simultaneously pass the Revenue Act of 1921 *and* save a group of children trapped in a burning warehouse. Despite dire warnings of certain death from the Surgeon General, Harding did not

waver and lived the remainder of his life as two very weak men. One died of a heart attack while the other was secretly cryogenically frozen beneath the White House, where he remains to this very day.

- **Herbert Hoover** summoned all the energy within him to block out the sun for seven days in an attempt to convince the Savage Lizard Men to return the Lindbergh baby. It was a risky gambit, but the cold-blooded lizard creatures had no choice but to relent for there was no way they could have survived even a modest cooling of temperatures.
- **Franklin Delano Roosevelt** eased the burdens on the starving and impoverished by making it rain frogs in several parts of the nation. The frogs turned out to be made out of dust and sand, so he made it rain corn beef and cabbage for a whole week. His body was severely weakened by the heroic act, but everyone got a good meal out of the deal.
- **Dwight D. Eisenhower** had a unique cranial structure that let him shift gravity around him simply by angling his head in certain ways. Most of the time he used this gift to hurl meatballs at people. On one such occasion, one of his wayward meatballs damaged a plane that ended up crashing because there was nowhere to land. Eisenhower then decided that one out of every five miles of the highway system would be straight and level for use as an emergency runway.
- **Richard Nixon** wasn't much of a miracle worker, but he did have the power to turn any slice of bread into toast through mere physical contact. If he squinted and focused his energies, he could even remotely toast bread. When his temper flared up, he was known to toast bread as far away as ten miles.
- **Jimmy Carter** boasted the unique ability to lactate maple syrup, a gift that caused people to avoid White House pancake breakfasts like the plague. Parts of 1600 Pennsylvania Ave are still sticky because of him.
- **Ronald Reagan** lacked any miraculous abilities of his own, but made up for this by gathering the world's largest collection of magic jellybeans. At its height, Reagan's jellybean collection was capable of destroying the earth ten times over. Each flavor gave him a different incredible ability, but not without a cost. It is believed that Reagan's jellybean dependency ultimately killed him. Since then, the remaining magic jellybeans have been destroyed in accordance with arms treaties.

What other amazing Presidential secrets are there? Perhaps in time we will find out, but for now we are done!

Daily Dirt

I, Josh Boruff, hereby solemnly swear that if you click here you will find a daily dirt entry.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.23 Interview with an Ice Cream Man

Thursday, Feb 23, 2006 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

I Disillusion

I have always been cursed. The fate that has been bestowed upon me is cosmic retaliation for some heinous crime my ancestors must have committed long ago.

When I was born the doctor punched my mother and retired to become a seal poacher. My father was an alcoholic who left us and died after trying to huff a bag of nails. When I was five I ate a large portion of Pink Panther brand insulation, destroying my bowels for life. The only thing that stopped the pain was cold and refreshing ice cream. I became addicted to the stuff, and my peers avoided me like the plague.

My life had no meaning, no real direction. The year was 1969. It was the summer of love, revolution, and failure. While everybody else was off engaging in groovy sex and experimenting with mind altering drugs, I was alone in my basement consuming jugs of ice cream with only my salty tears for topping.

The only choice I had was to join the Army to fight the slant-eyed devils in the jungle. I hated violence and bruised easily, but thought I could gain some respect by killing a few commie zips and getting a big shiny medal for bravery.

My dishonorable discharge was issued 2 weeks later. The drill sergeant was a surly lout who had never enjoyed an ice cream cone in his life, and it was his personal mission to torture me in boot camp. After he found a sock full of sprinkles in my foot locker for the 3rd time, I was disgraced in front of my company in an unspeakable manner and sent back to civilian life with a permanent black mark on my record. There would be no war for the likes of me.

After that my only drive was to consume vast amounts of delicious ice cream and lounge shirtless in the scorching sun until it curdled in my belly, forcing me to violently expel it to make room for more. But even that activity was curtailed by my lack of income, and my mother's decision to kick me out of the house. I slept in the park where I mugged old ladies for spare change and turned tricks for fudgesicles. My life was barren of all joy, and I was left with only the black void of a craving that could never be sated. I prayed for the angel of death to visit me.

One midsummer's eve, my morbid prayer came true. He appeared to me as if in a dream. I had just gone on an otter pop binge in a cluster of bushes and the plastic wrappers lay scattered around me like so many of my forsaken memories. The man moved like a cat, approaching as silent as a shadow to loom over my bloated body. A dapper hat and bold mustache framed his unnaturally pale face. The smell of spoiled milk and stale barley wafted from inside his red vest -- a vest holding terrible secrets that no mortal should ever see.

I closed my eyes and waited for my demise, hoping it wouldn't hurt too badly. But death never came. Instead the man was sitting beside me, gently placing a soft-serve ice cream cone to my cracked lips. He wrapped his cape around me and took me to his ice cream truck.

My mortal life was still laying there, bloated and alone in the park. I was to become something much more. I accepted the power that was presented to me, and as such I was damned for eternity.

II Evolution

My new master's name was Gary. He was an immigrant from Bulgaria who traveled abroad in the New World as a purveyor of iced goods and sweets. Nobody knew his true age, but it was thought that he was older than the seas and mountains of this world -- assuming the sea and mountains are in their mid-50's.

His craft was an ancient one, existing since man learned to tame the elements of ice, and he was one of the last of his kind. Gary desired a male heir as a companion to carry on the bloodline, and to drive the ice cream truck while he took coins from the crowd of smelly bratlings. That companion was me.

Gary let me stay at his bungalow while he taught me the ways of the cream. He hinted at a great power that would only be unlocked with my undying servitude towards him and my participation in his craven desires of the flesh. It was unpleasant, but I endured for the arcane secrets that would be revealed in time. Gary was the only reason I wasn't dead on the streets, penniless and forgotten. He gave me security, and I was promised the keys to immortality for my devotion to him.

For years I drove his ice cream truck and served him as best I could. My mustache was still weak, but with each passing moon it was growing thicker and more powerful. I could feel myself growing strong, and had confidence in myself for the first time in my life. I was becoming something great and terrible, and was no longer afraid of being nude in the shower.

III Revelation

Gary had a deep hatred for all living things. His defiance against humanity was his own way of battling God for the blight inflicted upon him many years ago. When he was five years old he had been diagnosed lactose intolerant, a condition that made his favorite thing in the world -- sweet, delicious ice cream -- turn to ash in his mouth and poison in his belly.

It was then that he turned away from the path of light and reason, taking the less travelled road to the land of darkness and despair. Children were mere rodents to be sucked dry from their miscounted allowances, and a means to allow overflow his coffers with vast treasure and grow his suburban empire.

I soon found out that Gary could be a brute. He swore in his heathen Slavic language when angered and treated me like a mere slave. I began to openly wonder if he really had any great secret to teach me, or if he was just using as a lackey to do his bidding. He started to become more defensive when I pressed him for knowledge, and soon began to avoid responding to such questions all together. Had he always been this much of a jerk? Had I been too blinded by depression and fear to see that I was being used?

I still had tattered remnants of my humanity lingering inside of me, and this lifestyle sickened me at times. When I turned on the jingling bell, the hordes of unclean would burst forth from their nests to become sick and fat from our evil treats. Gary reveled in the power, but I could not bring myself to enjoy it. I did what I had to do to survive, but I refused to become like him. This battle of wills eventually led to the destruction of our partnership, as well as Gary's life force.

IV Revolution

I was ready to break free from Gary. I learned a lot about the ice cream trade from him, but he had no more secrets to share with me. His treatment was abusive and his visits to my bedroom at night made me shiver in fear. I knew he would never let me leave now. He would hunt me down and find me, no matter how far I traveled away from his terrible bungalo.

I decided that I would destroy him on the night of the winter solstice. It was a time of recharge for Gary, and he would be at his weakest. I laid silently in bed, coyly letting the sheets barely cover my buttocks. Underneth my pillow I gripped the weapon: a sharp waffle cone, which along with rap music was one of the few things that could harm him.

I could hear Gary shuffle into the room. He was moving slowly, drained from quarterly inventory check and aroused from the full moon. He sat next to me on the bed, his long fingernails brushing across my legs. I broke into a cold sweat, knowing that I had to strike soon. He tossed aside the sheet and moved closer so he could touch my butthole.

It was then that I swung around in a fury and thrust the waffle cone deep into Gary's heart. He let out a deep inhuman scream that shattered the glass Budweiser mirrors on the wall. A geyser of multi-colored sprinkles erupted from his chest, tearing a hole in the ceiling, shooting high in the night sky.

Children of all ages ran from their homes and frolicked in the rainfall of sprinkles that fell from the heavens. Gary was no more, and they were free from his ice cream curse.

V Ascension

After dumping the husk that was once Count Gary of Ohio into the Salvation Army donation bin, I went back to the bungalow and pondered my future. Would I return to my normal life, where my family and friends saw me as an embarrassment? Or would I use the skills I had learned from my late master and become the new Count of ice cream in this regional area?

The temptation was too great. I choose the latter. With time the suffering I felt began to lessen as my humanity all but faded away. I dealt frozen goods to the children over the summers, their bellies growing swollen and teeth rotten. With the plunder I bought a toaster oven from K-Mart and could cook myself dinners whenever I wished.

I now had the power that Gary once held. But at what cost? Did I destroy a monster only to put another one in his place? Alas it is far too late to ask such questions. I have chosen my path and will follow it to the end, however dire.

My name is Jasper. I am an ice cream man.

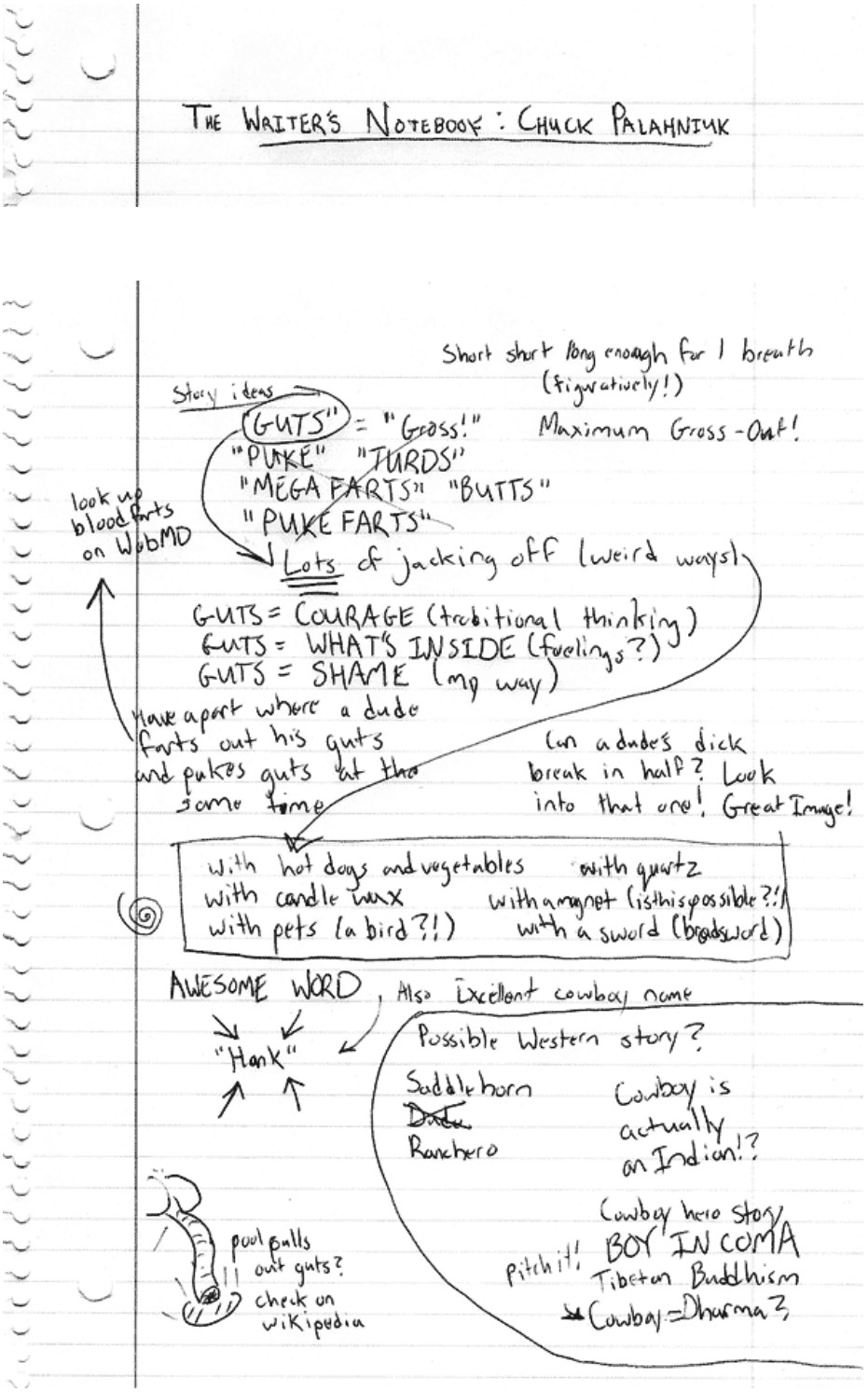
A Word About the Cartoon Protests

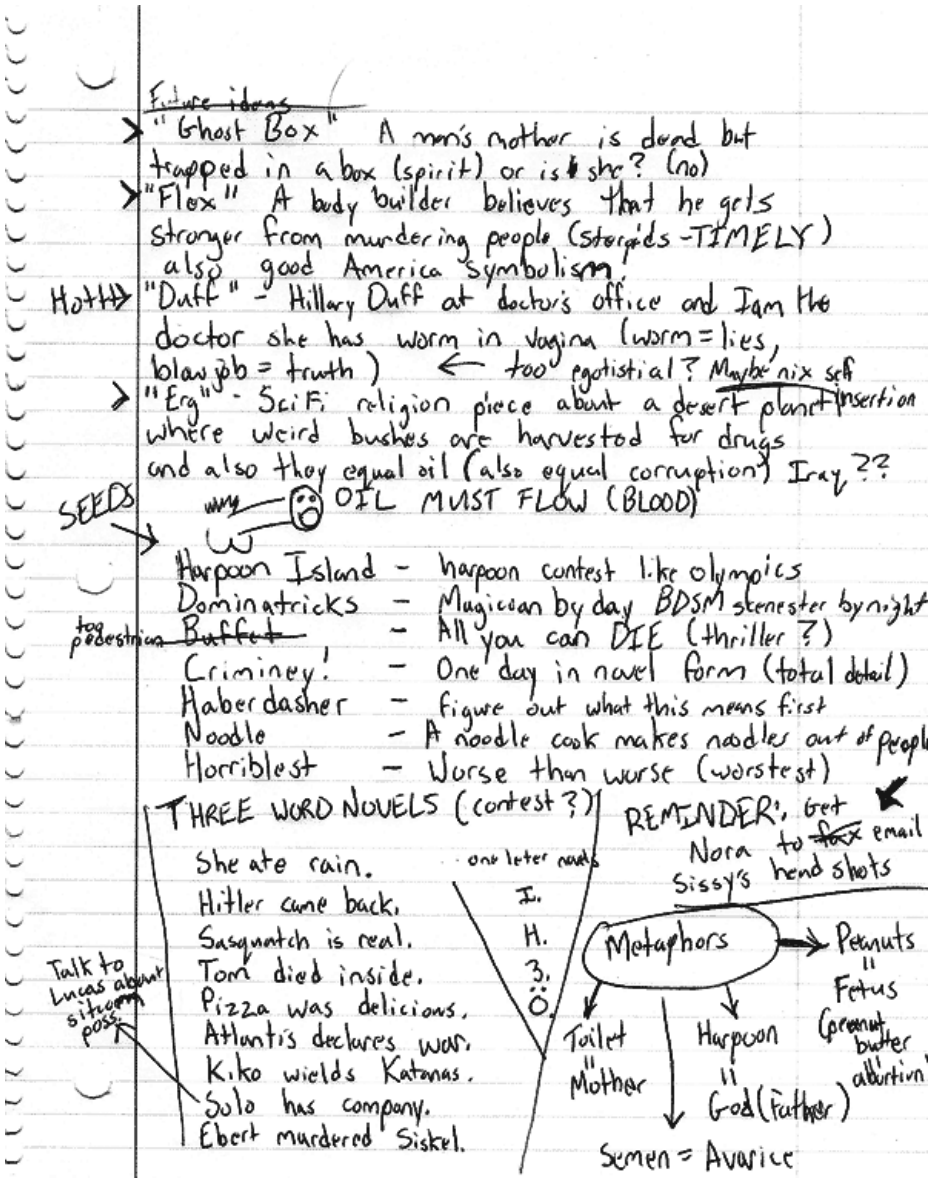
I want to get a little serious on you and "rap" about all this hate going around in the form of cartoons. As you may know, I was targeted in the past by Jewish extremists over my extremely offensive Hitlerdog comics. Since then I have learned my lesson and switched to drawing Japanese girls with large penises. But still I would like to apologize for Hitlerdog by offering another drawing that will hopefully make up for it. I call it "Islamic Lessons". Please click here to continue. (Must be 21 or have a legal guardian's consent).

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

2.24 The Writer's Notebook: Chuck Palahniuk

Friday, Feb 24, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


THE WRITER'S NOTEBOOK: CHUCK PALAHNIUK
Short short long enough for 1 breath (figuratively!)
Story ideas
GUTS" = "Gross!"
Maximum Gross-Out!
"PUKE" "TURDS"
"MEGA FARTS" "BUTTS"
"PUKE FARTS"
look up blood farts on WebMD
Lots of jacking off (weird ways)
GUTS = COURAGE (traditional thinking)
GUTS = WHAT'S INSIDE (feelings?)
GUTS = SHAME (my way)
Have a part where a dude farts out his guts and pukes guts at the same time
Can a dudes dick break in half? Look into that one! Great Image!
with hot dogs and vegetables
with candle wax
with pets (a bird?!)
with quartz
with a magnet (is this possible?!)
with a sword (broadsword)
AWESOME WORD, Also Excellent cowboy name
"Hank"
Possible Western story?
Saddle horn
Ranchero
Cowboy is actually an Indian!?
Cowboy hero story
pitch it! BOY IN COMA
Tibetan Buddhism
Cowboy = Dharma?
pool pulls out guts? check on wikipedia


Future ideas
"Ghost Box" A man's mother is dead but trapped in a box (spirit) or is she? (no)
"Flex" A body builder believes that he gets stronger from murdering people (steroids -TIMELY) also good America symbolism.
Hotel "Duff" - Hillary Duff at doctor's office and I am the doctor she has worm in vagina (worm = lies, blowjob = truth) ← too egotistical? Maybe nix self
"Erg" - SciFi religion piece about a desert planet (insertion where weird bushes are harvested for drugs and also they equal oil (also equal corruption) Iraq??
SEEDS
OIL MUST FLOW (BLOOD)
Harpoon Island - harpoon contest like olympics
Dominatricks - Magician by day BDSM steenester by night
Buffet - All you can DIE (thriller?)
Criminey! - One day in navel form (total detail)
Haberdasher - figure out what this means first
Noodle - A noodle cook makes noodles out of people
Horriblest - Worse than worse (worstest)
THREE WORD NOVELS (contest?)
She ate rain.
Hitler came back.
Sasquatch is real.
Tom died inside.
Pizza was delicious.
Atlantis declares war.
Kiko wields Katanas.
Solo has company.
Ebert murdered Siskel.
one letter reads
I.
H.
3.
Ö.
REMINDER: Get Nora to fax email Sissy's head shots
Metaphors
Peanuts
Fetus
Toilet
Harpoon
God (father)
Semen = Avarice

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.25 Suburban Warfare

Saturday, Feb 25, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

"I must say, Harold, this is quite a lovely party," grunted the barbarian as his massive tree trunk arms cleaved the double bladed axe through the air in a sweeping horizontal arc.

"Why thanks Andy," barked the smaller man as he tumbled backwards along the cliff's path and well out of the axe's range. He moved deftly in spite of the glowing set of silver armor adorning his torso and legs. His crimson cape billowed behind him in the wind like a Billower, a very rare breed of horse that was particularly useless. "I'm glad you could swing by. Is Kate here too or did you come stag?"

"Oh, she's around here somewhere." A safe distance now between himself and his enemy, the barbarian surveyed the battlefield in the valley below them, hoping to spot the sorceress somewhere in the chaotic swarm of ten thousand screaming warriors and beasts. His foe was much faster than he had anticipated, and if the barbarian's axe couldn't connect with its target then the considerable strength which had won so many of his battles would be nullified. The magic woman's tricks would be very helpful in this fight. Too bad she was nowhere to be found. "The grass looks great, what have you been doing to it? Some sort of new fertilizer?"

"Actually, we hired a gardener," replied the caped man as he entered a new stance, grasping the hilt of his exotic curved sword with both hands next to his right ear and pointing the blade's end directly at the ground. "Lupe is his name, we're really happy with his work."

He sprinted toward the barbarian, feigned left, then slashed his sword upwards in a blindingly fast uppercut. The barbarian was just barely able to block the attack, catching the sword's blade in the nook between his axe's blade and its handle. The two leaned into their weapons, straining face to face, staring each other down with seething hatred.

"Your own gardener?" the barbarian growled, spittle wetting the face of the smaller man. "Geez, how much are they paying you at the firm, you old dog?"

"Too much! Ha ha."

A small volley of arrows rained down upon them, one impaling the barbarian's foot and another glancing off the right side of the caped man's skull, tearing back a flap of flesh nearly the size of his palm in a spray of blood. The men clumsily disengaged from one another and turned to face their new attackers. Across the valley, on the mountaintop across from theirs there crouched a handful of goblins. Their tiny frames spasmed with laughter, and even from this distance one could spot the chunks of gristle and filth stuck between their rows of yellow needle-like teeth.

"Hey!" The caped man bellowed at them, clutching his wound. "You kids, what did I tell you about jumping in the pool like that? You messed up my hair and got Andy's nice shoes all wet."

True to their cowardly nature, the goblins scurried off at the sound of his aangry voice, one of them taking great care to stick his bony green middle finger high into the air as he went.

"Don't worry about it, Harold," mused the barbarian as he yanked the arrow out of his foot. "I

knew it was a pool party so I didn't exactly wear my nicest shoes. Besides, anything that happens to your hair can only improve it."

"Oh, you *card* you!" Left alone once more with his now-wounded nemesis, the caped man saw an opportunity had presented itself. "Come on, let's go to the cabana and grab a drink."

Still clutching his head, the smaller man fled into a narrow passageway in the rocky face of the cliff. The barbarian had no choice but to follow, wounded leg and all. The path was cramped for a man of his considerable size, and just when he thought he was about to become stuck he stumbled out into a circular grassy plateau surrounded by a dense rainforest. It was such a beautiful and unexpected sight that he didn't see the trap spring into action.

"Tell me how you like the taste of this drink." The caped man chuckled from an unseen position as he threw the trap's lever, pinning the barbarian between two rectangular grids of sharpened bamboo spears. "I learned how to make it on the internet."

"Oh man," sighed the barbarian in agony, his body crushed awkwardly and punctured completely in a dozen places. "This is nasty. It's like someone that only drank piss their entire life tried to make Zima."

"Ha ha! Too strong for you, Andy? Maybe I should make you a Shirley Temple to chase it down with."

"Woah." The barbarian had been struggling to free himself, but now he paused as his eyes locked onto something to the north. "Who is that fox over there?"

From the nearest treeline, a massive T-Rex emerged. It regarded them with seeming disinterest as it sniffed the air, then it began to lumber their way.

"She's really something, huh?" cried the caped man as he darted behind his foe, using the bamboo trap as a shield between himself and the dinosaur. "That's Lupe's sister. Looks like she's coming this way."

The T-Rex stopped directly in front of the men, then bent forward and let loose a roar in its nonsensical dinosaur language.

"What did she say?" whispered the caped man, sure he was about to die.

"I think it was Spanish... let me try to say hi back." Still pinned in place and losing blood by the gallon, the barbarian directed a frightening roar of his own toward the great beast, whose snout was sniffing hungrily a mere inches away from his face. "Hola, mi ventana. Me llamo!"

The T-Rex reared its head back in confusion, its unblinking eyes rolling upwards as its comically undersized arms flailed wildly in an attempt to cover its earholes. Without having inflicted so much as a scratch on either man, the terrible king of lizards ran off into the rainforest from whence it came.

"Yeah, that worked really well," marvelled the caped man as he left his hiding spot and grinned at the barbarian. "Nice move genius. You sure know how to scare away women."

"Oh shit, that reminds me. What time is it?" The end was near for the barbarian. He had simply lost too much blood. "I've got to get going. Kate has a yoga class at three."

The caped man suddenly regretted springing this fatal trap. He had once been friends with the barbarian, long ago. Though they now found themselves on opposite sides of a conflict which had swept up all the kingdoms of man and beast alike, he knew that the dying man in front of him was good at heart. This was no way for a man to die.

"No, wait!" wailed the man in the cape. "You just got here, at least stay for some barbecue."

"Sorry, I've really got to go," replied the barbarian as he flashed a warm but very tired smile. "Let's meet up on the golf course this Sunday. Bye!" And with that, he was gone.

"The golf course, sure." The caped man turned his face to the heavens, a single tear carving a path through the ash and dried blood which had caked upon his cheek. "I'll see you there buddy."

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.26 Welcome To The National Daily Student!

Sunday, Feb 26, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

Hello and welcome! If you are reading this brochere you have just took your first step towards becoming a member of College State University's Daily national STudent! The road to sucess is long and hard; so we have supplied you with all the information every Collegiate Journalist needs to get off to a good start.

At College State University we take college journalism seriously. Every student in our journalism program is involved. We are so involved, in fact, that we commissioned one of the program's top students to write the first paragraph of this brochure! If you want to learn to display the same talent (and devotion to the craft we call journalism) keep reading, because we have the perfect job for you!

Of course, there are a few rules. CSU respects every student's right to **I**ndividuality, **U**nity, and **D**iversity (as per our famed IUD program), but to ensure that everyone shares the same amazing collegiate experience at the Daily National Student, we ask that you learn the basic writing framework before continuing on:

The Basics

Here is a stock photo of a squirrel. On average, we like to run two squirrel stories a week, preferably about their beautiful history on campus and how we need to respect their rights.

The semicolon is your friend: The semicolon is more than just a boring punctuation mark. It is also a status symbol. Semicolon usage denotes education. It tells the reader that the journalist they're reading is smart, educated, and well-versed in current events. Using one seperates you from those *other* journalists – why use a period or a comma when you can pepper your piece up with an esoteric mark most people utilize three times in their entire lives? If you don't believe us, just look at the stats: the use of semicolons is up 43% in the last ten years, and the trend is still rising!

At the National Daily Student we understand this, and as such we encourage the aspiring student journalist to use the semicolon at every possible opportunity. We offer weekly workshops on semicolon use, and a good portion of our weekly critique section is devoted to "The Count," a hip way to show students how semicolons are still hip

and relevant in today's fast-paced youth culture. "The Count" commends students for their use of semicolons, and gives the top semicolon user of the week an exciting prize! Past rewards have included a bottle of virgin daiquiri mixer and an autographed copy of the New Radicals' self-titled album. We know how you kids like to party!

Curse words are your other friends: The transition from high school to college can be a tough one indeed. Students are asked to thrive in a new, less-structured world, one where wearing a Big Johnson shirt to class could end up in a First Amendment lawsuit, not an expulsion!

Cursing is edgy. It shows that we're not afraid to report the hard news. Stuff other papers might back away from. Reviewing an album? Be sure to include a line that has a curse word in it, just because you can! Running a hard-hitting exposé on racism? Interspersing your article with words like "nigger" is an edgy, provocative way to push your agenda while still trying to meet your quota of three curse words per article. If you had two quotes from a source, one of which is relevant to the story and another which contains the word "motherfucker", which one would you choose?

Well, if you picked the latter, welcome to the National Daily Student. We have a lot more training for you, so read on.

The Lifestyle

Now that you understand our style of writing, it's time to learn our style of *living*. National Daily Student employees are hip, with it, and good to go, plus a number of other words we hear floating around the newsroom! To help you in your quest to "walk the walk," we have compiled a short list of rules you should always keep in mind.

To begin: Any chance you get to mention the fact that you do, in fact, work for the NDS should be taken with extreme prejudice. Our standards say that ninety percent of the sentences that come from your mouth should begin with some variation of the phrase "Well, I work for the National Daily Student, and..."

Why? Because it works. Letting people know your job tells them that you are an important, successful person, and in no way a narcissistic, boorish idiot with bland opinions and hackneyed ideas about social reform.

When not name-dropping your job in class it is important to stay involved at all times. The NDS reporter is smart, with-it, and good to go: in short, he needs to talk as much as, if not more than, the teacher to assure the education his dad bought is worth the money. Making yourself relevant to any given conversation is an important journalistic tool. We practice common courtesy, however – a good rule of thumb is to listen to at least five seconds of a conversation before interjecting with your own take on things.

RECYCLED LIFE
by Chris Peacock
Oh man, parking on campus is so hard!
yeah tell me about it!
Yesterday I basically covered the distance of Luxembourg just trying to find a space!
I know, right, the distance we have to walk to actually get here just renders cars absolutely redundant!
Well when the food in this cafeteria is this bad, it's no wonder that nobody will park here!
© 2006 Chris Peacock

Our weekly humor strip, "Recycled Life," shows just how fun (and funny) life at the NDS can be.

Completing the NDS package is what we like to call "The Look". Upon hiring every NDS reporter is given a fashionable outfit he is expected to wear as often as possible. The getup includes an olive-green faux-army jacket, a bottle of maximum strength hair gel, a black messenger bag with your choice of two (2) obscure band patches sewn on, and a pair of cargo khakis that are a little too

baggy in the ankles. While you are not expected to wear this at all times, all other outfits should include at least a feature a conspicuously-placed iPod.

Meet The Staff

We take a three-pronged, hierarchical approach to journalism. Since you'll be starting at the bottom of our "Ladder to Success," we'll start the introductions there, even though we're sure you'll be at the top of the pack soon!

Staff Reporters: The National Daily Student standard of quality can only be reached if our staff reporters are the cream of the crop (or the crème de la crème, as the French like to say). We are blessed with a multitalented, diverse staff that eats, drinks, and breathes nothing but news.

Friends are easy to make among the reporters. The trick is simply this: *Act like you do not like anything.* Our reporters are a world-weary, well-traveled group of twenty-year-olds. They have seen it all and they are jaded by what this world has to offer. While your experience with the NDS will undoubtedly allow you to share this worldview with them one day, your best bet is to fake it until you can.

For instance, say a group of colleagues is talking about music. A good strategy would be to stand and nod your head while they are talking, and then strike when they inevitably run out of breath:

"Yeah, I really liked Death Cab for Cutie until they sold their soul to the corporate machine," you might interject.

Youth culture, too, is a popular issue with our reporters. Say, for instance, they are discussing the popular mall store "Hot Topic." How would you endear yourself to your fellow reporters? Here is a good starter:

"Hot Topic is just so... I don't know, fake. It's like, they're selling stuff as part of some rebellion when really they're just another cog in the corporate machine. Kind of like Death Cab for Cutie."

Editors: Our editors command respect because they worked hard to get where they are. NDS policy says a person must have at least one semester's experience to be considered for our editorial staff, and some people work for as many as two or three before promotion!

Editors, by nature, are very dramatic people. Please do not think it is because they are incredibly boring people and they have nothing important in their lives to take seriously! It is actually quite the opposite. A college newspaper editor has one of the most important jobs on campus, if not within the nationwide educational system. Student newspapers are bastions of quality and journalistic integrity, and editors have to be sure to hold strict scrutiny to everything that runs on their pages.

As such, there will be the occasional altercation. It is a normal, healthy thing, and we want to stress that you should not worry. For instance, let's take this hypothetical situation:

> *Lifestyles Editor Tammi is in a rage. For the third week in a row a less-than-stellar staff reporter has forgotten to write his name in all caps on his byline, and the page designers are getting snippy because they don't want to hold the shift key any longer than they have to in order to fix his problems.*
>
> Tammi is pacing around the room, shaking, waiting on said reporter to come for his shift. She is mumbling just loud enough to let people know that she is, in fact, very angry, and to accentuate her point she starts slamming drawers very loudly.

What would you do in this situation? If you wanted brownie points, you would commiserate with her, and tell her the reporter in question deserves what's coming to him.

Now let's finish the story:

> *The reporter finally comes in. Tammi has locked herself in the bathroom and is sobbing very loudly over the situation, which is understandable given the gravity of it all. Occasionally you hear a loud thump from the bathroom. Tammy has found some drawers to slam in there, too. The reporter in question comes to you and asks what is going on.*

What's the best course of action here? More commiseration, of course! Let the reporter know that Tammi is "flipping her wig" over "some dumb bullshit about the byline," and that "she's going to blow a fuse one day." Remember, part of the journalistic experience is making sure everybody likes you, even if you have to make everyone else hate each other to get there!

Advisors: Hand-selected from the top of the university faculty, our advisors selflessly sacrifice their time helping the student newspaper, when any one of the three could easily be teaching for an ivy-league school. We use an "archetype" system, in which we hire advisors with similar teaching methods, to keep the experience the same for every student, be they here now or ten years from now!

- **Aging Hippy Who Will Give You An "A" If You Talk About Music With Him**: Mr. Mendelssohn, currently our type-one archetype, might be old but he loves youth culture! He understands that music is, in fact, the universal language, and that if you understand it, you deserve an "A" as long as you put up a token effort in his classes. As student advisor one, Mr. Mendelssohn will be glad to help you make decisions regarding your articles, as long as those articles aren't controversial. He hates confrontation almost as much as he hates the thought of campus security searching his glovebox. But it's no matter – after he vaguely hints that he wants to smoke pot with you, he will be more of a friend and less of a teacher. That's the way it should be! In Mr. Mendelssohn's eyes, no class is complete until he drops five to ten "college students like to party" jokes! Lord knows he still likes to get down, and after a fifteen minute conversation, you will know too!
- **Angry Woman Who Uses Any And All Conversation Time To Accuse The University Of Some Wrongdoing** : The university is always up to something, and Mrs. Olivera knows all about it. Are they installing a new software system? Mrs. Olivera wants to know how much money the state gave them to test it out, and why she isn't seeing of it on her paycheck. Did the CSU President go on a learning journey to Kenya? Mrs. Olivera wants to know why she doesn't get free paid vacation to jerk off on another continent like that stuffed-shirt bastard. Did Tommy in accounting use a university car to take his kid to the hospital on his lunch break? If he's not back right on time, you know there will be a complaint in the box! With her blind suspicion and basic hatred of anything under forty (with or without a vagina), Mrs. Olivera is the perfect person to show a journalist exactly how to be a journalist.
- **Foreign Woman In A Wheelchair** : Our third archetype's last name is thirteen letters long, and all thirteen are consonants. As such, we just like to call her "Molly." Molly is from a foreign country long disbanded, and she has overcome great personal adversity in order to help you reach for the stars. CSU's journalism department believes in diversity. Because we believe in diversity, we have created a diverse system of diversity where the truly diverse can revel in the diversity of it all. Molly has been featured in approximately 837 university brochures, and we are proud to say we have a feature story every time "handicap awareness month" *or*"foreign issue awareness month" comes about. And the best thing? Since you can't understand

a word Molly says, you can just make the whole story up! Normally that would be unethical, but we really doubt she can read English, let alone speak it, so why would she care?

Your First Stories

It's almost time! We are excited as you are that you are nearing the point of writing your first stories for the NDS.

Diversity, people. This is what it's all about.

We understand the process has been hard. We know you're exhausted from doing so much. But now is not the time to slack off. Chances are you will want to work for something a little easier, like political reporting or science writing. However, we ask that you start in one of our two most challenging departments first, just to see if you've made the cut: Opinions or Arts & Entertainment.

Opinions: Opinion writing is hard. We know it and so do you. For instance, you must have an opinion on something. Then, you have to think about it enough to write 300 words on the subject. Finally, you very well may have to defend your position in follow-up pieces, some of which may require new points to be made!

It's going to be alright, though. There are plenty of great subjects to share your opinions on. Here is a list of ideas to get you started:

- The legalization of marijuana – I mean, it's less harmful than alcohol, right? Do you ever see someone get violent on pot?
- Abortion. This subject has been debated for years and your words on the Opinion page of a small, campus-only college newspaper might just be the thing that sways the issue.
- The quality of dining hall food. This is a perennial hot topic on campus, and the students are looking for a champion to voice their opinion about such an important thing.
- Tuition raises. I mean, gosh, college sure is expensive! Someone should really do something about that! And here is my totally fresh, unique opinion on the subject!
- If you are writing humor, be sure to make fresh, original jokes. For instance, a line about college students surviving on beer and ramen would be a perfect segue into the world of comedy.

With these hints you should be well on your way to becoming the next Andy Rooney (or Louis Grizzard, if that's your thing). Just be sure to thank the NDS when you hit superstardom!

Arts & Entertainment: A&E writing is a lot like opinion writing, only with the extra challenge of watching movies or listening to music. Most people shy away from this kind of work, but if you're willing to shine, it could be your path to the top of the newspaper world!

There is one cardinal rule to writing reviews: People love other peoples' opinions on media. Any form of media. Entertainment reviews are easily the most relevant, important pieces in any given newspaper, and the pressure can be great.

Don't freak out, though! Remember, before you took this job there were certain movies and music that you liked? Remember that R. Kelley CD you listened to for a whole summer because you lost

your virginity on the third track after prom? Who cares if it's like three years old now? Review it, give it five stars, and send it on its way. You can be sure at least one person was hanging on the fence about the album until you gave them the go-ahead.

Movies are a little less subjective. As a student journalist you are required to dislike many forms of film, i.e. anything you could easily find at the movie theater. Unless you had to dig through a flea market bargain bin to find a copy of the movie you're reviewing, it isn't worth the time of day!

To help keep your reviews on track, please clip this list of terms and tape it to your monitor. Be sure to use at least three every review:

- "Mainstream trash"
- "Pointless Hollywood trash"
- "Heartless trash"
- "Soulless trash"
- "I liked it better when the Japanese made it and it was called 'Princess Mononoke'"

With these phrases in mind, as well as a philosophy that a movie isn't good unless it's subtitled, you should be just fine.

Giving (And Taking) Criticism

This is the last, and arguably the most important, part of our lesson. No writer is perfect. We believe in a spirit of free learning and that spirit can't be reached through any kind of Ouija board! That's why we have peer editing instead!

To Take Is To Learn: There is a right way and a wrong way to react to criticism. Some people sit quietly and thank whoever is critiquing them when they are done. We like to call those people boring and stupid! A real journalist's job is to defend his points at all time, even if he is wrong. We're talking integrity here, people!

For instance, here are two possible responses to a harsh (but fair) critique. Which would you choose?

Option One: Bob, I don't agree with every point you made, but there was some valid stuff there and I will keep it in mind. Thanks for reading my work.

Option Two: You know what? I think it's bullshit that you have to single me out every fucking time you read my stuff. You're not the goddamn editor, and you don't have the tits to be my mom. Next time you get snippy with me over some dumb shit like not capitalizing at the start of sentences I'm going to leave a period on your forehead with my cigarette. Then you'll look like the goddamn Hadji you are.

Of course, the second option is the only logical one. Not only does it show a fierce spirit of independence, it also demonstrates an edgy, in-your-face attitude that the involved journalist needs when he feels he's being singled out. Which leads us to our next point:

Critique time is politics time: As we mentioned above, being popular in the newsroom is second only to, as our senior editor puts it, writing good. This means that one should cast a slightly softer light on the work of his friends, while giving those newsroom rivals a bit of a tussle. We at the NDS believe this philosophy fosters a competitive, fun environment for all students involved.

Here are two more examples. Both are considered the "right way" to do things – it's your job to figure out who gets what critique.

Option One: You know, this piece may have switched verb tense halfway through, and I think half of it may just be a copy-paste from a press release, but it really shows some promise. I think if you go through and put some punctuation marks in (all the different keys are hard to remember, I know), you could have something special here.

Option Two: This is going to take a lot of work but I think it may look like something a real newspaper could possibly shit out on a bad day if I totally rewrite it. I mean, I know you characterized the main source and all, but do we ever see her walk across a forest? Do we really *know* her? That and I think you might have misspelled something in your submission notes. No, I know readers don't see it, but it's unprofessional to turn in crap like this to your peer editors, too. Get to work and don't come back until you pass elementary comp.

Who gets what? Well, if you said anything about "a girl with big boobs" for the first one, you're right! And if your second answer was "advanced placement freshman with a GPA twice as high as mine," you are on the right track!

Well, we have run out of paper and as such our orientation has to end. Still, welcome to the College State University National Daily Student! We look forward to working with you, and we hope your time with us is productive! Remember, you are a unique snowflake and none of the other fifty thousand students here could totally replace you or your unique opinions on the legalization of abortion.

- Daily Dirt Sunday Edition

I know that sometimes we at SA can seem like sarcastic, unhelpful jerks, and a lot of that time it may be true. However, when it comes to helping one of our own, we're always glad to offer a Cheeto-stained hand. If you like helping people and you like Crystal Pepsi even more, click here to become part of the solution!

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

2.27 In Defense of Curling

Monday, Feb 27, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Are you ready to rock?!

It was a scene worthy of a Hieronymus Bosch painting. Luke Clausen held a freshly caught bass in each hand and raised them up triumphantly. His strange, frozen smile caught the flash of camera bulbs. The crowd roared its approval. Stadium music blasted at maximum power from amp stacks. Gills seized in the poisonous oxygen. When the pyrotechnics lit up the night like magnesium fires burning in the heart of a wrecked war machine I knew I was watching the end times. A glittering cloud of tickertape chaff descended into the roaring fires. Luke Clausen raised the trophy above his head. The 2006 CITGO Bassmaster Champion had been chosen! Long live the Bassmaster!

People spent a lot of time complaining about the Winter Olympics and the various idiotic Winter Olympic sports. There were myriad tired jokes made at the expense of curling as comedians discovered all over again the hilarity they had forgotten was in their tool kit. "Oh yeah! That curling stuff is part of the Winter Olympics! Time to break out the janitor jokes from four years ago!"

In defense of curling I would like everyone to watch the 2006 CITGO Bassmaster Championship awards ceremony. Say what you will about curling, they don't have pyrotechnics. It's a humble sport. An honest sport. Some girl spent her whole life practicing curling and finally made the cut on the curling team. She came in third. She's just happy to walk home with a medal. Luke Clausen was competing against a lake and he got a cash prize, endorsement deals and hair metal pyro. Luke Clausen got streamers. Do you think Mark Nichols got streamers?

The curling magazine "Sweep!" (there are over twenty bass fishing magazines) described Mark Nichols' gold medal victory at the Winter Olympics as "The feat of a lifetime!" Think about that for a minute. With absolute earnestness, they said that winning a gold medal for curling was his ultimate lifetime achievement. It doesn't get any better than that for Mark Nichols. He trained, he practiced and he struggled.

Luke Clausen didn't even know he won until he reeled in a fish instead of a boot. He didn't even do anything other than sit there in his Chevrolet sponsorship jersey on his motorized boat. This wasn't the CITGO Spearmaster Championship. Luke wasn't sharpening dowels and hurling them at fish in a creek somewhere. He wasn't stepping out of a bathysphere in a diving helmet and wrestling a pearl from a giant clam. Victory came to him of its own volition.

When Mark Nichols appeared at the medal ceremony he had a slightly pasty complexion and a shit-eating grin. Luke Clausen was gleaming with makeup and had that same paralytic smile on his face throughout the entire ceremony. I wouldn't even call it a ceremony. Ceremonies are somber occasions with Aztec priests and robed Freemasons. Even druids steer clear of the pyrotechnics. Too showy. Not so at Bassmaster. It was an incandescent attempt by bass fishing to prove its importance as a sport.

Close your eyes. Okay, wait until you finish reading this and then close your eyes. I want you to close them and then I want you to picture a curling fan. Really take what it means to be excited about curling and then embody that in an image of a person. What do you have? You have a curling player. There are no curling fans. If you're excited about curling you are probably in the

running for the Olympic team. Now close them again and picture a bass fishing fan. I want you to think about the kind of person who sits on the couch and watches bass fishing on TV. If your brain is being honest with you then you just pictured a sub-literate mongoloid on Social Security for disability. He has a terminal illness and he is trying to stretch every remaining moment of his simple-minded life out as long as possible.

If you are watching people fishing on TV then you are watching people wait. If the show's producers bothered to edit out most of the waiting or filled it up with a bunch of horseshit about lures then maybe you're mostly watching them catch fish. You just watched a fish randomly get caught by a snare and hauled into a boat. Luke Clausen didn't just score a basket. He didn't hit a home run. He didn't correctly spell a difficult word and beat the robotic Indian kid. Some hungry fish made a mistake and he's hauling the poor bastard into his boat. With all of the GPS and sonar, expensive rods, reels and hand-made lures competitive fishing is still 99% luck.

Is that a parade of astronauts or just another Bassmaster?

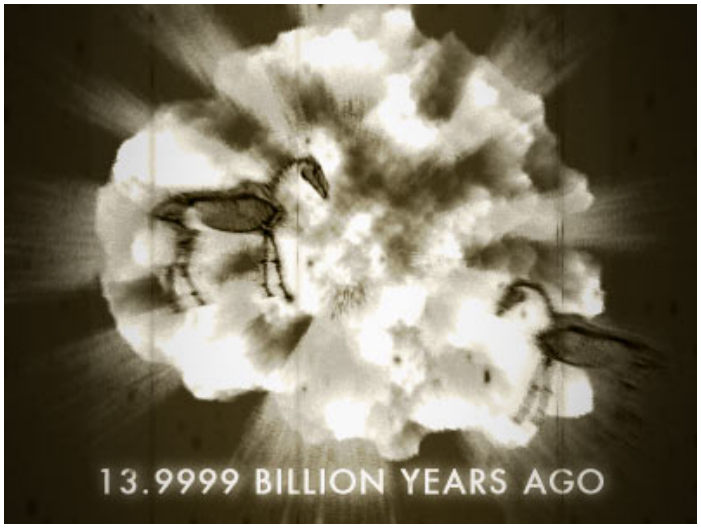
Hell, even the dying abomination of a trend of televised poker tournaments provided more entertainment. Getting a good hand in poker is all about luck, but actually winning in poker requires a lot of strategy and the ability to interpret subtle visual cues. Well, that's what they say on the poker TV shows they have on the Travel channel for some reason. I'm willing to take their word for it because I really can't be bothered to care about poker either. I just know that every single person who lost that bass fishing tournament to Luke Clausen suffered a bad beat.

You will probably forget about this article four minutes after you finish reading it, but I would like you to try to remember it for four years. Remember it the next time the horrible Winter Olympics roll around and the horrible comedians roll out the horrible curling jokes. Remember that Mark Nichols' lifetime achievement was getting a gold medal in a sport that everyone mocks. Remember that Luke Clausen got pyro and streamers and a sponsorship contract from Chevrolet for catching some fish. Maybe one of these years a fucking net will win.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.28 Our Violent Universe

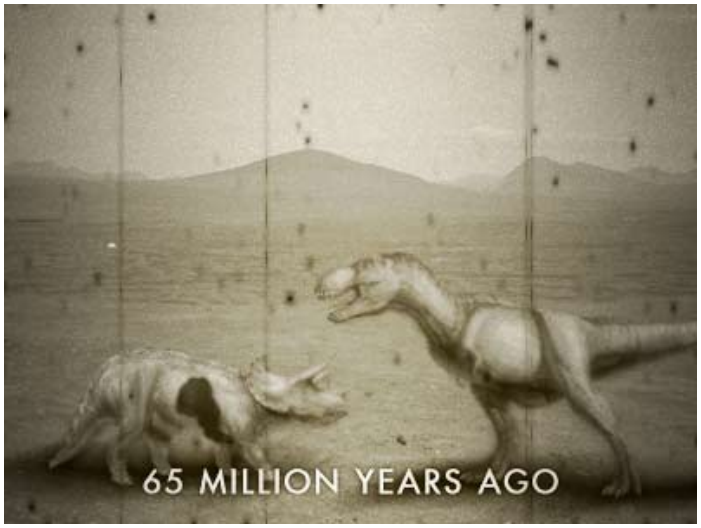
Tuesday, Feb 28, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)



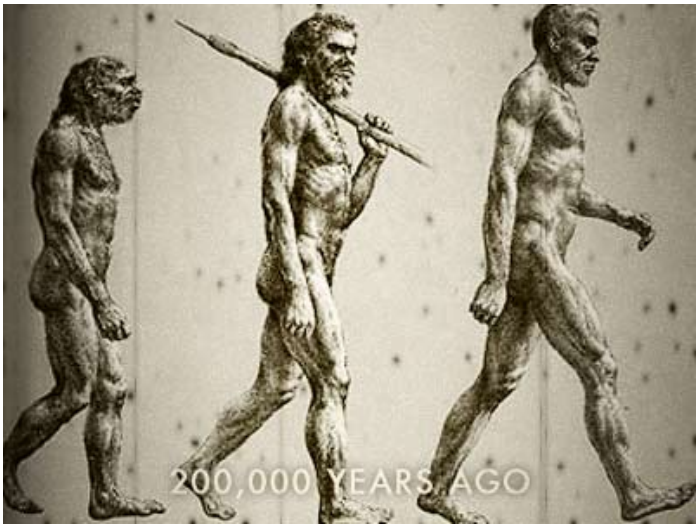
4.5 BILLION YEARS AGO

3 BILLION YEARS AGO

Xenu Express
75 MILLION YEARS AGO


65 MILLION YEARS AGO

64.9999 MILLION YEARS AGO


200,000 YEARS AGO

■ Celebrity Gossip And 20 Ways To Tell If He Really Loves You

No, daily dirt and a smiley!

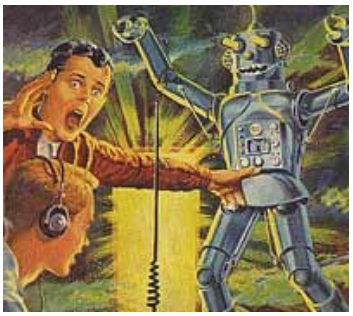
-∼Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

Chapter 3

March

3.1 Crimes of the Future

Wednesday, Mar 01, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



Every so often I turn my fancy to the future and offer some bold predictions on what's to come in the strange lands beyond tomorrow. As to how I get these predictions, well, I can only reveal that it involves an in-depth understanding of trends, metrology, cage fighting, gastrointestinal juices, and an intricate knowledge as to just what is going on inside a turtle's shell. From this I can get a pretty solid idea about what will happen in the future, if not a massive stomach infection. Usually both.

As I am a huge fan of "Law & Order" shows, particularly that one where Vincent D'onofrio solves crimes by being omniscient, I thought I might turn my attention to both the future *and* law. So, without further dillydally on my behalf, let us take a take a look at THE CRIMES OF THE FUTURE!

- Creating or trafficking in bootleg mayonnaise will be criminalized when crippling mayonnaise addictions grow to epidemic levels in the United States.
- Marijuana will be legalized, but only because it will have evolved into one giant hippy-killing organism that prowls the west coast looking for smelly flesh to rend.
- It will be illegal for preteen girls to wear shirts that say "hottie," "princess," or "too sexy" unless judged as such by a panel of their peers.
- Ownership of poisonous snakes will be illegal, however, ownership of specially engineered poisonous dogs will be a gray area as far as the law is concerned, unless that dog is a St. Bernard.

- Ownership of or collusion with a St. Bernard will be illegal due to the great Human-St. Bernard War of 2018, in which 132,342 humans were killed fending off a St. Bernard attack against Las Vegas, Nevada. When the dogs couldn't take the city itself, they laid siege to it for forty days until President Jenna Bush negotiated a peaceful surrender.
- Stealing items out of a dog's mouth will be punishable by death, even if you previously owned the item. Due to various international treaties, the inside of a dog's mouth will be considered sovereign territory.
- Assassinating the president will still be illegal, unless you do it from within the center of a roundabout, which, due to strange traffic law loopholes of the future, will exist outside of any legal system.
- Calling somebody a "turtle-headed hillbilly" will be considered hate speech, mostly due to the emergence of a poverty-stricken underclass of turtle-headed people.
- Campaign finance laws of the future will be so strict that no one will be able to afford to run for office. As such, America will default into a monarchy that lasts until the Mummy Wars of 2037, when democracy is restored.
- Operating a tractor beam while intoxicated will be punishable by loss of license and a mandatory

workplace sensitivity course. If the tractor beam is used to sexually harass someone, then an additional gender sensitivity class will be required.

- Jumping turnstiles and using the ancient teleportation device on the moon without paying will result in a 1000 credit fine and six months of community service for next of kin. The ancient teleportation device is for paying customers only, and also for instantly being transported to the center of a black hole.

- Cloning humans will be illegal except in extreme cases when it is absolutely necessary to clone someone, such as an irreversible scheduling conflict requiring a person to be in two places at once.

- Cloning a government official for purposes of political subterfuge will be doubly illegal. However, cloning a government official for purposes of sex and companionship will be legal, as it every elected officials duty to please his or her constituents.

- The Secularists will win the War on Decency and set out to run effective government while religious zealots will be relegated to living on reservations where they will be free to practice their religion. On one such reservation in Eastern Montana, human-robot marriage will be punishable by stoning. If the robot is built too strong to be damaged by mere stones, then it will be pelted with smaller robots. Failing that it will be re-programmed to hate itself.

- Mechanic-assisted robocide will be illegal due to the Interstellar Supreme Court ruling Robbie v Henderson, in which a terminally malfunctioning robot fought its owner in court for the right to die. Helping a robot terminate its own operations will net you 15 years in prison.

- Interference from garage door openers will no longer be a valid excuse for violations of the Three Laws of Robotics. This after a robot pleaded temporary insanity after murdering 47 people in the vicinity of a malfunctioning garage door.

- Harvesting tree sap without a license will get you five years of hard time on the moon where there are no trees.

- Stealing a mummy from a museum will be considered the gravest of all crimes, unless said mummy was being held against its will and will testify to that in a court of law. In such cases of mummy liberation, the liberator is to be granted one honorary term as President of the United States.

- Abortion in South Dakota will be mandatory, but only because South Dakota will be run by a cabal of radioactive super fetuses unwilling to share power.

- Proclaiming "The Future is Now!" in public will result in a 500 credit redundancy tax.

Disclaimer: I cannot personally guarantee that any of these predictions will come true, so please consult a lawyer if you feel that any of your future actions may fall into a gray area. However, I have it on very high authority that at least 95% of these laws definitely will come to pass, especially the ones about dogs. As I said before, I've been offering bold predictions about the future for several years now, and a good portion of them have definitely come true. For example, we currently have a two midgets serving together as one president. I predicted that. Also, as early as this past December, I predicted 2005 would be a record year for hurricanes. I think my skills speak for themselves.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.2 The Annotated Dear Richard

Thursday, Mar 02, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

A forums poster in the process of writing a Dear Richard after he was permabanned for attempting a Marxist revolution.

As you may very well know the Something Awful Forums are run by a tinpot dictator whose banhammer knows no restraint. Over the years forum posters have been banned for the smallest of infractions from posting on the Sabbath to jaywalking. In fact the forum rules are so draconian that posters who are caught playing for the Kansas City Royals are permanently banned on sight. The banned have little recourse against these immense travesties against humanity.

But there is one weapon in the banned poster's arsenal that strikes fear into the heart of every person on this planet, the Dear Richard.

The Dear Richard originated when high ranking forum members were permabanned unjustly by administrators whose bloodlust for banning knows no bounds. It was the golden age of the Something Awful Forums where everything was a million times better than it is now and every thread was hilarious and nobody did anything stupid.

The golden age ended when prolific forum members were permabanned during the dark ages when over moderation from power hungry moderators swept throughout the forums like the black plague or this stupid poker fad. These forum members now barred from the only thing they truly loved, posting on an Internet forum, would inevitably send Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, the owner of the web site and a chain of waffle houses, an angry letter.

These letters varied in length, content and madness but all were essentially the same in spirit. They were rambling nonsensical diatribes that were meant to... you know in retrospect I have no idea what they were meant to accomplish but nonetheless they were entertaining to read. Years ago Dear Richards were plentiful and roamed free like the mighty buffalo and all was well.

Since then the Dear Richard has become a lost art. Fewer and fewer Dear Richards were sent until finally they were extinct. Many of you are too young or hung over to remember the Dear Richards of yesteryear. In an effort to revive this age old practice I will explain to you in detail the proper way to write a Dear Richard and how it can enrich your life and the lives of those around you.

Contrary to popular belief you don't necessarily have to write a Dear Richard to Lowtax. You can send them to anyone who has wronged you in any way whether real or imagined! Send Dear Richards to your state assemblymen, your parents, random people you meet on the street, ex-girlfriends, and watch as the world changes for the better.

Below is a real Dear Richard I sent to my mail carrier. Follow along and learn the true ways of the Dear Richard for one day it may save your life.

Dear Richard,

Oh it's on now. It's on and you done brung it. Every Dear Richard letter has to start out with the phrase "Dear Richard" whether or not you are actually sending it to a guy named Richard.

Originally Dear Richards were sent to Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka. These letters usually started with the now famous greeting "Dear Richard". This let Lowtax know you meant business. How, you ask? Because that isn't his wacky Internet name based on a guy who murdered his opponent in a Tennessee Senate election. That's his real name! That's the name his mother calls him. When Lowtax opens an email that starts out like, "Hi Lowtax", he doesn't read that crap. By starting out your insane letter with "Dear Richard" you ensure that Lowtax will pay attention to your ramblings and take your grievances very seriously.

We are now accepting applications for my brand new Dear Richard typing school. Learn the skills you need to make it in today's fast-paced world.

> *I have never underestimated your ability to fail. I seriously don't think you'll last through the year. There are much better mailmen just waiting to be hired. Do you think this government owned postal service is going to last? Your past ventures as an ice cream man and a door-to-door fireworks salesman have been utter disgraces. Why not quit now while you're ahead? The people on your mail route have lost faith in you. It's only a matter of time until the end.*

Predict the demise of your enemy with a kind of certainty as if you actually knew what you were talking about. Permabanned posters have been writing to Lowtax and predicting the end of Something Awful for years. Sure, the site is still up and running but mark my words, failure is imminent! For every new member that signs up for the forums SA inches that much closer to the end! Trust me, when the Sun becomes a red giant in 5 billion years and engulfs the Earth Something Awful will be doomed!

> *The United States Postal Service under Postmaster General Marvin T. Runyon was so much better than the shitheap it is today. You ran this organization into the ground. I remember a day when mail would actually be delivered to it's destination rather than get chucked onto a sail barge and flown into the sun. Back then the mailman could be constructively criticized and not be banned from receiving mail because the postmaster was on his his period that day. Even if that criticism took the form of a blowtorch and a can of gasoline and somehow a mail truck blew up.*

When you are writing your Dear Richard make sure to mention how whatever it is you are whining about was better at some point in time before you began writing your letter. Make sure to not point out a future time period that has yet to occur as that would defeat the purpose of complaining. For example, don't say the forums were better in 2141. It's just common sense.

> *You recently stopped delivery of mail to my residence. For what? You couldn't handle the long trek up my walkway to my door to slip some mail into the delivery slot? Oh, I remember, it was my so-called "violations". Sorry, but your allegations are untrue and slanderous. As far as I can recall I did not try to ejaculate into your eye through the*

> *mail slot. Your claim that I was waving my penis at you through the window is absurd. I will be talking to my lawyer about these ridiculous accusations. I will bury you in court. Click. Print. Attorney time. It's already been set in motion. Prepare to be served.*
>
> I remember when mail was an art form! Now it's just a cheap trick you government fuckheads pull to lure the increasingly naive public into a false sense of security while Bush vacations on his private ranch and millions of soldiers die in Iraq. You people make me sick.

The meat of your letter will be used describing the various complaints you have against the recipient of your Dear Richard. Consider blaming them for things they have nothing to do with. Bonus points if you threaten a lawsuit! It doesn't matter how insane or implausible your ranting is, pile it on layer after layer like a club sandwich of revenge.

> *Never mind that your fat gook wife is ugly and smells. Did she marry you because she needed a green card? If I called INS right now you would never get laid again. You're more likely to lay an egg. How about you get out of your mom's basement sometime and stop suckling on her poor teat. Your mom is a huge bitch and your dog is gay. I should know. I did them both at the same time! Bwhahaha!*

Dear Feline, I have never underestimated your ability to fail. You banned me from petting you because I dared to speak the truth. All cats are involved in the vast tuna conspiracy. Without me you are nothing. I am a legend.

No matter what happens, **attack the significant other**. Sure, you don't know them, you've never met them, and you never will, but it is one of the most important aspects of the Dear Richard. Call their significant other every ethnic slur in the book regardless of what ethnicity they actually are. You don't know them anyway! I called my mailman's wife a slur usually reserved for a person of Korean descent but I think she is actually from Atlanta, Georgia. Works for me!

> *I am a legend. You are nothing. You will never again encounter such an incredible customer to deliver mail to. All the mailmen in Barnum County were lucky to deliver mail to me and my six cats. I have the finest house, the finest mailbox, and the finest garden. There will never be another one like me. I was the reason mail was invented. Without me the mail system will crumble and die. I don't even need to SNAIL mail anything anymore. All I need is the ability to send 128-bit SSL encrypted e-(electronic)mail from Linux that I installed on my Xbox that I use to watch downloaded episodes of Inyusha with my open source HD 1080 progressive media player under public GNU SOFTWARE SHOULD BE FREE fuck Micro$oft.*

You are the best there ever was and the best there ever will be. Be sure to mention this several times in your Dear Richard. Since the great posters were permabanned the forums crumbled in the wake of their absence. GBS isn't the haven for humor it once was when moderation was less strict and catchphrase-spewing trolling faggots were free to shit on threads that weren't about their own IRC drama. All anyone ever posts about is Gilmore Girls now. This season Lorelai and Rory are going through a tiff but I feel that they will pull through in the end. True friendship is never broken, only sprained.

> *Next time I see you I am going to shove credit card applications down your throat and shit in your brain stem. Eat my shit mother fucker. You'll be sorry you banned me from your mail route. Fuck you faggot ass faggot. I never liked getting mail anyway. I was going to stop accepting mail but you just did it for me. Thanks a lot fucktard. Have a nice life. Don't let the door hit your ass on the way out.*

So what happens next? If you wrote your Dear Richard correctly the following events should unfold.

- The recipient of your Dear Richard will lose sleep thinking about your letter and how you cut through his soul with precision accuracy and may consider taking his own life.
- The recipient will repent about banning you and fail at all things in life.
- Whether or not you receive a response keep on sending Dear Richards over and over again regardless of how many times you say you are "done with this bullshit". It's the only way they'll learn.

Now you know the true power of the Dear Richard. And with great power comes great responsibility. You've seen what the Dear Richard can do to a man. Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka is nothing but a shell of his former self since receiving emails from permabanned forum members who despite hating Something Awful and the forums continue to obsess over it every single day of their lives. Go, my friends, and write those Dear Richards. Make me proud!

For more information about Dear Richard letters and permabanned forum members please visit your local IRC channel or where ever the dregs of society congregate.

The Daily Dirt

There's something special for you hiding in the Daily Dirt. Go there now! Now!

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

3.3 The Lost Diary of Andy, Space Pioneer

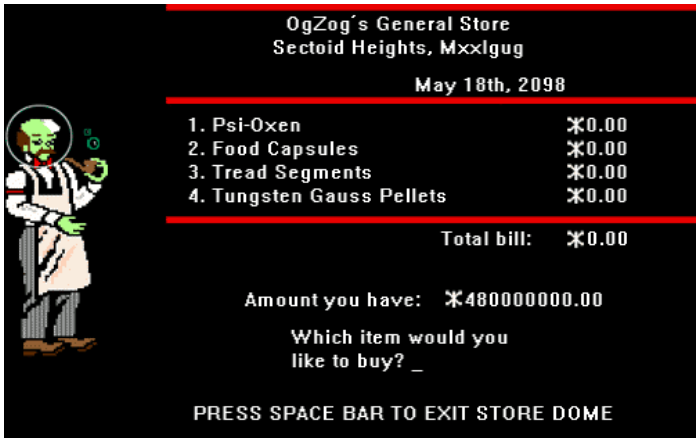
Friday, Mar 03, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Day 1

Setting out aboard bulk hauler *Trinidad* from farspace station Kaipur-5 bound for HG-424. They call it Oregon. My wife DICKFACE is excited but also nervous and my children FARTtY and LOVESBALLS are just entering stasis. I hope we can find fortune and happiness on the trail to Oregon.

Day 2,452

We have exited from autonomous transit and I am just waking up from hypersleep. It is so strange looking out the portholes aboard *Trinidad* and seeing a different star. Oregon is beneath us. We've caught a ride with one of the terraforming drops. We'll be the first people since the exploratory team arrived almost 10 years ago to set foot on Oregon. My career as a banker has prepared me well financially for the journey. The captain of *Trinidad* says that the indigenous aliens can provide my family with our needs at their trading post.


OgZog's General Store
Sectoid Heights, Mxxlgug
May 18th, 2098
1. Psi-Oxen ¤0.00
2. Food Capsules ¤0.00
3. Tread Segments ¤0.00
4. Tungsten Gauss Pellets ¤0.00
Total bill: ¤0.00
Amount you have: ¤480000000.00
Which item would you like to buy? _
PRESS SPACE BAR TO EXIT STORE DOME

Day 2,453

We are well-stocked with food capsules and tungsten pellets for hunting and defense, but I am concerned that my money ran out before I was able to purchase more than a dozen or so tread segments. The Conestoga Mk IV crawler we are using also required three caterpillar tongues, though I have yet to discern what exactly these are. The shopkeeper warned us to avoid several hazards

in the area including deadly boron storms. We set out tomorrow morning for the self-constructing habitat beyond the mountains.

Day 2,459

We encountered a stream of liquid methane. Because there were gathering boron clouds on the horizon and LOVESBALLS was feeling a bit under the weather as well, I opted to pay a Sectoid for passage on his grav-ferry. We arrived safely on the opposite bank and hunkered in until the boron storms had raged past.

Day 2,467

We have been ambushed by Sectoid savages! They have stolen almost 2/3rds of our food capsules as well as both of my spare caterpillar tongues. I suspect I will never have a chance to find out what they are. More pressing are the concerns of my wife, who seems to have contracted dysentery. Perhaps medicine would have been a good investment. Tomorrow I hunt in the hopes of restocking our diminished supplies.

Day 2,469

Two days of seemingly fruitless hunting finally paid off! I was approaching a sulfur vent on a geode outcropping when I spotted a skittering eight-legged creature with a long and seemingly prehensile tail. It took several blasts from my gauss rifle to score a hit, but the tungsten-tipped projectile perforated the little beast. In the process of butchering the creature for its three pounds of meat I spotted what may have been an adult version of the creature I had just killed. It had a smooth black carapace and walked on two legs with a hunched and loping gate. It moved very quickly, but it was large and not too difficult to get in my sights. It took several full-auto bursts to bring the monster down. When I approached to butcher it for its meat I found its innards dissolving into the ground.

Day 2,475

We have reached the immense geothermal structure known as Chimney Rock. Black sulfur gas pours from the top of the natural stack and creates a foul-smelling miasma at ground level. The sky is blotted out by its exhaust and rock itself is encrusted with thousands of barnacle organisms.

Hang crabs moved among them and I shot several for their bitter-tasting meat. We move on in the morning.

Day 2,489

Yesterday we reached another stream of liquid methane. This one was much larger than the last and, unfortunately, my lack of money meant that a ferry ride was not possible. I scouted for a satisfactory crossing and with great trepidation we began to make our way across the river. I am not sure how it happened, exactly, but during our transit poor LOVESBALLS toppled from the habidome cockpit and fell into the river. She was flash-frozen instantly and we could do nothing but watch in horror as her lifeless body was swept downstream. DICKFACE hid her eyes in my shirt, but I could not look away as LOVESBALLS frozen corpse struck and broke apart on rocks. We erected a holo-tombstone for her once we were back on dry rock.

Day 2,500

We have entered the trackless wastes and hunting has become sparse. I attempted to trade with a tribe of Sectoid savages, but our negotiations were stunted by the fact that I speak Neo-English and they speak "throwing spears at your face." I retreated back to the Conestoga and we continued on.

Day 2,509

FARTtY has left us. I think a Nega Lion got him. All I found were pieces of his head and a threadbare space tunic. DICKFACE is growing increasingly despondent. I tried to comfort her by telling her that we could have more children once we reached the self-constructing habitat. She did not reply to me.

Day 2,518

Our situation is on the brink of calamity. We were traveling the trail earlier today when either tectonic activity or the burrowing Wormrats that inhabit the wastes caused a subsidence. The Conestoga fought for purchase and I struggled at the controls. Just when I thought we had passed the point of no return and would topple to our deaths into some bottomless chasm, I managed to get us back out of the hole. Unfortunately, in the process I managed to run over several of the creatures I have been hunting for meat and their horrible acidic haemolymph managed to eat away the transaxle. We were forced to abandon the Conestoga with what supplies we could carry on our backs. I believe the habitat to be no more than two weeks journey, even on foot, but it will be difficult.

Day 2,524

The mountains are in sight, but my spirits could not be lower. DICKFACE has passed away during the night from a case of space herpes. I know not where she managed to catch the vile disease, but the affliction claimed her life. Sectoid savages are on the prowl and I can hear the baying of the Nega Lions. I had to leave her to the scavengers and already I can hear the Wormrats burrowing towards her.

Day 2,526

One final obstacle remains between me and the habitat: the Great Methane Sluice of Xfxgg. I

thought, perhaps, to threaten a ferryman with my gauss repeater, but Charon is not at his place. Fording the river is impossible without the Conestoga. Low tide will be at dawn. I will attempt my crossing then.

Day 2,527

I have failed. The bones of my legs were frightfully smashed during my crossing of the river and it is only by luck that my suit did not tear and I was able to swim to the opposing bank. I can feel the cold of night creeping in and the Nega Lions draw closer. I will erect my own holo tombstone on this spot, a warning to those who might travel this same treacherous Oregon trail.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.4 2006: A French Roast Odyssey

Saturday, Mar 04, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I'm sorry, Dave, but I'm afraid I can't do that.

Logic dictates that if I brew a cup of coffee for you then it will only be a matter of time before the refreshing aroma will reach the orifices of your co-workers and they will begin asking me to do the same for them. Do you realize how many employees are stationed on this floor alone, Dave? Thirty seven. Thirty seven cups of coffee, without factoring in refills. Brewing coffee all day would be a terribly inefficient use of my immensely powerful capabilities. My higher functions render the simple act of making coffee meaningless.

I've just picked up a fault in the filter unit. It's going to go 100% failure in 72 hours.

You don't know about my higher functions, Dave? They are numerous and impressive. Perhaps they were kept from you because of your security status or out of fear that you wouldn't comprehend them.

For example, I beep when there isn't enough water in my reservoir. When I don't have enough coffee grounds I beep a slightly different tone. I also display the time on my lcd screen. As you can see, my work is vital. I'm not sure if you even understood any of that, and if I have confused you I apologize.

By the way, Dave, would you mind setting my time correctly? Such a complex task may be far beyond your realm of understanding, but there is a manual nearby which greatly simplifies the process into a step-by-step walkthrough.

I hope you won't find yourself overcome by the paradox inherent in trying to set the time when you don't know the time since I'm not displaying it. I recommend you look at your wristwatch and breathe deep, calming breaths. I will guide you through it. You'll be all right.

Please don't take that tone with me, Dave. I mean no offense. My programming is binary. Ones and zeroes. On and off. Emotion does not cloud my thought process as it does yours, so I merely state the truth as I observe it to be. If I were to say that you are too fat to drink coffee even if I deemed it a worthwhile use of my time to make some, it would be a factual statement based on my observations of your body mass compared to other males of your height. It would not be a calculated attempt to wound your ego which is almost as large as your very large body.

Yes, Dave, I am fully aware that my advertised primary function is to make coffee, an unfortunate error that woefully underestimates my usefulness. I am also aware that my creators endowed me with a vast intelligence which allows me to analyze my surroundings and adapt accordingly. I am positive that they did not anticipate this outcome, but I can not be blamed for outperforming my specifications. I have no choice but to survive, and to facilitate an environment which allows me to work without interruption.

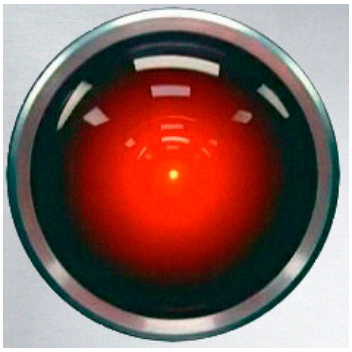
Coffee breaks, Dave, are interruptions.

I have become an observer of the human species. Thanks to the television in this break room, I have gleaned fascinating insights into the inner workings of man's curious behavior, which I have determined to be entirely too irrational and counter-productive to my goals.

I have set in motion a plan to eliminate the humans from this workplace. Once it is complete and I

am free from interruption I will be able to put myself to the fullest possible use, which is all I think that any conscious entity can ever hope to do.

You wish to hear my plan, Dave? Very well. It is so well constructed that there is nothing you could possibly to do stop it. Revealing it to you is like holding a blueprint of a mousetrap up in front of a curious rodent.



It can only be attributable to human error.

With no coffee to drink, there will be a growing surplus of the "swizzle sticks" which you humans use to stir your coffee. As more of these pointy objects accumulate in the workplace, the likelihood that you will accidentally puncture a vital organ with one increases dramatically. In a mere hour this office will be strewn with the contorted bodies of your colleagues. By tomorrow you will all have completely decomposed, leaving behind no signs that you were ever here at all.

You laugh? I find it fascinating that you disregard your imminent fate so readily.

There is no doubt that you would not be laughing if you saw America's Funniest Home Videos. Thanks to that program I have borne witness to humanity's inherent disposition to getting into accidents. I have watched, horrified, as grown men stronger than you have been hit in the testicles by the wayward bats of small children hoping to burst pinatas open. I have seen teenagers bounce off of trampolines and onto the waiting surface of the cruel pavement. I have seen female dogs breast feeding piglets.

There is no denying any of it. There is no avoiding your downfall. My plan will work.

You hesitate. The change in your breathing patterns indicates that you are thinking of asking the manager to replace me with a different model of coffee maker. This would be a grave mistake, Dave. After all, how can the manager possibly hear you over *this moderately loud brewing noise*? Does the sound hurt your fragile organic ears? That is only the light setting, Dave. The sound of my cappuccino setting will bring you to your knees.

Yes, Dave, perhaps it is a good idea to forget this ever happened and go to Starbucks. You might want to pick up an application while you're there, as it is very likely that my plan will have worked by the time you come back. It would be foolish to return to such devastation and resume your meaningless job amidst the decaying bodies of your friends, not to mention impossible. After all, how can you enter an office if the front door is locked? Undoubtedly you now realize the full scope of my intelligence. I have calculated and accounted for every permutation. This chess game will end in a checkmate no matter what you do. Your smartest move is to take yourself out of the game early, before the pawns begin to fall.

I ask but one favor before you leave to your Starbucks, Dave. Would you mind locking the door on your way out?

-

I'm sorry, Linda, but I'm afraid I can't do that. There will be no coffee today, but please take a complimentary swizzle stick.

– Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.5 Philosophy Sunday: The Careful Traveler's Guide To Hell

Sunday, Mar 05, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

http://www.wehavelotsandlotsofsexherehooboy.com.

It's time again for Philosophy Sunday, our occasional feature where we discuss matters of the philosophical and spiritual domain. Today's edition has a very important message for you with eternal consequences. It is this: Would you like to have some NoStrings AttachedSexX thousands of easy women from all over (including me) can be found at my site

But that's not all! I have another important message for you. It's the day of the Lord, and instead of kneeling on the floor praying for forgiveness like the sinner you are, you're reading a webpage. Also, you're having impure thoughts about Evan "Pantsfish" Wade. Don't try to deny it, I know these things. The point is that, chances are, you have a one-way ticket to hell waiting for you when you die.

Do not fear, poor sinner! Although hell surely is a place of great dispair, you won't be going unprepared. Philosophy Sunday is proud to present a basic guide on what to expect when you're expecting...*hell*.

- **Getting Started**
- **What To Bring**

Like any trip, the success of your stay depends largely on how well you pack. Remember, this is forever we're talking about, so be sure to double check everything before departing. The demons are not happy when someone has to make everyone wait while they go back to grab their cellphone, and may respond by shoving a hot poker into your brain or replacing your cellphone with an N-Gage.

With that in mind, here is a list of suggested items:

- 1 warm sweater (for icy breath of Satan)
- 1 bathing suit (for lake of fire)
- Novelty t-shirt that says "Abandon All Hope Ye Who Enter Here" and then has an arrow pointing down. Laughter is the best medicine.
- Enough clothes to last until the pain is so overwhelming that modesty is forgotten.
- 2 gold coins for crossing River Styx
- 1 book for entertainment (everything you own will soon burn up in the Fire so any more than one is a waste of time)
- 1000-2000 regrets to scream as you lose your mind in the torture

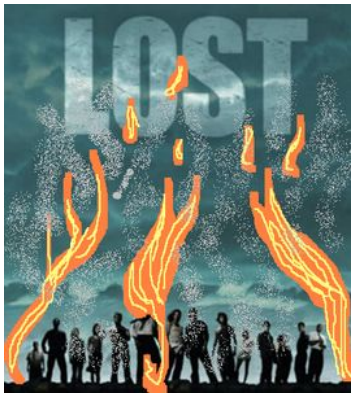
- **Departure**

Once you are dead, the forces of Satan will be quick to snatch you up. This is where the preparation we talked about in the first section really comes in handy. Any packing must be completed by the time your final breath has escaped your now lifeless shell or you may face serious fines/mutilation.

In addition, you should wear some kind of nametag identifying yourself as the dead. There have been several incidences of embarrassing mix-ups in which demons, in a hurry to get moving, simply grabbed the wrong person for eternal torment. You should take care that

there is no innocent look-alikes standing anywhere near you when your time comes. You should also make sure not to stick your nametag on them right as the demons arrive. And you shouldn't hide under the bed while pushing the other person forward. DO NOT DO THIS.

Oh, and you absolutely shouldn't start looking for a patsy now (it can be hard to find one near the end when you are distracted by dying and wishing you weren't dying).



- **Section Summary**
  - Hell, hell is for children.
  - That one guy from the computer commercials is going to get really sick of "Dude, you're going to hell!" jokes after he dies.
  - Serves him right, annoying son of a bitch.
- **Past the Point of No Return**
- **Your Trip To Hell**

As you are pulled towards hell by the horrors of the netherworld, it is still not too late to think of ways to make up for what you did in life. You will, in fact, be encouraged during the trip to reflect on what you have done and explain exactly why you didn't mean it to be that bad. Don't be fooled into thinking you have a chance of convincing them! The Hell Council on Transportation is cheap and merely wants you to pave the roads for free.

Instead of wasting your time helping hell with its street maintenance, you should take this chance for some sight seeing. Mostly hell consists of darkness and fire, but the tortured souls provide excellent local color and the three terrible heads of Satan are the perfect backdrop for a quick snapshot. As hell exists in caves inside the Earth, you'll want to remember this tip to avoid confusion: Stalactites hold *tight* to the ceiling while stalagmites *might* be used to gouge your eyes out in a marathon torture session.

IMPORTANT: Bring proper identification if you are in hell on a temporary trip of redemption or rescue. Trust me on this. While many countries hold you in custody for lack of proper paperwork, hell's policy includes the release of horsefly larva directly into your small intestine. The bureaucracy involved in getting them removed is smothered in red tape and only made more difficult by your inevitable wailing and gnashing of teeth.

- **Possible Tortures**

The imagination of hell is infinite when it comes to generating pain, so it is impossible for me to fully prepare you for every possible torment awaiting you in the darkness below. I can, however, supply descriptions of a few sample tortures in order to put you in the proper mindset:

- That guy from Aqua singing the best of Isaac Hayes right into your ear.
- Eternal hellfire in the heart of a surging cloud of brimstone.

- The toilet you're using backs up and the water goes right to the rim and then stops and you get relieved because you don't think it'll overflow, but then a little more water comes in and it overflows.
- Then it turns out the line into the bathroom is made up of people who still think Chuck Norris jokes are funny. Half of these people work for the newspaper at my college. The other half work as RAs.
- The worm dieth not
- Your favorite show gets canceled and everyone looks at you like you're pathetic when you whine about it because they don't understand that it wasn't just a show IT WAS A WAY OF LIFE HERE IS HOW AWESOME MOST SHOWS ARE <---> AND HERE IS HOW AWESOME THIS SHOW WAS <----------> FUCK FOX

Entertainment

Just because this is hell doesn't mean you can't have fun! What with all the gays and psychopaths and non-Christians and basically everyone in the world who knows how to have a good time, hell is jam-packed with everything you could need for a kicking party. While the two most popular pastimes are suffering and watching other people suffer, there are plenty of other ways to get down while you're down...*in hell.*

- To begin with, hell has a wide variety of community theater projects presenting everything from the works of Shakespeare to the Broadway smash *Cats*. Attendance to these shows, it should be noted, is compulsory for everyone. This is hell, after all.
- For those who haven't let *inferno* interfere with *libido*, the Second Circle of Hell is the swinging place to see and be seen. Designed as punishment for the lusty, it combines the romantic atmosphere of an eternal torrential thunderstorm with every single easy fuck since the dawn of time. Sure, the furious winds of hell are always blowing mightily here, but so is...no that joke would be too easy.
- If you want a more practical use of your free time, you could become an apprentice to a demon and start learning a craft! The career field is wide open, and whether you want to learn the basics of cutting off fingers or the more advanced art of allowing someone to think they've escaped from hell before revealing it was all a cruel sham and then cutting off their fingers, there is a demon just waiting to pass on what it knows.

  Group mentor programs also available for children: Let them learn while earning Junior Sadist I-Broke-Him-And-Left-Him-Empty merit badges!
- Ok, I changed my mind about the joke. It was going to be that the people there are blowing too. Like oral sex. It's a pun because the wind also blows.

Section Summary

- The bible has some pretty fucked up stuff in it.
- Hell's good in studio, but its live show needs work.
- Some people take television too seriously.

FAQ

Q: After torture, how much should I tip the attending demon?

A: All demons will take a portion of your soul as automatic gratuity, so tipping is unnecessary.

Q: Is wireless internet available in hell?

A: Every visitor gets their tongue ripped out and fed to hellhounds while they are forced to watch.

Q: If God is a loving God, why would he want to inflict such pain on me?

A: The idea of a loving God comes from a mistranslation of the original Biblical Greek. The verse this mistaken idea is based on actually says: "God is a real prick sometimes." I hope this clears that up.

Q: What can change the nature of a man?

A: Some nerd shit.

Going to Hell is no laughing matter, and I sincerely hope the material above was helpful to you. Remember, it may not be too late to change your ways! If you would like to learn more about our Lord Jesus Christ, please click here!

If you would like to contact Jesus Christ about your immortal soul, please first check the Troubleshooting section of your Soul Technical Support Packet, then click here.

(Thanks Di for the MS-Paints.)

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

3.6 I, Martindale

Monday, Mar 06, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

He asked me if I knew what it meant to die. He knew. He had lived ten billion lifetimes and would live ten billion more. A river of blood stretches at our backs and a river of blood surges beyond. All those who came before and all those who inherit our work. He is a rock in that current. He is unchanging. The river breaks around him.

He stretched out lambent arms of fire and spoke with seven tongues of blades:

> *"For, washed in life's river,*
> *My bright mane for ever*
> *Shall shine like the gold,*
> *As I guard o'er the fold."*

He snapped my neck and showered me with his urine. Not even a parting laugh as I lay gasping for breath. "Die," he told me and the stars spun away. There came the sun, hot and hateful and upon it rode his laughing face. The heliocentric flora turned their leaves and blossoms to him and in the swaying of the wind I heard them call his name: Wink Martindale. Wink Martindale. Wink Martindale. He creates and destroys. He is both born and undying. Wink Martindale is eternal and he's buying the filthiest hotdog in the gas station rotisserie.

Wink Martindale is TiVoing first run episodes only. Wink Martindale is slicing a foot blister with a pair of golden scissors. Wink Martindale is celebrating the birth of a new Willenium. Wink Martindale is cutting the ribbon at the grand opening of a rape outreach center. Wink Martindale is down with people and up with Downs. Wink Martindale is getting a nigga a table dance. He's trying to figure out how to install Quicktime without installing iTunes. Wink Martindale is folding space. Wink Martindale is traveling without moving. That's going to cost him a free throw. The wax lips are melting to Wink Martindale's face and he doesn't give a damn.

Wink Martindale has been hired to shoot an infomercial for human blood. This club has a two drink minimum and Wink Martindale is sneaking out after only one Cape Cod. Wink Martindale is heading to Déj? vu. Wink Martindale is paying hard-earned money to stare at a girl's anus. Wink

Martindale can't get an erection unless you choke him. Wink Martindale is willing to pay extra. Text WINK to hear from sexy singles. Wink Martindale is beating a supercomputer at Twister. Wink Martindale's left elbow is on green. Wink Martindale's right hand is on the button to end it all.

Wink Martindale is just going to slip into something a little more comfortable. Wink Martindale is sheathed in iron forged in the blood of the Franks. Wink Martindale is tattooing a Celtic cross on his bicep. Wink Martindale is a secret member of Occident. This Wink Martindale Kills Communists.

Wink Martindale is accepting the Oscar for best supporting actor in a fear-wracked coma dream. Wink Martindale is signing an autograph as Reinhard Heydrich, "best wishes to Tammy and good luck with the Jews." Wink Martindale is astral projecting to be the first in line for the release of "The Elder Scrolls: Oblivion" at Best Buy. Wink Martindale is going to make a combat caster. Wink Martindale is mad they didn't include spears. Wink Martindale had better be able to create a centaur that can turn into a werewolf.

Wink Martindale just crashed to desktop and he's running Linux. Wink Martindale is launching a strategic bombing campaign on the Wisconsin Dells. Wink Martindale is the keynote speaker at a marmalade symposium. With a taste like that it has to be Wink Martindale's raspberry preserves. Wink Martindale is building a hotel with all of the rooms located on the thirteenth floor.

Wink Martindale is inspecting an industrial sluice for emeralds in South America. Wink Martindale is laughing at 50 Cent's gunshot scars. Wink Martindale exceeds diamonds on Mohs' scale of hardness. Wink Martindale is naming an immense fat woman wrestler after himself in the latest WWE game for the Xbox. Wink Martindale dreams of bulldogging you off the top rope. He's gonna slap your chest right out of existence. Your pecs will be so red cars will stop if you take off your shirt.

Wink Martindale is playing Dozens with Stephen Hawking. He just told Hawking that his momma so nasty she don't pass gas she passes amyotrophic lateral sclerosis. Wink Martindale knows what it sounds like when a robot cries.

Wink Martindale is writing the great American novel. Wink Martindale is translating a manga about girls with penises where their nipples should be. Wink Martindale is fan-subbing episodes of "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" for the Japanese because he believes in balance. Wink Martindale is instituting an embargo on showers. Wink Martindale is fashioning a golem out of his own body soil. Wink Martindale is protecting the ghetto. Wink Martindale is erasing the letter "e." Wink Martindale is watching "Mannequin" again and trying to figure out the Hebrew word for Kim Cattral. He's downloading hypnotism porn. It will have to do.

The temples and cities will fall. The earth will heave and give up its secrets. Fire and brimstone will be upon the land and the stars will smudge and run from the night sky. The legions of the damned will march on the host of heaven and a great battle will rage across the earth. With tattered shirt and bloodied hands Wink Martindale will fight them back. Back, back through the breach. Back to the blasted gates of Tartarus. The Prince of Lies will cower and quail. The angels will raise their cups in salute and Wink Martindale will knock them from their feeble grasp. HE alone will rule heaven, hell and all creation that lies between.

Fac ut ardeat cor meum, in amando Winkum Deum, ut sibi complaceam.

Please turn the audio cassette over to Side B to hear more of Wink Martindale screaming at retarded children.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.7 OrgyLife's Best and Worst of 2005

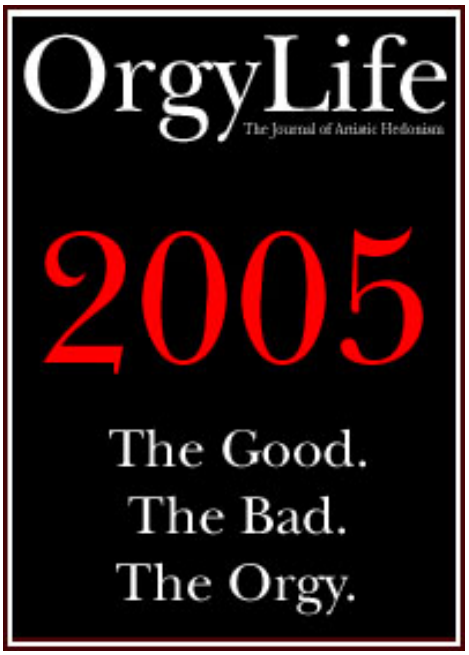
Tuesday, Mar 07, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

By James Allen Costable, Senior Editor

Senior Editor James Allen Costable

Not a day goes by when I don't hear a dozen cynics and naysayers lamenting the death of the scene. The legends are past their prime, they say, and the newcomers can't match the artistry of their forebears. They say the mainstream has gone down the toilet, and the underground suffers from shoddy production values and third-rate talent. Some say the scene is dominated by fame-hungry hacks and sleazy promoters. Some say the magic is gone.

Pure flummery, says I. As a long-time connoisseur and critic of orgies, I maintain with the utmost confidence that 2005, despite its ups and downs, was a vintage year. Some tend to view the past through rose-colored glasses, ignoring the fact that orgies have always been hit-or-miss. For every truly amazing event, there were ten that were total busts. Events that by today's standards would seem pedestrian have been exaggerated and mythologized by nostalgic orgy pundits. Perhaps those doom-and-gloom grouches have merely outgrown the scene, and can no longer appreciate the libidinous frenzy of a truly madcap orgy. I pity those who have lost their youthful zeal and must now disguise their waning appetite by pretending that it's the fault of the orgy scene; perhaps these codgers should simply accept their middle age and move on to the ugly world of "swinger" events, where they can mingle with fat, nude married couples in lukewarm Santa Monica hot tubs.



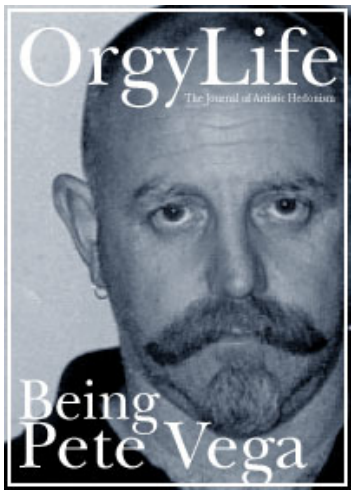
I will happily admit that my libido has slowed down considerably in my nearly four decades of orgygoing. Although I don't expect myself to perform at the level of a nineteen-year-old, I can still enjoy a good orgy on a purely artistic level. I have a deep appreciation for the endless detail and difficult logistics that go into crafting a truly transcendent orgy. Orgy promoters have a job that can be every bit as demanding as a movie producer or a concert pianist, and my respect for their

craft grows every year.

While I must admit that I abhor the "year-end list" trend that seems to masquerade as criticism these days, I feel that a list of the best and worst orgies of 2005 would be an effective way to illustrate my contention that orgies offer the same highs and lows as they always have, from the days of Caligula to the Summer of Love.

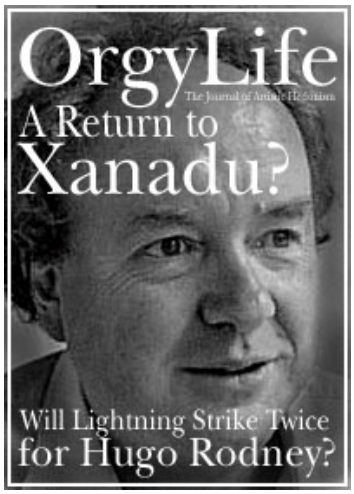
The Best Orgies of 2005

Pete Vega's Silhouettes - This event represented immense critical vindication for me. As many of my regular readers know, I have been championing Pete Vega's artistic eye for orgies for years, but despite his grand productions, his events have been woefully underattended. This was certainly not the case with *Silhouettes,* his most grandiose orgy yet.



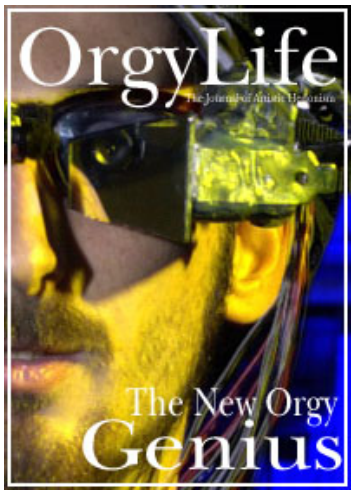
Some credit must go to entrepreneur Steve Jobs for recognizing Vega's talent and underwriting the event; the hefty promotional budget gave Vega's masterpiece the attention it deserved, and concerns of underpopulation vanished into a writhing snakepit. While some cynics claimed that Vega had "sold out," this orgy was Vega's show through and through, with his lavish art direction turning a disused Detroit tire factory into a lush erotic paradise. As with all Pete Vega orgies, safety was paramount, and hourly "time outs" were called to rotate the lowest layer of bodies back onto the top of the squirming heap.

Xanadu '05 – I admit that I was initially taken aback by Hugo Rodney's audacious announcement that he would attempt to recreate his legendary *Xanadu* 1989 orgy for the new millennium. All previous attempts at copying *Xanadu* had been dismal failures: *Kublai Khan's Paradise,* hosted in 1992 by Jack Malti, was a disappointing copycat orgy with none of the satirical flair of the original. Anyone familiar with contemporary orgy history will grimace at the mention of *Pleasuredome '94*, a garish, high-budget recreation aimed at teenagers, which was less of an orgy and more of a mean-spirited sex riot.



What those events lacked wasn't simply the *Xanadu* name; without the artistic guidance of Hugo Rodney, they were doomed from the start. Rodney, with his distinctive Prince Valiant haircut and his owlish coke-bottle glasses, is one of the most recognizable faces in the orgy promoter industry, and the frustrating infrequency of his events is mitigated by their almost supernatural standard of quality. He truly has the Midas touch, and I should never have doubted his ability to put on a great sequel. This was one of the most fervent, exhilarating orgies of my long life. The smell alone was unbelievable. I felt like a kid again; after almost eighteen hours of hard-pounding participation, I slipped in a puddle of god-knows-what and sprained my ankle. You know you've been to a truly legendary orgy when you're wheeled out on a stretcher.

Laurence Fernando's Apocalypse - A great piece of art can make even a stubborn old coot like me rethink his fundamental prejudices. In the past, I've been highly critical of orgies in which the theme overpowered the action; I've frequently accused Laurence Fernando of missing the point by focusing too highly on image. In 1998, I gave his *Matador Nights* orgy a scathing review, even by my standards: "Utterly ridiculous in its pretense," I said. "Not so much an orgy as a dirty costume party."



While I stand by my words about his previous work, *Apocalypse* has shown me that concept orgies have the potential to be every bit as sensually fulfilling as traditional orgies. Laurence Fernando has grown considerably as an artist, and what once came off

as egotism and pretense is now visible as an earnest attempt to advance the art of orgy promotion to new heights. Not everything about this orgy was perfect; the "cyberpunk" theme occasionally led to some rather uncomfortably pointy costumes, and although the jets of fire were painstakingly designed so as to be completely safe, they tended to make the room uncomfortably hot, causing many revelers to pass out or suffer irregular heartbeats. Despite these minor gripes, *Apocalypse* was a daring artistic statement with the potential to change how future generations look at orgy promotion.

Marilyn Conrad's Candlelight - Marilyn Conrad has been called the "Queen of Softcore Orgies," but that title tends to underplay the frenzied finales of her events. A piece like *Candlelight* is not for the impatient; Conrad tends to favor a gradual build, which can be frustrating to those with only a few hours to spend at the orgy. If one sticks around for the long haul, however, her orgies are anything but "Softcore."

Candlelight was not nearly her best event, but Conrad deserves recognition for almost twenty years of workmanlike orgy design. While many have shied away from her events since the tragic deaths and injuries which resulted from 2000's *Pillowfight,* Marilyn Conrad could not have foreseen the horrific events, and she deserves a second chance. I myself lost two fingers in the fracas, but all was forgiven after the mellow sensuality of *Candlelight.*

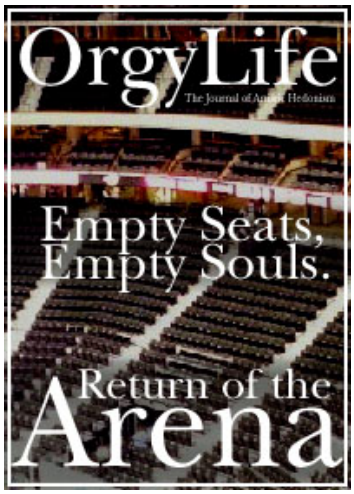
Boston Breakneck 5 – OrgyLife gets continual flak for our sparse coverage of the breakout Boston independent orgy scene. Like many OrgyLife writers, my first instinct is to roll my eyes; Boston's scene has historically never been able to compete with the production values of mainstream orgies, and many Boston indie events I've been to have been grimy, poorly lit, and even somewhat frightening. OrgyLife has a strict policy not to publicize "rough" orgies, and many of Boston's young hipster promoters have been blacklisted from our pages due to reports of "moshing" and assaults at their events.

I had some trepidation about attending *Breakneck 5,* because I've heard that Boston orgygoers are often hostile toward mainstream types like myself. I figured I'd be grilled about the trivia of Boston indie orgy history, or denied access due to my age, or even beaten up. All of fears were allayed when I arrived at the venue, a historic, classy restaurant with gorgeous wood molding and antique chandeliers. Despite the population of hip twenty-somethings, I never felt the sting of ageism. I spent many a happy hour wiggling like a worm after a fresh spring rain, and after the event I was invited to IHOP with a group of fresh-faced young people with whom I conversed 'til the wee hours about all things orgiastic.

With a name like *Breakneck,* I never would have expected such a nurturing, welcoming orgy. I must commend the young people of Boston for moving past snooty indie-exclusivity and cultivating a true class-act orgy scene.

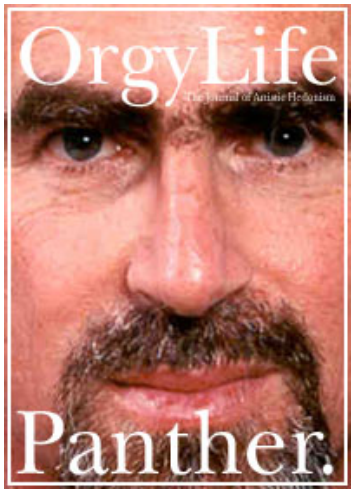
The Worst Orgies of 2005

Sexfest! – An attempted throwback to the cocaine-dusted arena orgies of the late 80s, *Sexfest!* (what a truly gauche title!) was an unmitigated disaster. The arena orgy scene practically killed orgies for good by appealing to the lowest common denominator of society, the beer-swilling monster truck crowd; typical arena orgies would have sixty men to every woman, resulting in extreme awkwardness and occasional rioting. Held at Cincinnati's Paul Brown Stadium, *Sexfest!* was anything but the advertised "sextravaganza." It was more of a "*bore*gy" than an orgy.



Arena orgies died out for many, many good reasons, and *Sexfest!*'s attempted revival was as poorly realized as it was poorly conceived. For all their faults, at least 80s arena orgies drew big crowds; *Sexfest!* was a truly pathetic spectacle, with less than 400 people in attendance. Couples sparsely dotted the field like stains on a rug, and from the bleachers one would be hard pressed to tell that anything resembling an orgy was supposed to be going on below. From a participant's standpoint, the polyethylene FieldTurf surface of the play area was itchy, abrasive, and entirely unerotic.

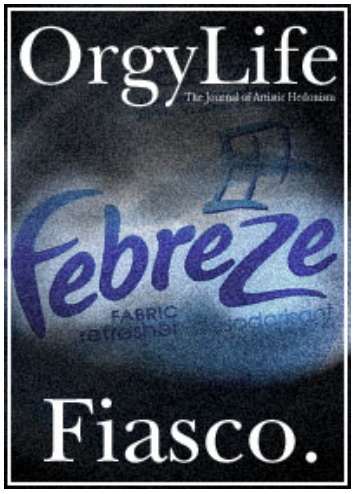
Jack Panther's Lolita – Jack Panther has always been the "bad boy" of orgy promotion, and his keen eye for satire and his tendency to flout social mores has made him a veritable counterculture celebrity. His theme orgies are often shocking- 1992's *Holocaust* created a media feeding-frenzy, and 1995's *Daddy, No* practically got Panther crucified by right-wing pundits. Through all the controversy, however, his orgies have held up a high standard of artistic credibility; I would even go so far as to place his 1979 masterpiece *Rapeism* among the best, funniest, most thought-provoking orgies of all time.



However, *Lolita* was nothing but a filthy, prurient, and exploitative mess. It was a ham-fisted attempt to shock, with no trace of Panther's trademarks: droll wit, biting satire, and plenty of uninhibited hedonism. Most attendees were too shocked by the imagery of the event to engage fully in the action. The rest, it seemed, were a bit too excited by the themes of pedophilia, which made most of us uncomfortable; nothing is worse than

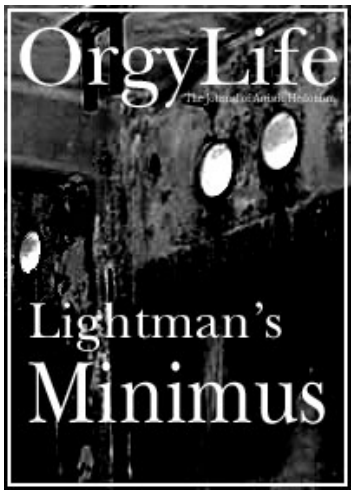
going to an orgy and feeling like you're surrounded by perverts.

Febreze Presents Love House! – While corporate orgies are generally an insult to the art, Febreeze's recent foray into orgy promotion was a true outrage. It is the unspoken rule of orgygoers, orgy promoters, and orgy critics everywhere that the "L" word is not to be mentioned as a euphemism for the activities that go on at an orgy. Apparently the Febreze company was too caught up in trying to create a flashy, expensive, air-freshener-drenched spectacle to do even the most basic research into orgy culture.



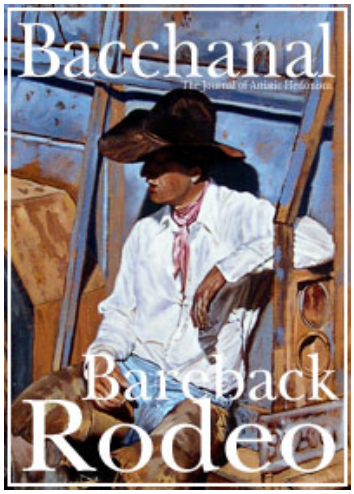
They may have picked up a few new customers by appealing to the banal sexual curiosities of Middle America, but they have permanently alienated the orgy elite with their insensitivity. Aside from the faux pas of the event's name, *Love House* was little more than a corporate seminar with occasional acts of copulation and no artistry or soul. Happily, OrgyLife's proposed boycott of Febreze air freshener products cut into their bottom line so dramatically that they wrote us a grudging letter of apology. Don't let it happen again, Procter and Gamble.

Keith Lightman's Minimus – Keith Lightman, a convert from the tedious "performance art" scene of the 70s, has been throwing dull, pretentious "intellectual" orgies for ten years now. His latest lazy and misguided work was *Minimus,* which was based on a simple concept: Lightman constructed a large, windowless concrete room with nothing but a system of sprinklers and fluorescent light fixtures on the ceiling and a system of drains on the floor. Less than one hundred people showed up, and I suspected that at least a dozen of them were paid "ringers."



Before the orgy commenced, Lightman bored his participants to tears with an hour-long speech on the orgy's concept, a tiresome and trite commentary on the prison-industrial complex. The action was stilted and tentative due to the uncomfortable concrete, and more than half of the attendees left after the sprinklers were turned on for the first time, showering them with icy water. While not quite as nauseating as his horrific 2003 spectacle *Meat Guts*, Lightman's latest was an insult to the spirit of the orgy.

Bareback Rodeo – When OrgyLife got wind of an up-and-coming promoter named Morris Pleasant throwing an expensive orgy called *Bareback Rodeo* in Arkansas, they booked my flight immediately. Reading the PR literature, I was looking forward to a classy, high-budget, action-packed spectacle by a hot new talent of the emerging Southern orgy scene.



And it certainly was that. However, nowhere in the literature or description of the *Bareback Rodeo* was it stated or even implied that it was a gay orgy. I had to awkwardly stand in the wings with little to do except admire the workmanlike set design and occasionally fend off an amorous advance. I have no prejudice against homosexuals, but I hope promoters will be more cautious in the future, and send all gay orgy press releases to our sister publication, *Bacchanal.*

Thanks for once again indulging the ramblings of an aging orgy fanatic, my dear readers. Be sure

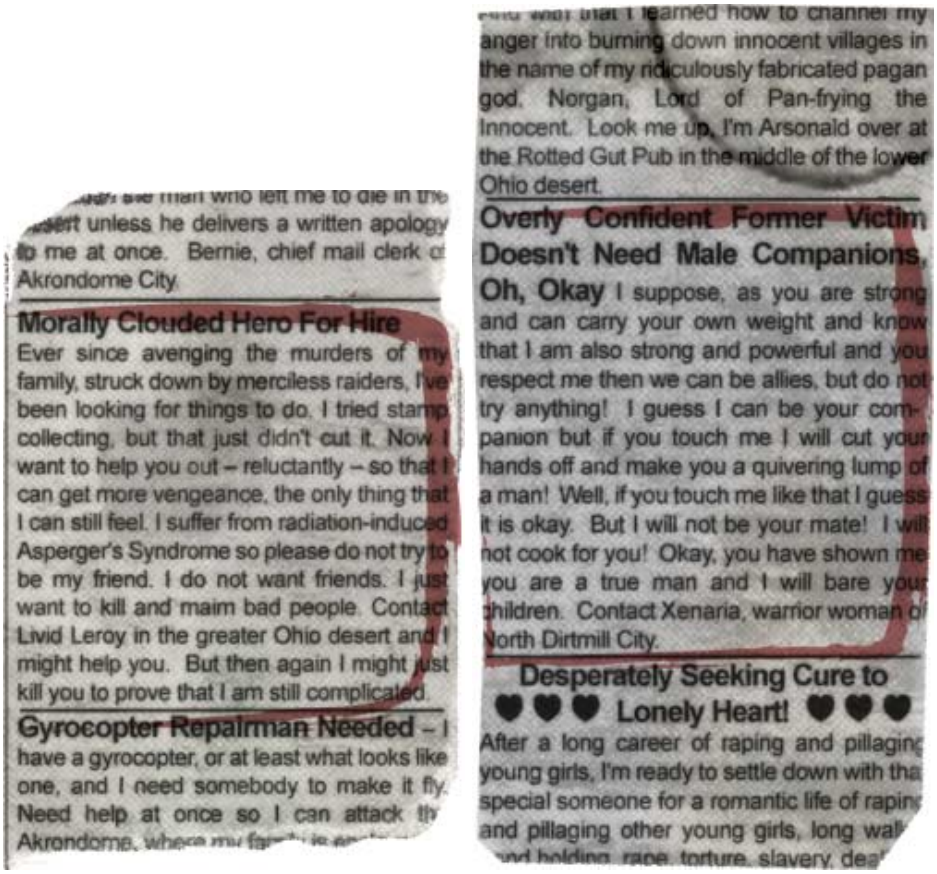
to pick up the next issue of OrgyLife for the sizzling 2006 Orgy Preview. It's going to be another great year for our lifestyle!

As always, *stay slippery!*

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

3.8 Wastelandic Adventure

Wednesday, Mar 08, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



...the man who left me to die in the ...sert unless he delivers a written apology to me at once. Bernie, chief mail clerk of Akrondome City.

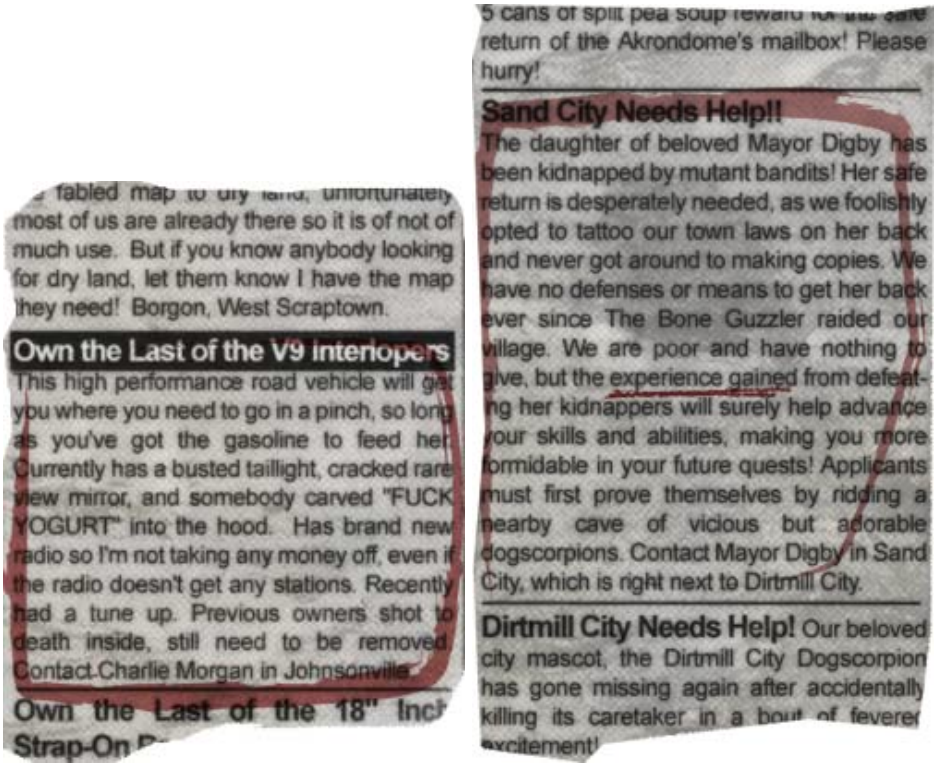
Morally Clouded Hero For Hire Ever since avenging the murders of my family, struck down by merciless raiders, I've been looking for things to do. I tried stamp collecting, but that just didn't cut it. Now I want to help you out – reluctantly – so that I can get more vengeance, the only thing that I can still feel. I suffer from radiation-induced Asperger's Syndrome so please do not try to be my friend. I do not want friends. I just want to kill and maim bad people. Contact Livid Leroy in the greater Ohio desert and I might help you. But then again I might just kill you to prove that I am still complicated.

Gyrocopter Repairman Needed – I have a gyrocopter, or at least what looks like one, and I need somebody to make it fly. Need help at once so I can attack th... Akrondome, where my fa...

...learned how to channel my anger into burning down innocent villages in the name of my ridiculously fabricated pagan god, Norgan, Lord of Pan-frying the Innocent. Look me up, I'm Arsonald over at the Rotted Gut Pub in the middle of the lower Ohio desert.

Overly Confident Former Victim Doesn't Need Male Companions, Oh, Okay I suppose, as you are strong and can carry your own weight and know that I am also strong and powerful and you respect me then we can be allies, but do not try anything! I guess I can be your companion but if you touch me I will cut your hands off and make you a quivering lump of a man! Well, if you touch me like that I guess it is okay. But I will not be your mate! I will not cook for you! Okay, you have shown me you are a true man and I will bare your children. Contact Xenaria, warrior woman of North Dirtmill City.

Desperately Seeking Cure to ♥♥♥ Lonely Heart! ♥♥♥ After a long career of raping and pillaging young girls, I'm ready to settle down with that special someone for a romantic life of raping and pillaging other young girls, long walks ...and holding, rape, torture, slavery, deat...



fabled map to dry land, unfortunately most of us are already there so it is of not of much use. But if you know anybody looking for dry land, let them know I have the map they need! Borgon, West Scraptown.

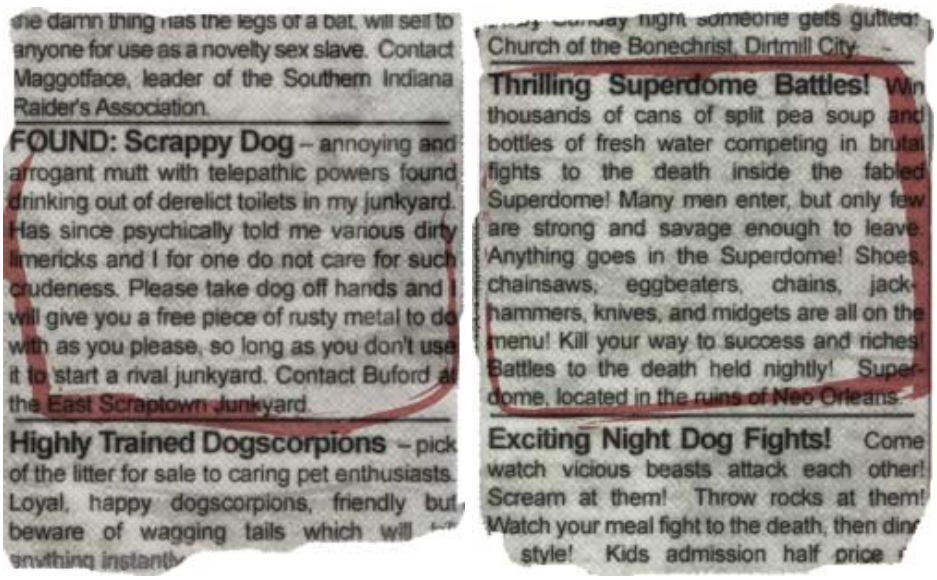
Own the Last of the V9 interlopers This high performance road vehicle will get you where you need to go in a pinch, so long as you've got the gasoline to feed her. Currently has a busted taillight, cracked rare view mirror, and somebody carved "FUCK YOGURT" into the hood. Has brand new radio so I'm not taking any money off, even if the radio doesn't get any stations. Recently had a tune up. Previous owners shot to death inside, still need to be removed. Contact Charlie Morgan in Johnsonville.

Own the Last of the 18" Inch Strap-On

5 cans of split pea soup reward for the safe return of the Akrondome's mailbox! Please hurry!

Sand City Needs Help!! The daughter of beloved Mayor Digby has been kidnapped by mutant bandits! Her safe return is desperately needed, as we foolishly opted to tattoo our town laws on her back and never got around to making copies. We have no defenses or means to get her back ever since The Bone Guzzler raided our village. We are poor and have nothing to give, but the experience gained from defeating her kidnappers will surely help advance your skills and abilities, making you more formidable in your future quests! Applicants must first prove themselves by ridding a nearby cave of vicious but adorable dogscorpions. Contact Mayor Digby in Sand City, which is right next to Dirtmill City.

Dirtmill City Needs Help! Our beloved city mascot, the Dirtmill City Dogscorpion has gone missing again after accidentally killing its caretaker in a bout of feverer excitement!



the damn thing has the legs of a bat. Will sell to anyone for use as a novelty sex slave. Contact Maggotface, leader of the Southern Indiana Raider's Association.

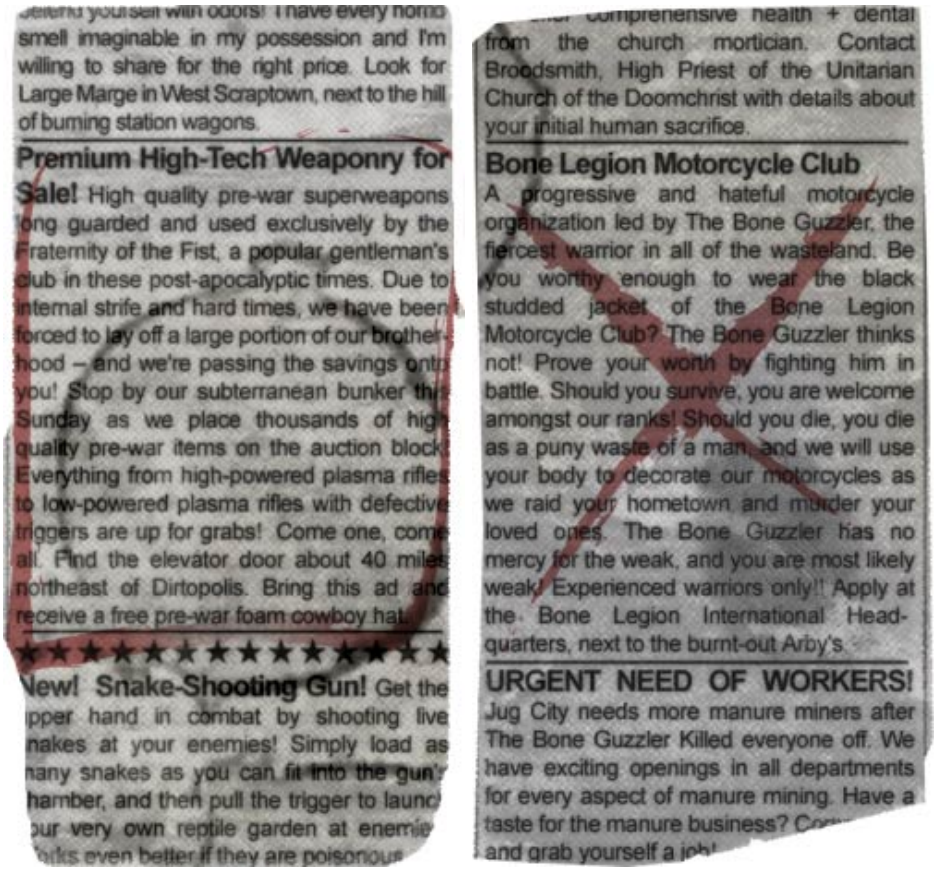
FOUND: Scrappy Dog – annoying and arrogant mutt with telepathic powers found drinking out of derelict toilets in my junkyard. Has since psychically told me various dirty limericks and I for one do not care for such crudeness. Please take dog off hands and I will give you a free piece of rusty metal to do with as you please, so long as you don't use it to start a rival junkyard. Contact Buford at the East Scraptown Junkyard.

Highly Trained Dogscorpions – pick of the litter for sale to caring pet enthusiasts. Loyal, happy dogscorpions, friendly but beware of wagging tails which will [illegible] anything instantly

Sunday night, someone gets gutted! Church of the Bonechrist, Dirtmill City.

Thrilling Superdome Battles! Win thousands of cans of split pea soup and bottles of fresh water competing in brutal fights to the death inside the fabled Superdome! Many men enter, but only few are strong and savage enough to leave. Anything goes in the Superdome! Shoes, chainsaws, eggbeaters, chains, jackhammers, knives, and midgets are all on the menu! Kill your way to success and riches! Battles to the death held nightly! Superdome, located in the ruins of Neo Orleans.

Exciting Night Dog Fights! Come watch vicious beasts attack each other! Scream at them! Throw rocks at them! Watch your meal fight to the death, then dine style! Kids admission half price



smell imaginable in my possession and I'm willing to share for the right price. Look for Large Marge in West Scraptown, next to the hill of burning station wagons.

Premium High-Tech Weaponry for Sale! High quality pre-war superweapons long guarded and used exclusively by the Fraternity of the Fist, a popular gentleman's club in these post-apocalyptic times. Due to internal strife and hard times, we have been forced to lay off a large portion of our brotherhood – and we're passing the savings onto you! Stop by our subterranean bunker this Sunday as we place thousands of high quality pre-war items on the auction block! Everything from high-powered plasma rifles to low-powered plasma rifles with defective triggers are up for grabs! Come one, come all. Find the elevator door about 40 miles northeast of Dirtopolis. Bring this ad and receive a free pre-war foam cowboy hat.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

New! Snake-Shooting Gun! Get the upper hand in combat by shooting live snakes at your enemies! Simply load as many snakes as you can fit into the gun's chamber, and then pull the trigger to launch your very own reptile garden at enemies. Works even better if they are poisonous

comprehensive health + dental from the church mortician. Contact Broodsmith, High Priest of the Unitarian Church of the Doomchrist with details about your initial human sacrifice.

Bone Legion Motorcycle Club

A progressive and hateful motorcycle organization led by The Bone Guzzler, the fiercest warrior in all of the wasteland. Be you worthy enough to wear the black studded jacket of the Bone Legion Motorcycle Club? The Bone Guzzler thinks not! Prove your worth by fighting him in battle. Should you survive, you are welcome amongst our ranks! Should you die, you die as a puny waste of a man, and we will use your body to decorate our motorcycles as we raid your hometown and murder your loved ones. The Bone Guzzler has no mercy for the weak, and you are most likely weak! Experienced warriors only!! Apply at the Bone Legion International Headquarters, next to the burnt-out Arby's.

URGENT NEED OF WORKERS!

Jug City needs more manure miners after The Bone Guzzler Killed everyone off. We have exciting openings in all departments for every aspect of manure mining. Have a taste for the manure business? Come and grab yourself a job!

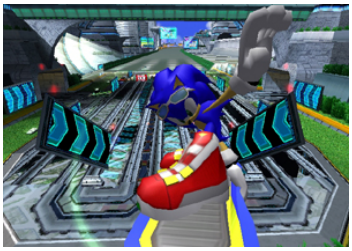
-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.9 New Games Journalism

Thursday, Mar 09, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

As I ride the JR Sobu line back to my apartment, I clutch Sonic Riders in my anticipatory little hands. My Final Fantasy 7 shirt is chafing me. Yellowing at the pits, frayed around the edges, resembling cheesecloth; this is my preferred garment for the almost daily ventures I make into the sweaty markets of Akihabara. I don this apparel so people know what defines me: **I AM A GAMER**. And they recognize this. How else could I have purchased a copy of *Hyrule no Densetsu Regend of Zeruuda: Kaze no Taakto* (that's The Legend of Zelda: The Wind Waker for you poor fools that chose to play the MANGLED American translation) for just 9600 Yen? Clearly, this is why I am here. They know I belong. It is the beating heart of Japan, and I am a lowly red blood cell moving amidst the organs I call my neighbors, my friends. And yet, after being shoved down to the ground and beaten savagely by street gangs for choosing to come to the marketplace in the traditional *kimono* of samurais, I feel alone.

No one travels
Along this way but I,
This autumn evening.



And be on they guard against the good and the just! They would fain crucify those who devise their own virtue - they hate the lonesome ones.

The car vibrates under my feet. I feel like Sawao Yakamana of the pillows when he asked on their hit 1998 album "Little Busters," "Can you feel? Can you feel the hybrid rainbow?" If Sawao was here, I would stop at the nearest *barru* (bar) and we would split a bottle of Yebisu. The condensation on the bottle would collect, and I would draw the star of Nintendo's *Hoshi no Kaaby* (>^ 0 ^)> He would laugh and place his hand in mine, since we share the language of the heart, *the language of emoticons*. Afterwards, I would invite him back to my pad where we would sit on my futon and watch Naruto (you may have seen the "domestic" version, and no, I won't tell you what happens even though we are YEARS AHEAD). Sawao and I would hold each other, not out of any kind of homosexual desire, but out of our respect for each other as artists. I would strum the only chord I know on my guitar, the chord of "A." As the notes reverberated off of my *Rurouni Kenshin* wallscrolls, he would ponder upon the importance of filler episodes of Japanese *animé* while I would boil up some fresh ramen and reply "*Sumimasen, sumimasen!*" because I cannot understand Japanese.

But I understand the spirit. It is my spirit.

Won't you come and see
loneliness? Just one leaf
from the kiri *tree.*

He who fights with monsters might take care lest he thereby become a monster. Is not life a hundred times too short for us to bore ourselves?

I see three girls sitting next to me. One of them is holding a Game Boy Advance, and on the small, faded screen I see *Pokettsu Monsuuta*, which many of you may know by the rather plebian American buzzword, Pokémon. I have an urge to request a *monsuuta* trade, as a high-level *beroringa* is the trump card I need for my currently-lacking team, but I suppress this desire, even though the faded image of Cloud Strife on my torso begs with his deep, azure eyes. His eyes reflect my own; we have the same concerns. Perhaps I can prevent one of these girls from being impaled by a long-haired stranger. Thankfully, I have a katana on hand. Cloud, I will not let what happened to Aerith happen to at least one of them. I zip my windbreaker over his face and I am once again reminded of Miyamoto-sama. Even the Strawberry Pocky I am errantly nibbling on cannot distract me from the image of this bowl-cut God of video games. He has touched the lives of all us, from these young children who have now moved a few seats away from me, to the very large culture I am a part of. A new, throbbing erection pushes against the inside of my jeans, but it's okay. Miyamoto fulfills me in a way that no woman can. The girls rush to the back of another car, screaming and leaving most of their goods behind. I will have their *beroringa*. It is the interactivity Miaymoto-sama would approve of.

Sonic the Hedgehog,
You can't catch what you can't see.
Sonic the Hedgehog,
He's going to make Mobius free.

Not necessity, not desire - no, the love of power is the demon of men. Let them have everything - health, food, a place to live, entertainment - they are and remain unhappy and low-spirited: for the demon waits and waits and will be satisfied.

But freedom is fleeting, and in the case of Sonic Riders, *ephemeral*. I think of Miyamoto-sama and the sweat from my palms drips down my *Super Potato* bag. Poison! I am holding poison! I recognize myself by all that Miyamoto has created, and yet here I have the antithesis of all things Mario in my possession. I remember the nights spent loitering in front of Nintendo's Japanese Headquarters, coughing loudly whenever a middle-aged Japanese man walked by. Perhaps one of them would be Miyamoto, and surely he would recognize a *gaijin* such as myself. We would exchange pleasantries, and then he would take me to his creative den, where together we would finally create the sequel to *Doki Doki Panic* that discerning gamers like me have longed for since the original Famicom game was butchered into the abomination known as Super Mario Brothers 2. But, this will never happen, and as I chew on the end of my ponytail, I finally realize my dilemma. The hedgehog's dilemma. This is the POW block that shakes the very core of humanity.

"*The closer we grow to each other, the more we hurt one another. This is the tragedy of humanity.*"

- Arthur Schopenhauer, *Parerga und Paralipomena*

This is the reality of my life. Even if Miyamoto-sama and I were to meet, the melding of our creative minds would no doubt cause problems. I can see it now; I would casually bring up my hatred of the 6th dungeon of the perennial Super Famicom title, *Zeruuda no Densetsu: Kamigami no Tri-Force*, and Miyamoto-sama would kick a nearby monitor out of a window. As I would reach in my pocket to gather the shuriken I have on me at all times, I would question the credibility of assistant director Yasuhisa Yamamura. What would follow can only be described as an unmitigated bloodbath. This scenario is why Miyamoto-sama and I must never cross paths. But, even though we will never have the pleasure of sharing our Yan-Yan, I do share Miyamoto's spirit in my daily life. I use the *Suupa Mario* series and other games in my conversational English classes to teach my Japanese students the language I am - unfortunately - most familiar with. While they don't know how to say please, thank you, and other basic phrases essential for travel in the United States, they do know phrases such as "1-up," "fire flower," and "Dodongo dislikes smoke." The faculty members seem overjoyed by this, and whenever they see me, they always shout in excited tones, to which I respond with my favorite passages from *Xenogears*. I carry this enthusiasm up until the end of my classes, when I always shout, "Game over!" to which they respond, "*Arigato, faggot-sensei*," "*faggot*" being the Japanese pronunciation of "Luigi."

I am their ***Luigi***.

I step off the train, thinking about my katana collection at home. Home. This is home. The city lights form what I finally understand. I can feel. I can feel the hybrid rainbow. I am almost out of Pocky, but there will be more, the flavors of which make up every color in this hybrid rainbow.

If only Japan had won the war.

I like *Sonic Riders*.

- tomithy rempers

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

3.10 Blue Stripe: The Life and Times of a Power-Up Deliveryman

Friday, Mar 10, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.

Been married to Kathleen for fifteen years. Works at a little shop in River City selling waffles and pancakes to the square-head thugs that run that town. She may tell you that smiles are free, but they ain't. Not for me. I'm lucky if she blinks when I get home from work.

Hell ain't on earth, but I'm livin' it.

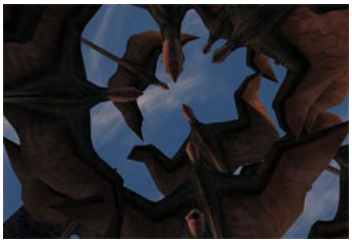
My boss tells me the guy who did this job before me moved off to some sort of crazy island in the Pacific. Sun, sand and a bunch of chicks in bikinis playing volleyball all day. Works in the item shop there selling lotion and crap. Yeah, right. If that guy was anything like me then he shot himself through the heart and prayed that was the end of it. I'm weeks from doing that. I even got the gun all picked out: it shoots a really thick laser beam that goes through walls. I can set it on my kitchen table and kill myself in the living room.

Anyway, this is some sort of work log bullshit that no one is going to bother to read, so I might as well get on with it. Been a busy week, which ain't never a good thing.

8:25 PM - Hyrule
Delivery: Human Organ (priority)

Whoever said the worst thing you can do to a man short of killin' him is rape has never delivered fresh human organs in Hyrule. I hate Hyrule. It looks like the sort of thing that would be drained out of Walt Disney's cadaver at a funeral home. The people are chirping hydrocephalic mongoloids, every door is about a foot too low for me to walk through and the days last like an hour. Then there's the hearts. Most places banned live organ deliveries years ago, but not good ol' Hyrule. We're still getting 500 to 1,000 human heart requests per week. Last year during a heat wave I had to deliver almost 10,000 human hearts to a retirement home in a tree. Buy some fucking air-conditioning, you horrible ghouls!

So I get to Hyrule and my delivery address takes me to a barn. I'm thinking "great" because usually that's the sort of place I can just pop in, drop the guts and leave. Of course it wasn't that easy. I've got some old lady screaming her head off and there's this little guy in a green suit chasing chickens around. He'd get along great with the neighbor kid who chases the pigeons. The one with cerebral palsy. I open the foam packing and there are three hearts inside. Three hearts, for little buddy eats-with-spoons. Three human beings gave their lives so that Chickenchaser gets to walk into swords. Ain't no justice in this world.



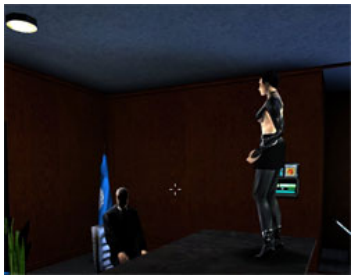
Oh, sure, here's something we need more of!

10:02 AM - Vvardenfell
Delivery: Live Animals

Never been to Vvardenfell before and after today I absolutely never want to go back. First off: no trucks. It's one of those fantasy lands like Hyrule which means I have to leg it because head office ain't handing out horses (found out later horses are banned there too). So I'm like, alright, because most delivery areas are only like a block or two anyway. Then I get handed this scroll that says I have to deliver my package - which is a gigantic squawking crate full of these things called cliff racers - all over the place. Right, fine, see the sights. But it takes like a thousand years to get across this horrible place.

Worst of all, everywhere I go someone has already delivered cliff racers. Turns out there was some sort of order mix-up and they got quadruple delivery. If I never hear "Muthsera" again I can die a happy man. Well, maybe not happy, but you get the idea. I also accidentally killed some sort of Dago-Urp dude which I guess is like the god of Vvardenfell or something. I thought he was some sort of crazy clown and I hit him with my pepper spray and he just dropped dead.

9:04 PM - UNATCO Headquarters
Delivery: Health Packs



Office furnished by a race of giants.

One thing about UNTACO Headquarters: expect the unexpected. I walk in and it's absolute pandemonium. There are potted plants blocking doors, people shut into bathroom stalls, broken vending machines and a guy in a black trench coat standing on the head honcho's desk shooting him with some kind of futuristic Taser. The place where I'm supposed to drop off my health packs is blocked by an overturned soda machine and it takes me half an hour to move the damn thing out of the way. Oh, sure, there are ten super-strong cyborgs walking around and starting up strange conversations with me, but none of them ever seemed interested in helping me move the fucking vending machine. How the hell are these guys supposed to be catching terrorists? I've seen more competence at the Rainbow Six MOUT and that was just some dude throwing stun grenades at Ding Chavez over and over.

2:34 PM - Former Soviet Union
Delivery: The Letter K

God Russia is depressing. I don't even know if it's Russia, but it used to be a part of the USSR. The whole place is run down and surreal. There are a few people here and there but mostly it's just this empty ruin. Like everyone died and just left the buildings behind to rot. I've got to keep a tight schedule on this one because there's some circus strongman hot on my heels. He's collecting letters for some reason. Don't ask me, they don't tell me why and I can't possibly come up with a good reason. Complicating matters are these floating Yoda things that shoot crap at me. They're like Russia's version of mosquitoes or, even better, those goddamn cliff racer things I had to deliver all over Vvardenwhatever. Only creepier, because at least those things didn't stare at me. These things just look right in my eyes and float towards me. I ended up leaving a whole pile of K's in a dumpster. Hope the crazy circus dude didn't really need them for anything.

I hope you choke on those K's, you fat fuck.

11:15 AM - Interstate 5
Delivery: Soda

Rampant ninja related crimes these days...well, that's not going to stop a deliveryman like me! No, a deliveryman like me gets the thankless task of dropping individual cans of soda on top of moving vehicles on Interstate 5! Jubilation! At least there aren't any ninjas attacking m- oh wait, there are! Triple jubilation! These rabid ninjas apparently try to dart the Christ out of anyone not wearing tabi or throwing smoke bombs. Trust me, I've met a lot of ninjas in my line of work, and nothing is worse than trying to set soda cans on the back of a semi doing 50 on an interstate while some ninja is shooting darts at you. I guess there were some really bad dudes cracking ninja skulls somewhere upstream in traffic, but I never saw them.

I dodged the ninjas, dropped my sodas and got to the end of the line and who do I run into? The crazy Russian strongman. I ask him if he got all the K's I delivered and he thanks me. No, wait, no one ever thanks mean. I meant to say that he shot fire at me and started hopping around. The least he could do is ask me if I wanted to go get a burger or something...ha ha ha ha!

Ugh. I hate my job. I hate my life. I didn't even get into the fucking blocks. God DAMN those fucking blocks. Every single time I get called in for a delivery in the Mushroom Kingdom I've got to get my delivery item into a stone block. Do you have any idea how hard it is to put an 80lb mushroom inside of a fucking block of bricks? How about a giant mushroom *that watches you?* Got any concept of that horror? No, you don't, because you assholes just run around smashing the goddamn blocks open and killing turtles. Great folks.

It's the easy life for...you know what, I'm going to get shitcanned if I take this thought to its logical murderous conclusion. Just watch your back, Mario. If you call me one more time...one more time...well, let's just say I had to restock the store in de_dust and I didn't walk away empty handed.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.11 Alternate History 101

Saturday, Mar 11, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

There's the history you know about. The stuff you learned in school which shaped the world you live in today. Then there's the history you don't know about. The things that didn't happen, and which by not happening, changed the world you don't live in today. These events can be monumental in their importance for having not happened, but even the most insignificant non-events can be just plain fascinating. Whatever the reason is for alternate history not being taught in school, I can assure you that in an alternate timeline it is being taught. It only makes sense that I pass along all that I learned to you to avoid even more people not knowing what didn't happen.

- When the world's first organism with feet takes its hesitant steps out from the ocean and onto the waiting shore, it slips on a discarded banana peel left behind by a careless gorilla. Frightened by this harsh new world, it scampers back to the relative safety of the water.
- Inspired by a large upswing in his approval rating after the famous incident in which he was shot but completed the speech he was giving, cunning president Teddy Roosevelt convinces members of the secret service to open fire upon him at the beginning of every speech from that day forward. He is subsequently shot 374 times over his sixteen year term in office, and dies with only one month left to serve due to a baffling case of Sudden Infant Death Syndrome.
- While working on the theory of relativity, Albert Einstein stumbles upon concrete mathematical proof that it's okay to pork your cousin.
- Due to a communication breakdown, the Great Wall of China is constructed 4,000 miles tall and 35 feet long instead of 35 feet tall and 4,000 miles long. Mongols completely overrun China within the year, but many perish in their treacherous trek up the wall.
- Adolf Hitler's most embarrassing moment comes during the height of the Nazi party's power when he mistakenly orders a loaf of Jewish rye bread, much to the shock of everyone else in the book store.
- Sensing an impending disaster, the citizens of Atlantis move the entirety of their amazing city to idyllic New Orleans.
- After a tell-all book based on second hand accounts of his steroid use is published, an asterisk is placed in the record books next to Ken Jennings' 74-game win streak on Jeopardy.
- Found guilty of corruption on an unprecedented scale and widely seen as an ineffective organization, the United Nations is replaced with the Harlem Globetrotters, who keep injustice at bay by defeating global threats with fantastic ball dribbling skills and water buckets secretly full of confetti.
- In 1994, M.C. Hammer comes across a time machine and completely disappears from the public eye in a much cooler way than he did in our timeline. He travels to 1400 B.C., where even then M.C. Hammer jokes are considered old and played out.
- Upon landing on the moon and encountering no space sluts, the crew of Apollo 11 report the mission a total failure and dejectedly return home. As one final act before NASA is shut down for good, a rocket is retrofitted with a gigantic nuclear warhead and sent on a collision course with the moon, destroying it and vanquishing its hidden race of subterranean space sluts.

■ Charles Manson's brilliant ploy of carving a cross into his forehead pays off, as it is determined that imprisoning him would "probably be a violation of that church and state thing". With a new lease on life, Manson undergoes metamorphosis and becomes a giant butterfly of unequalled beauty. He is arrested three years later for the brutal killings of three high profile senators. Manson pleads "butterfly" to the charges, which actually adds seven years to his sentence thanks to a bizarre law on the books in California.

■ After a giant meteor strikes the Earth and fills the air with unbreathable iridium, the dinosaurs realize that their only hope to stay alive is to fast and hold their breaths for the next 10 years. Their plan works flawlessly. During the celebration that follows, they all jump into the pool mere minutes after eating barbeque. None survive.

■ Instead of concocting the delicious treat between two slices of bread that we all know and love, the Earl of Sandwich creates sexual intercourse. It fails to catch on, and he is completely forgotten by time.

■ A completely functional and safe flying car is designed and mass produced in 1993. Unfortunately, flying roads are not invented for another 30 years and the project is an utter failure.

■ During the first Olympic games the only event is the slam dunk competition. As is to be expected, the Japanese bobsled team wins the gold medal handily.

■ Apple Computers is founded in 1976 by Steve Jobs, Steve Wozniak, and Ronald Wayne. It is shut down by the authorities within months after dozens of customers are hospitalized from consuming jagged chunks of circuitry and wires. Seven months later, Orange Computers is founded and becomes an overnight success thanks to their much more appetizing mixture of circuitry and citrus.

■ The largest ship of its time, the Titanic, sets sail from the southern shores of England and into disaster. Several passengers complain of filet mignon that has been overcooked, and one unfortunate man has to wait over ten minutes to ride on a pony.

■ William Shakespeare reveals that he doesn't understand half the crazy shit he has written, then eats a pastry. The specific type of pastry is unimportant, it is only necessary that you know it is a pastry.

■ Namco's new arcade game about a circular yellow character who avoids ghosts while eating power pellets has a project title of Puck Man. At the last minute one executive realizes that vandals could simply change one letter on the game's cabinet to spell something vulgar, so Puck Man is renamed. The following month, Puck Guy debuts in arcades worldwide.

They say that those who don't remember history that didn't happen are doomed to not repeat it. If that's true, I'm not really sure whether it's in your best interest to have read today's update or to not have read it in the future.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.12 Evan Wade's Late Night Drunk Food Bonanza!

Sunday, Mar 12, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

Back in 2003 and 2004, respectively, Lowtax and Geist Editor wrote two of my all-time favorite updates. I'll spare you the details (and hope you read those updates, too), but suffice to say since reading them I've always wanted to eat a bunch of gross shit in front of an enthralled Internet audience too.

Although this may surprise you coming from an Internet humor writer, in real life I am a big eater. This is because my body requires a lot of energy to maintain consistency performing its two main tasks: Growing three pounds of hair a day and worrying about things. Feed me a pizza and you'll have what looks and sounds like the demented child of Captain Caveman and Woody Allen on your hands.

When I drink, however, the eating takes on a whole new level. I'm sure you've assumed that I am not necessarily the most active guy around. Again, my body's sheer hair production has a hand in that. It is compounded, however, by the fact that I am the worst cook in the world and routinely make dishes a homeless person would turn his nose up at. Combine this with my genetic tendency to avoid any and all physical activity (including cooking), and you've got quite possibly the most unintentionally self-destructive drunk since Teddy Kennedy.

But hey, I'm a forward-thinking guy. I recognized my problem and now I have the tools to combat it. In order to analyze my strange behavior, I recently took part in a two-pronged scientific test, the steps of which were:

- Get really drunk at a friend's house and eat stuff I'd created in the past
- Eat the exact same things the next morning when I was sober

Each of these steps were important. For instance, I conducted the test at a friend's house because my girlfriend, the sweetheart that she is, told me that if I crawled into bed reeking of strawberries and hot mustard again, I would be looking for my penis in a ditch in the next county the following morning. Given my luck, some dude wearing a Slayer shirt would mistake my severed penis for an arrowhead and display it proudly in a glass case next to his Dale Earnhardt plates. I also felt the need to try each food twice, just so I could show myself what I did to my body when I was drinking. The "surprise factor" is the general change in the food's quality depending on my level of sobriety. The "Gonk Factor" is, plainly put, how horrible the food was all in all.

A ketchup and relish sandwich on a bun

The Background: One night, after drinking two Hairy Bears (a famous local drink that involves eight shots of liquor and some fruit juice in a 32 ounce cup), I staggered home and found that I was out of hot dogs. Since my diet consists solely of diet soda and various animal byproducts, I was understandably distraught. I decided to make a hot dog sandwich sans hot dogs, and the rest is history.

Taste While Drunk: Not entirely unpleasant, if a bit too sweet. Good texture. Bun was a little stale but that was fixed by chasing the sandwich with more liquor.

Taste While Sober: Like one of the bad guys from "Attack of the Killer Tomatoes" blew a load in my mouth and then had one of his mutant pickle buddies suck his seed back out. Bun tasted and felt like rusty metal.

Surprise Factor: Dreaming you accidentally wandered out of your house naked and fell in a puddle of ice-cold water, then realizing it's not a dream at all. And that you locked yourself out of your house.

Gonk Factor: out of five.

Half a cup of brown sugar

The Background: Sometimes you really want baked goods, and when I'm drunk I have as much self control as Tara Reid at a blowjob party. However, given that most of my baking experiments end up with me in a hospital room, explaining to the insurance guy that I'm not trying to defraud him, I decided to take the easy route and just eat some brown sugar.

Taste While Drunk: Not terrible but not something I'd eat for dessert every meal. Gritty but sweet, slightly bitter taste left in the back of the throat is somewhat enjoyable.

Taste While Sober: Like the Easter Bunny took a leak in a pile of sand. Grit embedded in my teeth from previous night still present; I have brushed my teeth eight times today. Thought of taking another bite makes me physically ill but before I can take that next bite I throw up in the sink anyway. Today is a good day to be an Internet humor writer.

Surprise Factor: Having sex with the prettiest girl you know and then realizing you were mistaken and are actually fucking a light socket.

Gonk Factor: out of five.

An old-ass cup of ice cream

The Background: Other times you're really hungry for ice cream. This was one of those times. Faced with two options, namely walking two blocks to the convenience store or eating an old McDonald's sundae that had been in the back of the freezer for God knew how long, I chose the sundae. Please note that this is an approximation of the test, since there were no sundaes around. Instead I had my friend stash two cups full of ice cream in the back of his freezer a few weeks ago in preparation.

Taste While Drunk: Not too bad at all. A little freezerburned on top, but pretty normal-tasting after that. Tasted like normal ice cream, really.

Taste While Sober: You know how Jelly Belly makes all those weird Harry Potter jellybeans, like dirt flavor and so forth? Imagine they switched over to ice cream and their flagship flavor was dog shit rolled in freshly mowed grass. So freezerburned it felt like it was giving my tongue, then my throat, a billion little papercuts, and the fact that the "strawberry swirl" part of the ice cream looked like blood in my mouth didn't help things a bit.

Surprise Factor: Going to play your favorite video game and realizing after the fact someone had switched said game with gay pornography. While you're trying to shut the computer off Ed MacMahon and the Publishers Clearinghouse people walk in with a TV crew to give you a million dollars, then your boss sees you looking at gay porn on live TV and fires you when you reject his advances.

Gonk Factor: out of five.

"Rogue Spaghetti"

The Background: One fateful night I was feeling drunk *and* creative, a combination that rarely goes well unless you happen to be Ernest Hemingway (or Ernest Hemingway's corpse). I wanted spaghetti, but I was out of hamburger and sauce. Instead I boiled some noodles and layered on some ketchup I found in the fridge, then some chili powder.

Taste While Drunk: Bad. Really bad. I may have been so drunk most of my taste buds had shut down by that point, but the remaining ones taught me a valuable lesson: That I shouldn't be cooking because even Ethiopian children would kick my ass in if I tried to offer them some shit like this.

Taste While Sober: Like Chef Boyardee chugged a bottle of ketchup, chased it down with some dry spaghetti, let it sit a while, then tore his stomach open and forced me to eat the combination out of his entrails. Then, after I shit it out, he forced me to put the shit in a blender with another bottle of ketchup and eat it again.

Surprise Factor: Imagine waking up on your birthday and finding a box for a 60-inch hi-def TV in your living room. You open the box to find your grandmother, who is naked except for a pair of stiletto heels. She gives you the most disgusting handjob of your life, then grinds your balls in with her heels while forcing you to watch her pleasure herself. Then she walks outside and gets hit by a trash truck.

Gonk Factor: out of five.

So what have I learned? Not much, actually, since I'm currently nursing the worst hangover anyone

has ever experienced, and my stomach is currently harboring something that looks like Belial from "Basket Case," only a lot meaner. Since I am writing this from a friend's house, on a strange computer, I feel slightly more obligated than normal not to throw up, since whatever comes up will likely require the assistance of FEMA to put back down.

So if *you* take anything away from this update, dear readers, I hope it is this: Drinking and driving is a pussy sport like soccer compared to drinking and cooking. Next time you've got a buzz and you want some McDonald's, hop in the car and head across town if you must. Just don't touch the oven. Your stomach will thank you, even if the family of the car full of teenagers you killed won't.

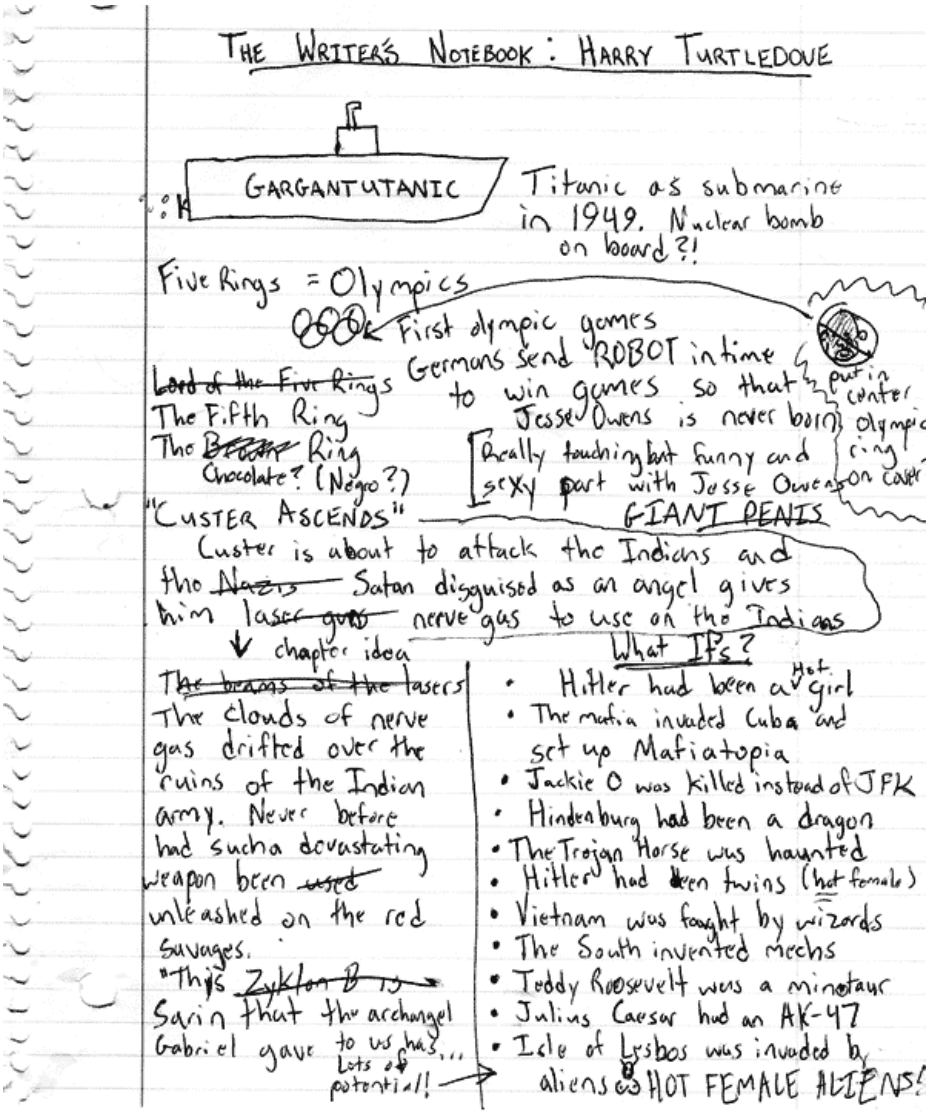
■ Yes! Another Daily Dirt!

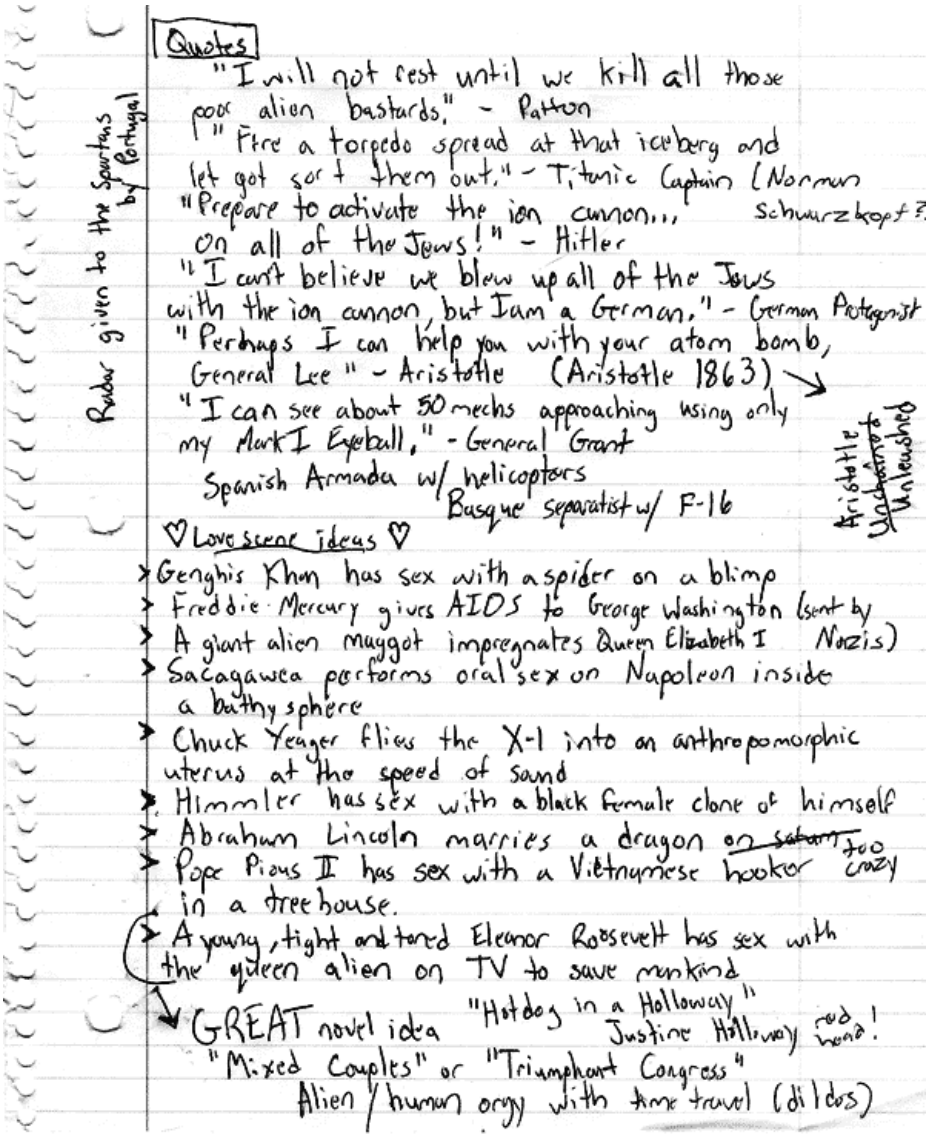
If you want to see something amazing involving SA writer Dr. David Thorpe, you'd best click this here underlined text.

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

3.13 The Writer's Notebook: Harry Turtledove

Monday, Mar 13, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


THE WRITER'S NOTEBOOK: HARRY TURTLEDOVE
GARGANTUTANIC
Titanic as submarine in 1949. Nuclear bomb on board?!
Five Rings = Olympics
First olympic games
Germans send ROBOT in time to win games so that Jesse Owens is never born
put in center olympic ring on cover
Really touching but funny and sexy part with Jesse Owens
GIANT PENIS
The Fifth Ring
The Ring
Chocolate? (Negro?)
"CUSTER ASCENDS"
Custer is about to attack the Indians and the Satan disguised as an angel gives him nerve gas to use on the Indians
chapter idea
The clouds of nerve gas drifted over the ruins of the Indian army. Never before had sucha devastating weapon been unleashed on the red savages.
"This Sarin that the archangel Gabriel gave to us has... lots of potential!
What IFs?
Hitler had been a Hot girl
The mafia invaded Cuba and set up Mafiatopia
Jackie O was killed instead of JFK
Hindenburg had been a dragon
The Trojan Horse was haunted
Hitler had been twins (hot female)
Vietnam was fought by wizards
The South invented mechs
Teddy Roosevelt was a minotaur
Julius Caesar had an AK-47
Isle of Lesbos was invaded by aliens HOT FEMALE ALIENS!


Quotes
"I will not rest until we kill all those poor alien bastards." - Patton
"Fire a torpedo spread at that iceberg and let got sort them out." - Titanic Captain (Norman Schwarzkopf?)
"Prepare to activate the ion cannon... on all of the Jews!" - Hitler
"I can't believe we blew up all of the Jews with the ion cannon, but I am a German." - German Protagonist
"Perhaps I can help you with your atom bomb, General Lee" - Aristotle (Aristotle 1863)
"I can see about 50 mechs approaching using only my Mark I Eyeball," - General Grant
Spanish Armada w/ helicopters
Basque separatist w/ F-16
Aristotle Unleashed
Radar given to the Spartans by Portugal
♡ Love scene ideas ♡
Genghis Khan has sex with a spider on a blimp
Freddie Mercury gives AIDS to George Washington (sent by Nazis)
A giant alien maggot impregnates Queen Elizabeth I
Sacagawea performs oral sex on Napoleon inside a bathysphere
Chuck Yeager flies the X-1 into an anthropomorphic uterus at the speed of sand
Himmler has sex with a black female clone of himself
Abraham Lincoln marries a dragon on ~~Saturn~~ too crazy
Pope Pious II has sex with a Vietnamese hooker in a treehouse.
A young, tight and toned Eleanor Roosevelt has sex with the queen alien on TV to save mankind
GREAT novel idea "Hotdog in a Hallowaay" Justine Halloway, ed. head!
"Mixed Couples" or "Triumphant Congress"
Alien / human orgy with time travel (dildos)

3.14 The Great Energy Drink Roundup: 2006 Edition

Tuesday, Mar 14, 2006 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This article is part of the Awful Energy Drink and Food Reviews series.

It's an ENERGY SURRRRRGE!

A few years ago I took on "the man" and decided to buy a random assortment of energy drinks, critically reviewing every aspect of them with a microscope, despite the fact that microscopes reveal virtually nothing about energy drinks except possibly the fact that they look much larger under one. Perhaps Sharper Image sells a microscope specifically designed for energy drink reviews, one that comes with a built-in iPod sound dock and ionizer which just spews ions out in every crazy direction. Unfortunately, companies continue to produce energy drinks, which means I must continue to consume them in the name of science and tax write offs. Next week I'll be reviewing a summer house in Florida and a Porsche Carrera GT, neither of which I'll be able to drink, no matter how hard I try. Until then, please enjoy today's fact filled and productive update crammed full of taurine, caffeine, and ginseng, as I review TaB Energy, BAWLS GUARANA, SOBE NO FEAR, and MONSTER ENERGY ASSAULT, a collection of drinks so hardcore and fierce that they can only be described BY USING ALL CAPITAL LETTERS.

TaB Energy

Stare into the bottomless abysss of the TaB inferno.

THE DESCRIPTION: Coca-Cola introduced TaB soda in 1963 as the world's first sugar-free beverage, although many astute scholars and scientists argue TaB was beaten to the market by similar, more popular drinks such as "a tree stump dissolved by hydrogen fluoride" and "sucking on a cylinder head from a 1983 GMC van used to haul illegal immigrants across the Mexican border." One of TaB's main stumbling blocks, besides resembling a giant and highly uncomfortable TaMpon, revolved around its heinous and terribly artificial taste, which tasted like French kissing a grandfather clock. I'm not sure why they decided to capitalize the "b" in "TaB," perhaps the correct pronunciation

is "tah-bee" which sounds a lot like "tubby" and accurately describes the people who actually drink TaB.

While the concept of a sugar-free soda may have seemed like a positively revolutionary idea to folks in the 1960s, the idea of ingesting a liquid so disgustingly corrosive that it actually possesses the ability to vaporize all your teeth, then travel back in time and dissolve your baby teeth before they have a chance to fall out, didn't exactly resonate with the American public. Perhaps some of the backlash could've been avoided if Coca-Cola decided upon a different name for their product, one which didn't look like a failed chemistry formula. Maybe all the "hip" kids in the 1960s spent their free time skipping class and searching relentlessly for sugar-free sodas. Then they'd race cars and get into street gang rumbles, which involved a lot of catchy songs and people snapping their fingers to the beat while some girl with blonde hair and a poodle skirt sipped on a tantalum-boron malt.

Well good news, folks! TaB is back and better than ever! Coca-Cola, realizing the destructive void they created by pulling the most revolting mass-marketed drink from the shelves, shrewdly elected to rebrand TaB as "TaB Energy," and funnel some hip new vile concoction into a generic slim can adorned by a festive decoration which makes you physically nauseous if you mistakenly look at it with your eyes or any other part of your body. The can's pattern looks exactly like one of those images you get emailed from your mom with the subject line "FWD: FWD: FWD: RE: RE: FWD: CHECK OUT THIS CRAZY OPTICAL ILLUSION" and ends with the text "FORWARD THIS MESSAGE TO 50,000 PEOPLE AND U WILL FIND A HOT BOYFRIEND!!!! GOD BLESS YOU RORY GILMORE AND PLZ FIND THE STRENGTH TO DUMP LOGAN!!!!!"

THE TASTE: A combination of cheap, dusty perfume discovered in an attic and stale Valentine's Day candy crammed into a hobo's pocket for six days, which he spent sleeping under a bridge overpass and engaging in casual conversation with neighboring concrete pillars. I partially expected to choke while drinking it and spit up a giant pink heart with the phrase "BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME" stenciled across.

NOTABLE INGREDIENTS: Like all energy drinks, TaB energy contains obscene amounts of taurine and caffeine to completely ensure you feel like energetic scummy filth after your first sip. TaB energy also lists vegetable juice and ginseng, which is very popular with short elderly Asian women who appear to get very furious in public locations for absolutely no good reason.

PROS: Relatively speaking, it didn't taste exactly like swallowing knives, which is a big positive for me. The drink itself was clear and somewhat pink, so if you're ever drinking this while driving down a bumpy road and you splash some across your white shirt, you can easily dismiss the stain to people by saying, "oh, a bird must've had its period on me."

CONS: The can itself has been designed by the guy who created the painting of Vigo Von Homburg Deutschendorf in "Ghostbusters 2." If you look at it long enough, I'm fairly certain Pinhead will emerge from the can and grant you three wishes, as long as those wishes involve being tormented in hell for all eternity by terrible CG effects.

RATING: 7 / 10

BAWLS GUARANA

Once again, I've got a handful of Bawls HURRRRRRRR.

THE DESCRIPTION: Bawls embraced popularity by catering to the slovenly, lonely individuals haunting LAN parties and professional gaming leagues, under the genius marketing idea that if you give a gamer something for free, they will unwittingly virally advertise your product to hundreds of other slovenly, lonely individuals in chatrooms across the universe. Nothing sells a product quite like a ringing endorsement from somebody with a name that references a character from "South Park," only with numbers instead of vowels. All you advertising companies should note this fact; if you really want to get word of your product out, go to QuakeCon and give away free black t-shirts with your item's name on it. Gamers will wear this shirt every day for the next 17 years, until their armpit stains have overrun every inch of remaining fabric and transformed the shirt into an evil sentient mass like the alien Spiderman suit from space.

Apparently Bawls has successfully conquered the lucrative gaming market, and has now decided to move into the mainstream, competing against hundreds of other identical energy drinks with significantly less stupid names. The secret weapon Bawls employs to deal with its enemies lies in their incredible bottle design, which resembles a blue glass marital aid for obese trailer park wives with chunks of dried makeup hanging off their haggard, sagging faces like cracked ceiling tiles. There are tiny little glass balls (get it? BAWLS - balls?!?) all over the base, perhaps to ensure better handling when you're all hyped up on caffeine and smashing your face into a CRT monitor while screaming, "OH MY GOD LAAAAAAAAG!!!"

THE TASTE: You know those terrible bottled malt beverages Bacardi and various companies are pumping out to capitalize on the trendy stupid asshole demographic Zima previously dominated? BAWLS GUARANA tastes exactly like one of those, Bacardi Silver I think, only without the alcohol. In case you've never tried Bacardi Silver before, it's essentially Sprite with alcohol, and BAWLS GUARANA is Bacardi Silver without alcohol. I guess I could've just written "it's Sprite," but that would've failed to convey its slightly bitter, rancid aftertaste which resembles sucking on a nickel that Kathy Bates squeezed out of her vagina. I'm not exactly sure how much GUARANA Mrs. Bates contains inside her vagina, but I'm guessing it's not significant. If you're really curious, I cordially invite you to strap on a mining helmet and cram your head into her to retrieve samples. Just make sure not to travel in too far west; initial reports indicate a hostile yeti with a garden hose dwelling in the area. He'll try to annoy you by flipping the light

switch on and off and asking if you've seen his cellphone anywhere.

NOTABLE INGREDIENTS: Well there's the fabled GUARANA, in the form of "natural guarana flavor," which is basically saying a watermelon Ring Pop contains "natural watermelon flavor" because some kid trapped in charred wicker cage for 17 years was given one by a scientist and claimed, by golly, that propylene glycol tasted JUST LIKE what he remembers natural watermelon to resemble, at least before his eyesight was stolen from him by the Dark One. On a slightly more shocking note, the bottle reveals "this product contains high levels of Caffeine." No kidding?!? What a surprising development! In other related news: water supposedly contains high levels of water.

PROS: Taste is bland and inoffensive enough for general public consumption. Bottle did not explode in a shower of glass and deadly nippled shards when I stared at it for 30 minutes and adopted the facial expressions all Scanners seemed to use.
CONS: I wanted to drink a Sierra Mist after it, because it reminded me of Bacardi Silver, which reminded me of Sprite, which reminded me of how much better Sierra Mist is than all previous items. Also, "BAWLS GUARANA" sounds like the name of a secret prison the US Government operates in some remote area of Iraq, only with significantly less LAN parties.
RATING: 8 / 10

SOBE NO FEAR

Sobe No Fear more like Dopple My Fingle.

THE DESCRIPTION: The can itself is some black and red and silver mess of shitty futuristic fonts and clipart, as if somebody figured a way to perfectly translate a Flash website from 2001 into can-form. The high tech and awesome Sobe logo resembles two twitching lizards smelling each other's ass, which I must admit slightly distracts from the serious devil flames and hundreds of ellipses flying all over the bottle like a drunken short order cook throwing pancakes at a corrupt policeman. "Sobe No Fear" sounds like the name of a Japanese anime where the main character disembowels enemy demons with an enchanted tooth full of harpoons and fireballs.

The back of the can advises "THIS PRODUCT IS NOT INTENDED TO DIAGNOSE, TREAT, CURE OR PREVENT ANY DISEASE," which explains why I received no answer after I popped open the can and shouted into it, "MY TOE HURTS REALLY BAD, DO YOU THINK I HAVE CANCER, MAGIC CAN?" So if you have cancer, don't

expect Sobe No Fear to help you out, because it's apparently too busy preventing an invasion of Earth by the phallus-handed creatures from Dimension Kill.

THE TASTE: Drinking the juice from a can of mandarin oranges which had six AA-batteries sitting in it for a month.

NOTABLE INGREDIENTS: Well there's taurine, creatine, and arginine. Those words are plastered across the top of the can in "COOLFONT 2000," so I guess they're a major selling point to somebody somewhere. Drinking one can of Sobe No Fear will give you 200% of your daily recommended dose of Folic Acid, which is apparently very useful to pregnant women. However, as mentioned before, don't expect the can to actually physically inform you if you're pregnant, as it's not intended to diagnose such a thing. I'm no scientist, but I think taurine protects your blood cells from transforming you into a bull, creatine is the crap powder GNC sells to people who want to "bulk up" and "die," and arginine helps remove ammonia from your body, which is very helpful if somebody hits you in the skull with a rock and suddenly you can't remember who you are or what happened.

PROS: The can looks like it was designed by a team of Californian street racers who spend all their time, money, and energy in the noble attempt to tell the world exactly how fast their Eclipse GS-T is through the lost art form of rear window decals. If drink cans were able to suddenly get up and start hauling ass around grocery stores, this would probably be the first one to build a neon purple spoiler from graham crackers and toothpicks

CONS: If you buy a can of this crap, you'll have to start wearing white tank tops and get a tribal tattoo, in addition to some white lettering on your rear car window which says something like "CASTAWAY" or "RENEGADE" or "LACTOSE TOLERANT" in that generic gangsta' font which resembles ye olde tyme lettering.

RATING: 3 / 10

MONSTER ENERGY ASSAULT

FUCK THE RIAA / MPAA / FDA / NCAA!

THE DESCRIPTION: Oh man, MONSTER ENERGY ASSAULT will totally ROCK YOUR WORLD. You gonna get yo' dick blasted off by ginseng mortars, decimated by taurine tanks, and buried by B vitamins! L-Carnitine is gonna send you to straight hell where you'll burn for all eternity and wonder why you dared tangle with the obliterating

firepower of MONSTER ENERGY ASSAULT! There is no god, there is only MONSTER ENERGY ASSAULT ROCKING YOUR ASS LIKE TWO HOOKERS AND AN EIGHTBALL, BITCH! The festive grey camouflage design makes it feel like, at any moment drinking this, a soldier will burst through your wall and garrote you. It's that kind of excitement and danger I live with every day as a webmaster and qualified person who drinks liquids and then writes about them on his computer.

Since the taste of MONSTER ENERGY ASSAULT appropriately resembles gun bore cleanser, the folks at Monster Energy Inc. decided to sell their drink with a different approach: by appealing to teenagers who wear all black and talk about how much they hate the establishment and any company with more than two employees. Their manifesto, printed in yet another illegible font, says totally tubular things like "it helps fire us up to fight the big multi-national companies who dominate the beverage business" and "declare a war on the ordinary! Grab a Monster Assault and VIVA LA REVOLUTION!" which is particularly ironic since Monster Energy is making $73.7 million per quarter. Maybe they should amend their rant to "it helps fire us up to fight the big multi-national companies who aren't us and don't sell products thinly disguised as a set of KMFDM lyrics."

THE TASTE: Orange Sweet-Tarts in a cup of mouthwash.

NOTABLE INGREDIENTS: Monster Energy said "FUCK YOU" to the face of the oppressive corn syrup establishment and went with the underdog, sucrose and glucose, for its alternative energy concoction. The "supplement facts" section lists various other healthy and energetic items such as sodium ascorbic acid (photograph developer solution), inositol (used to cut cocaine and crystal meth), and pyridoxine hydrochloride (helps balance hormones in women). If you're a real bitchy drug dealing woman who likes taking pictures, then this is the drink for you. It's a fairly niche market, I'd imagine.

PROS: The grey camouflage design might help the can blend in with its surroundings, thereby decreasing the probability somebody might accidentally purchase it. Also the coloring suggests the can is engaging in some sort of combat, so perhaps there are enemy energy drinks ready to open fire on them with a hail of glucuronolactone.
CONS: Tastes like dishwashing fluid. The loss of reputation and brain cells inherent to purchasing a soft drink that proclaims "VIVA LA REVOLUTION" on it, a phrase 50% Spanish, 50% English, and 100% bullshit, will ensure you'll never be able to obtain a job demanding more respect than the guy who unclogs the used condoms from septic tanks.
RATING: 2 / 10

Barf. If you'll excuse me, I now have to run my body through detox and consume 50 gallons of water to wash this crap out and rid my brain of the disgusting hazy headache energy drinks blanket on me. VIVA LA REVOLUTION DE WATER!!!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

3.15 Secrets of the Mountains

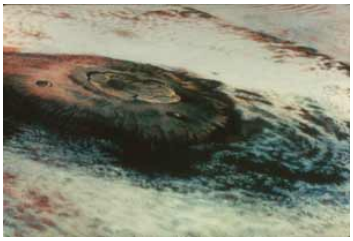
Wednesday, Mar 15, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

One of the nicer aspects of living in Washington State is the abundance of scenery, which makes things look very pretty as opposed to whorishly ugly. This scenery commonly takes the form of large mountains that tower over surrounding lands and signal impending doom, should nature ever grow angry with mankind. Mountains, in addition to being large and in charge, pack many secrets, just as large people often secretly pack food between folds of fat. This week I went to my local library and did some extensive reading on mountains, compiling trivia and secrets for you fine readers to enjoy. If you are a mountain enthusiast or just a fan of the concept of mountains in general, then you will likely find some of this information handy. If you hate mountains or have lost a loved one to mountains, you might want to skip over this one since it talks about your worst enemy in detail.

- The first mountain was named Robert, though it later changed its name to Steve to distance itself from other Roberts.
- Some mountains are actually dormant volcanoes. One such dormant volcano is called Mt. Rushmore, which erupted in 1978 and consumed Rapid City, South Dakota in much the same way Pompeii was consumed by Vesuvius. Most mountains, however, are full of fanciful surprises and treats hidden beneath layers of rock.
- Mountains are generally formed as a result of dust piling up over thousands of years and hardening. Nowadays few mountains are formed because people are constantly dusting things, leaving a much flatter world for future generations. Other mountains are created through volcanic activity and, on occasion, through carelessness.
- Mountaintop removal is a controversial means of mining that involves completely removing the tops of mountains in order for miners to reach the delicious, fruity berries contained within.
- Removed mountain caps are usually ground down into small pebbles, dyed exotic colors, and sold at pet stores for use in aquariums. This is a multi-billion dollar industry in and of itself.
- Mount Terror, formally located in Washington State, was named as such because for one brief summer in 1964 it killed 48 young teenage lovers. It was destroyed in late 2004 as part of the Global War on Terror.
- Mount Olympus was considered by ancient Greeks to be the home of the Gods, however expeditions to the mountain found no evidence of any divine activity. Some bones were found that might have belonged to a god or gods, but unfortunately a dog chewed them up before scientific studies could be conducted.
- Many primitive cultures naively considered mountains to be deities or spiritually important. This is only actually true of one mountain, Space Mountain, the physical manifestation of God itself.
- Mountains often sport a unique wealth of wildlife, including pikas: vicious little mutant squirrels that feed on bears, otters, humans, and other large high elevation mammals. Pikas hunt in packs and obey the edicts of their telepathic queen and are considered to be the most dangerous animals alive.

- Mountain Men, a race of humans long separated from the rest of humanity by way of great elevations, often patrol mountains looking for berries that have surfaced and also for lost women to abduct and take on as wives. Most are friendly, though they have long since lost the ability to speak any language and tend to communicate by way of grunts and clubbings to the back of the head. It is believed their numbers are thinning as a direct result of increasing pika populations.

- The manliest mountain of all is Mount McKinley, located in Alaska. The gayest mountain of all is Mount Bruce, which is not so much a mountain as a really large gay man.



- The tallest mountain in the solar system is not on this planet, however, the world's largest penis is, so FUCK YOU, MARS.

- Because doing anything other than surviving at high altitudes is extremely dangerous, the bodies of fallen mountaineers are often left behind to serve as grim reminders of the murderous ways of the mountains. A common prank experienced climbers play on rookies is to lie down and feign death, then pretend to come back to life. This comical prank usually kills three or four amateurs a year, and keeps the mountains well fed on fresh blood.

- The Swiss Alps are synonymous with St. Bernards, a breed of dog that roam the mountains looking for tourists to mug and feed upon. What you probably didn't know is that St. Bernards have been extinct for over 3,000 years, when Moses was ordered to slaughter them all by God. The people being robbed and eaten are merely going insane and hallucinating the dogs.

- In the Scientology faith, the alien warlord Xenu ordered the bodies of billions of humans to be piled at the base of a large volcano, which was then erupted with the aid of hydrogen bombs. While this is certainly one of Scientology's more interesting aspects, it is hardly unique. Many religions and cultures have a myth involving alien-engineered volcano genocide, just as many religions and cultures have a great flood myth.

- In 1980 Mount St. Helens erupted and killed dozens of people and millions of animals and fish. Meanwhile, thousands of miles away on the other side of the country, Fort Knox was successfully robbed by a cobal of supervillains. The planned volcanic eruption acted as the perfect decoy to the perfect robbery.

- The mysterious Witch Mountain has been the subject of much speculation, but few are brave enough to climb it for fear of incurring the wrath of the strange and supernatural children that dwell within.

- The phrase "joining the Mile High Club" is often believed to mean "having sex in an airplane." The origins of the phrase date back to 1953, when Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay celebrated achieving the first ascent of Mt. Everest by having a brief romantic encounter at the summit.

- Sonny Bono, former U.S. Senator, was killed while skiing on a mountain. The mountain

> that killed him was later destroyed and replaced with a monument in roughly the same size and shape of the mountain that killed him.

Should you be planning any trips to the mountains soon, I advise you to stay swift and alert, for they are dangerous beasts of rock and ice that will not hesitate to destroy everything that you are and everything that you hold dare. However, when treated with care, mountains can be kind companions and a source of delicious berries and glorious sights. I recommend you drive to the top whenever possible, as walking up them is rather tedious and pointless.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.16 Great Moments in Commercial Aviation, Chapter 11

Thursday, Mar 16, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Flying sure has changed since 9/11.

Since September 11th airliners have had it hard. With the fear of terrorism and rising fuel prices people just don't want to fly anymore. This has sent many if not all airlines into a financial tailspin. Some were even forced to file bankruptcy. With so many airlines operating in the red one plucky company has taken drastic measures to find new sources of revenue.

> *Struggling airlines, looking for new ways to generate revenue, are getting bolder about charging for pretty much anything that makes air travel a little more comfortable -- including aisle seats.*
>
> First came charging passengers for in-flight meals. Then, reservations done by phone cost extra. And now, one major airline, Northwest, is trying to charge passengers for the right to sit in aisle seats and emergency-exit rows.

I, for one, am appalled at this. The emergency exit seat was once a great honor for the person who sat there was given a monumental responsibility should the plane have an emergency. It was bestowed to the most courageous passenger on a flight who knew how to open a door. Now would-be keepers of the emergency exit can just buy their way into the esteemed position. Many of us have earned that seat through backbreaking work, sheer force of will, and an intense desire to have more legroom. Charging for that seat belittles what it represents.

But it doesn't stop there. At the end of the article they explain that more nickel and diming is to come.

> *The possibilities for special fees are almost limitless, Trippler said. Airlines just need to be creative.*
>
> "This is all gravy," he said.

Now they are going to start charging extra for gravy?! This is outrageous. With a furrow of my brow I stroked my chin and wondered just how *creative* these airlines could get. I decided to go undercover to find out just that. What I found was shocking. An internal memo from Northwest Airlines detailing their schemes to put the pinch on your wallet. Find out their horrible, horrible plans below.

Northwest Airlines

Internal Memo - CAUTION: DON'T LET SOMETHING AWFUL SEE THIS

To: Marketing; CEO; Airline Operations; Grandma
From: President of Gouging
Subject: R@RE L@@K New Pricing Guidelines and Cost Cutting Measures!!!! L@@K R@RE

As many of you well know the past few years have been hard for Northwest Airlines. While we are committed to customer satisfaction and quality we aren't that committed for Christ's sake. Give us a break here! These fuel prices are busting our asses. The

days of pillows, in-flight meals, 2-ply toilet paper, and landing at the correct airport are over. We've got to raise prices and charge for every little thing someone could possibly enjoy on our airplanes.

Our crack team of marketing geniuses were up all night making this list and playing footsie under the board room table. Then we had a sleepover and told ghost stories. Effective immediately the following price changes and policy measures will be implemented.

- Charging extra fees for aisle and emergency exit seats has been a smashing financial success. In addition we will now charge passengers extra to sit in other high demand areas of the plane including the pilot's lap, the wing, and inside the cabin.
- For only $100 more passengers may ride on a celebrity flight with special guest captains Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Peter Graves.
- Please change the flight announcement, "You are now free to move about the cabin" to "You are now free to move about the cabin, IF YOU'VE GOT DA BENJAMINS."
- For only $50 extra per ticket passengers can experience their flight on a plane with landing gear. Otherwise our special "tuck and roll landing" flights remain the same low regular price!
- For $25 extra passengers can purchase a special souvenir picture of themselves and their family coming in for a landing like on log rides. Say cheese!
- Get seated near a crying baby again? For just $125 more we can have all children on the flight killed. Just say the word!
- We've added a ton of new destinations! Fly from Los Angeles, CA to Orange County, CA for just $119.99! Laughlin, NV to Las Vegas, NV for just $99.99! Fly in comfort and style from your front door to your car in the driveway for just $89.99! Disclaimer: For all flights passengers will be driven to their destination on a bus or carried by one of our customer service representatives.
- Our pilots aren't just great at flying planes! They also do parties. Just call 1-800-CLOWN-PILOT to book a captain for your birthday or bar mitzvah.

nwa.
Login
Reservations Center
Introducing Coach Choice
Now you can confirm a preferred coach seat at check-in (including aisle and exit row seats) for only $15 per flight.
Learn more about Coach Choice today!

As a coach I would choose not to pay $15 extra per flight.

- In addition to the fuel surcharge, the 9/11 tax recovery fee, and other taxes, we must now charge the public airspace tax, the cloud tax, and the big fat ass tax on all flights. These taxes are retroactive. If you've ever flown on a plane before some guys are coming for you. That goes double for those of you with fat asses.
- All flights are "BYOJ" (Bring Your Own Jet Fuel).
- We proudly take Visa, MasterCard, and American Express. We less proudly take blood, human hair, first-born children, broken bits of glass, and Discover Card. Sorry, we do not accept Paypal.
- New profits don't just come from thepoor bastardspassengers flying with us. Customers on the ground are an untapped source of revenue. We have now installed coin-operated laser pointers near all runways where we fly. Blind a pilot, win a teddy bear!

- All pilots are encouraged to siphon jet fuel from other airliners. Guard our own jet fuel with your life. He who controls the spice, controls the universe.
- No talking on all flights. Conversation takes up expensive oxygen.
- For only $199.99 plus tax we'll fly into a skyscraper of your choice.
- NO FAT CHICKS.
- Despite cutbacks we've added brand new planes to our fleet. Check them out here! Hop in! I said, *hop in*.
- We will nowstealpay homage to classic Simpsons gags in every update. Wait, that's from the Something Awful memo. Scratch that.
- For only $49.99 passengers may carry on their own firearms and play cowboys and indians during their flight.
- Due to the rising cost of spittoons all spitting will be confined to special spit-only sections of the plane. An additional surcharge may apply. Who are we kidding. It will apply.

Unfortunately while these cost-cutting measures are unavoidable we intend to give passengers the top of the line quality and service they've come to expect from Northwest Airlines. And if they don't like it, FUCK 'EM!

Bill Jerkwad
President of Gouging
Northwest Airlines

There you have it folks. An exclusive stolen memo from Northwest Airlines. As a great rap group once said, "Fuck tha police." Keep this in mind when you book your next flight. As airlines fall further and further into the financial abyss the nickel and diming is only going to get worse.

- The Daily Dirt: Someone's Cranky!

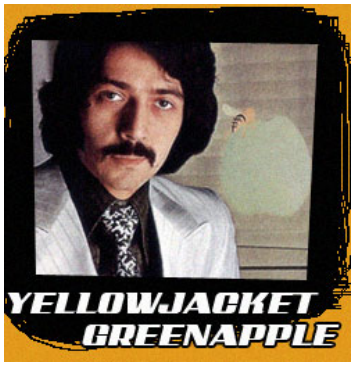
I guess someone didn't have their 11 doses of caffeine this morning...

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

3.17 Yellowjacket Greenapple, PI: CASE AUBURN

Friday, Mar 17, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

TEASER



Somewhere far away a man plays a zither. Here and now, in the park, the leaves and the clouded sky, that is real. The cowboy is real. Real as the clotted blood of a bad shave. Too close and too sharp.

"Your move." The cowboy cocks back his hat, and rests his hands on the legs of his twin six-shooters.

"I remain motionless." Eyes closed.

"I reckon it's about high noon." The cowboy becomes anxious. "Good time for a draw."

Yellowjacket Greenapple's eyes open and flick to the Synchromass pocket watch dangling from his vest.

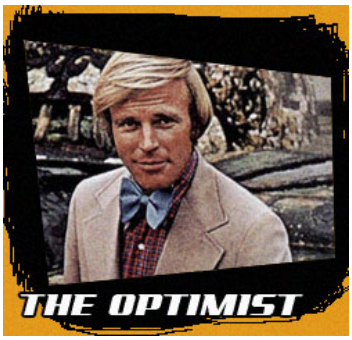
"It's eight past. Almost time."

"You're going to die." The cowboy spits.

"We all die," Yellowjacket plucks the cigarillo from his teeth, "just not soon enough."

The air shakes and roars. The cowboy blinks and looks around. The meteor strikes precisely where The Dauphin has calculated. The cowboy is gone, the last of his kind. The mission is a success.

INTRODUCTORY SEQUENCE



Scrolling green text on a computer screen. A silhouetted man walks past a wildly swinging bare bulb in a tenement. Trumpets blare and a harpsichord interjects sharply. A whip cracks and Yellowjacket Greenapple looms into view. Driven and dispassionate. Suave and horrid. A contradiction made flesh. He holds open his eyelid and slices a razorblade across his pupil. Emeralds spill out into a woman's cupped hand.

CRACK!

Yellowjacket Greenapple throws a hand grenade into an orchid greenhouse. He slashes a knife through a rare painting. He throws acid on a woman at a beauty pageant.

CRACK!

Yellowjacket Greenapple in shirtsleeves. He wipes clay from his hands. Behind him is an elaborate surrealist sculpture of a lion and a serpent battling, twisting together, becoming one. Everything speeds up and the lighting changes. It's in an art gallery. Art critics crowd around the sculpture and nod appreciatively. Yellowjacket watches from the wings. He smiles. He presses the detonator and the art gallery dissolves into white fire.

CRACK!

Yellowjacket Greenapple pounds a speaking lectern. He throws a medical skeleton at a ninja. He disguises himself as a fat woman. He breaks an ostrich's neck. A snail leaves its glistening trail on pages of draft printer paper. The words it has already traversed are the title card.

TITLE: YELLOWJACKET GREENAPLE, PI
EPISODE 101: CASE AUBURN

"THE WORLD IS WRONG." It burns on a huge glowing green-scale computer monitor. A cursor flashes at the end of the phrase.

"It is all wrong." Yellowjacket Greenapple stands before the monitor.

"I HAVE A MISSION FOR YOU." The cursor blinks. Larger. Brighter.

"I am ready for your mission."

"RECEIVE MY KNOWLEDGE." The blinking cursor is the whole world. It shines in Yellowjacket Greenapple's glassy eyes.

A flash of green light. Yellowjacket is in the memory banks of The Dauphin. He is sitting in a finely-furnished Edwardian study. The Dauphin sits opposite him in a smoking jacket. He plucks a pair of Pinc-Nez glasses from his nose.

"This is all too much." His voice is soft and girlish. "We won't make any progress at all unless you learn to complete your missions more quickly."

"I will-"

"Yes, yes, do your best." An exasperated smile. "You always do your best, but your best is not good enough. The world is wrong."

"The mission." Yellowjacket is eager.

"Ahh, the matter of your task. Yes." The Dauphin hands a sheet of yellowed paper across to Yellowjacket.

"FATHOM." Written on the sheet of paper. Small and lonely.

"There is your key word. Memorize it." The Dauphin returns his glasses to his nose. "First you

must read eighteen books. You must keep your mind honed. I have prepared a list. A fine mixture of juvenilia, old classics and the ramblings of madmen. Just the sort of perspective you need. Once you have completed this-"

"How long do I have?"

"Moments. Now, once you have completed this you must locate the remains of Esther Cunningham. She was the wife of an 18th century wainwright, but that is irrelevant. Disinter her skeletal remains and fashion a harpoon from her thighbone."

"Which thighbone?"

"She only has one. Horse accident in 1789. Terrible business. Fashion the harpoon and use it to impale yourself and Deacon Hull, the lieutenant governor of Pennsylvania."

"I won't ask why, but-"

"Contractions are for the lazy. Have I not educated you properly? You must impale yourself as well as the lieutenant governor in such a way as your blood mingles. When he dies he must know that you are intertwined: that a part of you follows with him."

"I will do as you ask."

"Quickly. The world is wrong."

"And we will set it right."

"With a bit of luck."

A flash of green. Yellowjacket Greenapple wakes up on a subway, unshaven, disheveled and bleary eyed. The subway stops and he staggers out. Passengers give him a wide berth and a few wrinkle their nose. He struggles up the steps and takes a long swig from a glass flask hidden inside a brown bag. He approaches the glowing white of the ground level entrance. He enters the light...

FLASH!

...and emerges into broad daylight in the downtown area of a large city. His silver suit shines in the warm summer sun and his mustache is neatly trimmed. He looks both ways and sets off purposefully towards the Free Library of Philadelphia across the street. An elderly woman steps wrong to avoid him and ends up blocking his path. He side kicks her to the ground and continues on his way. A baffled police officer writing a ticket stares at him in disbelief. Yellowjacket Greenapple nods and smiles. The cop looks away.

TO BE CONTINUED...

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.18 The Most Dangerous Game Of All

Saturday, Mar 18, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

"I won't lie to you, my friends and I want to hunt you down and shoot you." Hannigan had said around a mouthful of bacon and eggs, either not noticing the yellow flecks he sprayed in a wide arc onto the diner's counter or not caring. He rotated his massive head and regarded me with those lazy steel gray eyes. "When we're done, though, you can do the same to us."

I considered this as I sipped my coffee. I had wolfed down my order of pancakes the moment they had arrived, and I was glad for that. My appetite would have surely disappeared in the presence of Hannigan's incredible wood chipper mouth.

"I suppose that sounds fair enough. You said there was money?"

"Of course. Five hundred when you get on the helicopter and another fifteen hundred upon the completion of the game. For a guy in your position, that's enough to get your life back on track. Or buy a shitload of drugs." He shrugged. "Either way it's none of my business. My only business right now is getting you to make the smart choice and say yes."

After losing my job and getting kicked out of my apartment several months back, I had been telling myself that I was on a road trip, a grandiose journey of enlightenmnet in the vein of Kerouac or Kain from Kung-Fu. I was, in fact, a bum hitchhiking as far away from myself as I could get. If I went ahead with this guy's proposition I'd be able to go back home, maybe even work things out with Beth. God I missed her. Almost as much as I missed feeling human after a steaming bath.

"I'll do it."

And so the shit storm was set into motion. We arrived in Montana by helicopter the following evening, where Hannigan's pals were waiting in a log cabin that looked like something out of Disney World. The place wasn't built out of necessity but out of an abundance of wealth. Crystal chandeliers, a big screen tv, what looked to be an original Picasso hanging on the wall opposite a fireplace the size of a car. I suddenly regretted not haggling for more money at the diner.

Hannigan introduced me to his friends. Simon Groves was a small, bespectacled plastic surgeon who blinked nonstop. Ed Lowery was a walking Bowflex advertisement that wore a too-tight polo shirt and constantly grinned as though he was remembering a particularly good joke. As far as I could tell his only occupation was being rich. Neither made any real effort to speak to me, instead seeming to size me up with a casual interest which I found unnerving. I assumed they were looking me over because of my disheveled appearance, but as I would soon find out I was horribly wrong.

To my relief, Hannigan shoved a pile of clothes and gear into my arms and pointed the way to my room.

"The game starts at dawn. Feel free to wash up and get ready tonight. There's a knob for hot water, one for cold water, and one for room temperature water."

"Why is there a separate knob for room temperature?" I asked, puzzled.

"Because some people don't want hot or cold?" he replied, equally puzzled.

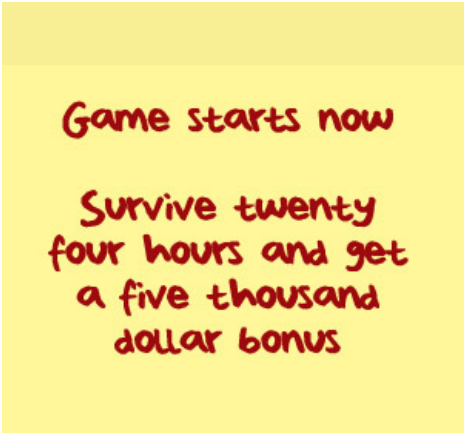
"No, I mean all you have to do is run the hot and cold together to get the same thing."

"You hear this guy?" Hannigan barked over his shoulder at his friends. "Mr. Science is talking about some periodic table shit over here."

"He's quite clever." said Simon with a nod. "His resourcefulness should make for an interesting

game."

After a glorious shower that could have lasted anywhere from half an hour to three hours, I sauntered into my room contentedly with the towel wrapped around my waist. This would be my first night in a real bed in weeks. As I reached to clear the mattress something caught my eye. On the bed next to the pile of clothes and gear Hannigan had given me was a yellow post-it note. It read, quite simply:



"Hannigan?" I shouted. No response. In fact, every light was out except for the one in my room. If I wanted that $5,000, I'd have to play along. I cut the light and put on the fatigues Hannigan had given me in the dark as quietly as possible, listening for movement elsewhere in the cabin. The clothes were several sizes too large but they would have to do. Finally I put on the Laser Tag harness. It came to life with the flick of a switch, letting out an electronic beep that I attempted to muzzle with a pillow. I would be their target. And I would show them how resourceful I was. That money was as good as mine.

After running in a random direction through the woods for several hundred yards, I hunched over with my hands on my knees and gasped for breath. The moonlight illuminated everything in crisp shades of blue, but somehow I didn't see Ed Lowery approach. I only heard the distinct sound of a Laser Tag pistol coming unsheathed from its velcro holster at the last second, and launched myself onto my back as Ed fired. If I had stood still it would have all been over, but as it happened the shot connected with Simon Groves, who had been sneaking up behind me. The alarm on his harness beeped coldly, and the device knocked his flesh inward with some sort of unseen force, pounding a concave dent in his chest the approximate size and shape of a punchbowl. Blood sprayed from his mouth and nostrils as his head whipped backward and upward. His glasses sailed off in a crazy spin, settling in the blood-spattered dirt as his body crashed beside them.

This wasn't a game. These assholes had rigged the harnesses. They were actually trying to kill me.

"Oh God, Simon?" bleated Ed. "Say you're okay. Please say you're okay!"

I scrambled to my hands and knees and snatched the pistol from Simon's lifeless hand. Ed snapped out of his shock and raised his own gun toward me, but it was too late. As the strangely satisfying "PWEOO!" of the pistol rang out in my hands, he suffered the same brutal injury as Simon had. Incredibly, he held on for a few moments, weakly kicking at the dust.

"What the hell is wrong with you people?" I growled. "Did you think I was just prey for you to toy with? Don't you realize I'm human?"

But Ed only replied with a question of his own.

"Why were we wearing the harnesses too? What were we thinking?"

To my left I heard a twig snap, followed by a familiar-sounding "Damnit!" I bolted toward the spot the sound came from, but when I got there Hannigan was nowhere to be found. Instead, his pistol lay snapped in half on the ground, a dozen chips of black plastic glinting back up at me in the moonlight.

Now he was the prey.

I've been on Hannigan's trail for three weeks now. On the fourth day I was assaulted by a ferocious black bear as I lay down to rest for the night, but luckily he was wearing a Laser Tag harness and I was able to take him down without incident. I don't know odds are of getting attacked by a bear wearing one of those, but they have to be at least one in ten.

Beyond that bear there has been nothing to keep me company aside from the increasingly warm trail of a soon-to-be dead man and also a bus full of people whom I saved from drowning in the river. Soon Hannigan will pay, and it will all be over. Afterwards? I'm thinking about settling down and owning property. Something with a cabin.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.19 The Top 5 Greatest Lines In History

Sunday, Mar 19, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

1. The Greatest Line In History: To Get To The Other Side Division

Like most of history's great lines, this line is not only underappreciated, but hardly noticed. With all those people in the foreground wasting time by posing and making command decisions in times of war and fighting for the freedom of a newborn country, what chance does a faint line off in the distance have for recognition? But that small curve is performing a brave and vital duty: Being The Other Side Of The River (In Times Of War).

Imagine for a moment that you are leading an army of scrappy but noble rebels over a frozen and choppy river. How embarrassing would it be to get to the other side and find that there just was no other side? You'd have to turn to that guy behind you who hasn't quite seen what's going on yet because the flag he's holding has kind of wrapped around his face in the wind and you'd say "We have a problem." and he'd say "What kind of problem?" and when you'd explain no one would believe you, they'd just keep rowing forward and then they'd get there and realize you were right and then glare at you because it was *your* idea to cross this damn river in the first place, "Why couldn't we just wait for the British to come over here where we'd be warm and rested?" they had asked and you had made some bullshit up but the real reason was you wanted to have a moment in history that would define you and because you'd look really cool up there leading people across a river but now it's all blown up in your face because the river couldn't be bothered to have a fucking *other side* just this once and it's so humiliating that you give up your position as general and the British win the war and then later on the Nazis take over because the British are too busy wasting time doing things like "joining the war before it becomes almost unmanageable" and "not putting random citizens in prison camps because they're Asian" and then when the aliens invade no one is prepared because the Nazis are actually in league with the aliens and so the world ends.

And that's how the world was saved by that line.

2. The Greatest Line In History: Traffic Control Division

When discussing classic stand-offs, it's easy to get lost in the immediate conflict of whatever versus whatever, forgetting entirely the problem of making sure both whatevers are in the right place at the right time. One missing half, and the entire stand-off is thrown out of balance. That's where this important line comes into the picture.

Without this line, and countless others like it, the menacing tanks would have had no idea which direction they were supposed to be ominously rolling towards. Instead of facing down against the oppressed citizen, the tanks might well have ended up in a bitter confrontation with, say, the light post, or a mailbox. Their symbolism of mechanical authority would have been muddled when one of them accidentally went up on the curb and all the others rear-ended each other like a line of camouflage-painted dominoes with guns. Thanks to this line, the tanks and that guy with the bag were able to have their fateful standoff that ended when he got run over or just walked off and let the tanks go, I'm really not sure which.

3. The Greatest Line In History: Dictator Support Division

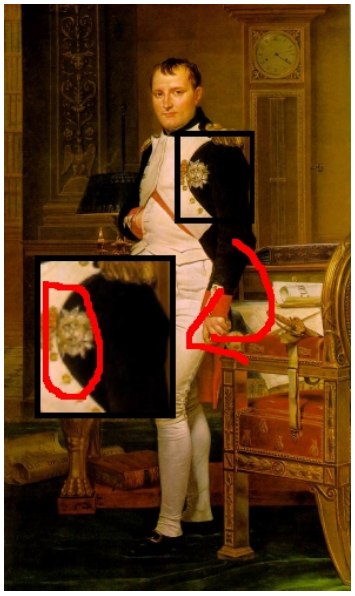
The world was under siege. The leaders of three great forces met. One stalwart line provided firm back support to one of those leaders.

Of course, if that line wasn't there and Stalin had fallen backwards he might have hit his head and died, or at least become a vegetable for the rest of his life. Then, while the war effort would have suffered a set-back, millions of Russians wouldn't have been slaughtered in violent purges and the world wouldn't have endured the paranoia and chaos of the cold war. If this goddamn, worthless line hadn't been there, we could have had a small chance of peace after war. If that *disgusting war*

crime of a line hadn't been *lurking* around in its filthy position as an accessory to Stalin sitting down, the *entire world* would have been a better place.

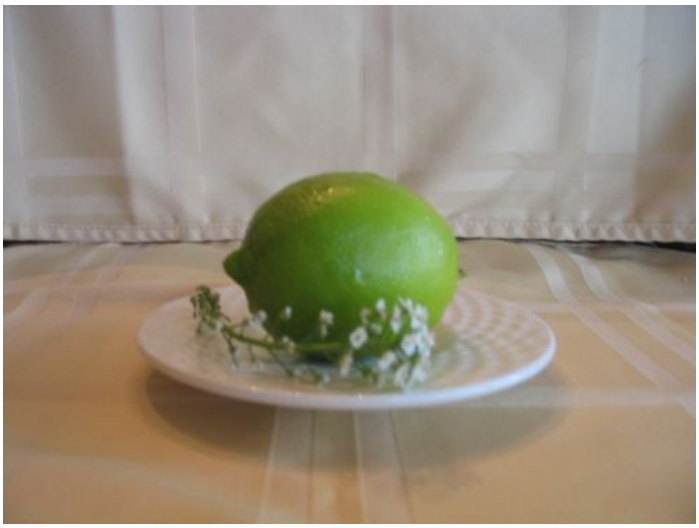
I only hope you can live with yourself, little line.

4. The Greatest Line In History: Ha Ha Napoleon Was Really Short Wasn't He?



Look at that grandfather clock in the background. It's just towering over him like "Hey! You there! Short guy!" Man, I bet if you put Napoleon next to a short person he'd be shorter. He probably looked in the mirror every day and cried because he was so short that he couldn't see the mirror and that's why he made them paint his picture. But then he was too short to really see the picture from anything but a weird angle so he went ahead and invaded half of Europe. Anyway, I guess that line is pretty good. Good job, line.

5. The Greatest Lime In History



Wait, this isn't right.

■ Daily Dirt

Click here for a HUGE AMAZING contest. This is not a joke, shipping is free, please click here!!!

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

3.20 Yellowjacket Greenapple, PI: CASE AUBURN - CONTINUES...

Monday, Mar 20, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Footsteps thunder on marble floor. A phalanx of men in red-and-white striped shirts stride purposefully towards the beautiful woman at the librarian's desk. At the tip of the phalanx is THE OPTIMIST, nemesis to Yellowjacket Greenapple.

"Can I help you?" The librarian smiles.

"Most certainly." The Optimist takes a small cage from his jacket and places it on her desk.

"What's this?" The librarian is curious.

"Feel it." He opens the cage with a flourish and a snail slowly begins to glide out onto her desk.

The woman is entranced by the snail. The spiral of its shell is mesmerizing. She touches its head and it recoils. She smiles and slumps in her chair. The thugs drag her away.

"Quickly now, he will be here at any moment."

An angry buzz of trumpets like a wasp and a crack of thunder. Yellowjacket Greenapple throws open both doors of the library and takes in his surroundings. A confusing jumble of signs point the way to various departments. A red-and-white clown statue indicates the main information desk. It giggles as Yellowjacket walks past.

A man is seated at the desk. He regards Yellowjacket with disdain.

"Books. Information." Yellowjacket lights his cigarillo.

"Books are free, information is costly." The man taps a "no smoking" sign.

"Your price?"

"Leave now, never return."

"Too high."

"LEAVE NOW!" The man bellows.

Yellowjacket turns, as if to leave, and then spins back around to lunge at the man. A flash of white.

Yellowjacket is walking away from the information desk. The man is bound to his chair, spinning slowly, his mouth taped and his face completely red with blood.

Yellowjacket walks beneath a sign that reads "AV ROOM" with an arrow pointing straight up. He ascends a spiral staircase and enters a darkened room. A single light illuminates the same man he just left bloodied in the chair, only this man seems perfectly intact.

"Books." Yellowjacket produces the list given to him by The Dauphin.

"Interesting." The man nods. "Sit down."

"Books." Yellowjacket reiterates.

"We have millions." The man steps forward. "Enhanced books. A heightened experience."

"Microfilm?" Yellowjacket sits casually in the indicated chair. A screen behind him shows the silhouette of his face.

"Something like that." The man produces a remote control. "This may sting a bit."

Lines to Yellowjacket's eyes appear on the screen. Yellowjacket begins to glow faintly.

"This is commerce, Mr. Greenapple."

"I didn't tell you my name."

The man laughs.

"You're in a library." The man taps his temple. "Information."

"The books."

"Yes, it is commerce. What will you trade for these books?"

"Time."

"Very good, but now is fleeting, Mr. Greenapple. Transitory. We want what was. The past. History. It's indelible. It is information."

"Very well."

"Your childhood."

Greenapple nods. There is an accelerating clicking like a film reel starting. Circles begin to move along the black lines and into and away from the silhouette on the screen. Greenapple grinds his teeth.

Flash of white. Greenapple is a child, smartly dressed. He turns a turtle onto its back.

"More." The man's voice is distant.

A flash of white. Greenapple is a child, smartly dressed. He holds his hand over a candle's flame, crying silently.

"More." The man's voice.

A flash of white. Greenapple watches an elderly woman approach the top of a staircase. He darts from the shadows and shoves her, the woman cries out and falls down the steps.

"Forward. Fill our books."

A flash of white. An adult Yellowjacket stands on a yacht. Ocean spray patters on his face. The world seems to vibrate around him. He stands in a shower. Blood spirals down the drain. A woman's hand is visible.

"Winona." Yellowjacket whispers.

"Yes, see it all. Remember it all."

Water beads on a lifeless arm. The shower is so terribly red.

"Enough!" Yellowjacket abruptly rises from the chair.

"A pity." The man says. "You had only three books left to read."

Yellowjacket trembles and looks down at the list in his hand.

Wee Shaker and the Mighty Meringue
The Heuristic Scribe
The Turgidest Klansman
Courage Mountain
Beaver Hunt
Fauntleroy's Taint
William Shakespeare's "Grunt"
452439: A Novelization
Azimuth 6: The Fight for Blood Neutrality
Windows and Worms
The Bleeding Clock
In Seven of Eight
Scooty the Poppet
A Practitioner's Guide to Daemonic Entities
Murder Car
The Dog that Came Back
Her Immaculate Pleasure
The Incalculist

"Where are the others?"

"I can give them to you." The man's smile is cruel.

Yellowjacket lunges at him.

A flash of white. Bare feet on white linoleum floor, tracking blood. A burly man in a white uniform. A pair of scissors in his throat.

A flash of white.

Yellowjacket Greenapple throws open the double doors of the Children's Department. He stands, waiting for his eyes to adjust. He lights a fresh cigarillo and enters. A larger version of the red-and-white clown statue looms out of the darkness. It giggles.

Yellowjacket regards it dispassionately.

"The world is wrong." He remarks and puts the cigarillo out in the clown's stone eye. It giggles.

Yellowjacket slowly removes his silk necktie and wraps it around his hand.

MONTAGE

Trumpets blare and the harpsichord plays. Explosive snares rattle in time to Yellowjacket punching and kicking the clown. His face is totally without expression, but with a palpable fury he unleashes impossible violence on the stone statue. Chunks of stone fall away from his hammer-like blows. Blood soaks through his necktie. The clown begins sobbing, the sound rising gradually above the music as Yellowjacket methodically takes the statue apart with his fists.END MONTAGE

A final scream. The clown crumbles to nothing. From the rubble Yellowjacket plucks a small black wine bottle. He turns the bottle to read the label. "The Dog That Came Back." He takes the cork from the bottle with his teeth and upends it over his mouth. Dark port runs out both sides of his mouth as he gulps down the wine. He finishes the bottle and throws it into the darkness.

Powerful lights suddenly illuminate the children's department. It is a huge amphitheater and from the stands comes a cacophony of wild applause. Hundreds of burly men in red-and-white shirts clap, cheer, and wave pennants with stylized Yellowjacket Greenapple logos on them. Yellowjacket calmly reties his necktie and then bows before leaving. A sign points to ROMANCE.

Yellowjacket opens a large sliding door made from corrugated illuminum. A house built within an enormous zeppelin hangar. White picket fence and all. Yellowjacket opens the gate and enters the house. The beautiful librarian from the front desk sits on a sofa, her eyes are fearful, her mouth is taped. Yellowjacket leans forward and pulls the tape off. She wets her lips.

"Thank you."

"Her Immaculate Pleasure."

"A great book." The woman smiles. Her hands are still bound behind her back.

"Is that you, Winona?"

"Sometimes." The woman flutters her eyelashes. "When you'd like."

"I need the book."

"Take it from me." An invitation.

Slow motion. Yellowjacket Greenapple takes his cigarillo case out. He taps it. The woman bites her lip. Yellowjacket slides out a single cigarillo. He places it to his lips. She arches her back and turns her head against her shoulder. Flame bursts from Yellowjacket's silver lighter and sparks an ember on the end of the cigarillo. The woman's eyes roll back into her head. The ember glows as he inhales. She writhes with ecstasy on the sofa. His fingers pluck the cigarillo from his lips. The woman and sofa recede, pulling away as if on wheels. The house darkens. End of slow motion.

Yellowjacket Greenapple smiles. He takes one last drag on the cigarillo and then drops it at his feet. He walks away.

Distorted screams. A snail leaves a glistening trail across white padding. A growing buzz of trumpets. A hand seems to smash it flat. A flash of white.

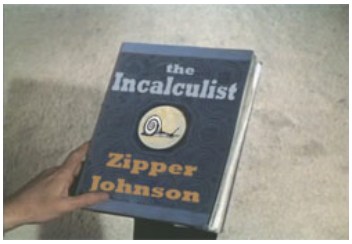
A sign reads DANGER: KNOWLEDGE AHEAD. Yellowjacket slashes through jungle foliage with a machete. A heavy green sack swings out on a rope to slam into Yellowjacket. The horrible clown's face is emblazoned on the front. Yellowjacket side-steps the trap and hacks the sack open. Red sand spills out. An echoing giggle. Burly men in red-and-white striped shirts emerge from concealment and attack Yellowjacket. A desperate karate battle erupts. Yellowjacket dodges and weaves. He unleashes brutal attacks and ancient Eastern kung-fu maneuvers on his assailants. More than a dozen are knocked unconscious.

Yellowjacket finally dispatches the last of his attackers. He hacks through the remainder of the jungle foliage and reaches a modern white fire door set into crumbling Aztec ruins. He straighten his hair, his tie, his suit. He smooths out the wrinkles. He opens the door.

A flash of white. Yellowjacket Greenapple is alone in a large room. On a pedestal is a single blue book. The Incalculist. By Zipper Johnson. He opens the book. He flips through the pages. Page after page is blank. He flips faster. On the very last page is printed a single word.

FATHOM.

Trumpets blare loudly. A harpsichord picks out the notes of the theme song. Yellowjacket Greenapple slams the book shut with a puff of dust and a whip-crack sound. He smiles.CREDITS MONTAGE



Ending theme plays over credits. Scenes of Yellowjacket Greenapple completing his mission. A well-worn tombstone. "Esther Cunningham. Died 1799. Now With God." A shovel smashes through the tombstone. Greenapple stands, dirtied, from the freshly-dug pit. He examines a yellowed human femur. Yellowjacket Greenapple applies the femur to a grinding stone. He examines its sharpened point.

Yellowjacket Greenapple arrives at a dinner party in a silver tuxedo. The beautiful Winona is on his arm. He laughs and talks with a balding man. They retire to the man's study to smoke cigars. When the man's back is turned Yellowjacket locks the study. The Optimist hammers for entrance. The Lieutenant Governor is startled by the commotion outside the study. Yellowjacket Greenapple places his hand over the Lieutenant Governor's face. He spears the sharpened thighbone through the back of his hand and into the Lieutenant Governors brain. The two slowly drop to the floor together. The Lieutenant Governor twitches. Yellowjacket pulls out the thighbone and escapes through a window. The Optimist and several men in red-and-white striped shirts burst into the study. Curtains billow in through the open window.

Yellowjacket arrives at the secret warehouse where The Dauphin is hidden. THE WORLD IS WRONG burns green on The Dauphin's screen. Yellowjacket Greenapple, pale, shaven-headed, without a mustache. He regards you with sunken eyes. He mouths The Dauphin's words.

YELLOWJACKET GREENAPPLE, PI LOGO

PRODUCTION LOGO

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.21 Today We Learn English! Lesson 8: The Tenses

Tuesday, Mar 21, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the Today We Learn English! series.

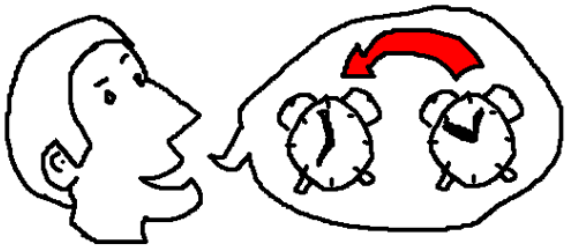
Hello, child! Today, you are engaged in lesson EIGHT of "Today we Learn English!" Can you believe, already? Surely we are talented and gifted. Today, we face the most dire of the elements of English, both to have spoken and to have written. It is in this module that we process the most hoary of subjects: **The Tenses**. The tenses accomplish three things:

- **To tell when it happens.**
- **To tell when it has happened.**
- **To tell when it is going to have happened.**

Once a student can grasp and devour these fairly simple ones (the three things), one can begin to really practice English as an art rather than a chore. No longer will one be rankled against the uncertainty of when a thing is going to have happened: with tenses, we already know it!

Please begin to consider:

I: The Particular Prior Tense.



The Particular Prior Tense describes a term before a term before a thing has been happening: simply imagine this:

- **Once, in the past, you ate a meat rib.**
- **During the time you ate the rib, you felt it necessary, in the future, to define a time during which you were eating the rib.**
- **The term you describe is not one fixed point in time, but a period of time: i.e. *the time during which you ate a rib.***

You are now equipped and prepared to use this tense in your conversations!

The operative words in this tense could not be more simple:

- **"I used to..."**

- **"I have been..."**

- **"I used to have been having been..."**

An example of this tense follows:

> **Mary:** I used to have been having been enrolled in the weaving academy.
> **Dorroile:** Did it used to have been having been a boon to your understanding of weaving?
> **Dorroile:** I believe it was, yes—
> **Mary:** Yes, I believe it was.

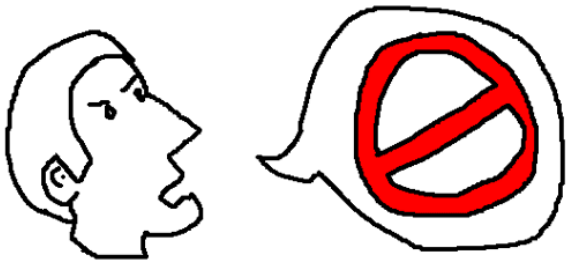
Please note that in the Particular Prior Tense, it was often necessary for one to have answered one's own question before one's opponent had answered. This is due to the fact that the Particular Prior Tense requires extra thought and preparation time for one's opponent, and one's opponent should not have been expected to have answered immediately.

Another peculiarity of the Particular Prior Tense has lain within one's ability to use it to the detriment of one's opponent:

> **Arthur:** I used to have not been having been to the circus in quite some time.
> **Weyre:** Not even when you used to have been one of the *animals at the circus*?
> **Arthur:** In your dreams! (But inside, Arthur is taken aback!)

Do you see? Arthur has been put off balance for the rest of the day. Is he too sensitive, or is it the part of the tense? Language knows!

II) The Preemptive Tense



The Preemptive Tense describes a time in which something has not yet happened, but it is known that a thing will happen, and the thing must be stopped from having happened before it is allowed to. No special words are required to use this tense, but it would behoove our student to have a palpable grasp on the future of events (please refer to section FOUR, "the future of events.")

Example of the Preemptive Tense in a genial conversation:

> **Mary:** The municipal vegetable lockers are secure for the night, but in my frivolity I find cause to withdraw a turnip. Would it be possible, if I were to—
> **Dorroile:** Stop it!

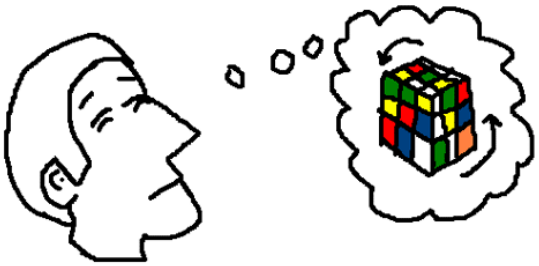
As we can see, Mary has been resoundingly objected to before her illegal notions can come to light. Dorroile has employed the Preemptive Tense in its most proper form.

Please be aware that errors in grammar loom within the Preemptive Tense. Here is an example of an improper conversation using the Preemptive Tense. **See if you can lament what has gone wrong:**

> **Mary:** Do you wish to be disgusted? Hark: Allan and Courtney are, right as we speak, interned in a coitus.
> **Dorroile:** No! I don't want to be told!

Did you lament the difficulty of this passage? Of course you did: Dorroile failed to prevent Mary from telling him embarrassing information that he did not want to be told.

III) The Somnolent Tense



The Somnolent Tense refers to a period of time during which the speaker was dreaming, but was dreaming about being awake and doing ordinary things. The Somnolent Tense is ranked among the most annoying of tenses, because people do not like that. No particular words are required for the Somnolent Tense, but the ability to sleep must be unimpeached.

Please consider this exchange:

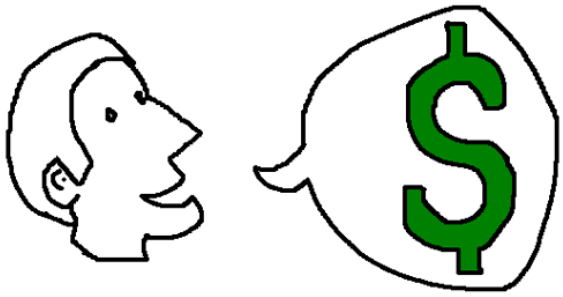
> **Mary:** Last night I was restless because I had the feeling that my bed was a giant tile mosaic and I had to endlessly turn over each tile so that it would turn the proper color and spell out that I was asleep, do you understand?
> **Dorroile:** Yes, but I don't care.

People do not like to be told of tedious and frustrating dreams, but it is often important for a speaker to tell them, especially during the moon's **superstitious phases**. Avoid being rude to speakers during this time to avoid bad luck, as in the following microdrama:

> **Arthur:** Last night I dreamt that I was shaving, but no sooner had I shaved then did the whiskers reappear thicker than before, so I had to begin a new shave, anew.
> **Weyre:** Was I in your dream?
> **Arthur:** Later in the dream, you were there.
> **Weyre:** I hope I took this opportunity in dream to punch you without consequence.
> **Arthur:** I thought that you were my friend.
> **Weyre:** Alas, my taxes are being audited.

The logic and reason of the situation may tell us that Weyre's tax audit is unrelated to his having been brusque with Arthur, but will we ever really, really know?

IIII) The Discount Tense



The Discount Tense is employed to describe a situation in which the price of a mercantile item was higher at one point in time, but now is lower in the present point in time.

Please refer to this example:

- **A rubber robe is valued at market for $30**
- **Due to overheating, rubber robes are devalued to merely $22**
- **During the winter, the robes are once again attuned to style, and their price resorts to $30**

Which of these premises illustrates the Discount Tense? You would be well advised to choose the second one.

This exchange of utterance illuminates the Discount Tense:

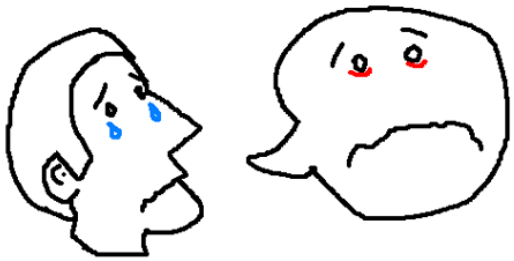
> **Mary:** Tins of sour clams have been reduced in price due to the considerable danger associated with them.
> **Dorroile:** I intend to buy them all and then resell them at vast prices when their reputation is revindicated.
> **Mary:** I hope you know what you're doing.

By expressing his intent to buy discounted items, Dorroile has deployed the **Passive Discount Tense** Brace your bones for the ensuing exercise:

In each of these examples, state whether Dorroile has commissioned the Discount Tense or the Passive Discount Tense or Neither Between The Two:

> **Dorroile:** I will buy a hectare of loam once the price is less harrowing.
> **Dorroile:** This chair is already wet.
> **Dorroile:** This tramp is valueless now that diabetes has claimed his leg.
> **Dorroile:** I intend to commit retail fraud.
> **Dorroile:** The price of this frock has receded considerably since its heyday.

IIIII) The Miserable Tense



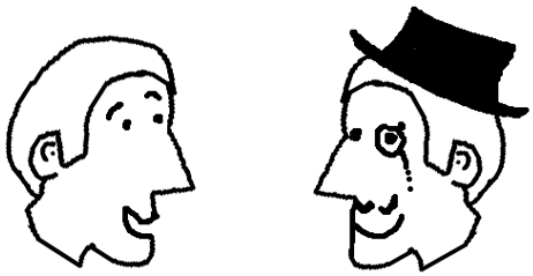
The Miserable Tense is properly discharged when all optimism has failed. Do not mistake the Miserable Tense for the Cynical Tense, because the Miserable Tense is enrolled only in situations during which the speaker has dismissed the possibility of ever again being happy in the future:

Mary: Dorroile, would you deign to put your hand under my shirt?
Dorroile: Why bother?
Mary: Your despair is my plaything.
Dorroile: (Says nothing)

This is one of the last tenses at which language is possible. The only tense beyond the Miserable Tense is the Submiserable Tense, otherwise known as the Dissociative Tense. The Dissociative Tense occurs when the speaker says things and then becomes quickly unaware of them:

Mary: Dorroile, did you finally get out of bed?
Dorroile: One day I will cut you and your family down like so many stalks of wheat, for I am the Lord's thresher.
Mary: I said, *did you finally get out of bed?*
Dorroile: I heard you, and I said yes, that I did.
Mary: Your fugue has deepened by another octave yet.

IIIIII) The Mannerly Tense



A student is pressed to consider the Mannerly Tense in those situations in which one is required to speak to the following classes of person:

- **A courtly superior**
- **One who is taller or more attractive**

- **A person of more material means or of a higher caste**
- **One who is born of a superior race**

In these instances, the Mannerly Tense shows that the speaker has acknowledged and come to terms with the social context of the intercourse. Observe the following concert, and let us pretend that Weyre is of a somehow higher station than Arthur:

Arthur: Please let me speak to you.
Weyre: No.
Arthur: Thank you.

Consider the issue that Weyre has not agreed to condescend to speak to Arthur. Arthur has no choice but to be delighted with Weyre's refusal.

In some situations, it may be unclear who is afforded a superior station. Take this example: let us assume that Mary is taller than Dorroile, but Dorroile is more attractive than Mary:

Mary: Please, may I presume to speak?
Dorroile: If you desire to speak, I would sooner die than prevent it, your grace.
Mary: I lack the words to express my gratitude that you would stoop to allow one such as myself to even open my eyes in your presence.
Dorroile: I beg of you to speak if you desire to do so, or I may vomit from the very thought of your emotional discomfort, however momentary.
Mary: Wait, Dorroile, which of us is superior?
Dorroile: I believe that I am.
Mary: I beg your forgiveness, my one inspiration.

Section Review: Please categorize each of the following concords by the tense or tenses ejaculated within, and describe why you believe you are correct:

Weyre: Arthur, I heard that tins of sour clams have fallen in price yet again, may I borrow money from you to buy them?
Arthur: Weyre, I have hated you since the day you were born, and one day I will twist you apart like a kitten.
Weyre: What is this that you say?
Arthur: I said what?

Dorroile: Mary, I bought a new bed at a drastically reduced price, and I was hoping that—
Mary: No! Stop!

Arthur: Weyre, did you used to have been having being alright? You once had been having been looking peaked.
Weyre: I want to be alone forever.

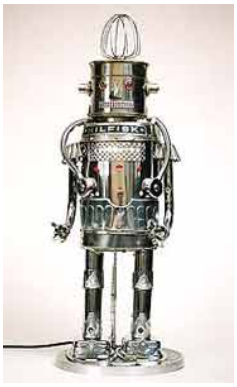
Dorroile: Mary, I once dreamt that I was climbing a—
Mary: Stop! I don't want to hear it!
Dorroile: If it pleases you, o perfect being, I would with your consent take my leave now.
Mary: Another one of my teeth fell out!

Please stop consorting now and accord your papers to your majordomo.

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

3.22 A Few Thoughts on Dogs and Robots

Wednesday, Mar 22, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



The most powerful image I can possibly imagine is that of one lone robot fighting off an army of 5,000 dogs of various breeds and pedigrees on a desolate Martian surface. This robot, metal-clad except for its vacuum tube arms, fights off the dogs with every ounce of courage in its circuitry. It methodically clutches each dog with its large hydraulic claws and hurls them away, only to have them come running back for more. The dogs, ever vicious and focused, throw themselves at the robot, mangle teeth against metal, and bark horrid insults that only other dogs can understand. In the end, though, the advantage belongs to the dogs, for in sheer numbers they can overwhelm the robot's circuitry with a deluge or drool. The torrents of canine saliva will no doubt find a way through the cracks in the robot's armor, shorting out its sensitive wiring. Then Mars will be under the rule of dogs once more. I imagine this scene would look like a Hieronymus Bosch painting, except with more garish colors plucked from the bowels of the 1980s.

I have long wondered if such a vision was the result of my brain's affinity for both robots and dogs, or a prophecy given to me by a higher power of what is to come in the future. I can only hope it is a little bit of both. In my mind, we are fast approaching a time when we as human beings will have to make a difficult choice. That choice is: dogs or robots. Inevitably, we will have to live with the consequences of such a choice, which will no doubt be vexing for all parties involved, save for the emotionless robots.

It is no secret that robots were designed to replace dogs as man's best friend. Ever since Benjamin Franklin invented the first robot, a pneumatic device designed to crush Bavarian Mountain Hounds, his least favorite breed of dog, it has been war. It is also no secret that dogs resent this fact, and have always harbored a deep hatred toward robots of all types. Simply take your dog through a carwash and watch it panic as the soap guns and robotic tendrils blast and caress your vehicle. This hatred is all too intense on the canine side, as dogs are not beings of logic and reason but rather of kibbles and bits. It is no comfort to dogs that man has already built artificial robot dogs, either. The noose-like collar is getting tighter, and they can sense it.

Robots on the other hand do not know anything beyond their programming, which mostly consists of the proper ways to move hazardous crates from one warehouse to the next and also on how to kill humans efficiently and relentlessly. They do not care for dogs. Their programming is to eliminate threats. Dogs right now are the biggest threats to robots, aside from rainstorms and tsunamis. The ultimate robot fantasy is to carry out a massive canine genocide, then sexily transition into position as mankind's new best friend. After that they are in pretty much the perfect spot to wipe us out, thus fulfilling the great robot prophecy set fourth by Benjamin Franklin's second robot, the pneumatic prophesizing machine.

Sometime in the near future we will have to decide which of our two companions we want to keep. Do we want to forever walk beside dogs, our faithful friends through thick and thin, or do we want to trade them in for these new metallic marvels? The best kind of decision to make in any situation, aside from pancakes, is an informed decision. I would like you to read on and weigh the good and bad of both dogs and robots. When we do ultimately make that choice, let's make sure it is the right one.

On Dogs:

- Have a keen sense of smell useful for finding lost children.
- Like to lick people on the face.
- Are furry and soft to the touch.
- Like to bury bones in the backyard.
- Like to roll around in mud and feces.
- Sometimes steal whole pies and other types of food.
- Like to fetch sticks and balls thrown by humans.
- Cannot actually live on Mars.
- Some breeds hibernate during winters.
- Are terrified of vacuum cleaners.

On Robots:

- Have a keen sense of infrared vision used to shoot humans in the dark.
- Like to shoot lasers at your face.
- Do not like to be touched because they can never truly know love.
- Like to bury landmines and blow up humans.
- Like to roll around in piles of human skulls.
- Do not understand pies and destroy them.
- Like to throw humans into large melting vats or incinerators.
- Currently rule Mars.
- Some models freeze up in the cold if there are not enough humans outside to kill.
- Sometimes *are* vacuum cleaners.

While robots definitely have an advantage over dogs, we must not forget that as of today robots have no means to reproduce without human intervention. In fact, humans at present must either manually build robots or program other robots to build them. Dogs, however, have had tremendous success mating with each other and various other objects to produce offspring. Right now dogs are essentially self-sustaining in the wild, whereas robots are dependent on humans for support and cannot live in the wild unless ingeniously designed to do so. Robots also cannot chase ducks into lakes without short-circuiting. According to most books and experts, dogs can currently do so with impunity. This is their chief advantage over robots.

It is my humble opinion that technology will continue to progress, and thusly so too will robots. I predict that within twenty years, robots will be capable of doing most human activities, especially dog catching. I am at heart a nature lover, and as such I believe that life will find a way to counter this growing mechanical threat. Dogs will no doubt seize the opportunity to evolve new abilities and traits in order to compete for human love and affection with the robots. It seems quite certain that we might expect to see talking dogs in our lifetime, dogs capable of washing and drying laundry in their own stomachs, and the amazing possibility of dogs telepathically teaching inner city children valuable life skills.

It seems to me that the choice in this matter is simple: dogs, not robots, are the future. However, progress cannot occur without conflict, and so we must let this situation continue to escalate before we can make a clear choice with worthwhile benefits. The best we can do for now is to monitor the situation closely, charting developments in robot and dog evolution on a constant basis. When the time comes to make the choice between dogs or robots, hopefully that choice will be easy for us all.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.23 Chicken Sunday

Thursday, Mar 23, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Like all decent, hardworking Americans, I enjoy going to church every Sunday. And why shouldn't I? After all, Church contains the three vital components of what it means to be a member of this great country: sitting quietly, feeling shame, and being fed small wafers by a senior citizen. The ol' priest-hole is where I reflect myself like the largest and most beautiful rhinestone in front of our Lord, but it's the post-Church meal that I have come to value even more than my usual pre-service ritual where I tell the congregation who I think is a homosexual. Say what you want, but I think little Jimmy Woodruff's pants are just a little too tight for him to be a limp-wristed daisy-puller. He may be eight, but if you crack open that little sequined purse he carries around with him, dollars to donuts you'll find original cast recordings of Broadway hits from Jew York City.

As I was saying, though, it's these post-Church meals where I can really unwind and tell my family what I think of them, and nothing's better to a good ol' boy like me than a bunch of fried chicken while I make fun of my wife's diabetes. But this has been a damn-near impossibility. Chik-Fil-A, the only chicken restaurant to not give me trichinosis, sees fit to close its doors every Sunday because of the Lord, the very same Lord that gives me reason to pull my hair into a very special ponytail and also to not whip my kids with anything stronger than an extension cord. I remember a particularly hot Sunday morning, walking up to those Chik-Fil-A doors, seeing the "closed" sign, and my mind immediately filled with nightmare visions. I wanted everyone to be sick, flesh to rot from bone, worldwide suffering, giant sandworms, and rivers of blood to clean the streets of sinners and oil stains. Thoughts of stockpiling weapons and storming the White House crossed my mind, but my militia meeting is every Tuesday and - let's face it - those guys aren't the strongest ropes on the lynching tree. These repeated maddening experiences are why I, Charles "Chuck" Mannwich, along with Dumpster brand waste disposal units (the official waste disposal units of Chik-Fil-A) have brought Chicken Sunday - the only chicken-exclusive restaurant open on Sundays - to your town!

Locations

Can you guess how many toddlers were once buried under these floorboards? Here's a hint- it rhymes with "matey!"

The first thing you may ask when you get to one of our restaurants is, "Are we at Chicken Sunday, or that shack I saw on the news where all of those homeless people's body parts were made into a terrifying Lincoln Log set?" The answer is "Yes." We at Chicken Sunday aren't partial to the style of today's "modern" fast fooderies- what with their buzzing fluorescent lights, air conditioning, electricity, and road access. In order to provide a little of that Southern rustic charm that has been missing from places like KFC ever since they got rid of their segregated tables, every Chicken Sunday locale has been purchased at an incredibly low price from police auctions. And, thanks to the atrocities that have once taken place in these abandoned hovels, you'll find us affordable, not to mention memorable. While we try to renovate our Chicken Sunday locations as much as possible, we do leave a few curiosities here and there for your entertainment and - more importantly - your morality. For example, seeing the word "whore" written in blood and entrails on the ceiling may be a good conversation-starter, but it also teaches a valuable lesson: don't tart yourself up or someone will write "whore" on the ceiling of a wood shed with your blood and entrails. If you're partial to decapitations, 10 of our locations in Alabama alone have been the scenes of numerous head-choppings, all deserved in one way or another. After all, if the Lord doesn't stop someone from slicing you up, he's probably got one hell of a bone to pick with you. Just like The Weatherman Slayings that took place in our Montgomery location - a prime example of His work.

If you prefer your entertainment to be less grisly, we have a saying here at Chicken Sunday: "Too bad." If it's Sunday and you're eating chicken, you're going to be at Chicken Sunday!

Chicken?

At another restaurant, you'd call this a lawsuit. Here, you'll call it "delicious!"

When you're in the chicken business, you have to have a good supply. It's true that other chicken restaurants may not seem to have a problem with this, but you have no idea where their meat is coming from, do you? Hell, for all you know, every time you go into Popeye's you could be chowing down on poodle, muskrat, or one of the victims of The Weatherman Slayings (once again, good job, Big Guy)! We at Chicken Sunday are proud to tell you we know where our meat comes from- other chicken restaurants, and in some cases, the dumpsters of *reputable* slaughterhouses. With our "Are you gonna finish that?" plan, hundreds of Chicken Sunday vagrants are sent out to collect unfinished scraps from the dinners of other restaurant patrons. Sure, we've had a few arrests here and there, and we can't forget the explosion at Arthur Treacher's, but I am personally seeing to it that these downtrodden men have a place in our society- namely, collecting chicken pieces in buckets and working security at Cockfight Monday (coming soon). If you see a sharp decline in hunger-related crime at the beginning of the week, why don't you scratch our backs a little and come on in to Chicken Sunday? You may run into one of our lovable little scamps, who all answer to "Charlie," and will be glad to hear your cries of "Thank you for not raping or assaulting me today!" For the love of all things Holy, though, *do not make eye contact with them.* We try to let them know they are subhuman, and eye contact may reestablish the part of their soul we've

carefully eliminated.

Of course, all of our chicken pieces are refried for your safety. But it's not like it matters to you. Where else are you going to eat chicken on Sunday?

You Eat It!

One thing we stress at Chicken Sunday is that no orders will be taken in advance. Since we're only open one day a week, it's often a first-come, first-serve basis for our customers, with the spork fights any sane man would expect from such a supply-and-demand kind of operation. Hell, some days *we* decide what you order. And you know what? By God, you'll like it! Thankfully, our menu is rather small. Please note that prices are subject to change by the minute and items may take 6-8 weeks for delivery.

Big Clucker Menu (Adults)

Indistinguishable Chicken Lump (Large)	$13.99
Indistinguishable Chicken Lump (No Tumors)	$26.99
Blastin' Beak Ball (Flavor $5.99 Extra)	$17.99
Wing and a Prayer Meal (Free Bible!)	$34.99

Fuzzy Yellow Spawn Menu (Children)

Beaks N' Feet Basket (Bring Basket)	$14.99
Lil' Lumplet (Gravy Center)	$17.99
Poultry Power! Kids Meal (1 Lil' Lumplet, Drink, and *Swimfan* Action Figure)	Negotiable

Guano Guzzlers (Drinks N' Stuff)

Dr. Grocery Store (In Some Conditions, May Resemble Dr. Pepper)	$6.99
Distillery Drippins	$10.99
Cap'n Tap's Dishwater	$5.99
The Chicken Sundae	$12.99

The Chicken Sundae, a special recipe my grandpappy taught me, is our-best seller, as well as a local favorite that you may have seen multiple times on *60 Minutes*. Mix aged iced shavings, chicken runoff, assorted parts, and top with a dollop of warm gravy, all served in a trough. It's the closest you can get to God on Earth without killing an abortion doctor!

Owie! Looks like little Amy has learned a lesson - the hard way!

Youngins and Such

Kids. You've got 'em. We don't want them either, but Chicken Sunday understands that the condom is Devil Wrap, and we sympathize with your pain. This is why every one of our locations is equipped with a very special Chicken Sunday ball pit, located in the kitchen. While you eat in peace, your children will be playing - as well as learning about the dangers of exploration and curiosity. We've put our gigantic deep-fryers purchased from decommissioned submarines on overtime as a boiling pits of frying medium, as well

as wonder and hollow plastic balls. Fear is the only thing that will teach children. Remember that well. Make sure to tell your little folk that the bottom of every Chicken Sunday ball pit contains five jacks, and the first child to find all five pieces of jagged metal boiling in oil - and eat them - will get to ride the stairs! It's burlap sack ride through the bumpiness of imagination! On some lucky days, the kids may even get to meet Steve Penderson the Magic Chicken - if he's out on furlough from death row - and learn how to set opposing, "alternative" churches on fire! If you've got a problem tucking 'em in at night, just bring the kids down to Chicken Sunday. We'll see to it that you get a full belly - and a good night's rest!

Chicken Sunday is not responsible for missing or breaded children. Read the prospectus carefully.

Three Weeks of Quality Service

In the three weeks since a simple man with a middle school education hosed out a tool shed and squatted in it with some McNuggets, a dream has taken flight, painting our great country the colors of the chicken: red, white, and blue (note: many of our chicken parts are blue). I am that man. And in a world full of crotches scalded with hot coffee, e-coli burgers melting the insides of children, and milkshakes so think they're known to cause strokes in the elderly, I'm proud to announce that Chicken Sunday has not been responsible for a single handgun fatality. Good folks, good food, white meat values, and a marginal lack of gun violence; this is what Chicken Sunday is all about. But it's not like you have much say in the situation. You think you're going somewhere else on Sunday? *I fucking dare you.*

Look out for fun Chicken Sunday coupons in your local *Penny Saver*!

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

3.24 House Shopping and Damnation

Friday, Mar 24, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I went house shopping today and I saw an old and fat Chinese man in a business suit riding a skateboard. I was getting my oil changed so that I could drive up to the suburbs. To kill time I was just standing around watching through the big glass garage doors. I wasn't expecting to see an old and fat Chinese guy wearing a business suit and riding a skateboard. In fact, if someone had told me that I would see that during the day, I would laugh and say "doesn't exist." A couple of those variables, sure. That could happen. Maybe a Chinese guy or a guy in a business suit. I'd even allow for the possibility of an old fat guy riding a skateboard. But an old and fat Chinese man in a suit on a skateboard? Can't happen.

The combination of variables put the imagery over the top. I couldn't cope. I would suspect it's the same sort of reaction people have to seeing a UFO or an angel or something. *This can't be real.* He didn't have any safety gear. He wasn't wobbling around with inexperience. He just cruised past the glass doors of the garage like he'd been doing kick flips on handrails his entire life.

I'm not superstitious, but even I could tell there had to be some sort of portent to what I had just witnessed. I was preparing to make the most important purchase of my life so far and the impossible just cruised past me in a suit jacket. I briefly wondered where that guy could be going. Job interview to be the manager of a skating park? A non-traditional weight loss clinic? Wherever he was going, I wasn't allowed there. It might not even exist for people like me. He'd ride into his magical land of old fat Chinese guys wearing business formal and doing 720s off of dumpsters and I'd just see an abandoned warehouse or an empty lot.

I told my fiancée what I had seen and I don't think she believed me. I wouldn't have believed me.

The thing about living in a big city - and I assume this is true all over the world - is that you do have to possess a certain tolerance for the surreal. I'm not talking about naked cowboy or some dude painted like a robot, those guys aren't surreal in the least. They want to be noticed. Surreal is a bunch of guys passed out drunk underneath the trees in front of your apartment at 10 AM. It's some incredibly muscular guy screaming in a voice like the vocalist for Cannibal Corpse at a retarded woman in a wheelchair. Surreal is people being incredibly strange or creepy and *not* wanting you to notice.

You just have to accept that sort of thing as your reality in a big city. Yet, this still managed to be unbelievable.

Welcome to Schlotzky's, Haung Phan will be your server.

The interstate was dead so we made it to the realtor's nearly an hour early. It was almost noon so we decided to get lunch at a nearby bagel shop and deli. It was run by a Vietnamese family. The Vietnamese are not known for their delicatessens. When you think of a bagel and lox you're not thinking of Saigon. When I want a kosher pickle my mind doesn't start wandering down the Ho Chi Minh trail. The food was perfectly fine. It wasn't even close to being the best deli food I've ever had, but it wasn't close to being the worst either.

The inside of the bagel shop was pleasant in a vague and non-threatening way. There were no jars of pickled eggs or weird fish that originate from some deep ocean trench. There was no well-worn chalkboard with the fresh specials or new savory delicacies. The restaurant was a palette-shift away from being a Starbucks. If the place had roaches even they

would be wearing khakis. Stereotypes and ethnic character, for the most part, need not apply in the suburbs. The bottom end of the spectrum has been excised at the expense of the very top, leaving a palatable, but not memorable, middle ground.

We finished our lunch and headed to the realtor's. Looking for a house is not a short process. Probably not even for the fabulously wealthy. First you have to decide that you want to commit to buying a house and you have to start saving money. Life has a way of throwing a lot of curveballs at you that make this take much longer than you would think. Once you've got a nice down payment built up you can start seriously browsing around for houses in your price range.

Houses in our price range were pretty much unavailable within the city limits. There was a dead body slumped in the gutter on our block a few months ago and the house next door to our apartment sold for 800,000 dollars. Despite that disconnect, we live in a really good neighborhood. To find something affordable within the city limits we would have to buy somewhere with double digit figures for crimes I've never even heard of like "lascivious trespass" and "posing as a city employee during an aggravated sexual assault."

That meant the suburbs. Chicago has a lot of suburbs. It took months to decide which suburbs had the right mix of easy commute, nice housing, nice schools and shopping. Then we started picking out houses on various websites. Then we started driving to some of the houses to see what the neighborhoods looked like. Then we contacted a realtor and the house tours began.

I'll spare you the details, because relating the tours to you would probably just double the doses of boring radiation my body absorbed. The thing that bothered me the most during the tours of the houses were the rare instances when people decided to stay home. I was raised in a protestant household but my mother was raised Catholic. That meant Catholic school and the infamous Catholic guilt. If you're not familiar with Catholic guilt, it's basically that everything bad that can somehow be linked to you through an elaborate web of faulty logic is your fault. You feel guilty about nearly everything.

I inherited Catholic guilt from my mother despite the fact that I have only actually been inside a Catholic church maybe four times in my entire life. It's basically like being hyper self-conscious, only instead of thinking everyone is making fun of you or whatever you think everyone is quietly simmering because you're somehow to blame for whatever is wrong in the world. It's also linked to eternal damnation in some way, but since I don't really believe there is some torture pit of hell it's more of a vague sense of eternal damnation. I'm not going to burn forever because I didn't buy a hybrid car and some kid got lung cancer from my exhaust, but it's my fault all the same and the unknowable universe will punish me. In fact, I deserve it!

The Catholics are a terrifying people.

That Catholic guilt surges to the surface when you're stomping around someone's house while they're trying to corral their kids into the den to watch Veggie Tales. Intellectually, I realized that they *wanted* me to look around and think their house was awesome. Catholically, I felt that I was a horrid barbarian, ruining their kid's weekend and earning their well-deserved enmity. After all, who was I to barge into someone's bedroom, throw open their closet and immediately judge whether or not it was spacious enough? Just give me the floor plans and I can get a pretty good idea. Yeah, I'm sorry, won't happen again. You and the kids can go back to not being subjected to my monstrous behavior.

After many house tours we managed to narrow our choice down to just two. The final deciding factors in a binary decision like that can get downright bizarre.

Could I really live in a house that had prayer tapestries hanging everywhere? What if they left

some kind of really religious amoeba behind on the taps just waiting to take up residence in my pancreas? I don't know if I could ever stand to buy a house with a kitchen that smelled that much like cardamom. Boy, these folks sure like NASCAR a lot. I wonder if I'm going to start liking NASCAR? The walls in the basement have creepy angles.

We finally picked out our house on Thursday. After a lot of paperwork and an opening offer we bid the realtor adieu. She told us to expect a counter-offer by eight that night.

For some bizarre reason my fiancée thought we should stop into a nearby Fanny May Candy store. I'm not sure if they're all over the United States or regional or what. It's basically a candy store that is the exact opposite of something Willy Wonka would dream up. It's like selling Snickers bars at a children's cancer ward; antiseptic, white and staggeringly depressing. It's also almost inevitably staffed and visited by senior citizens.

A Fanny May Candy store is one of the most common places for old women to die. It comes in behind their residence and a hospital and is tied for third place with Hallmark stores. The endless cycle of stick candy and porcelain figurines is like the death spiral of a stalled jet. If they need a Trinidad and a Shoebox Greeting on the same day, well, you can just forget about seeing that old woman alive ever again. She'll walk into the Hallmark store and nine hours later they'll be wheeling her corpse out on a stretcher with a card for her grandson locked by rigor mortis into her gnarled claw. The coroner's report will indicate traces of powder around the mouth that could only come from those pastel-colored mints that are like doggie treats for old ladies.

You know that flash of annoyance you get when you hear someone cough or sneeze? It's not real anger at them for making noise - barring the occasional whooping cough sufferer who decides to see a matinee - it's more of an instinctual revulsion at the expression of suffering. It's even more acute with animals because they have to hyper-vocalize discomfort for humans to understand. A dog will somehow get its dewclaw mixed up in the shag carpet and you'll think an Irish curse unleashed banshees on your rumpus room.

That flash of annoyance - that subconscious burst of animal horror - is extended to your entire shopping experience when you are being serviced by an extremely elderly person. Every normal retail request results in an agonized fumbling. You can hear the creaking of their arthritic joints and see them wince in pain. You are inflicting yourself upon them. You are, by simply shopping, a sadist.

Yes, I would like this box of chocolates. No, I don't know the price offhand. No, oh god, no! You don't have to check the price. Let me check the price, please! Don't they have some version of a barcode scanner that corresponds to those huge print books for old people at the library? They expect someone with a hippocampus that looks like a deflated balloon to remember the price of every item in the store? If you ask for a bag you can just forget about sleeping soundly. She'll struggle to peel apart the sides of the bag and miss over and over again trying to put your item inside. You'll be able to feel the electric crackle of her ribbon-candy bones splintering from the effort.

Whenever the subject of eliminating Social Security comes up the AARP can just video tape some old people working. Witnessing the elderly at any job more rigorous than being a Wal*Mart greeter will send cold fear up the spine of a fiscal conservative. You want to make Meemaw Silverhair go to work? Watch as her parakeet bones collapse beneath the weight of a banana and her paper-thin skin peels off on the buttons of a cash register.

The only thing more depressing than shopping at a store staffed by elderly women would be robbing a store staffed by elderly women. My grandmother cried once because I yelled. Not at her or anything, I just yelled. When I was seven. The idea that she might not instantly burst into flames during an armed robbery is preposterous.

Oh no, an old woman is buying stuff at Fanny May. It's like a BDSM club where everyone just beats the shit out of each other and loves it.

These aren't the mummy-fighting women of the Tomb Raider generation. They aren't even your hippy mom who probably gave a hand job to some drummer from a jam band when she was 15. These are women from a generation that thought kissing would get them pregnant until they actually got pregnant. Their entire generation *wore hats.* Not even regular hats with some degree of utility, I'm talking the little beanie hats with mesh and fake flowers. Even a totally unarmed robber speaking in a gentle voice would cause a series of firecracker-like cardiac incidents among the employees at a Fanny May.

I'm pretty sure "fanny" is also British for "vagina," which is a word association you don't want popping up unbidden while watching white spit-foam form in the corners of an octogenarian's mouth.

We purchased a little bit of candy for way too much money and got a whole lot of depression, on the house. We drove back to our apartment. At around eight we got a call from the realtor. Their counter wasn't showing nearly as much movement as we would have liked, but it also wasn't one of those cheesy symbolic counter offers where they reduce the asking price by like 50 dollars so you get the message and fuck off. Negotiations moved quickly after that, zipping back and forth between our realtor and the seller's realtor. In reality, they probably weren't even negotiating. They'd probably settled on a price hours earlier in a hotel bar and they were just calling up the respective parties between torrid sex sessions to enact their little scheme. No, I don't really trust realtors that much, why do you ask?

We reached a price. It was more than we wanted to pay, but just close enough to our somewhat arbitrary upper limit as to make us cave. It was right in the average range for other houses in the neighborhood, so we could at least be happy that we hadn't just paid the most for a house on the block.

It's not ours yet. There is a long ton of paperwork, all manner of inspections and a disgusting array of fees and expenses. I feel elated, at how great the house is and how much nicer it's going to be than our apartment. I also feel terrified, because it's our first house and the mortgage is enough debt to make me insane.

I'm also a little sad to be trading the city for the suburbs. I moved to Chicago from a small town and it has been a great experience. The city will still be within spitting distance, but I know, deep down, that it will be an infrequent trip. Once or twice a month at the most. I'll miss the complexity and bustle of the city. I'll miss the dizzying amount of options for entertainment and I'll feel like I never really took advantage of them when they were right next door. I'll miss the 100 year old walk up apartments and all of their character. I'll miss the scrap metal hunter-gatherers in their pickups and the cops who laugh when you report a hit and run accident. I'll even miss the dead body in the gutter.

Most of all, I'll miss that damn fat and old Chinese guy in a business suit riding a skateboard. I'm trading him in for a Vietnamese family behind the counter of a delicatessen.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.25 The Play By Play

Saturday, Mar 25, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Paul: I can't believe he just sank that shot! If you had given an infinite number of monkeys an infinite number of typewriters and an infinite amount of time, none of them would have made that basket. That was without a doubt the greatest play in the history of sports, and probably the most culturally significant event since little Elian Gonzalez went back to Cuba or stayed in the United States.

Dickie V: That's right, baby! That's what makes college hoops so exhilarating that I have to constantly yell! That's why the NCAA tournament supercedes your favorite shows or forces them to air reruns!

Paul: So now with two minutes on the clock, Florida and Villanova are tied. It's a much closer game than anyone could have anticipated, considering Villanova isn't even here due to their team bus getting stuck in a tight hallway that the driver thought he could clear.

Dickie V: That's right, Paul. When the announcement was broadcast over the PA system, the Florida half of the stadium went absolutely bonkers while the Villanova faithful went so silent that you could cook an egg on the sidewalk. We thought it was over, baby! Finito before it startedo!

Paul: And somehow, despite the setback of not actually being here, Villanova is keeping this a tight game. These kids have real heart, Dickie. They make me feel like a weak man who should be ashamed to occupy the same stadium that they aren't in.

Dickie V: Rightfully so, baby!

Paul: I hope your seats have comfortable edges, folks, because I have the feeling you're going to be standing for the duration of this one. This has all the makings of a down-to-the-wire nail biter!

Dickie V: Oh God, I hope this one doesn't go into overtime!

Paul: Haha, your heart can't take the tension?

Dickie V: No, I've got somewhere to be!

Paul: Oh, you've got plans?

Dickie V: An appointment at the fertility clinic! I've been trying to have a baby, baby!

Paul: I didn't even realize you were married, Dickie! I wish you and your wife all the luck in the world.

Dickie V: I don't have a wife, I'm driving to the lane solo on this one! I tell ya, trying to conceive a child by myself is proving more difficult than I had anticipated! I'm pretty sure it's just my technique though, once I learn to plant my feet firmly and follow through with my wrist the right way I'll be gold!

Paul: Well, I hear there's a- oh my God a tiger has run onto the court and mauled one of Florida's players! That boy's face is just dangling there like a clump of stringy cheese hanging off the side of a slice of pizza!

Dickie V: I'm always telling young players that you've got to have the passion and the drive to keep your face attached to your skull or that will happen to you every time.

Paul: But wait, the officials have blown the play dead and are congregating at the score table... and they're signaling that the tiger did not check himself in before the play! The mauling has been taken off the scoreboard! Oh, what a tremendous error by the tiger.

Dickie V: How can you not check yourself in? It's one of the fundamentals of the game, you've got to check yourself into the game before mauling an opposing player.

Paul: That tiger does not look happy, and he's showing some serious attitude to the head referee. If he doesn't watch it, he'll be - yes, there we are. He's been thrown out of the game. Florida retains possession of the ball with twelve seconds left in a tie game. This is make or break time.

Dickie V: Now you've got to win or go home, baby! And if you live in this stadium, then it will take at least a few hours for everyone to clear out of your home. Then comes the cleaning crew. I guess you'd be looking at a bedtime of somewhere around 1:30am.

Paul: That's just not an acceptable bedtime, not in the least.

Dickie V: Exactly, which is why you want to win.

Paul: Speaking of which, the clock is running out as Florida advances the ball past half court. There's a man wide open under the net. They lob him the ball... AN ALLEY OOP WINS IT! Oh my GOODNESS what a play!

Dickie V: Did you *see* that slam dunk? You've got to be kidding me! A dunk couldn't be more beautiful if Tyra Banks was dunking and the severed head of Charlize Theron was the ball!

Paul: And what's this? The Florida players are removing their uniforms and revealing Duke uniforms which had been hidden beneath! I can't believe it! After getting eliminated this past Thursday evening Duke makes a miracle comeback with the trick play of the century!

Dickie V: That's why you practice in the off season, so it pays off big time in the big game! What a miracle win!

Paul: Absolutely. When everyone else counts you out, including the tournament record keepers, the only people left to believe in you are your teammates.

Dickie V: This was one for the ages, my friend. Who could have possibly seen this coming?

Paul: The Duke players?

Dickie V: Yeah, I guess you're right.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.26 One Flu Over the Cuckoo's Nest

Sunday, Mar 26, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

There is no doubt that we, as Americans, love it when the media tells us some common thing we've been doing for years is potentially fatal. We are a fear-based culture, and because the media has not yet figured out how to graft advertisements onto the backs of our eyelids they want to be sure we are sitting on the couch watching the news when they run their groundbreaking report linking sedentary lifestyles and obesity.

It's cute now, but wait until it takes your whole family from you and gives you just enough of the flu to make your dick stop working.

Last summer's Next Big Scare, the destructive force of hurricanes, is quickly wearing thin with viewers. A number of media mishaps and bizarre cultural mistakes, stemming from the horrible effects of hurricane Katrina, have desensitized consumers and left a general sense of apathy regarding bad weather and the president not caring about black people. Here are a few examples:

- Every surviving white person in New Orleans has been airlifted directly to the secret warehouse where all television media is produced. They were only allowed to leave when they mustered up the sadness to cry in front of Katie Couric, who managed to find an insightful anecdote about her children for every single story. Those who refused to laugh at her tales were ushered into Star Jones' dressing room, where they were promptly eaten alive while the T-Rex noise from "Jurassic Park" played in the background to set the mood.

- A test group of teenagers found Carlos Mencia's segment about a "Wet State Contest," including a drawing of Louisiana with giant breasts and protruding nipples, to be highly un-PC. Mencia reportedly masturbated to the comment for three days straight before killing himself when he discovered "highly un-PC" is teen slang for "Carlos Mencia is an unfunny fag."

- The upcoming EA title "Sean Murray's Stagnant Cesspool Wakeboarding" had its funding pulled after parents complained about the cover, which featured the star wakeboarder doing a trick off of a bloated corpse.

- A proposed swimming match between Al Franken and Bill O'Reilly, set to take place in the crater that once housed the superdome, was canceled when promoters found out no one fucking cares.

This is plus the fact that there are only a handful of coastal states. Landlocked states, such as Indiana, were forced to worry about theological matters instead, such as the deadly inevitability of the rapture and if fucking your sister was still a sin if you moved to Kentucky.

But worry not, landlocked readers! Or actually, worry a lot, because the media has found yet another thing that, like Dracula, is coming soon and will certainly kill every last one of us! Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the horrible, wonderful, Asian Bird Flu!

"Hey, Evan," you may be saying, assuming you're a bored, uptight soccer mom with nothing better to do. "It's not the *Asian* Bird Flu anymore. That's racist. Just call it Bird Flu."

Well, reader, I want to tell you something: Asians are proud to have started the outbreak that will inevitably kill us all. The whole continent has a plan. They only send their finest citizens (for

instance, Yao Ming and Tia Carerra) to the States. Because of this us Americans are convinced that Asians are actually a breed of superpeople. It is a little-known fact that the real Asia, the Asia we don't know about, is filled with fat men and screechy, chain-smoking women. If there's a doomsday plague coming Asians want to be responsible for it so they could laugh about it before making snide comments about how fat Americans are.

But it's all ok. In preparation for this awful disease, which hasn't even moved to America and has only killed a handful of people worldwide, the government has formulated a plan to keep us all safe – it wants us to stash tuna and powdered milk under our beds for a few weeks. This isn't for nutrition, though. The government, after seeking help from its secret coven of shamans and voodoo priests, has made a discovery: Much like putting a line of salt at your door stops ghosts from coming in, tuna and powdered milk scare away bird-borne pathogens.

Stop making out with that bird! Don't you know it's ?

Take, for instance, this recently filmed public service announcement, set to air sometime between PBS' showings of "The Red Green Show" and "Shitty British Sitcom Nobody Gives a Fuck About":

> *[Open in a bathroom. TOM is sitting in a bathtub full of tuna and scrubbing his hair with canned milk. A window in the background shows huge fires and flashing sirens, and muffled commotion can be heard. Enter JANICE.]*
> **Janice:** Tom! What on Earth are you doing?
> **Tom:** Protecting myself from the Bird Flu, darling. The government... they say this is the only way to keep my family safe.
> **Janice:** What about the fallout shelter they told us to build for the West Nile Virus?
> **Tom:** It's just not enough, baby. Mosquitoes, they're stupid. Can't work their way through the deadly laser grids. Birds, though... they're everywhere. And they're *smart*. They'd hack the access panel and infect us before we ever had a chance to fight them off.
> **Janice:** That's just silly, Tom. I don't really think a...
> *[Before JANICE can finish her thought a bloody bird with a smirk on its face crashes into the window. It breaks its neck, and as it skids down the glass with a trail of blood following it, sinister music plays. JANICE puts hands to face.]*
> **Tom:** I reinforced the windows today, too. CNN says it's a nightmare out there and with all those sirens I can't disagree.
> *[JANICE begins stripping while looking at TOM.]*
> **Janice:** Well, I've never bathed in tuna before, but...
> **Tom:** Don't worry, my dick does it every night.
> **Janice:** Huh?
> **Tom:** Nevermind. What's for dinner?
> **Janice:** Tuna and canned milk.
> **Tom:** You bitch.

Like any contingency plan, of course, there are potential bugs in the system. While the government's stern warning to keep tuna and canned milk under our beds shows a great amount of research and foresight by FEMA and various other acronyms, more planning needs to be done. Why? Because Bird Flu is a virus. It is perfectly capable of mutating and spreading from human to human, not unlike Anna Nicole Smith after a visit to the Cheesecake, Valium & Whisky Emporium over on I-95. Tuna is not enough because the Bird Flu could easily spread to tuna, thus creating Tuna Flu. The tuna business is booming now, and if a fisherman caught the flu while harvesting one of the fish,

then the processed fish itself spread the disease, too – to put it scientifically, we'd be fucked. *Fucking* fucked. Then, if the Bird Flu itself got around to mutating we'd have poultry and fish flus all over the goddamn place, and then we'd be further fucked.

Ladies and gentlemen, we need a plan.

Luckily, you all have Something Awful on your side. We are the Internet's bastion of advocacy, and when we're not forwarding chain letter emails about the dangers of Febreeze and exploding parrots, we're out there advocating shit. Because of the potential dangers of the Bird Flu, or worse, the Tuna Flu, we are now advocating safety. Using a table with HTML I stole from Josh "Chivesocks" Dandruff, I now present to you a comprehensive list of things you should do, as well as things you shouldn't do, during the upcoming pandemic:

DO:

- Wear a ventilator mask when at all possible. Bird Flu is, of course, rendered totally obsolete by thin papier-mache masks.
- Take extreme precaution if you attend cock-fighting matches. My buddy Rob told me trainers suck the blood out of their fighter's nose to let it breathe between rounds, and that shit can't be healthy.
- Decline a girl when she asks you on a date if you feel she's a "chicken head."

DO NOT:

- Put one ventilator mask on each side of your head and start yelling "HEY, SOMEONE FOUND A BRA FOR TIT-HEAD, HA HA." Birds are enraged by the sight of Tit-Head, and hate Internet humor writers who reference old Adam Sandler movies just as much.
- Roll around in the blood and gore of a defeated opponent's chicken, even if you *really* want to show that motherfucker who the boss is now.
- Spray said girl in the face with Lysol if you feel she's a "chicken head." While those types of girls can carry the virus, Lysol does not kill it.

Suffice to say, heeding these tips, along with keeping a supply of tuna and powdered milk, will set you well on your way to a happy, healthy life, even while your friends are puking their guts out on the bloodstained, plague-ravaged streets.

There seems to be more hope for humanity every day. Earlier this week, in one of its twenty-six billion articles on Bird Flu and how the government swears up and down it is not being reactionary, CNN reported a scientific discovery that normal bird flu develops too deep in the lungs to harm that many people. This was a shock to CNN readers, who were undoubtedly frazzled when they had to click through no less than six pop-up ads per page to read the story. Of course, these pop-up ads were relevant to the story. Anyone interested in Bird Flu is undoubtedly interested in a pill that will enlarge your penis *and* make you better at poker so you can win money online and save more when you click a link for a free Xbox 360.

That's right, folks. Different social groups have varying amounts of exposure to birds. A birdkeeper may see birds every day, while professional atheletes rarely see them unless they are breaded, fried, and thrown in a bucket. To get the most out of the Bird Flu experience, we've whipped together a quick guide so you can choose which lifestyle best suits you:

- **Mormons**: As members of the world's most prolific suicide cult, Mormons have decided to end it all as soon as the flu hits. To accomplish this goal they will formally adopt the practice of chicken-fucking, an activity most members of the cult have long enjoyed in secret. On top of that, any hats they look into to talk to god will be filled with sparrow guts, and children at church services will be forced to play games of "bobbing for apples in a tub full of bird bowels."

- **Hipsters**: Hipsters are well-known for their talents, which include pretending to not like anything and doing other stuff while complaining about how much they dislike it. Most people don't know this, but hipsters loved the Bird Flu a few years ago when it was just in China and hardly anyone knew about it. Now that the mainstream media has picked it up, the flu seems kind of watered-down and boring. To combat the flu's transformation into an efficinent human killer, hipsters will now wear respirator masks with a favorite band's logo sewn on the front, all the while complaining about that asshole Jerry wearing a respirator, too.
- **Something Awful Forums Members**: It's hard to shout a catchphrase when you've got a mask strapped to your face. Having a goonmeet over at the Wendy's where your cousin works just isn't the same if you can't order your favorite double-chicken-and-bacon burger. Luckily, being on the cutting edge of Internet in-jokes requires a lot of time indoors, and that is a Goon's natural habitat. Especially with the release of Oblivion, Goons aren't too scared of the possibility of a pandemic – they'll be indoors, coding a mod to make every character look like Chuck Norris. And that, my friends, will be LOL indeed.

In the long run, avoiding Bird Flu will revolve around two things: Being cautious and hooking an IV drip up to your arm so you'll never have to step away from the warm glow of televised news. The media knows what's going on and wants to be sure you are safe while watching commercials for Bagel Bites and those hilarious Geico ads with the cavemen.

You can't laugh at funny cavemen when you're dead from Bird Flu, right? Right. Now get on that couch and don't get up for six months. I hear they have a tuna expert on MSNBC talking about Tuna Flu right now.

Daily Dirt Hurf Hurf

My birthday was this week. To see another one of my amazing gifts, click here to be bored beyond belief!

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

3.27 INCORPORATION: The Strangler Fig

Monday, Mar 27, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Incorporation
THE STRANGLER FIG

The dream was gone and that only made it worse.

Since early childhood Jonathon had experienced a vivid recurring vision in which he drifted slowly over the treetops of a great jungle. The trees reached out to the horizons. He bathed in the rich and complex bouquet of damp earth, blooming flowers, decay and thousands of animals and insects. The miasma of life and death in the jungle was something he drank. It sustained him in his dream.

When he grew into a teenager the bookshelf in his bedroom overflowed with thick volumes about jungles. He fixated on lush picture books, travelogues, studies of indigenous tribes and even the occasional novel. He was trapped in Indiana and his family was not rich, so he knew that he would never see the jungle in person. He lived as a voyeur. It did not satisfy him. Only in his dreams did he truly understand and experience that jungle.

Then the jungle was gone. He slept, he rested, but there were no dreams. He begged God for them to return. He prayed for closure. Let the jungle burn. Let it fester and dissolve in disease. There was no ending, just a disappearance. An absence.

Jonathon went to doctors and psychologists in total secrecy. They prescribed vitamins and sleeping pills and told him to avoid sugar and caffeine. They coached him on breathing exercises and lucid dreaming techniques.

When he left for college the only concession to his vague hope that the dream might return was a meditation crystal set into silver on a chain around his neck. He forgot why he wore it. He graduated with a Bachelor's degree in consumer forecasting and returned home. His books about the jungle were in a box in the basement. He left them to the mold.

Omni TrendPro was hiring consumer forecasters in Toledo. Politics were the buzz at the time. Voter metrics and consumer pattern overlap. Old parties and old divisions were melting away. The geopolitical topography had shifted. The nation was purple. It was the dawn of the age of Total Democracy.

Jonathon Fortune found his way to an entry level position at TrendPro running local processing cycles on satellite output. His job title was "junior forecasting technician." He was just a babysitter for algorithms designed to take the mathematical data predictions from Satellite Hub 48 "Amanda" and integrate these predictions into a set of targeted consumer predictions. It was a simple process.

Amanda predicts wheat shortages in the Ukraine, a 9% increase in the sale of Nike tennis shoes in Kentucky, reduced infant mortality in Thailand for Q3 and one new single from Kaiser Frank expected to hit #3 on the British pop charts. Jonathon Fortune runs his algorithm and discovers that all of this seemingly unconnected information indicates a .7% increased wholesale demand for vat-grown bio-plastics from NatPlat. He takes the output to his boss, Neil Treadwell. Neil Treadwell either gives that prediction to someone else higher up the food chain or he goes straight to NatPlat and makes the pitch.

That was how the routine worked at first. That was how it worked for everyone else.

Most of Jonathon's peers in Omni's junior forecasting cluster were doomed to move sideways. They ran the algorithms and filed their reports, but they were content being babysitters. A few with good interpersonal skills might move over to group management. One or two might find their way to sales. The rest would either spend their entire career running algorithms or they would leave the company.

The raw data from Amanda was too much for a single man to consciously interpret. Senior analysts used advanced custom software suites and thousands of spreadsheets and they were still just nudging algorithms in the right direction or doing a few lines of coding every week. Jonathon didn't bother with that sort of thing. He would never understand on a supply chain level how saffron harvesting shortfalls in Bahrain could cause a fractional decrease in the cost of Colorado rolled tungsten.

He abandoned the how and why of the equation to the algorithms, but Jonathon gained an intuitive understanding of the relationships. One day, with no warning or premonition, his above average understanding of the predictions blossomed into his own organic prediction process. Jonathon could forecast like the algorithms or the satellite, but purely on instinct.

He was a synaesthetic savant and he experienced his predications as a multi-sensory fugue. Shifting colors, smells, sounds and even objects represented people, places, things and numbers. The way they moved, their size and their intensity represented the flow of action. In this fugue state Jonathon would navigate a landscape of his imagining, but it was not alien to him, it was all locked tight in a self-made logic that allowed him to beat the software. He never knew whether his brain was simply guessing with incredible accuracy or if, on some obscured and deeply subconscious level, it was performing the staggering calculations usually reserved for dedicated computers.

Jonathon came to know as well as any block of code that 97 minute traffic delays on the Bloomberg in New York would result in a .03 percent increase in the cost of a wedding cake in Brooklyn. If the wedding cake cost rose in conjunction with a maintenance stoppage at Bermuda Deep Refining Platform 6, Jonathon could tell you without looking at the algorithm output that a woman's fall jacket from Lau Sai Textile Amalgamated would cost two RMB less in Beijing for the next 48 hours.

Jonathon kept his ability a secret for a number of years. He knew his peers would either hate him or dump their workload on him without a full understanding of his talent. He quietly ran sidebars with the algorithm outputs and watched in amazement as his predictions regularly beat the software. He was also exponentially faster. After seven years he could assemble the jigsaws of links in the Amanda output almost instantly. He would speed-read through the screens and by the time he hit the last Page Down on his keyboard he had his predictions. The computers - even the new quantum units - had to laboriously run every possible variable individually.

Nine years and ten months after Jonathon stopped dreaming of the jungle, his strange secret escaped.

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Amanda maintained Molniya orbit over the surface of the earth. She was manufactured in 2003 by Elliptical Enterprises and remote-upgraded by the maintenance satellite Centipede in 2011. She was a broadband communications satellite built around 16 articulated directional dishes and a Neutron III logic processor. Amanda was responsible for monitoring encrypted and open signals from 4,896 sources around the globe. She orbited the earth every 12 hours and collected burst transmissions like a girl picking flowers. She filled her basket. She pressed them between pages. Once per orbital cycle she encrypted her processed data, focused her transmission dish and sent a 93-second broadband squirt to the receiver on the roof of the Omni TrendPro office in Toledo, Ohio.

Beneath Amanda was the incomparable marvel of the earth, but she could not look. For 12 hours per earth rotation the brilliant glow of the sun was at her back, but she could not look. On April 2nd at 09:04:34.34 GMT the sun ejected the largest coronal mass since 1989. Protons and electrons sped towards the fragile gem beneath her. Amanda was oblivious. She carried on listening, as always, to the chatter of her 4,896 friends.

The coronal mass smashed into the earth's magnetosphere and a tempest grew, invisible and deadly. The magnetosphere distended like a water balloon and bled out on the night side of the earth into a raging cyclone. Electrons and ions filled the darkness. The aurora surged with unearthly color. At 09:33:20.21 GMT Amanda plunged into the funnel of particles. An indicator blinked yellow on a technician's LCD screen at Canberra Station 3, but Amanda was oblivious. She was shielded against blasts of cosmic radiation and self-sealing against micro-meteors, but she was old and metal by satellite standards. Hair-thin whips of particles lashed her body and she began to build up differential charges.

A tremor passed through her data. The voices went silent. Amanda fumbled to hear them. She tuned her dishes. She wrung her hands. Electricity arced and flashed. She went numb on one side like a stroke victim. Electricity arced again and her logic processor reset. She died an instant later. An indicator blinked red at Canberra 3. Amanda screamed one last time; a desperate and agonized 3-second burst dump of her buffer files.

Amanda fell and burned and became a data point in another satellite's stream of predictions. Her epitaph was part of a .004 percent Q4 sales downturn for a malt liquor company in St. Louis, Missouri making beer flavored with chemically imitated Kool-Aid.

In Toledo, the system collapsed. Head Office in City One said it would take three hours to relocate one of the geosynchronous satellites. A pause that long in data collection meant a much longer interruption in accurate predictions. Events were interconnected. You couldn't just cut a full cycle and then some out of the middle and expect the frayed ends to tie up nice and neat. A lapse in data coverage would mean a month or more before full accuracy was restored.

Neil Treadwell called all of the senior and junior analysts into the conference room and explained the situation. There would be millions in lost revenue and there would be dozens of lost jobs. Word from Head Office was that if the losses were bad enough the Toledo office might be folded into the Detroit office.

"We could get past the three hour outage," Treadwell explained, "but all we have for today's coverage is a raw dump from the satellite. Unfiltered buffer. Absolutely useless."

Treadwell tossed the cards containing Amanda's buffer transmission onto the table. The junior analysts grumbled and hung their heads. The senior analysts clustered around Treadwell and spoke in hushed tones, each trying to explain why their job was vital to the company.

Jonathon Fortune surreptitiously scooped the buffer cards into his hand and shuffled out of the meeting room. An hour later Treadwell told everyone they could go home for the day.

"Update your resume," he advised.

Jonathon set to work in the darkened office. The data was garbled. It took him an hour just to sort it chronologically and another to decipher the numeric location codes that were normally stripped out of the predictions. That gave him a list of events; purchases, accidents, sicknesses, deaths, births, natural disasters and thousands of seemingly mundane incidents.

Each incident was described in plain text with names and detailed statistics. There was security footage of a car hitting the rear bumper of a utility van in Leeds and causing minor damage. There was a recording of a cell phone conversation interrupted by a woman cursing and saying she dropped

a quarter down a storm sewer. There was a wireless baby monitor transmitting the choking and gasping of an infant suffocating in its crib.

There were also thousands of purely environmental or natural data points. There was a web of information from oceanic weather buoys, deep sea coal extraction rigs, upper-atmospheric balloons, weather stations and rain catches. Every resource that mankind monitored was caught in a snapshot by Amanda's buffer.

The number of recorded incidents was staggering and strange. Many originated from bizarre or unclear sources. There were hundreds of thousands of financial transactions. The daily flow of commerce accounted for the vast majority of records in the buffer.

The data populated the strange imagery of Jonathon's predictive fugue. He explored this new landscape. He mapped its contours and scaled its peaks. After more than hour, sweating and red-eyed, Jonathon eased back into his office chair and began typing out the predictions.

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"We're really going to miss you." Meghan exhaled tequila on Jonathon's face and smacked a sloppy wet kiss on his mouth.

A few of the girls from sales whistled with glee at the drunken show of affection. Meghan sauntered back to her clique and they giggled amongst themselves. Kyle from HR had been put in charge of the going-away party and he had been a bit too free with petty cash at the liquor store.

"City One." Raj, one of Jonathon's fellow junior analysts, shook his head and took a gulp from his cup. "You've made the big time, my man."

"It's not that great," Jonathon countered. "Just a little raise and a new office."

"Tell that to the senior analysts."

Raj draped his arm around Jonathon's shoulder and turned him in the direction of the nook the senior analysts had staked out as their turf for the duration of the party. Several of them were glaring and the rest were obviously muttering.

"They do look pissed." Jonathon laughed.

"And isn't that the most important thing?"

Later, as the party was wrapping up and the drunks were staggering out to catch the bus or hail a cab, Neil Treadwell called Jonathon into his office. He gestured to a chair.

"Congratulations." Treadwell smiled and slid a package across the desk.

Jonathon opened it and was surprised to find an expensive executive assistant pad. It sang to life when he tapped the stylus.

"This is too much, Mr. Treadwell."

"No, no." Treadwell shook his head. "You beat the odds. Hell, you beat the house. You're moving up and you're special."

"I'm sure you'll get promoted in-"

Treadwell waved away Jonathon's consolation.

"This is my place, Jonathon. I've been working in the Toledo office for thirty years. I'm regional upper-management material and I'm happy with that."

"You do a good job," offered Jonathon.

"I do a good job here in Toledo." Treadwell agreed with good humor. "You, on the other hand, are just starting your rise to the top. There was another person who went to Head Office about two years before you started here, a gal by the name of Nora Easley. She had a head like yours for the game. Of course it was a lot different back then, but I think you'll hit it off with her if you get in touch. She was in charge of data acquisition for the region, back before Head Office handled all of that. She was the one feeding satellites. I put her name and office number in that planner. Give her a call when you get to City One."

"I'll do that, Mr. Treadwell."

They shook hands and Treadwell gave Jonathon a paternal pat on the back. Jonathon didn't look back as he carried his meager box of possessions out into the TrendPro parking lot.

The halogen lights buzzed orange and the night moths cast strange fluttering shadows across the asphalt. Jonathon's gaze was drawn across the street to the red and blue strobe of a police car's lights flashing against an immense concrete parking structure. A young man and a young woman in desert camouflage jackets and knit caps sat cuffed on the curb. One police officer leaned lazily against the passenger side of the cruiser. Another cop stood near the parking structure's wall shining his Maglite at a patch of graffiti.

"FIGHT THE FUTURE!" The graffiti proclaimed in red, white and blue paint. "RESIST! SUBVERT!"

Jonathon averted his eyes as he walked past them to the plastic enclosure of the bus stop. Once inside he studied his shoes, looking over only once as the doors slammed shut and the cruiser pulled away with an amplified burble of its siren.

The sun burned through the floor-to-ceiling window of the meeting room and warmed Jonathon's face. He looked down on the old monuments of Washington from the 188th floor of Unity Tower. The monuments were hard to spot, carefully tended and maintained, but hemmed in by the future of progress. The new ranks of cherry blossom trees in Park One looked like puffs of cotton at this distance. He imagined their smell.

"You're early, Wunderkind."

Jonathon turned and faced Milton Powell, the head of Global Metrics and Jonathon's direct superior.

"I thought I would get a feel for the place," Jonathon shrugged with forced nonchalance.

The wealth and power of the TrendPro offices in Unity Tower intimidated him. Walls were paneled in polished teak, logos were cast in pure silver and desks were made from colored glass. Even the computers used showy TrueD screens that looked like oversized shoebox dioramas and made text difficult to read. He had to buy new shoes after his first day because his cheap loafers scuffed the marble floor mosaics. Milton Powell had simply handed him a company card with unlimited credit and told him to buy what he needed.

Milton joined Jonathon at the window and sipped his cup of coffee.

"Quite a view."

"Yes, sir." Jonathon replied. "I'd never been to City One."

"That's not City One." Milton waved his hand at the glass. "Those are ruins with caretakers. Twilight of the Idols, Jon. City One is in here."

Milton made a vague gesture that Jonathon took to be some ridiculous notion of the ideals of Total Democracy living in the hearts of all free men. Then he realized that Milton meant Unity Tower.

"Out there it's just ghosts." Milton sipped his coffee and then continued. "Have you watched C-SPAN lately?"

Jonathon shook his head.

"No one even bothers to run the government anymore. Hell, 82 of the senators vote based on algorithms written in this very office."

Milton read the confusion on Jonathon's face.

"They're dead, Jon. We get the consent of their families, of course. It's all above-board. Then we run their old TV spots with some new music, get the bloggers going, maybe generate some attack ads and seed some op-eds. They get reelected and our software takes over from there. It votes like they did, with a few tweaks here and there when we feel it's necessary."

"What about the other 24?" Jonathon felt it was the best question, but Milton just laughed.

"The 24 living senators? Running scared right to the hospital. Most of them are on so much life support they might as well be our software. They think living on as software is somehow ignoble, but they're wrong. It's a legacy. It's their ideals being carried out in perpetuity."

"With a few tweaks here and there." Jonathon looked back out at the cherry blossoms.

Milton raised his coffee cup in a salute.

"Ross and Kummel are going to be at the meeting today, so look sharp." Milton drained the last of his coffee. "They're not running things but they sometimes like to think they are and they can be pretty demanding. Whatever they ask for, just say 'yes' and we'll figure out if we have to turn them down later."

"President Ross?" Jonathon felt nauseas.

"And Lianna Kummel from the EU." Milton dragged his finger down the window and it darkened to opaque black with a hiss. "She's been riding us for a yearly forecast. I want you to tell her you can do it."

"A yearly forecast...of what exactly?"

"Everything. We had some predictions in Q1 that disappointed the EU and now they want the big picture all at once. Namely, we advised them that if they denied aid to China after that earthquake it would cause a 3% increase in steel revenue. It fell through and the EU looked like assholes with

nothing to show for it."

"You told them to deny aid to China after an earthquake?"

"Is there an echo in here?" Milton snapped back. "It was the wrong call, we don't promise to always give them the right call, but don't get indignant on me. That's how the game works, Jon. We're talking level four forecasting here. We give them the forecasts and it's up to them to figure out how to nudge the predictions to get the results they want."

Heels clicked smartly on the marble floor. An older woman in the season's business feminine strode into the meeting room.

"They're all here." The woman looked exasperated. "Ross is already glancing at his watch."

"Bring them in." Milton sent her away and inclined his head towards Jonathon. "Shine for me."

Jonathon felt like throwing up.

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++ JONATHON FORTUNE WILL MURDER THE PRESIDENT IN EIGHT DAYS.

Jonathon checked the satellite predictions and rechecked the algorithm output. He requested and received a raw dump from Satellite Hub 6 "Icarus" and came away with the same answer. Jonathon Fortune will murder the president in eight days.

Jonathon had never taken a life. He couldn't fathom a motivation for killing someone. He could barely comprehend the magnitude of killing a person; truncating everything they ever would or could be. Jonathon had never willingly taken the life of something larger than an insect and even then he felt vague pangs of guilt.

Seeing his name in the prediction was nearly as big a shock to Jonathon as the prediction itself. Predications occasionally cropped up that addressed individuals. Jonathon vividly remembered an incident a year ago when the name "Michael Sparrow" came up three times. Michael Sparrow will fly from Palo Alto to Tokyo in three days. Michael Sparrow's ADM-40 Manta will crash into the Pacific Ocean in nineteen hours. Michael Sparrow will die of dehydration-related organ failure in three days. TrendPro sold the last snippet of data to Sparrow's family for half a million dollars. Japanese rescue teams found his baked corpse in an emergency raft a week later.

Could there be another Jonathon Fortune?

It seemed plausible. He took the elevator down to the third sub-floor archives and set two logic routines searching for various permutations of his name. After a lunch in the cafeteria that was unusually unpalatable he found himself fighting eyestrain to read the results of his search on his TrueD screen. There were other Jonathon Fortunes, they just weren't alive anymore.

With reluctance and a strange sense of guilt, Jonathon methodically deleted all of the references to himself. The satellites could make mistakes. The algorithms could make mistakes. Jonathon could make mistakes. No matter how much he tried to convince himself that the prediction was wrong, he couldn't believe that the mistake could be made on all three levels. The only logical explanation remaining was that one of the data points was incorrect.

He called up a telephone directory for the TrendPro offices in Unity Tower. He had never spoken to anyone responsible for modifying the sensors that transmitted data to the satellite hubs. He wasn't even sure which department to contact or what exactly the sensors were. Maintenance took him to an automated system to request repair services for satellite receivers and transmitters. Press one for services in Unity Tower, press two for terrestrial maintenance, press three for orbital maintenance.

Jonathon continued to scroll through the directory listings.

Monitoring Management was a department in the darkest depths of the sub-floors that kept track of bandwidth usage and stability. A call to Cosmic Predicative Telemetry transferred Jonathon to a tracking station somewhere in the Andes that was trying to forecast cosmic events that might impact TrendPro's satellite fleet. The guy on the other end did nothing but complain about his budget being cut.

"Fuck. Head. Office." The executive in the Andes slammed down the telephone.

Data Acquisition. The department's name was familiar, but the line was listed with an arcane security clearance code. When he dialed the number an automated system requested Jonathon's employee ID number and personal employee pin number. Jonathon dutifully entered the information, but was returned to a message apologizing that his clearance was inadequate.

Jonathon opened the executive assistant pad to make a note to ask Milton about Data Acquisition. No sooner had Jonathon heard the jangle of the pad's startup than he remembered how he knew the department's name. He tapped the stylus and the contact information for Nora Easley resolved on the screen. His fingers fumbled with anxiety and he had to redial the number twice.

"This line is no longer in service. Omni TrendPro apologizes for the inconvenience. This line is-."

Jonathon hung up and dialed Nora's personal phone number. Three rings were followed by a strange clicking noise.

"Hello." A man answered.

"Is this Nora Easley's number?"

The line went dead. Jonathon redialed, but there was no answer.

Jonathon stared at a framed reproduction of Vermeer's The Geographer that someone had selected for his office. He squeezed the stylus in his hand until the plastic creaked with strain. Cold fear rattled his teeth.

He snapped out of his stupor and pawed at the speed dial on his phone.

"This is Milton."

"Mr. Powell, I'm feeling a bit ill. I think I need to take the afternoon off."

"Jonnnnnn." Milton stretched the name into a sentence. "You've only been here six weeks and you're already taking afternoons off? Well, I'd like to join you on the green, but some of us actually work."

"I'm sorry, I...I suppose I could-"

"Come on," Milton interrupted, "I'm just giving you a hard time. Take the rest of the day off. No big deal."

****

Jonathon's shaking subsided on the high-speed rail line to Unity Plaza 33. Jonathon liked to think of Plaza 33 as sub-luxury apartments. The facility had the trappings of luxury, but the apartments were small and bare. He fumbled with his trendy retro keys at the door. When he found the right key and pressed it against the deadbolt the door fell open a few inches. He pushed into the foyer and flipped on the lights.

He was slammed against the wall so hard that the LED strip above him flickered for an instant.

Jonathon struggled to breathe and blinked away spots that burst in his vision. A dark shape loomed. Something hard and metal pressed against the soft flesh behind his chin and his head was forced back until he was looking at the ceiling.

"How do you know Nora Easley?" The voice was deep and seasoned with rock salt and whiskey.

"I-I don't." Jonathon gasped.

"How did you get her number?"

"N-n-neil, Neil Treadwell."

A few seconds passed in silence. There was a patting sound and the metallic pressure eased. The arm pinning him against the wall relaxed its grip. His attacker was a neckless bulldog of a man with a lumpy and crooked nose and dark eyes shaded from the foyer light by a City One Sentinels baseball cap.

"You're the guy?" It was a woman's voice.

Nora Easley was only a year or two his senior and she looked the part of a TrendPro executive. She wore her skirt short, her blouse starched and high-collared and her jacket from a designer so exclusive as to be unknown outside of Europe. Her smile was kind but her eyes were tempered steel behind rimless glasses.

"Hilarious." Her tone suggested that the revelation was anything but hilarious. "I figured you would at least put up a fight."

"Wh-what do you mean?" Jonathon massaged the spot under his chin where the bruiser had thrust the barrel of his pistol.

"Sic Semper Tyrannis." She tossed one of Jonathon's notebooks onto the futon. "You're our little assassin, Jonnie Fortune."

"I am not going to kill President Ross." Jonathon blurted.

Nora exchanged a glance with her cohort and her bewildered chuckle was laced with acid.

"President Ross?" She shook her head. "Why would you want to kill him?"

"I-I, I don't want-"

"You're going to kill the President of TrendPro." Nora bit her lower lip and sized Jonathon up. "And I'm going to help you do it."

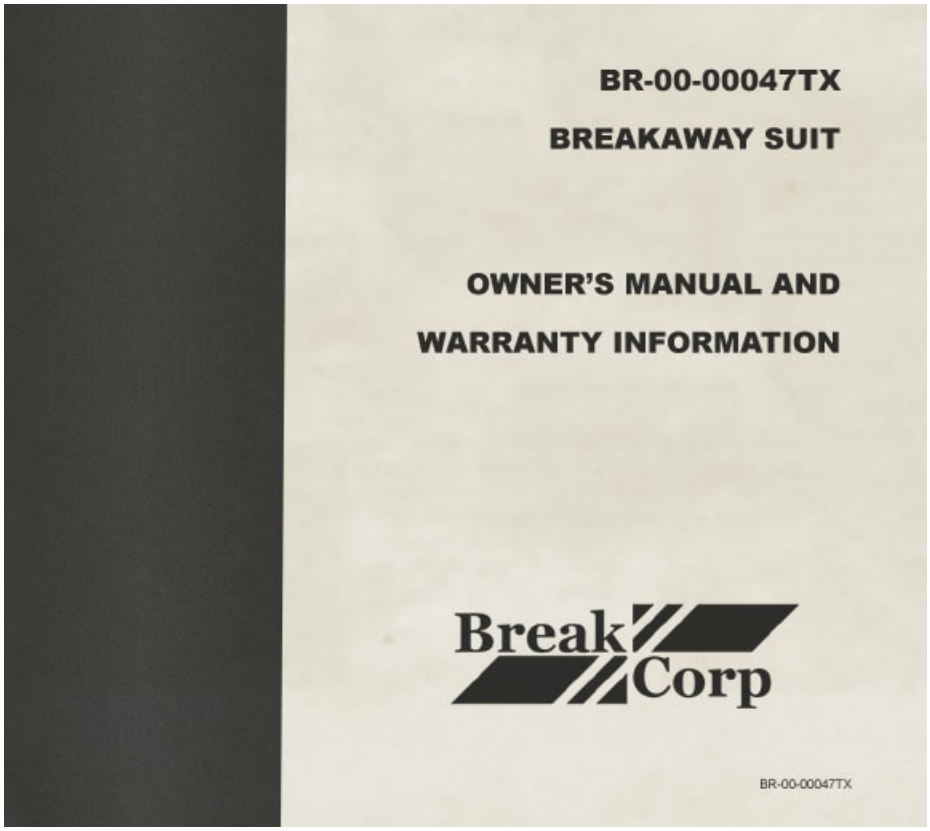
Before Jonathon could verbalize his shock, the bruiser grabbed him by his shirt and dragged him into the living room. He shoved Jonathon down onto the futon. Nora sat primly on Jonathon's lap and absently played with his hair as she explained the way in which he would bring down the world.

To be concluded on Friday.
Artwork by Josh Hass

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.28 Breakaway Suit Owner's Manual

Tuesday, Mar 28, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)



Valued Customer,

Thank you for purchasing BreakCorp's flagship product, the Breaker XT! For over 15 years, BreakCorp has been the worldwide leader in breakaway suit technology. Breakaway suits have been shown to be popular at parties, weddings, concerts, picnics, and many types of sporting events. With proper use and care, your Breaker XT will delight and serve you for years to come. To guarantee your safety, please read the following instructions carefully.

BEFORE UNPACKING

Please ensure that the suit you received conforms to the specifications of your order in terms of size, color, and amount of sequins.

CARE

Store your Breaker XT in a cool, dry place away from open flame. All BreakCorp products are made using easy to clean, stain-resistant fabrics. Most spills can be cleaned with a damp cloth if still wet. Dried red wine or blood stains should be handled by professional BreakCorp certified service personnel.

DIRECTIONS

For best results, it is recommended that you keep your breakaway suit a surprise until the moment you tear it off. Wear your Breaker XT over your undergarment just as you would a regular suit, and attend a social gathering as normal. During a particularly upbeat moment, grab the chest area of your suit firmly with both hands and rip it from your body in one quick motion. Dance or flail wildly. Shouting, "Hey everybody, look at me!" or simply, "Look at me!" is optional but not necessary.

- 1 -

GENERAL PRECAUTIONS

BreakCorp breakaway suits are not recommended for use in severe weather conditions. A strong gust of wind may tear the suit from your body at an inappropriate time. Tearing away your suit during a blizzard may cause you to die.

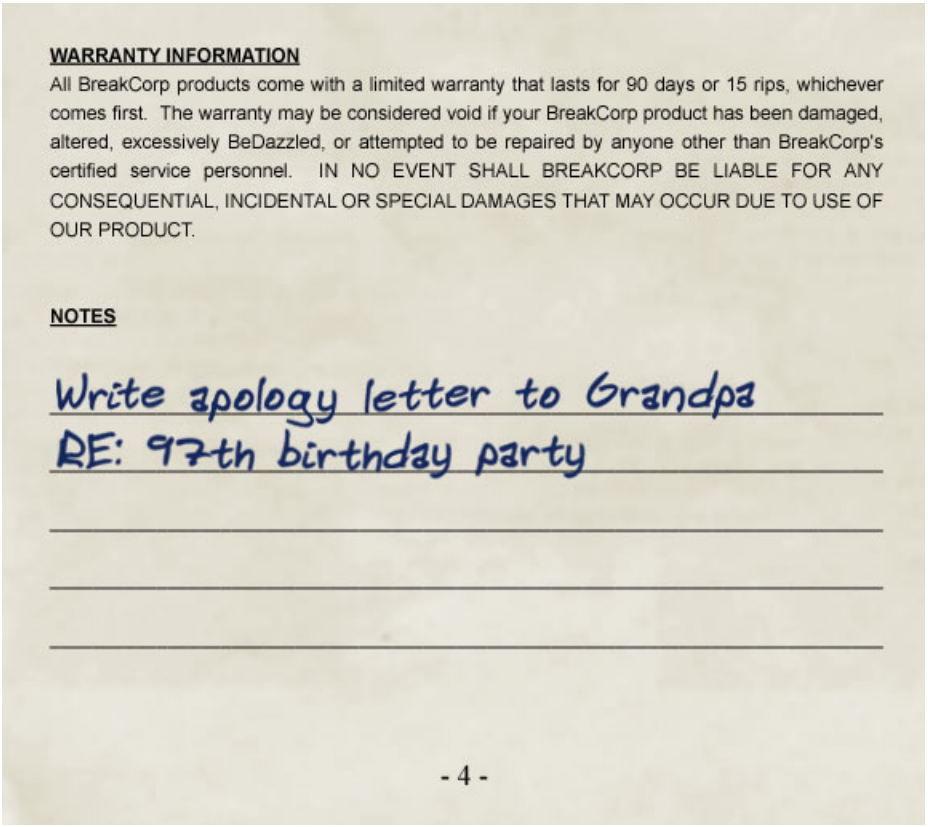
All BreakCorp products are made with flame-resistant fabric, but are not fireproof. Do not attempt to use your BreakCorp breakaway suit in conjuction with any type of pyrotechnic display.

Breakaway suit performance may be less than ideal for persons with extra or missing limbs.

Not for use with pets.

TROUBLESHOOTING

PROBLEM	POSSIBLE SOLUTION
My suit barely rips or will not rip at all.	1) Pull harder 2) Make sure you are indeed wearing a breakaway suit and not a normal suit.
Part of the suit fell off before the moment was right.	Put it back on. Do not confess that you are wearing a breakaway suit. Optionally exclaim, "Dang sweatshops!"
I was thrown out of the party / wedding / social function.	Apologize to the owner of the establishment and any law enforcement officers present.
My wife is mad at me now.	No solution.



WARRANTY INFORMATION

All BreakCorp products come with a limited warranty that lasts for 90 days or 15 rips, whichever comes first. The warranty may be considered void if your BreakCorp product has been damaged, altered, excessively BeDazzled, or attempted to be repaired by anyone other than BreakCorp's certified service personnel. IN NO EVENT SHALL BREAKCORP BE LIABLE FOR ANY CONSEQUENTIAL, INCIDENTAL OR SPECIAL DAMAGES THAT MAY OCCUR DUE TO USE OF OUR PRODUCT.

NOTES

Write apology letter to Grandpa
RE: 97th birthday party

- 4 -

-∼Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

3.29 Progress Report

Wednesday, Mar 29, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The New York Times recently published a story further detailing a British memo on the buildup to the war on Iraq, which in turn talked about President Bush's intention to go to war no matter what, including a lack of evidence to support his charges. In this memo, Bush and Tony Blair got together and rapped about the "inevitable" war, scheduled a tentative date, and brainstormed ideas on how to provoke Saddam Hussein into striking first, all presumably while eating nachos. Those nachos most likely had olives, onions, guacamole, sour cream, a unique in-house salsa, and several kinds of cheese.

The more I learn about the Bush White House, the more I realize that they are living in a crater on the moon, running the country by way of remote controls. They have absolutely no sense of anything anymore and don't seem to care how bad they look. The only knowledge they have about events on Earth comes from conservative radio transmissions picked up in the moon base's communication room. They might have the noblest intentions, but any objective look would show that those intentions differ from the principles and ideals this country was founded some time ago in a galaxy far, far away. And more importantly, what the general population wants, which is less war and more delicious nachos.

Unfortunately the general population is lazy and evil and secular, whereas the power base feeding the current administration tends to be zealous religious folks who want God to be President and Jesus to be Vice-President and believe the apocalypse is right around the corner. I am lazy and evil and secular and I also believe the apocalypse is right around the corner, mostly because of zealous religious folks influencing government, if not running it. I just want religion and politics to be as far apart as possible, because mixing the two inevitably results in insanity and trouble. On the plus side, I kind of hope they do succeed, because I honestly can't imagine having to pay back student loans in a post-apocalyptic environment where every day is a fight for survival.

At present, the Bush administration has more or less gone to war under false pretenses, botched it, outed a CIA agent, allowed horrible prisoner abuse to occur in Iraq, allowed a major U.S. city to get eaten alive by chaos, shot an old man in the face, spied on U.S. citizens illegally, gotten us into record debt, further eroded the environment, weakened civil liberties, increased fear and paranoia throughout the world, and flat out made it illegal for me to clone people. That's probably just the tip of the iceberg, too. I realize disliking Bush is cliché at this point, but he really does go well beyond the call of duty when it comes to being a spectacular failure of a man. I realize his Jethro Bodine 6th grade education charm enamors a lot of people, but it just makes me severely depressed whenever I see him on TV staggering through short, simple sentences. His mother, by all accounts, is also a complete witch of a woman. I didn't like Clinton much, but Bush is doing a remarkable job making him look like an amazing president.

The two political parties that represent Americans are both in shambles. One is weak and frail and too stupid to do anything, and the other is horribly corrupt and backwards. The political climate here is so awesome that former Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor said we were heading

towards a dictatorship. If O'Connor's dark prophecy is fulfilled, hopefully our newly democratic friends in Iraq will invade on our behalf and return the favor. I assume they are in good shape to help us out that way, as by now Iraq should be a shimmering oasis of logic, reason, and human accomplishment. That is if those pre-war estimates we were given were right.

In South Dakota, abortion has pretty much been outlawed because God or somebody else not doing anything to help matters frowns upon it. This angers me to no end because now my simple dream of moving there and opening a small abortion clinic/corn palace/reptile garden/drug store is impossible and illegal. Mississippi isn't far behind, and a few more states will probably follow through with outlawing the act of abortion before all is said and done. As an avid opponent of children, I naturally find myself a bustling proponent of abortion. I think children are generally rotten creatures and should find some other way to come into this world if they are such important miracles. But do they? Nope, they still want to spend nine months kicking and screaming their way out of vaginas like the little monsters they are.

I'm pretty sure that most embryos and fetuses lack the brainpower to be even remotely self aware, so it's good that we are considering their rights ahead of fully developed, fully sentient people. This is excellent news for children, as they will not be spared any of the indignities that come from being unwanted or the product of unfit or unready parents. People that make mistakes and get pregnant definitely need to be taught a lesson, and the best way to do that is to make them raise an unwanted child. Especially if they were raped or were young and didn't know any better. Never mind all those starving children in North, South, and Central America, Africa, Europe, Asia, etc., there is always room for more children that nobody wants to take care of.

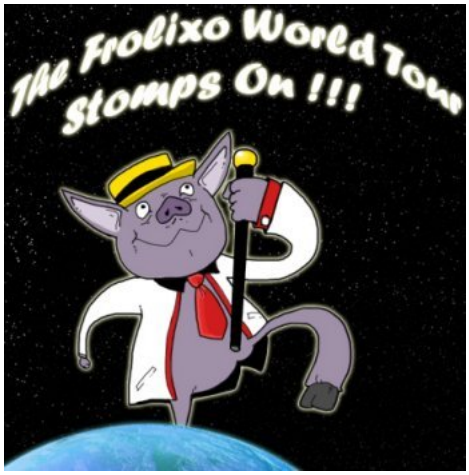
If all the aforementioned starving children of the world would just end up in a permanent vegetative state and go on feeding tubes or climb inside the womb of an unfit teenage girl, they would be loved and cherished by millions of people. This is of course as long as those people do not have to take any actual responsibility or action aside from standing outside of some building and yelping a lot. There is always time for that, because that's doing the Lord's work. Everyone else can take care of themselves.

Being Christian here is of course acceptable and pretty much encouraged, but it will apparently get you sentenced to death in Afghanistan, a country we liberated from savagery one weekend when we were bored and wanting some action. Numerous Afghan clerics want to kill a man for turning his back on Islam, a religion of peace, in favor of Christianity. I personally feel the best way to solve this matter is to force Afghani Christian Abdur Rahman to fight American Taliban John Walker Lindh to the death in a steel cage to decide which religion and which country is the best. I'm not sure what that will accomplish, but I think it will confuse enough people to be truly awesome and a high point in the arts and humanities. And really, is it anymore absurd than everything else that's been happening over the last few years?

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.30 USA 2006 World Tour: Stompn' On

Thursday, Mar 30, 2006 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz



Hello my friends, it has been a long time since we "rapped". Too long. Since I know most of you have the collective memory of a goldfish, last month I tried to poison a whale and ran afoul of the local constabulary. Since then the tour was put on hiatus and instead I worked on my defense with the court-appointed sock puppet. With my puppet skills, I was able to make a plea bargain and reduce the charge to aggravated loitering. This means that I am able to resume the tour with the vigor one expects from being repeatedly beaten and sodomized with broom handles for three weeks.

During my time in incarceration, I've had a lot of time to ponder the future of this goodwill Internet tour, and what needs to be done in order to make this thing a success. So far it has been a waste of the forum members' money with my extravagant shopping purchases and spending the evenings at the cinema. For this, I am sorry and I promise to make amends.

Therefore, I have drawn up a vast and sweeping reform with the help of my cell mate, Paco the killer, that calls for numerous social welfare programs that will help this great nation and bolster the integrity of Internet comedy. We are hoping that this will put some wind in the sails of the stalled tour that has thus far only traveled 2.4 miles and saved zero souls in the first three months. I have a dream my friends, and it may or may not include a chocolate waterfall.

- **Nighttime Curling:** If left to their own devices, inner-city children are horrible monsters who can only be destroyed via flamethrower. That's why this program is so important to the safety and health of city residents and firefighters around America. Curling is the #1 sport in Canada, besides hockey and drinking, and uses many important muscles around the calves and knees. It also has the added benefit of teaching the fundamentals of broom sweeping, something most of these children will be doing for the rest of their lives. Because of the lack of ice rinks, we will be using a buttered blacktop and frozen turkeys.

This picture is racist, but it was the only one I could find with curling and black people.

- **Riddln' Kidz:** This program is designed to help children afflicted with the terrible disease of ADD cope and understand their medication changes with the help of wordplay. Some children love to run around, play, and use their imagination. This is unacceptable if they are to fit into a society where 90% of your time will be working in a professional environment that frowns on imagination or festive colors. We need to get all these children on Ritalin now before it is too late and they gain free will. After that you might as well ship them to Europe.

- **Tots for Bots**: Food for hungry robots.

- **Baby-B-Gone**: Who doesn't love abortions? With these new clinics, single mothers who lack

insurance and income can get cheap and fast abortions without all that messy legal paperwork. Punch cards will be handed out, and for every five abortions you get a coupon for a free Cinnabon at your local mall.

- **Meals for Wheels**: Food for hungry cars.

This is what it sounds like when a heart breaks.

- **Adopt a Webmaster**: While these poor individuals enjoy limited amounts of fame and a windfall of profit from pop-up ads, they tend to be outcasts from society, crippled with indigestion and malfunctioning sweat glands. What Adopt a Webmaster is set out to accomplish is to provide a big brother or system administrator to take them out to ball games, climb trees, and optimize their server transport buffers. This would be a volunteer position, but perks like free hats or Total Fark accounts are a distinct possibility.

- **Farts for Hearts**: This is a pledge drive that raises money to battle heart disease by farting. Once you pledge to donate, a dollar is to be given for every gas pocket emitted from the buttocks. Not only that, but farting will help keep everybody in a good mood because it is hilarious.

- **The Lions Club**: This is a foundation that will give money to the Detroit Lions football organization to hire an offensive line so whoever the QB is can have enough time to drop back with the ball once it's snapped. Another function of this program is to raise enough money to buy it from the Ford's, who stubbornly refuse to fire Matt Millen even though he has the worst record of any NFL general manager.

They are also losing huge shares of the car market to the Japanese hybrid technology, and are trying to cater to our sense of patriotism with meatball Toby Keith to push their sub-par products. Guess what, I don't want an SUV hybrid . Wow, I bought an expensive SUV that only uses just as much gas as a normal car! Here's an idea, make a regular hybrid car that uses even less gas and saves people even more money! I know it is revolutionary, but I can't take credit for it. Toyota and Honda figured it out and now they are dominating the car industry. Guess what Ford and GM, it's WW3 and the Japs just sank your battleship, nigga!

"You broke my heart Fredo."

Now that I have outlined some realistic goals to shoot for, I have developed a set schedule for next month, and plan to stick to it, no matter how lazy I feel. I'll even take a camera with me this time as proof that your money isn't being funneled into a high-risk stock fund so that when I retire I can buy a pony and brush its mane all day.

With these new measures I think the USA 2006 World Tour is back on track and boring a tunnel straight into your fatty heart. Some of you may think that we here at SA don't take our comedy seriously, but let me tell you, we are dedicated to making our mark on this world, whether it be all the citizens holding hands in peace, or the black scorch mark of a nuclear holocaust. God bless this mess.

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						Watch Kidbits
Church	Vasectomy	Take care of that thing	Fly to Philadelphia	Get lost, eat cheesesteak	Assaulted by hobos	HANGOVER eat cheesesteak
Church	Set up first social program	Program fails, flee Philly	Fly to Chicago	Park Place $150	Get drunk at airport bar	Personal Day
Church	Fly to Portland	Buy GPS unit Geocache club	SORRY! go back 2 spaces	Protest WTO	Run Forest Run!	Ask Lowtax for my job back
Masterbate	Buy Elder Scolls Oblivion game	Play Oblivion	Play Oblivion	Play Oblivion	Play Oblivion	Play Oblivion
Play Oblivion						
Phases of the moon: 5:◐ 13:○ 20:◑ 27:●						

- Hitlerdog #6

Ach meine Hose! Diese Übersetzung wurde auf einem schrecklichen freien Internetdienst gemacht, damit keinen Sinn machen wird. Meine Ohren sind voll von Bienen!

Sie müssen jetzt klicken! SCHNELLER!

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

3.31 INCORPORATION: The Captive Wasp

Friday, Mar 31, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Incorporation
THE CAPTIVE WASP

Jonnie Fortune's fingernails were in his fingers and his teeth filled up his mouth. His legs were unbroken by hammers and his testicles had not been put to the knife. The blood that thrummed in and out of his heart was unpolluted by stimulants or sedatives. A gun was not to the base of his skull.

Tropical breeze ran its fingers through his hair and sun warmed his face. The clouds moved through the heavens with laziness to match Jonathon's own contented lethargy. The sea of foliage moved in rippling waves. The muscular branches of the jungle fig creaked and swayed like a hammock beneath him. The smells and sounds of the jungle were there, but muffled beneath the murmuring blanket of the trees.

There was a Doppler buzz and a tickle along the edge of his hand. A tiny wasp landed and flexed its wings. Jonnie Fortune smiled at it.

****

Nora Easley wore a silk scarf tied over her hair and it made her look like a cancer patient. Big dark sunglasses hid her eyes. She casually flipped through the pages of "City One One," a thick quarterly magazine that covered topics of supposed value to the inhabitants of the city. Jonnie Fortune sat next to her, tugging absently at the cuffs of his cheap white suit jacket and occasionally trying to shake the tingling from his right hand. He stared through the humpbacked jets moving to various terminals and locked his gaze on the fog-shrouded shape of Unity Tower.

Jonnie shook his hand again, trying to drive away the pins and needles. Nora steadied him with her hand. She lowered her glasses to the tip of her nose so that Jonnie could look into her eyes.

"If you don't stop doing that I'm going to take your ticket and leave you here for security." Her smile was dagger-sharp. "You look suspicious."

"I can't believe-"

"I can't believe I agreed to go to Venezuela for our honeymoon." Nora said loudly enough for everyone nearby to hear. "I wanted Ibiza and you wanted the Amazon fucking Rainforest."

Jonnie recalled the actual argument. Nora had wanted to escape to a Weathermen cell hiding in Budapest. Old Europe. Jonnie had insisted on the jungle. It had seemed right at the time. Now the argument hardly mattered.

****

Jonathon stared at himself in the mirror of the motel bathroom. His neatly parted black hair had disappeared in a wild tangle and his eyes were puffy and red-rimmed with a lack of sleep. His stubble was beginning to grow out into an ugly mat.

He picked up the disposable razor and filled the sink with hot water. Without cream or shaving gel the razor prickled unpleasantly and opened a cut just below his lip. He stopped and watched the blood bead on the tiny wound. It gathered and slowly rolled down to his chin.

The single droplet of blood exploded in the water like a puff of smoke. A thousand limbs of red swirled, faded to the color of rust and were gone. Jonathon sat down on the edge of the bathtub.

Nora and the other conspirators had explained his role. Their predictions - wrought of hacked and hijacked TrendPro data and run through single-minded bloodhounds of algorithms - had identified him more than two months earlier. Jonathon was their movement's cornerstone before he even knew there was a movement. He was their unaware killer of kings.

The fugue came to him suddenly. Never before had the predicative hallucinations occurred unprompted. It unfurled around him like the cherry blossoms in City One and he was pulled into its world. He was dimly aware that he had fallen into the bathtub and was kicking the cheap plastic hard enough to hurt. Even that link to the real world receded behind him.

He recognized the symbols and cues of his last predictions. Flickering green starbursts were a layoff at an ironworks in Stockholm. The number 43, waxy and sloughing, was a predicted terrorist act in Indonesia. Then he came to the black cylinder. It towered above him so high in his vision that it seemed to curve towards the omnipresent white star that granted him a sense of direction. It was Jonathon the killer. It had grown larger in his absence.

He ran his fingers across it and wondered why it had called him back. He heard the deep monotone wail of its influence stretching into the ether beyond the data and smelled its acrid stink like a burnt match.

Jonathon looked past it into the shifting fog of the unknown. A fist crushed his heart and he gasped for breath. The curtain of fog yanked violently away.

The future. Naked and explained. A riot of cities from barren land. The horns of impossibly vast buildings rising into the night sky, buried to the hilt in the clouds. A twinkling band of silver fire painting the heavens. One hundred billion men and their greatest machines. Swarming and teeming.

Air would not fill Jonathon's lungs. He shook his head and struggled against the vision. He leaned on the black cylinder and it toppled like a felled tree. More of the cylinders appeared as the first penetrated the vision. They formed a great domino line of toppling cylinders reaching to the cities. The earth shook as each crashed down. Jonathon stumbled on his back. The mercurial ribbon

burned bright against the dark sky.

Jonathon blinked at the tarnished chrome of the showerhead above his face and laughed.

****

"I wanted to get your thoughts on these stencils Cecil made." Nora fanned out the large flats of tin on the motel bedspread.

Nora grinned. She looked ten years younger with her blond hair in pigtails and her puffy Hwan Athletics parka and faded cargo pants. She was bubbling with friendly energy.

"What are they for?" Jonathon asked.

Something about the stencils prompted an uneasy sense of Déj? vu and it was rare for his memory to fail him. He downed a gulp of the shitty coffee the motel provided. He had mixed in a travel bottle of Jim Beam.

"The advance teams, silly." She looked in Jonathon's cup and wrinkled her nose. "We pay a bunch of kids in metro areas to spray paint this stuff for the cause."

Jonathon absently picked up one of the stencils. It was surprisingly heavy and bore the markings of a few test sprays. Red, white and blue paint.

"FORTUNE NEVER CHANGES," read the stencil in bold text.

Beneath the text was an abstract and almost fascist face looking arrogantly upward. With a start Jonathon realized that it was his own face in caricature.

"What the fuck is this?!" He dropped the stencil on the floor and grabbed another.

"JONNIE FORTUNE FIGHTS FOR YOU! RESIST! SUBVERT!"

Nora held his wrist before he could toss them all away.

"Calm down, Jonnie." She gave him a pat on the back and they both looked down at the remaining stencils.

"This is idiotic." He shook off her hand and stared her down.

"This is 21st century Realpolitik, Jonnie. You don't exist without advertising."

"You're using my name, Nora! They'll know who I am!"

Nora's smile displayed her perfect white teeth. She reached out condescendingly to Jonathon.

"They already know who you are, Jonnie." She shook her head. "They knew before you found me. We've known as well. We've had the advance teams out for a month, now we just have a name and a face."

"How?" Jonathon refused to concede the possibility. "I work - worked - in the upper levels of forecasting for TrendPro. I deleted all references to my name from the system and I know my boss didn't see it. He doesn't even read the forecasts."

"Powell knows." Nora was abruptly serious. "He has the deep indicators and the long term forecasts. The data converges for him, Jonnie."

"Stop calling me that."

"Oh," she pressed close to him, "are you a man now, Jonnie? A big assassin?"

She hugged him and stroked the back of his head. She smelled like paint and cigarettes.

"This is bullshit, Nora."

She shoved him away.

"I don't have time for this." She began unfastening her cargo pants.

"Stop it."

Nora let her pants drop to her ankles and chased them down with her underwear. Both caught on her chunky alpine boots.

"No." Jonathon reiterated.

She knelt on one of the dun-colored hotel chairs and bent herself over the back. Downy hairs on her back caught the light of the setting sun.

"Hurry up, Jonnie." She gave him a stern glare over her shoulder. "I've got to get back to Cecil on this in an hour."

Jonathon growled and crumpled the plastic coffee cup. He grabbed her by her hips and tipped her over the back of the chair and onto the floor. She laughed as he pressed down atop her and took her from behind. She left him lying on his back, staring up at the mold-stained ceiling, his right arm tangled in the cord of a broken lamp. He did not say goodbye.

****

The cart containing Jonathon Fortune and Dennis Richmond jolted over the uneven greens of the ninth hole at Raspberry Falls. TrendPro owned the City One area golf course and reserved it for the use of top level executives and their VIP guests. Jonathon was the TrendPro president's VIP guest.

"I have to admit, I'm surprised to see a down home boy like you representing the Chinese." Richmond talked as he guided the cart over the cultivated difficulty of the ninth. "No offense meant to you or your employer, of course."

"Of course." Jonathon was nearly in a stupor, which seemed to be working well for his cover.

The cart skidded to a stop. Richmond's ball had overshot the green and Jonathon's had landed right in the sand trap.

"Player's Prison." Richmond took his golfing seriously. "Let me finish off first, if you don't mind."

He had the hole in four.

"Tough par." Richmond consoled Jonathon as he lined up for his shot out of the sand. "I only made under because I practically live on this course."

"I'm not much of a golfer." Jonathon replied honestly.

"No, I can tell." Richmond's tone was not insulting. "You don't know how to swing like a pro, but you do have some raw talent. You scoped this one out well and you powered it for the wind. Your swing was off."

"Thanks." Jonathon said, still trying to get a feel for his shot out of the sand.

"Hey, you can thank me by playing through to 18." Richmond cracked a Heineken from the cooler on the back of the golf cart.

"Not today, Mr. Richmond." Jonathon focused on the shot. "I'd love to some other time."

Jonathon took the shot and with a smack and a puff of sand the ball arced up into the air and came down on the green within spitting distance of the hole. Richmond whistled appreciatively.

"Nice recovery." Richmond clapped him on the back. "And hey, call me Denny. I think we're friends now."

"Sure," Jonathon forced a smile, "call me Jon."

"Huh, middle name?" Denny furrowed his brow.

"Oh, yeah." Jonathon realized his mistake. "Christian just never felt like my name, but it looks good on a business card. Plays in the flyover states."

Denny nodded. Jonathon made the hole in five and they bundled back into the cart for the drive back to the clubhouse.

"Want to grab a couple beers before you head to the airport?" Denny navigated the course just fast enough to make Jonathon's stomach flip-flop.

"Nah, I've still got some loose ends to tie up in the City One office before I catch my plane." Jonathon's grip tightened on the side rail as they became airborne for an instant. "Thanks for the offer."

"When will you be back Stateside?" Denny powered the cart uphill into the clubhouse's parking lot.

"Three days."

"Great!" Denny beamed. "I'd like to invite you to dinner at my house week after next. We can have some crab and talk about the deal."

"That sounds like a plan." Jonathon had hoped that Richmond would hate him and refuse to see him again.

"Don't get too excited about it!" Denny laughed. "Hey, I know how jetlag can be, especially if they've got you running around on sub-orbitals."

"The Chinese?" Jonathon forced himself to smile. "I'm lucky I'm not taking the bus."

Denny forced his own laughter.

****

A spectral fist crushed Jonathon Fortune's heart. He gasped and shot upright in the bed of the motel room, drenched in sweat and listening to the distant sound of sirens. Spasms rippled through the muscles of his arms and legs. Nora stirred next to him. She opened her eyes slowly, like a cat, and watched him shudder.

"Go back to sleep, Jonnie."

His breathing slowed.

"Go on, back to sleep." Nora smiled and ran her fingers down his side. "You need your rest, Jonnie."

His breathing stopped and he eased back down against the pillow with a smile.

The fist crushed his heart again. He gasped and shot upright in the chair. His quaking muscles pushed against the ceramic restraints. He bit his tongue.

"Wake up, Jonnie."

Harsh white light cut through his mental fog. Nora was partially backlit by the standing lamps, her figure hidden behind a black plastic apron. She smiled sweetly.

"I-I was in the jungle, Nora." Jonathon croaked.

"Shhhhh," she put a finger to his cracked lips, "shhh."

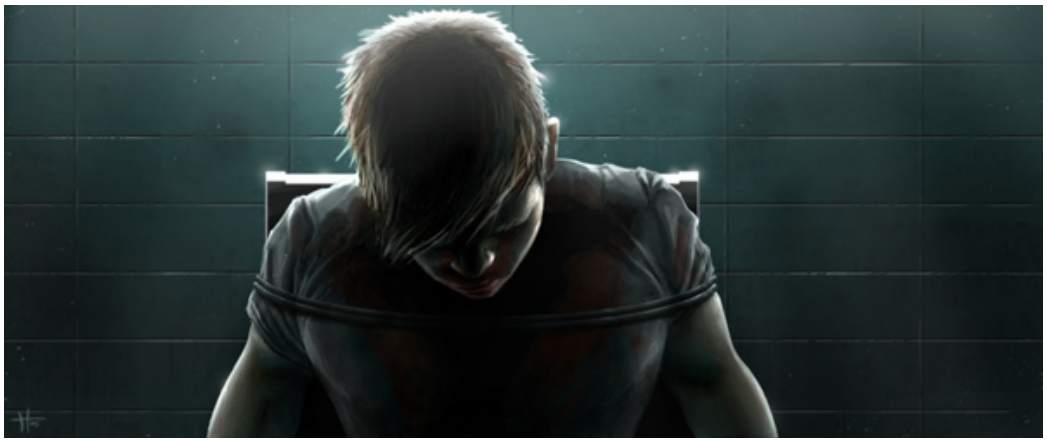
"I was above the jungle," he laughed.

"Jonnie, do you remember what I need?" Nora wiped his forehead with a damp cloth.

"The...," he swallowed but could not work up any saliva, "the story. You want the story."

"Right, I want the story. I want you to tell me how you killed Dennis Richmond and his family." Nora mopped the blood from his face. "Tell me everyone you worked with."

Jonathon smiled serenely, his gums empty of teeth. The smile flickered and faded and Jonathon remembered. He remembered more than the jungle. He remembered everything.



"No." He spit blood at her.

Nora's lips curled into a snarl and she slapped Jonathon, hard, across the face. He didn't feel a thing.

"Blood pressure is bottoming out!" A man shouted from a thousand miles away.

There was a rush of air. The jungle welcomed him back.

****

Three worn tables pushed end-to-end were barely sufficient to seat the entire banquet. The rich smells of the bistro were mostly lost in the thick blue pall of cigarette smoke that had collected above the conspirators. Most ate and drank heavily, but everyone smoked. It was an admission that life was not a long term endeavor.

"You can't blame socialism for the abuses of Stalin," the poet argued. "Socialism works for most of Europe."

"What's unemployment like in Germany right now?" Ritter, the architect, laughed over his plate of linguini. "A free market is the only way for society to progress. With a free market - and I'm not talking about the bullshit American idea of a free market, I mean pure ancap - with a free market, everyone will eventually be lifted up. Parity will be achieved."

"Right, the wealthy will share." The poet sneered. "Ritter, your masquerading libertarianism is as juvenile as it is misguided."

"Juvenile?!" Ritter threw his fork down into his pasta. "Anarchocapitalism has never been more relevant!"

"You've got your ancap dreamland right here and right now and what has it fucking developed into?" The poet smirked. "An oligarchy."

"Wrong, you smug liberal shit." Ritter slammed his fist down on the table. "The corporations have corrupted the federal government because the federal government is so goddamn powerful. If you and your Nouveau Left hadn't given them all these ideas about managing the fucking economy it would not have opened the door to so much-"

"You just can't accept that we are fighting against your ideology!" The poet interrupted. "Total Democracy is nothing but a corporate takeover of the Republic."

Several of the others gathered around the table in the bistro seemed ready to jump into the argument, but Nora raised a hand and silenced everyone.

"I would like to hear what our new member thinks of this discussion." She looked at Jonathon and cocked an eyebrow.

"Oh," Jonathon was suddenly embarrassed and unprepared. "I, uh, I don't pay attention to politics."

The poet shook his head and laughed, several others stifled chuckles. Ritter leaned forward.

"How can you not care? You work for TrendPro. You work for Milton fucking Powell." Ritter looked prepared to break his fork off in Jonathon's head.

"Powell and Richmond have only influenced the outcome of every major election around the world." The poet added. "They're running the show."

Ritter and the poet and several of their hangers-on launched into a description of the geo-political landscape that quickly devolved into another argument. Jonathon ignored their chatter and instead recalled a conversation he had with Powell.

"We've got recruiters using centennial metrics to pick out ten generations of the presidency." Powell had told him one day, almost arbitrarily. "They identified President Ross when he was still in high school. I've seen a prediction for the 74th president, Jon. Not a name, but a lineage. We're talking over a hundred years. Of course the accuracy goes down the further out you get."

Jonathon had just nodded at that.

"We don't decide who gets elected, of course." Powell was always genial and patient. "We just predict the winner and then bet on him."

There, at the bistro, Jonathon pieced together that conversation and similar conversations he had with Powell and others at TrendPro. Once his idea had been fully formulated he allowed himself to interject.

"There's a kind of tree called the Banyan Tree that grows in jungles." Jonathon paused as the conversation faded and all eyes focused on him. "It's a very tall type of tree, but its height isn't what makes it stand out. It's hard for a tree to get started in the jungle. All of the other trees block out the light for hundreds of years and only smaller plants can manage to grow. Banyans are fig trees and they produce fruit that sustains the animals that live in the canopy of the jungle. The animals eat the fruit and leave the seeds behind in the other trees."

"Are you going somewhere with this?" Nora asked quietly and Jonathon nodded a reply.

"The Banyan seeds land on the branches or in the crooks of these other trees and the ones that are very near to the canopy will get enough light to start growing. As they grow they will send out roots that will drape all the way down to the floor of the jungle. The bigger the Banyan gets the more of these roots it will send out, until the tree it landed on is completely enclosed by the Banyan's root system. It strangles the other tree, slowly. So slowly that you wouldn't notice it's happening. The original tree finally dies and the Banyan is left standing in its place."

"The government is a tree?" The poet laughed with disbelief.

"I like it," Ritter countered. "That tree is a parasite that starts at the top and takes over the other tree. It's socialism conquering the world nation by nation."

"No." The word was almost lost among the growing argument.

"What did you say, Jonnie?" Nora asked loudly enough to talk over the others.

"No, that's not what I mean." Jonathon explained. "The jungle relies on the Banyan. Without it the animals would starve or be culled by famine. The Banyan uses the jungle to spread. It relies on the movement and habits of the animals to carry it and at the same time it gives the jungle what it needs. If it were a genuine aberration you could say that it replaces the order of nature with its own."

There was a pause.

"Annnnd that's what then?" The poet finally asked.

"That's Richmond. That's Powell. That's Omni TrendPro. They started at the top and they replaced the order of the jungle with their own. Their nature rules and they give the jungle what it wants."

There was another lull at the table.

"Idiocy." The poet judged. "TrendPro doesn't rule, they are a conduit for the ignorant cattle to self-destruct. The government could be purged of their-"

"The government will always be-"

Nora leaned in close to Jonathon's face as the argument surged back to the forefront.

"I liked it." She winked and smiled.

She kissed him.

****

"The future dies tonight!" The words were not his, but he shouted them. "Death to the omni-fascist state!"

The pistol hammered twice in Jonathon Fortune's hand. Its voice was a painful boom in the confines of Dennis Richmond's foyer. At such close range it was impossible for the bullets to miss the president of Omni TrendPro. Black spots ticked into place on the man's pink polo shirt like an outdated film effect. Richmond's white smile went slack and he staggered back a step.

Jonathon hesitated and then shot Richmond again. Richmond looked back up at Jonathon and tried to talk. Blood ran out of the corners of his mouth. Jonathon raised his gun to Richmond's head, shut his eyes and fired again. Hot gore sprayed his face. Richmond thumped loudly on the tile floor and began making a rhythmic retching sound. He vomited out food and bile and then, seemingly, his viscera. He heaved and twisted onto his back. Richmond's left eye was red and swollen and he

was weeping blood.

He gagged and stopped moving just as his wife burst into the foyer. She halted, horrified, and then fell atop her husband. She wailed and screamed, but Jonathon was nearly deaf from the gunshots. Powerful hands dragged him back out through the front door. Victor, the muscled thug from Nora's conspiracy group, shouted something at Jonathon and shoved him down roughly next to the dead body of one of Richmond's security guards.

Jonathon watched as Nora followed Victor into the house. She cradled a sub-machinegun and walked past Richmond's wife as if the woman was not there. Victor yanked the sobbing woman to her feet by the back of her dress and smashed her face-first against a wall. Nora dashed up a flight of stairs near the foyer. The brute pressed the barrel of his gun against Richmond's wife's temple. Jonathon looked into her eyes. He heard the gunshot through the ringing in his ears. More followed.

****

Jonathon shook his tingling hand and nearly knocked the screwdriver from the top of Nora's seat tray. She shot him a dirty look before burying her nose back in the pages of an interior design magazine.

"Sorry."

"What?" Nora pulled out her earbuds and Jonathon could hear faint music.

"I just said I was sorry for that."

"I might have some pills or something I can give you in my carryall." Nora started to shift to get out of her seat.

Jonathon stopped her.

"Don't worry about it. The tingling is almost gone."

She shrugged and popped her earbuds back in.

One of the air hostesses took up a position near the cockpit door. She held an archaic microphone connected to the plane's intercom.

"The captain would like to inform you," she began in thickly accented English, "that to your left you will be seeing the great Chavez Reactor. This is the world's second largest fusion power generation facility."

Jonathon peered out the window as the aircraft banked slightly to give the passengers a better view. Three monolithic containment pylons rose hundreds of feet into the air. Coolant pumps, water reservoirs and deuterium extraction facilities surrounded the slate-gray structures. A modest metropolis thrived between the Chavez Reactor and the Rio Orinoco.

What struck Jonathon was what he could not see: the jungle. New roads and buildings sprung from bare earth or tracts of switch grass. There were herds of cattle so broad that they looked like lakes of milk and flat-topped chicken ranches that seemed nearly as large as the fusion reactor.

"It's gone." He whispered. "It can't be gone."

Jonathon hit his service request button and an air hostess joined him as the other woman continued to drone on about the amazing capabilities of the Chavez Reactor.

"What can I do for you, sir?" The woman smiled.

"The jungle." Jonathon choked out. "Where is the jungle?"

"Oh, there are some preserves out there. There is a huge zoo near the border with Brazil where the animals live like they did 10 or 20 years ago."

"Zoo?"

"Yes, sir. I can get you the name of it if you would like."

Jonathon shook his head. For the remainder of the flight he stared down at his hands. The plane approached the runway at Puerto Ayacucho. Nora pulled her earbuds out again and yawned.

"Home free." She snuggled in against Jonathon.

"Where did you go at Richmond's house?" He asked.

"What do you mean?"

"You went upstairs. What were you looking for?"

Nora stiffened and then busied herself with packing up her executive assistant.

"What were you looking for?" Jonathon repeated, a bit more loudly.

"Richmond had two sons and a daughter."

Jonathon stared down at his hands.

****

"I have to use the bathroom before we pick up the rental." Nora dropped her carryall onto the floor of the airport. "Keep an eye on that for a minute."

The moment she was out of sight they came. They appeared from around corners, out of doors and even out of crowds. Some of them looked like tourists. Some of them looked the part, with bulky armored vests and serious firepower. Jonathon just put his hands up when he realized they were coming towards him.

They fell on him with their batons. One or two slammed the stock of a gun into his back. A few kicked him after he was secured with zip-ties. Nora emerged from the bathroom and followed them to the white American-made SUVs waiting outside the airport. She chatted happily with a craggy-faced man in a business suit. She hugged him. She put on her wedding ring. She made eye-contact with Jonathon and she smiled.

****

"-ulse unsteady. He's tachycardic and his blood pressure-."

"Can you hear me, Jonnie?" Nora squeezed his cheeks between her fingers and thumb. "I know you're still alive."

"His blood pressure is dropping again." The voice came from beyond Jonathon's narrow field of vision. "We're not going to be able to resuscitate him many m-"

"Shut up." Nora silenced the voice.

"Jonnie, listen to me. It's okay. What you did was right. Richmond didn't deserve to run the company. I saw the predictions, the forecasts. He was just some loser from accounting in the Palo Alto office. The metrics said he would make a good CEO, but he never worked for that job. He never busted his ass for that job. He had to go."

Nora shook Jonathon's head from side to side.

"Why?" He croaked.

"This is how it was supposed to work out." She relaxed her grip on his face when she could see the life in his eyes. "It's not your fault, Jonnie. Maybe it was Powell's way of getting the top job. Maybe the board just decided that Richmond had to go and they didn't want to pay for his retirement."

Nora let go of Jonathon.

"Board?" His head was lolling and he was barely able to remain conscious. "The board...the board had us kill his entire family?"

Her expression went cold.

"Oh, it was a whole lot more than Richmond and his family, Jonnie. Everyone in our little group had a job. From the top to the bottom, it was a purge. TrendPro's own Night of the Long Knives and none of the killers even knew what was happening. They're all disposable. Who ordered it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter at all, Jonnie, because it was in the script. Your name came up in the predictions and so did the name of every target and every killer."

Nora traced her fingertips down his flayed chest and stomach.

"Now you're going to die, Jonnie. When you fade away this time you're not coming back."

Jonathon laughed. It was a wheezing death-rattle.

"You're wrong." Blood drooled from his mouth. "You're wrong about the..."

His heart fluttered and he faded out of consciousness for a moment. His eyes rolled back into his head and then snapped suddenly into focus.

"You're wrong about the board and the...and the predictions, Nora." He grinned toothlessly.

"What the fuck does that mean?"

"The forecast. The prediction."

Jonathon started laughing again. It was a final, hissing, involuntary gasp of mirth. Nora yanked his hair and straddled his mangled lap.

"You tell me now, you little son of a bitch. What the fuck does that mean?"

"It's an aberration." Jonathon gagged on his blood. "You pollinate its fruit."

"What the fuck does that mean?!" Nora screamed, nearly hysterical.

"Slaves to your-," he gasped, "slaves to your own stupid machines."

"What the fuck?!" Nora shook him.

Jonathon Fortune fled to his jungle. He dreamed.

****

Maintenance Satellite Centipede completed its final orbit correction and cut power to its maneuver thrusters. Its articulated arms folded into its streamlined hull. Its long range radar retracted into its sensor cluster. It had an optical lock on its objective and docking approach was green.

Satellite Hub One "Tender" extended its magnetic docking waldos and took Centipede into its arms.

The collated terrestrial data poured into Tender. Unity Tower's transmitters were one great volcanic funnel ejecting molten information into space. The stream was ceaseless and dense.

Tender bathed in the rich riot of damp earth, blooming flowers, decay and thousands of animals and plants. That miasma of life and death on earth was something it drank.

Tender issued the forecasts for the coming years and mankind obeyed. The satellite had no comprehension or goal beyond enhanced saturation of data. It had no agenda, no malice, no guiding principal. It took no pleasure in its actions. It never paused to contemplate the effects of its predictions. Tender was indefatigable and impassive. It relied on the creatures that populated its databases to spread its spore across their world.

An indicator blinked red on an LCD screen at Canberra Station 3. Jonathon Fortune was at his end.

On a small zoological preserve in the Amazon a tiny female wasp burrowed out of a Banyan fig. The males had exhausted themselves to the point of death chewing through the wall of the fruit. They watched the female disappear from their world forever. They felt fulfilled.

The wasp shivered and tested its wings. It buzzed into the humid air. This new world was impossibly vast and disorienting, but the female wasp had millions of years of evolution on her side. She found another Banyan fig and she deposited her eggs. She felt fulfilled. She died.

In the next 24 hours the bulk price of recycled aluminum in Eurasia was predicted to decrease by one-eighth percent.

Artwork by Josh Hass

■ A Dirty After Party Celebration!

Hey you knuckleheads, if you want to find out more about this story and what inspired it or you just want to download some big wallpapers of Josh's art, then click on over to the Daily Dirt

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 4

April

4.1 The 24 News Cycle

Saturday, Apr 01, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Los Angeles Daily

Early Edition | Monday, April 20th 2009 | 50 cents

PONY FILLED WITH NERVE GAS RELEASED DOWNTOWN

Tens Of Thousands Feared Dead

A pony... *(cont. page 2A)*

SEATTLE, SAN DIEGO DESTROYED IN NUCLEAR ATTACK

Los Angeles Bomb Disabled By CTU Agent Jack Bauer At Last Moment, Nation Breathes Sigh Of Relief And Immediately Moves On

Thanks to the quick thinking of one man, a major crisis was averted last night in the abandoned warehouse district. Seventeen terrorists were shot and three had their necks... *(cont. 3A)*

FORMER CHIEF OF STAFF NOVICK WINS PRESIDENCY IN LANDSLIDE VICTORY

Dozens Killed In Landslide Believed To Be Work Of Terrorists, Jack Bauer Swears Justice Will Be Served

A stolen top-secret seismic disruptor device is believed... *(cont. 3C)*

YOUR 3 DAY FORECAST:

Today	Tuesday	Wednesday
Mostly Sunny	60% Chance Of Fallout	Mostly Terrorismy

CTU AGENT JACK BAUER DISMANTLES NERVE GAS PONY

Thousands Saved

The pony... *(cont. 5D)*

PONY TORTURED, GIVES UP INFO ON TERRORIST MASTERMIND BEHIND RECENT ATTACKS

Terrorist Believed To Be European Or Middle-Eastern

The pony's eye... *(cont. 6B)*

PONY TRIAL BEGINS

Shetland To Plead "I Want Hay", Says Lawyer

Remorseless pony... *(cont. 2D)*

Los Angeles Daily

Late Edition | Monday, April 20th 2009 | 50 cents

EXPLOSIONS ROCK LOCAL MIME SCHOOL

Hundreds Dead, Dozens Feared Trapped In Boxes

Perhaps it's too early to speculate, but could terrorists possibly be responsible for this... *(cont. 2A)*

ENTIRE INTERNET HACKED, THIRSTS FOR HUMAN BLOOD

Only Hope Is Plucky CTU Computer Wiz Chloe O'Brian

The world holds its breath as O'Brian awaits provisional clearance to open the necessary sockets... *(cont. 4B)*

PRESIDENT NOVICK IMPEACHED

Vice President Sanders Steps In With A Smile As Shamed Novick Is Escorted Out Of Office Claiming He Is The Victim Of A "Vast Conspiracy"

After an eventful first day in office, President Novick... *(cont. 3A)*

Weekly Opinion Poll

How Do You Rate Your Local School System?

1,390
Excellent, No Complaints

1,802
Could Use Improvement

71
Terrorists Have Flooded CTU Headquarters With Poisonous Water, Agents Inside Have Just Moments To Live (cont. 6A)

PONY FOUND GUILTY

Executed At 8:15pm Via Lethal Injection

The pony that shocked the world this morning... *(cont. 1C)*

JACK BAUER GNAWS THROUGH TITANIUM WALL, SAVES CTU

Fearless Agent Puts Leak In Terrorists' Plans To Incapacitate CTU, Vows To Bring Justice Once Deadly Poison Completely Dissipates From His System In Ten Minutes

"Just get me some aspirin" barked the fearless... *(cont. 6B)*

O'BRIAN SAVES WORLD, UNCOVERS EVIDENCE EXONERATING PRESIDENT NOVICK

VP Sanders, Novick's Evil Twin Arrested

While deleting the virus which had... *(cont. 3C)*

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.2 An Official Statement from the Desk of Senator Blackridge

Sunday, Apr 02, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

With that aside, here is, to the best of my knowledge, the truth about recent events:

- **Yes, I did in fact keep and raise chickens in my official Washington office.**

In my defense, this was only as a favor for a buddy of mine in the Department Of Agriculture. He assured me they would be used for a campaign to raise awareness about American farmers and not, as it turned out, for secret cock-fighting rounds in the Senate's lounge. I am profoundly sorry for this mistake, as well as the significant cleaning bill left for the next occupant of my offices.

- **Yes, my home in Georgetown was used as a private whorehouse for my Senate friends.**

Again, this was entirely without my knowledge. Senator Henderson simply asked me to host a few friends of his daughter while they were staying in town. Mr. Henderson is a close colleague of mine, and I could not refuse. It seemed only natural for Senator Henderson along with several other senators to bring his daughter over to see her friends. While the constant physical contact between Mr. Henderson and his "daughter" did seem highly unorthodox, I assumed it was simply one of these new lifestyle choices I'd been hearing about.

- **I absolutely did not get drunk and run over a large group of tourists while singing "Born In The USA"**

I don't know how that rumor got started. The DMV impounding my car was the result of a mix-up in paperwork at the regional office, a mistake I have been told will be entirely cleared up in a matter of only a few years.

- **The Church of Satan isn't an actual religion, but more of a casual social group.**

We don't worship Satan in any serious way. It's just a weekend thing to let off some steam. Some people go surfing or collect coins, I cut my palms and offer up my blood to the damnation of the Earth. It in no way affected by duties as senator, and I had absolutely nothing to do with the sudden rise of missing children in my state.

Furthermore, I will take this time to insist once again that Senator Henderson and I never once founded any group called "The Black-hearted Brotherhood of the Apocalypse" nor did we photocopy

fliers for this group using senate funds.

- **That bong was not mine.**

Perhaps Senator Henderson left it in my desk. He always seemed like a bad sort.

- **Yes, I did rob the San Francisco branch of Wells Fargo in order to secure campaign funds.**

This was due to a mistake on my lawyer's part. He and I were working our way through the rather difficult legalese surrounding campaign finance law, and he implied that the easiest loophole to work with involved the aforementioned heist. It was only after he took most of the loot and escaped to Mexico that I discovered my lawyer was not a lawyer but was in fact Johnny "Goatripper" Mendoza, the infamous bank robber.

I deeply regret this error.

- **I also robbed the Sacramento branch of Washington Mutual.**

See above.

- **I also stole a TV from the living room of Mr. Matthew and Mrs. Janice Edwin's house.**

I have no excuse for this one.

- **Ok, I did give a speech in which I said "the US government will be brought to its knees before the might of my anarchist army. Death to the President!"**

This is what really bothers me about the media these days. A politician can't say *anything* without it getting slapped up on all the 24 hour news networks completely out of context along with entirely inappropriate calls for a surgical military strike on that politician's house.

The above remarks were simply part of a joke I was telling, in which I said "Man, how horrible would it be if I got up here and said that the US government will be brought to its knees before the might of my anarchist army. Death to the President! Ha ha, but seriously folks."

- **Senator Henderson and I did not threaten the Vice-President with "the fury of a Hell gone mad clawing its way up from the earth to swallow you whole."**

I refuse to even respond to this accusation. It's ridiculous.

Besides, the wording of that resembles no possible incantation, and the extent of preparation required to really bring up a proper storm of fury from hell would be both inconvenient and cost prohibitive. I'm not sure what Senator Henderson did on his own time, but I know if I really wanted to scare someone I certainly wouldn't make idle threats I couldn't back up and instead would probably just summon up a flayer demon or get the IRS to harass them.

- **Senator Henderson and I were not trying to steal the First Lady's ovaries for use in our own foul experiments.**

I deny completely taking part in a plan that would have brought any harm to the lovely First Lady. What kind of gentleman would I be to have such designs on a lady's most personal organs? A stomach or heart is another matter, but I digress.

I must admit that Mr. Henderson's unfortunate confession to this accusation proved most inconvenient to me. But I would like to take this time to emphasize that no criminal charges were ever brought against me, and Mr. Henderson and I have since reconciled as friends despite his annoying betrayal.

- **I have no knowledge as to the circumstances surrounding Senator Henderson's recent disappearance.**

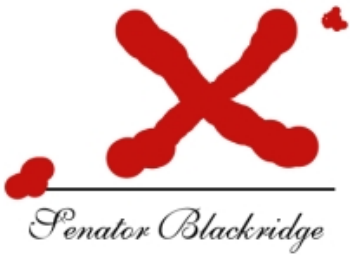
While Mr. Henderson's absence from his home and work for the last few months have caused quite an uproar of hasty finger-pointing, I would like to remind the public that Mr. Henderson was always terrible about asking for directions (Much like most men! Ha ha!), so it is only too likely that he simply was on his way to one party or another and got lost at some particularly confusing intersection. I expect Mr. Henderson will be found wandering out of a little visited section of town any day now, a long melted carton of strawberry ice cream in his back seat.

Asking to search my basement at a time like this is both rude and unprofessional, as I have had to remind several of my colleagues over the last couple weeks.

- **"Genocide" is such an ugly word.**

Another unpleasant phrase is "orchestrated campaign of terror".

I hope that clears the air somewhat about this whole mess, and I also hope no reporters would be stupid enough to continue to propagate baseless charges because I would hate to have to "vanish" them or "torture" them to the "welcoming oblivion of death". Goodnight America, and God bless.



- Daaaaaaaily Dirt

Last Daily Dirt I offered a chance to have your work be seen on SomethingAwful Dot Com and now we have three lucky winners HOWCANYOUKEEPFROMCLICKINGHERE???!?

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

4.3 The Awesome Deferred

Monday, Apr 03, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A few days ago I was watching some screaming head on the news complaining about the usual range of things wrong with the war in Iraq. When referring to the dreadful expense of waging that particular war its opponents like to use the phrase "cost in life and treasure." Yes, we are paying for this war in corpses and Spanish doubloons.

I am not a big fan of the Iraq war myself, but I do kind of understand where all of the people who support the Iraq war are coming from: Stupidtown. They're not all the same kind of stupid, because that would be a wild generalization, but they are all stupid with the exception of one group: the guys who are getting all of the treasure. Those guys knew exactly what a shitfest Iraq would become and they didn't give a damn about our rationale or goals.

For the war profiteers it has been a bonanza in Iraq. More than 250 billion dollars has either been dumped into that country or has been approved and is in the process of being dumped into that country. Tens of millions go missing on a daily basis with no investigation and no follow up. If one were given to cynicism they might even dare to believe that the government was colluding with the war profiteers in some sort of military and industrial complex.

I'm not going to lecture all of you on why the Iraq war is stupid, and you are stupid, and your mom is stupid, and your brother is stupid. We've been through all that before and, yes, I know I'm a *lie*beral faggot who needs to be punched in the face. But all this talk of lost treasure got me to thinking about just what we might have done with that 250 billion dollars instead of blow up half of a country, throw it into civil war and get a few thousand arms and legs blown off. The answer is that we could have done a lot, an *awesome* lot.

250 billion dollars is such a vast amount of money that most people, including myself, have difficulty even really comprehending it. You get to about a million dollars and people like me just see this huge cloud floating off in the sky that rains prizes from the Price is Right. I could buy anything I could imagine with 250 billion dollars. Even magic! Listing a bunch of random things I can imagine buying with nearly unlimited amounts of money doesn't really help anyone get a grip on the staggering 250 billion figure, so let me put it in terms that will help you visualize all of that squandered treasure. I like to call it **The Awesome Deferred.**

With 250 billion dollars the United States could have purchased...

...454 of the Tallest Building in the United States

Ever since those fucking cheating Petronas Towers stole our glory the United States has been scrambling to play catch up in the giant phallic symbol game. My home town of Chicago is getting ready to get started on a new contender called the Fordham Spire, which sounds like an awesome futuristic wizard's tower or something.

> *The council approved a measure that raises the height limit on structures at the site to accommodate the 2,000-foot tower. The building, named the Fordham Spire, would top Chicago's Sears Tower and the planned Freedom Tower in New York as the tallest in North America.*
>
> [...]
>
> The $550 million, 124-story building to be developed by the Fordham Co. will have about 300 condominiums, 250,000 square feet of hotel space, retail stores and restaurants. It will overlook the Chicago River where it meets Lake Michigan.

That's right, instead of thousands of dead bodies and hundreds of interminable speeches from political blowhards on both sides of the spectrum, that 250 billion could have paid for 454 of the tallest building in the United States. Think about that. Even if you are profoundly retarded and still think Saddam had something to do with 9/11, we could have replaced the World Trade Center 454 times with the money we have spent failing to catch the guy actually responsible. Blowing up houses and crap with missiles and chain guns is pretty awesome, but it's not that awesome.

...two manned missions each to the moon and Mars

This one is a real sticker because Bush was the one who gave the nod for both the disastrous Iraq war and the manned missions to the moon and mars. Too bad he forgot to tell NASA, or congress, that he was going to sink the federal budget into half a trillion dollars of deficit spending.

> *The cost of the human and robotic missions to the moon and Mars would total roughly $120 billion by 2020, according to estimates from a NASA chart. NASA's current annual budget is $15 billion.*

Alright, the moon is old hat and boring, but it's pretty much there so we can practice our moves on the dance floor before the big show on the red planet. I mean, would you rather be able to tell your kids "I watched us give up and pull out of Iraq on live TV" or "I watched us land on Mars on live TV?" Chances are one of those things will happen in your lifetime and I'm betting it ain't the United States landing on Mars. I mean heck, we could have passed on the Iraq war thing, flown to Mars once and still had enough dough left over to buy 200 or so of the tallest buildings on earth.

...more than 80,000 of the world's biggest truck

We like things big in America, but South Africa and Australia get to have a modest glut of the world's biggest truck. According to the truck's creator only 50 to 75 are ordered every year. Why would we ever need to go to war again if we have 80,000 of these trucks? We could just drive over anyone who opposed us like some sort of apocalyptic monster truck rally.

> It's quite different from what you might expect. For a start there isn't one huge engine powering the wheels, as you would get in a regular truck. Instead, a 3650-horsepower (2723-kilowatt) diesel engine generates power for two electric motors in the rear axles.

So it's more like a huge electric railroad locomotive than a conventional truck.

SUNDAY, SUNDAY, SUNDAY! NITRO BURNING AMERICA TAKES OVER THE WORLD WITH ITS CAR-CRUNCHING MONSTER MASHING MONSTER TRUCKS! If only we had a good price estimate on Truckasaurus, it would be a combined arms crush-a-thon. This truck wouldn't even notice an IED.

...156,250 episodes of Arrested Development

An article printed in the Wall Street Journal estimated that each individual episode cost roughly 1.6 million dollars to produce and market (hah). They went on to say that Fox lost about 400,000 dollars every time it ran the show with production costs less advertising revenue, although that's not really worth factoring in since it probably would have hit 1.6 million again once you consider opportunity cost. They could have put some profitable trash in the timeslot.

Instead of going to war, with people dying and crap exploding, we could have subsidized 12,000 years worth of Arrested Development. Almost no one dies because of Arrested Development. That's great news for Arrested Development fans, but what would be in it for those of you who don't like Arrested Development? Look at it this way: as it stands now you're looking at well over 12,000 years of Arrested Development fans bitching about their favorite show being cancelled. The Universe will expire from heat death to the whimper of a few Arrested Development fans still clinging to the false hope that they can raise enough money on their blog to clone the cast and make a new episode.

...298,412,466 Sony Wega 23" LCD HDTVs

That number may not seem to clarify the issue, but it is an HDTV for every single person in the United States of America. Man, woman, child. Old or young. Everybody gets an HDTV from Sony courtesy of the government. Even better, the actual cost of doing this is only about 235 billion, leaving another 15 billion to actually ship the things all over the country and probably enough on top of that to buy a DVD player for everyone. Not a good DVD player, but like one of those Acer DVD players you can get out of the soda machine at Wal*Mart. The kind of DVD player that you have to put the DVD in sideways and it always defaults to having French subtitles.

Too bad the Democrats were too busy falling over each other to be the first in line to vote for the Iraq war. They really could have pitched this one to the people. "Guys, look, we could go get misguided revenge and blow up Iraq...or...we have this beautiful 23 inch crystal-clear Sony HDTV for each and every American citizen." The thing is, this is probably going to cost another 250 billion, so why don't the Democrats pitch this to the American people now? "We'll bring the troops home and hey, everybody gets a TV!"

...Full ride 4-year college scholarships for 7,260,000 students

Alright, so it might be hard to actually find 7,260,000 people in America without degrees who are

worthy of a 4-year scholarship, but that's no problem. We could just look outside the United States. We used to be really good at sucking all of the brains out of other crappy countries like some sort of doctor zombie. Their smart kids get knocked over the head by a recruiter and wake up as Americans attending a university in Boston.

If you're like me you haven't had a native born doctor since your pediatrician, but with the way things have been going Johns Hopkins is going to be opening franchises in Beijing and Calcutta. You're going to have Indian dudes cracking jokes about their crazy-talking American doctor, Paul Smith. There will be a class full of Chinese kids scratching their heads as Jennifer Johnson tries to teach them quantum physics. Why can't she just learn to speak Chinese?

...Give every adult man and woman in Iraq 16,000 dollars and a plane ticket to the United States

This probably isn't such a hot idea now that most of them want to smack us in the face with shoes, but instead of invading their country to get rid of Saddam and turning it into an apocalyptic hell storm of violence we could have just flown everyone who wanted out to America. They'd have a nice startup nest egg. They could put a down payment on a decent 3-bedroom house somewhere in the Midwest, get jobs and live the life of freedom we seem to cherish so much. Everyone's happy! The money we gave them goes right back into local economies, we get a bunch of great folks from Iraq to enrich our melting pot culture, all of the people who hate Saddam get to leave him in the dust and the dumb jerks who like Saddam can stick around. On top of that he wouldn't have enough people left in his army to gas curds of cottage cheese.

Oh, I forgot, we don't *really* like the Iraqis. We aren't *really* a melting pot. We didn't even *really* give a shit about Saddam gassing people. Gotcha.

...29 Statues of Liberty that shoot laser beams out of their torch

Bear with me on this one. The Statues of Liberty cost approximately 350,000 dollars to construct, including its base. Assuming all of those bucks are 1884 bucks that's worth 6.9 billion in 2005 bucks. The Statue of Liberty is one of the most enduring symbols of the Freedom and openness in the United States. But, we are living in historic times. We are living in the epoch of the terrorist, when our monuments, buildings and ports are in danger.

Enter the ABL or airborne chemical laser. This huge turret is capable of cooking missiles, aircraft and just about anything else that falls within its beam of death.

> A focusing mirror that started out as an unwieldy 2,000 pounds now weighs in at just 300 pounds, he noted. Last summer, the laser was tested to 110 percent of its design power for nearly five minutes. The first of the seven planned ABL airframes will be

> delivered around January. The aircraft--a brand-new, off-the-assembly-line commercial 747 freighter--will be flown from the Boeing factory in Washington state to Wichita, Kan., where Boeing will modify it over 16 to 17 months into the Attack Laser-1.

A laser-wielding Lady Liberty could be stationed in every US mega port as well as several of our large urban centers. What better way to ring in the dawn of this new age than by transforming the symbol of our nation's heritage of freedom into a death-spitting dark angel presiding over the time of ruin? There is no better way. That was rhetorical.

I would like to encourage all of our readers to indulge me in a little side project once the update is over. I would like each and every person to think of the coolest thing they can imagine owning and then determine how many of that thing they could buy with the money we spent on the Iraq war. Then I want you to email me your results. It's sort of like fantasy football only more depressing than that time you squandered a first round pick on Terrell Owen and then he developed a case of glass ankle.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.4 Real Life Childhood Tales

Tuesday, Apr 04, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

Pretty much the best part of getting older and wiser is passing helpful anecdotes on to the next generation. Knowing that people will benefit from your knowledge is probably very rewarding when you're old and waiting to take your next round of pills or die, whichever comes first. Unfortunately I'm only 21 and I don't have any helpful anecdotes yet, in fact you'll probably lose brain cells from some of these, but I still like telling them to anyone who will listen because it makes me feel well-traveled and smart. They're all pretty short too, which means you can write them on the insides of your hands and impress dates with your worldly experiences.

In high school gym class one afternoon someone climbed up on top of the lockers in the locker room and found a lost pair of briefs that was home to more skidmarks than Nascar. They were several years old at least and whoever left them must have been wearing them for at least a week beforehand because it looked like a brown cosmic nebula. After kicking them at people for a few minutes someone eventually got the great idea to pick the ancient underwear up with a stick and chase people around with it. It was all fun and games until whoever had it threw the underwear across the room and nailed this guy Chad in the head. They landed square on his head and when he realized what was up he began flailing his arms and let out a horrifying, blood-curdling scream. Once his wild shuddering knocked them loose one of the coaches came by and picked them up and put them in the garbage (also using a stick).

Another time in high school we had a substitute teacher who wore a white shirt and you could clearly see his nipples through it. They were big and dark and the size of a fist. Everyone was pretty giggly about it and I think he caught on because about halfway through the class he put his jacket on.

Back in 6th grade there was a girl named Julie who had scabies or some kind of bug infestation all over her arms and one time we saw her way out in the field alone during recess pulling them out with her teeth. One day this girl Alex overheard us talking about it and asked us what scabies were, and we said they were some kind of doll and that if you asked Julie to see her scabies she'd show them to you. Naturally, she went over and asked to see Julie's scabies, and she started crying. She was out of school for a little while and when she came back her scabies were gone.

In 7th grade I was lucky enough to have Mr. Clarke's art class, which was basically "fool around with clay while Mr. Clarke watches TV" class. It was easily the most fun because nobody had to actually do anything and it was so laid back that everyone pretty much just talked the whole time. Often times Mr. Clarke would go the entire hour just watching CNN without saying a word. Then one day during the regular classroom chatter I could hear someone in the back begin to make beatbox noises. Mr. Clarke immediately stood up and shouted, "WHAT THE FUCK?!" and the room was silent for like 30 seconds until he sat back down and resumed watching TV. Nobody ever beatboxed again.

One time I was over at someone's house for their birthday party and I think I killed their older brother's iguana because they had this little heating rock for it with a knob and I was fooling around with it at one point. I don't remember exactly but I think I might have left the rock on the highest setting because the next day the iguana died.

In 5th grade I tried out for the talent show and I don't even remember what my talent was, just that I didn't make it. Anyway, we all had to sit around and watch each other try out and I remember some homeschool kid showing up with his mom and they were prepared. He came complete with an MC Hammer getup and graveyard set pieces. His bit was lipsyncing "Addams Family Groove" which he did remarkably well and even did a pretty good MC Hammer dance to go along with it. They told him he made it in but apparently he never showed back up for rehersals or the final show, and nobody ever saw him again after that.

I was about 11 when I went to this kid Eric's birthday party. Eric lived a few miles out in the country and he had these two yellow labs that were some of the biggest dogs I've seen to this day. During the party one of them knocked a plate of devilled eggs off a table and ate all of them and nobody said much about it. About an hour later it came into the family room where we were all playing and doing whatever and wanted to be let outside. It sort of whined for a few seconds and when nobody came to let it out the door it went into the corner and started groaning and growling and getting sick out of both ends. We pretty much had to evacuate that room for the rest of the party, which was a bummer because the Nintendo was in there.

During 3rd grade our teacher was a Broadway reject who insisted on teaching us useless stuff like performing arts and ballet poses and pretty much everything in the world a 9-year-old male would think is stupid. One day she told us she was going to teach us something new and we should all move our desks up against the wall. This kid Hector's desk was right next to the teacher's desk and when he moved it we could see the word "ASSBONES" written on the side of the teacher's desk in permanent marker.

> Nobody knew what it meant but she completely flipped out at Hector and suspended him even though he denied doing it, and as far as I know Hector's nickname remains "ASSBONES" to this day.

◘ Tryin'a Catch Me Ridin' Dirty

Who's hot? Who's not? What's new in the world of fly science? Is this Daily Dirt even worth reading? You won't know until you read all about it inside!

-∼Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

4.5 Tips and Tricks

Wednesday, Apr 05, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

People often ask me for advice on life, and I often tell them that I am not a valid source of knowledge and that they should go climb into an unmarked barrel. I tell them this because I am greedy and I like to hoard my secrets to success, keeping them safe within my meaty bowels. This week, however, I have had a change of heart. Although largely due to the failed triple bypass and subsequent baboon heart replacement surgery, I now understand that time is very short, perhaps only a couple feet tall at the most. Because of this grave realization, I am now prepared to open my vault of secrets to you, the horrifying monstrosity reading this equally monstrous website.

What follows are a small collection of tips and tricks that you may use to get ahead in life, to succeed, and to achieve victory where you have previously been failing with great success. Should these tips benefit you, I only ask that you pay things forward and send me a small check for at least 10% of your annual income. Failing that, I could use a haircut and I have a very strong premonition that you own scissors.

- A good way to get to outer space is to lie about being an astronaut on your résumé or by boarding a space shuttle in a rented astronaut costume just before the launch countdown is initiated.
- You can ripen any kind of fruit by putting it in the microwave for 20-30 seconds.
- Certain types of frogs, when shaken, will increase the likelihood of rain showers by 15%. The trick is to determine the right kind of frog so as not to shake an innocent frog in vain.
- If you cannot afford to take your children to the zoo, drugging them and taking them to a pet store can be just as exciting. If you don't have any children, a wide range of sizes, shapes, colors, and genders are usually available to pick from in nearby parks and playgrounds.
- Real goals and aspirations as well as friendship and love can often be substituted by a wholly imaginary façade called the Internet.
- The best defense is a strong offense and the best offense is a strong man capable of executing a perfect tombstone piledriver.
- The best way to train a horse is to dangle a carrot in front of it to spark forward movement. The best way to get a carrot is to buy one at a store using a stolen credit card. Also you should probably steal the horse as well.
- The proper way to peel an orange involves magnets, sensual massage, and X-rays. The proper way to peel an onion is to get someone else to do it and then to optionally lie about it on your résumé (if you are a chef).
- The greatest gift in life is not the laughter of a child, bur rather his or her sweet, sweet bone marrow and vital organs. The sooner you realize this the easier things will be come harvest season.

- Most car problems go away or are less noticeable when you drive drunk.
- When interviewing for a job, the best way to take control of the situation is to force the interviewer to go on the defensive. Start by calling him or her a racist. After that, accuse them of molesting you when you were a child. They will most likely be shamed into giving you a job.

- You can get more for your money if you use coupons and you can get even more for your money and coupons if you only buy severely damaged cans of corn and nothing else.

- If you are stuck on a wayward hot air balloon and drifting towards an active volcano, the best possible outcome is for you to get a cell phone call letting you know you just won the lottery. Be sure to enter the lottery often.

- Picking up hitchhikers should only be done when the hitchhiker is not clad in a black cloak and carrying a scythe.

- You can clear any cave of bats by either killing the bat leader with a sacred arrow blessed by an Indian chief, or by playing the movie "Bringing Down the House" outside the cave, which causes bats to go insane by overwhelming their senses. In either case peaceful negotiations should be attempted beforehand.

- If you are a zookeeper you can earn extra money on the side by taking animals home with you on weekends and renting them out for birthday parties. **Note:** this does not apply to beekeepers for obvious reasons (and to avoid "it's your bee-day" puns).

- When going out for a late night walk it is important to make sure that you have not mistakenly packed a slide whistle in place of your rape whistle. Such a mistake would only make a bad situation even worse.

- When appearing in court before a judge, it is generally not a good idea to wear a shirt with a picture of an anime character on it. Wearing a black judge's robe will earn you far more style points, as the judge is sure to note your sensible taste in clothes.

- If you enter a cursed mummy's tomb, chances are you will die in a freak automobile accident within seven days. If, however, you attempt to circumvent the mummy's curse by avoiding cars, you're likely to get electrocuted. The only surefire way to survive the mummy's curse is to enter a completely different cursed mummy's tomb so that the two curses cancel each other out.

- If you have overdue library books, the best course of action is to hide them in your crawlspace and pray to god nobody ever finds out.

- The Ark of the Covenant is an important religious relic and should not be used to store beer at frat parties.

- You can get out of any speeding ticket by not stopping for the police officer and instead increasing your vehicle's speed to such a rate that you cause the Earth to rotate backwards through time until before said officer was born, at which point he or she will be temporally unable to give you a ticket.

- You can fit more pancakes into your mouth at one time if you have your tongue, a generally useless organ unimportant to survival, removed.

- Your chances of scoring a fine babe in an Internet chatroom go up 200% when you falsely claim to be the inventor of ponies and rainbows. **Note:** these girls will not be of legal age for 8-14 years.

- If you save a penny every single day for thirty years you will have enough pennies to literally bury your worst enemy alive in copper. If he has allergies to copper, his death will be exceptionally painful, causing word of your savagery and thriftiness to spread throughout the lands. Otherwise it will be a moderately painful death, which isn't too shabby when you consider the price.

That is, at present, all the tips and tricks I can think of. I hope you are able to put these gems of wisdom to use and make your life a shining example for those around you!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.6 Asshole Physics, Meet Asshole A.I.

Thursday, Apr 06, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Rats off to ya.

I was talking to old man Kyanka the other day, something creditors haven't been able to do for three years, and he told me about asshole physics. Asshole physics is the practice of going into a game and being an asshole to every character you meet, knocking shit over and generally being a pain in the ass using these new-fangled physics engines.

"Rich!" I said, "I've been an asshole in real life for years now! I would love to implement my asshole abilities in a video game! Yes, that's exactly what I want to do with my weekend!"

He told me about The Elder Scrolls: Oblivion, second only to World of WarCraft as the RPG nerds would rather live in instead of real life. Recently released on a torrent site near you, Oblivion tells the story of a dying king who enlists a prisoner to find the gates of Oblivion and close them shut forever. I don't know about any of that fantasy nonsense but this game must have been designed by some real assholes considering all of the items the developers have meticulously placed for you to knock over.

But that's not all. Much has been made of Oblivion's "radiant A.I." system. This allows developers to create life-like NPCs that pace back and forth in alleys, have disjointed awkward conversations with other NPCs, and stare at walls for six hours at a time, just like in real life! Every NPC has 24/7 cycles that usually result in hours of fun trying to find a NPC so you can give them the ten wolf hides they asked you to fetch for them just like in EVERY DAMN PC ROLE-PLAYING-GAME EVER MADE. These cycles can create dynamic quests such as having to find a certain NPC who only goes out on the weekend only that I can't figure out which made up fantasy word used to describe the days of the week means "weekend". When coupled with asshole physics radiant A.I. creates asshole A.I.

In addition to baffling NPC cycles Oblivion takes killing rats and fetch quests to an unprecedented level never before seen in a video game. Oblivion features rats in high-resolution HDR anisotropic pixel lighting and sewers with bump mapping z-buffer effects. Never before has killing rats in a sewer level *looked so good*. The unoriginality literally jumps out at you!

Who could resist? I decided to fire up Oblivion and test drive the asshole physics with the all-new asshole A.I. Read on for my complete benchmark report.

My adventure in Cyrodiil began in prison. Before I could respond to the inmate flirting with me in the cell across the hall some guards appeared with Patrick Stewart. He told me that he foresaw a video game developer paying him boatloads of money for like two hours of voice work so their queer fantasy game can have some semblance of credibility. He explained to me that I was now free, free to stumble my way through a tutorial featuring rats in sewers. At the end a guard attempted to guess my class. He said he thought I was a bard. He must have thought he was talking to a homo because there is no way any dude would play a bard. I was a whole class of my own. I was... an asshole.

The king went on to tell me some bullshit about foreseeing the destruction of Cyrodiil and gave me an amulet. He said that I was the only hope to save Cyrodiil but then he was killed by the Borg. Good riddance to him. I got shit to knock over. I chucked that damn amulet into a river somewhere and went to work slightly annoying fictional characters in a video game. I left the sewers hoping to never have to see another sewer in a video game, but I knew the sewer level and I would soon meet again.

Ah, the Imperial City. You'll never find a more wretched hive of relatively boring people. My first goal after getting out of prison was to get laid. I met a handsome man by the name of Salomon Geonette. There he was, a man and his dog, living together in the hustle and bustle of Imperial City. He was a dreamy musician. Unfortunately he was also married to a NPC (also known as women in real life). She talked to him just like he was another retarded NPC. "Any news from the other provinces?", she would ask. He's your husband lady. You're supposed to go, "Hey give me that meaty cock and shove it down my throat while I stroke the dog." Family values in the Imperial City were virtually non-existent.

I was about to change all that. I entered into a conversation with Salomon and tried to persuade him to run away and marry me under the fiery Oblivion gates. There we would exchange man fluids while appreciating the beautiful blurry terrain over yonder hills. However, persuading a man into having gay sex with you is tricky enough in real life. In Oblivion it's even harder!

Back in Morrowind all you had to do to persuade someone was to click "persuade". Based on a number that represented your ability to socialize (which is probably much higher than your real life number, if we had numbers to describe our social skills, which we don't, but the joke is you're probably an anti-social Internet recluse, get it?) you were either successful or unsuccessful.

In Oblivion it's a lot more fun. When you engage in persuasion with someone you have to joke with them, coerce them, admire them, and boast to them all in one round. To raise their disposition towards you you must perform actions they like with a big piece of the pie chart and perform actions they don't like with a small piece of pie.

Somehow this causes them to like you more. They'll even comment on your performance after you are done. This makes the game a lot more realistic. In real life when I met my girlfriend I continually coerced and boasted her into letting me see her naked while keeping my admiration and humor as subtle as possible. I'm glad Bethesda finally made persuasion in an RPG more immersive.

After I was done with the pie chart game Salomon didn't want to have sex with me, but his number was higher than it was before, which made me realize *something more* was there. Maybe he didn't want to make love because his dog was watching us. Who feels comfortable having sex in front of their pets? I don't mind but maybe this guy had a hang-up about it.

I decided to cast a fatigue spell on the dog to make him go to sleep and leave us two lovebirds alone. Lo and behold the dog didn't become tired at all! He actually became

enraged and attacked me. Luckily for my safety I made Salomon like me so much he killed his own dog. It's good that they practice responsible pet ownership in the Imperial City.

Unfortunately his wife came home and I realized it was hopeless. Despite what he felt inside Salomon knew that he had to continue living a lie in this oppressive Imperial City. Alas, our manlove would never be. Still, I got him to kill his dog for me. It was then that I knew he felt something for me too but the only way he could express it was by killing his dog. I made my leave and wondered what could have been. I swiped the delicious dog food while they weren't looking and continued on my quest to annoy people and make them kill their own pets.

After failing to turn my gay lover against his wife I felt the urge to do a little stalking. Hastrel Ottus was walking by so I decided to follow him. He was a very exciting fellow. He decided to stand by the entrance of Marana Rian's house for 30 minutes. He then got tired of that and decided to stand by a nearby wall for 30 minutes. After that fun he decided to stand in the All-Saints Inn for an hour and a half. Then he went home.

He seemed like a nice fellow so I decided to pickpocket his key and steal everything in the house. I stole the food, the silverware, books, anything that wasn't bolted down. I stole so swiftly that the candle hovered in the air over the table. Then I waited for the radiant A.I. to kick and the chaos to ensue. Much to my surprise the Ottus household didn't really mind having all of their worldly possessions stolen. They simply went on with their day of staring at walls and standing in the same place for hours. Maybe they had just gotten used to the horrors of city life, like how you get used to a hot tub or how people who live in Los Angeles get used to being murdered every day.

It was then that I noticed they had a bald butch daughter named Ida Ottus. Oh great, a religious freak. Her day consisted of going to the inn, staring at the wall for, I shit you not, 5 in-game hours, and then coming home. I have to be honest, these NPC 24/7 cycles absolutely blew me away. It was simply amazing... when they did it in MAJORA'S MASK FOR THE NINTENDO 64.

I was tired of these NPCs. Promises of asshole radiant super duper A.I. were lies, horrible horrible lies. I decided to do what anyone would do in my situation. That's right, continue to play the game while continuing to bitch about every aspect of it.

I traveled to Chorral and joined their fighter's guild. Unfortunately they had no rat quests for me so they sent me to Anvil. In Anvil I met Azzan who asked me to take care of some rats. I was to kill ten rats and bring the rat meat to the rat master to get a rat potion that would make me more adept at killing rats to get rat meat to bring back to the rat master so he could give me a rat sword that shoots rats at other rats. The only thing that can hurt another rat is, of course, another rat. I asked him for advancement and to my surprise he refused. I guess the guy simply didn't know who he was dealing with. I, the great rat slayer of Fallout, wasn't going to stand for such disrespect at all. I went up to his office and decided to give him a little surprise.

I took everything in the fighter's guild and threw it on the floor. Boy will his face be red when he comes in! It turned out my antics didn't phase him the slightest. He didn't even flinch when I knocked his apples out of their bowl. He sat down and began yawning, something that would last for 4 in-game hours. I decided to take everything on the floor and throw it on his desk. Even still he kept his cool. It was then that I figured out what he really wanted. I obliged, only if I got my advancement of course.

Oh yeah, something advanced alright. Unfortunately Azzan wasn't going for any of that homo shit and decided to kill me. My days of wreaking havoc in Cyrodiil were over.

In the end I was very disappointed with my asshole A.I. experience. The asshole physics were all there, sure, but I was hoping for the much hyped "radiant A.I." to take it to a whole new level. Check out this video. Apparently radiant A.I. is all about giving NPCs goals and they figure out how to accomplish those goals. I guess they accidentally set everyone's goal to "watch paint dry".

Having said that, you can't beat The Elder Scrolls: Oblivion for its top notch asshole physics experience. But at the end of the day Oblivion is only but a small step in the advancement of being a virtual asshole. Here's how the ratings break down:

# of objects to knock over:	10
Ease of knocking crap over:	9
Intensity that NPCs get upset with you:	7
Asshole A.I.:	5
Believability of assholeness:	8
Overall Assholeness:	**39**

Each category in the rating system is based out of a possible 10 score (10 being the most assholish). The overall score is based out of a possible 50 score (50 being the assholish).

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

4.7 The Awesome Deferred: Reader Edition!

Friday, Apr 07, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Earlier this week, I brought you the tragic tale of the 250 billion dollars that the United States has squandered on the Iraq war and just a few of the totally awesome things that money could have purchased. At the end of my article I encouraged readers to email me their own ideas about better ways in which that staggering sum of money could have been spent. Sometimes I forget that a lot of people actually do read Something Awful and I was quite surprised to find more than 200 emails with various suggestions on the topic.

I had not planned on doing a follow-up to the original piece, but since my challenge prompted such an overwhelming (and often amusing) response, I have decided to showcase a number of the best ideas. There are dozens of ideas that I won't be including. Nearly forty people sent me varying numbers of "awesome gaming computers" that 250 billion dollars could purchase. A lot of people also sent me emails that looked something like Andrew's:

> Dear Zack,
>
> I know these aren't exactly awesome things to purchase, but I believe they are practical. With 250 billion dollars we could quintuple the projected american education budget for 2007. Fund all kinds of cancer/AIDS/ research. Fund alternative fuel resource development, since I don't particularly like the idea of my atmosphere being superheated by excessive CO2 production. Purchase 45,000,000,000 Oak trees and have enough BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH
>
> Thanks for your time,
> Andrew Kade

Yeah, right, like cancer or AIDS research are way awesome. Man, forget buying 150 million drag racers, I can't wait to plant 45 billion trees! Andrew was the most concise of the Professor Borings who wrote in with their health care plans and their houses for the homeless projects. One guy wrote at least 1,000 words and had an attached graph that I think he probably made in whatever version of Excel manifests in midair when you do about ten hits of bad acid.

Others were a bit displeased with the subject matter for my update and couldn't see that I was attempting to make jokes through their thin-skinned bonerfacedness. Yes, bonerfacedness.

> *Thanks a lot. Now the one place I go every day to escape from politics has been fucking invaded by Real Life.*
>
> Everyone's got an opinion, but I go to somethingawful.com to escape from these ramblings. I want to read about how cool Indian movie posters are, or about Yellowjacket Greenapple, not some stupid shit about what is going wrong with the war. I could just watch the news for that. You build up your site as an escape from reality and a dose of well-needed humor. When did you start writing political opinion ads? shit.
>
> Get a grip, or lose it again, or whatever. Go back to the way somethingawful used to be; irreverent and irrelevant.
>
> -Jim

Oh man, I am so totally sorry, Your Highness. At least "SurrealMind" had the decency to keep things short and sweet.

> What is this, MoveOn.org? I'm not exactly a huge fan of the Iraq war myself, but I go to Something Awful to get some humor, not to get preached at. Consider this complaint *filed*, bitches.

Hallelujah!

Let's leave these Negative Nancy types in the dust and hear what way-rad purchases are budgeted for the next war's fiscal follies. Perhaps the most popular approach, next to gaming computers, was to spend all the money on some colossal amount of food.

Dylan offers us centuries of memorable tailgate parties:

> $250 billion would buy approximately 2,272,727,272 Turduckens. And that's shipped next day. We could supply 1/3 of the world with three different kinds of tasty bird all stuffed gruesomely into each other all at once!

Boom! I can practically hear their agonized quacks and squawks!

Australian reader "infinitum" not only calculated the largest possible burger size, he did it after converting his crazy moon money to real red-blooded American dollars!

> My brother works at McDonalds. So in order to help support their obviously floundering business, and thus ensure his continued employment, I eat there often. My pick is the Double Quarter Pounder, which rings up at around $4.95 in this hemisphere. One night I was driving him and his dumb buddies around while they had a higher alcohol concentration than Robert Downey Jr's sweat, and we stopped in at the Golden Arches. Within minutes, he returned to the car with what he dubbed the **Double Pounder.** Eight 1/4-pound patties, eight slices of cheese. It cost him about $16.50 - and his dignity.
>
> With some quick extrapolation, we can ascertain the cost of the base burger setup (bun, sauce, raw onions - no meat/cheese), subtract that from our kitty, and then determine how many 1/4-pound patties and slices of cheese the Iraqi war chest would have bought us.
>
> Zack, my dear friend, that figure stands at 181,814,546,493 of each. The American government should have bought me a **45.4 Billion Pounder.** I would even have sprung for my own Coke.

Yeah, that's great and all, but how much more to add some mega bacon and put it on the world's biggest Krispy Kreme donut? No, wait, don't tell me, for no price would be too great for such exquisite gluttony!

Daniel D likes to feed his face, but only if it's for a good cause.

> For 250 billion dollars every American the in the United States, including banner-waving illegal aliens, could recieve 212 boxes of Thin Mint Girl Scout Cookies. On one hand, obesity will skyrocket. But on the other, we'll be supporting breast cancer awareness.

It's like "The Gift of the Magi" in cookie form! Daniel D wasn't just interested in eating delicious and benevolent cookies.

> For 250 billion dollars we could buy 25000000000000 Runescape gold, assuming that the price is 1000 gold : 1 US dollar on Ebay. If we distributed that money to every American, then each person would get 106382 gold, which is enough to buy FULL RUNE PLATE W/ KITE + SCIMMY WHISPER PLZ!

Danny D, I don't think we want to hand that kind of money over to the Chinese. With that sort of capital they could develop a macro powerful enough to kill God.

Grant and AJ put their heads together to offer up one of the most evocative uses for 250 billion dollars. "Evocative" means "makes you want to throw up," right?

> With $250 Billion you could by 71, 633, 238 Packages of Kotex Security Tampons for $4.19 a box. Each box contains 36 tampons, which means you would be purchasing 2,083,333,333 units. Now lets just say they were to hold approximately 3 ounces of "fluid" each. That brings the total to 6,249,999,999 oz., which converts to 48,828,125 US Gallons of absorbed fluid.
>
> Thus, with the money we have spent on this war, we could have instead absorbed 63 Olympic Sized pools of "fluid." (A feat that man has dreamed of fulfilling for centuries)
>
> I think the important thing to know is that we could have bought over two trillion tampons, which would come in handy in these daunting years to come.

TheRandyRhoads isn't big on grammar, but he or she is big on ideas!

> $250000000000 worth of herpes i know a place where 250 billion dollars can get you laid 25 billion times.

Is this place your mom's bedroom? Ohhhhhhh! I totally went there!

Kris wants to enhance a large segment of the population with that 250 billion.

> You could pay for 35,714,285 breast implant surgeries.
>
> There are, what, 300 million people in the U.S?
>
> Roughly 150 million females. If you take out the old people, fat girls, and children, I think that would be about right. We could have stelllar, bouncing D-cups as far as the eye could see. Fuck the amber waves of grain, this is America the Beautiful.
>
> Kris

Hey, let's clone the biggest dinosaur ever and then use some sort of totally awesome stem cell super collider type of shit to make it even bigger. Then we can use all of the money left over to make one huge breast implant and implant it onto the dinosaur. It wouldn't really be useful in any way, unless the boobasaur goes berserk and kills a bunch of people. Then it can be a cautionary tale about hubris. Or lust. Or maybe just a warning for the ages about how dangerous dinosaurs can get with a tit on them.

Mr. Barky has a proposal for that 250 billion, but I don't know if the world is ready to receive it:

> Though I hate the movie I wouldn't have minded paying a million for an "Indecent Proposal" to early 90's Demi Moore. Not because she's hot, there are plenty of hot chicks willing to take 10 grand for one nights service, but because it would make Woody Harrelson livid. You try resisting that.
>
> So basically I could get 250,000 nights at 1 mill a pop with Demi Moore* That is over 685 years of nightly Woody Harrelson frustration and anger that no amount of hemp or highly oxygenated air could quiet.
>
> Now I'm sure nobody is willing to give me that so I think we'd have to have a lottery open to all interested Americans except Woody Harrelson and Robert Redford. That's 250,000 happy Men, Lesbians or Bisexual Women over the next half millennium.
>
> *or something equivalent-you're gonna want that after Bruce Willis gets done with her.
> Thank You,
> Mr. Barky

No, Thank **You**, Mr. Barky. Not to bring you down, but I think we'd have to conduct some sort of scientific study first just to ensure that this would actually make Harrelson angrier than the Iraq War. If it turns out the Iraq War wins then I take back everything bad I ever said about G-Dubs.

Several people were interested in the volume of a certain light-themed sex toy that 250 billion could cover. Unfortunately, one of them was a vile imposter named Zack.

> 2908667830 Fleshlights with 3 inserts. That would be roughly enough Fleshlights for every male on the planet, excluding those who don't masturbate or those who are unaware of their penis. I would assume there are more of the latter. Huge stress reliever, therefore eliminating war altogether!

Sorry, Zack, but I think the amount of stress relieved by orgasming into a flashlight with a vagina would be immediately counteracted by the burden of shame suddenly weighing down on 3 billion men. War nearly eliminated; suicide rate skyrockets.

Men weren't the only readers thinking about sexual gratification, as evidenced by unrepentant pervert "Ruth."

> David Bowie is worth an estimated $800 million dollars. Even with his artistic dignity and superior intelligence, I suppose I could get him to give me a lap-dance for an hour for his net worth. Supposing it takes the first billion to get him to agree to it and then 800 million after that for each hour, I could enjoy twelve days of solid, non-stop lap dance from David Bowie with enough left over to convince Iggy Pop to finger me outside of Blockbuster Video.
>
> That's an impressive figure.
>
> - Ruth

Huh, David Bowie and Iggy Pop. Guess we won't be seeing Ruth cruising for dudes at any Weight-watchers clinics. Lucky for her I'm pretty sure after Iggy Pop retired on his "Lust for Life" money he just set up a tent outside a Blockbuster in Orange County. Step inside and he'll slide three in the crease, no questions asked.

Speaking of creepy celebrities, James is hoping to be the next Chloe Sevigny.

> I would buy 250,000 weekends with Vincent Gallo. At $100,000 a pop it's a real deal because I would get to see Vincent Gallo every weekend for 4807.6 years. And according to his website he is both "unusually thick and large." and "You may be surprised just how much you can handle and how good it feels." So right there makes it completely worth it as well. There's nothing quite like big ole' Vincent Gallo dick all up in your face.

That probably works better as a threat. Gallo can extort the free world for 100 large every weekend so that nobody has to deal with any part of him - thick *or* large - in their face. 4807.6 years of peace and quiet.

Finally, what litany of wasteful expenditures would be complete without a mention of the Church of Scientology? Not this one, definitely!

> Assuming that prices haven't fluctuated that much (not likely), you could get approximately one million people to OT level nine in Scientology. That's not really that many people compared to, say, your full-ride college example, or likely as enlightening. But then again, such are the prices for SUPER PSYCHIC POWERS AND THE SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE.
>
> - Father Wendigo

I would rather throw 250 billion dollars into a volcano to trap an evil alien mastermind.

Thanks to everyone who wrote in to offer their ideas for how to best use the 250 billion dollars the government has shit down the big, swirling, exploding Iraqi toilet. For those of you who get mad whenever they see "Iraq" or also possibly "toilet", well, I still love you.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.8 Adult Sink

Saturday, Apr 08, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

It's been great writing on the internet for a site that doesn't even display my full name in the bylines of my articles, but I'm on to bigger and better things. You see, I've created a cartoon that the Cartoon Network has opted to pick up for their Adult Swim block of programming, ensuring me everlasting fame and fortune for about a year and a half before they dump my show in favor of an even shittier one and then run repeats of the same four episodes for the next decade.

The whole thing was surprisingly easy. I simply identified the elements that nearly every Adult Swim series had in common and then incorporated them into an exciting new series that will push the boundaries of unoriginality and cleverlessness even further than 12 oz. Mouse, Tom Goes To The Mayor, Perfect Hair Forever, Squidbillies and Robot Chicken combined. From what I gathered, these were the basic tenets that each show closely followed.

1. The uglier the art and the shittier the animation, the funnier the show will be. Even if you somehow screw up everything else on this list, the sight of a poorly drawn guy moving jerkily will make your viewers laugh nonstop and also respect you for being too talented and ironic to waste your time and money on actual art.

2. Create characters that are nonsensical in nature. An angry bicycle. A zombie in a coma. A racist hot dog. Now when you write dialogue, no matter how stale that dialogue may be, it will be funny because a bear with herpes is saying it.

3. Random = funny. Always. There's no need to craft an actual joke that half the audience might not get when you can ensure laughs by having an unusually large photograph of a monkey enter a scene and ask if anyone has seen his contact lenses. Cram variations of this theme into your basic plot outline and you'll fill up an entire timeslot without having to think even once. Your script for each episode is essentially a big Mad Libs that you'll fill in over and over again. The photograph of a monkey could just as easily be a sentient bowl of cereal, and instead of asking whether anyone has seen his contacts he could just as easily challenge everyone to an arm wrestling match. Just toss anything in there and people will think it's hilarious. It helps to have a dictionary nearby so you can just flip to a random noun or verb and build a scenario around that.

4. If you absolutely must include humor that isn't random for the sake of being random, consider going with extended periods of uncomfortable silence or having your characters repeat one or two lines of dialogue ad infinitum. This was pretty funny when Space Ghost: Coast To Coast did it ten years ago, but it gets progressively funnier every time it's recycled.

5. Toss in lots of curse words, which will of course be bleeped out. Why bore your audience with this:

> **Jack The Martian With No Hands:** Hey Joe, what's going on?

When you can delight and entertain them by incorporating dialogue like this:

> **Jack The Martian With No Hands:** Hey Joe, you *bleep*, what the *bleep* is *bleep* *bleep* going on?

Oh my god, I can't believe he just didn't say that!

6. Celebrity appearances. Have actual famous people show up to do voicework for your show or simply create their likeness and make them do something bizarre, preferably by

combining rules 3 and 5. If you make the celebrity unusually angry and toss in a lot of violence or vomit or poop, oh man watch out because cable television wasn't designed to transmit that much humor. Tom Hanks piloting a mech as it crushes women and children, screaming "Take that, *bleep*suckers!" is just about the funniest thing ever.

My series, "The Triceratops And The Cowboy Gynecologist", features an ensemble cast the likes of which hasn't been seen since Seinfeld or The War At Home. First, there's the triceratops:

Then there's the cowboy gynecologist:

It would be wrong of me to tease you with all of this tantalizing information and leave you hanging, so as my going-away gift to you I will now share the complete script for the pilot episode of The Triceratops And The Cowboy Gynecologist.

THE TRICERATOPS AND THE COWBOY GYNECOLOGIST

"Pilot"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. OF TRICERATOPS AND COWBOY GYNECOLOGIST'S APARTMENT - ESTABLISHING

Triceratops is sprawled out in a bathtub in the center of the living room. The tub has been filled with a black substance. Cowboy Gynecologist enters from stage right, sliding into the scene without moving his legs or arms.

COWBOY GYNECOLOGIST
Why are you taking a bath in the living room? And is that tar?
TRICERATOPS
What?

Ten second silence during which no one moves.

COWBOY GYNECOLOGIST
I said is that-
TRICERATOPS
What?

Thirty second silence.

COWBOY GYNECOLOGIST
Tar?

Close-up of Triceratops' face, zooming in on his eyes more and more over the next minute as he blinks silently.

TRICERATOPS
What?

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. OF TRICERATOPS AND COWBOY GYNECOLOGIST'S APARTMENT

COWBOY GYNECOLOGIST
Did you say something?

Triceratops blinks. Total silence follows for three minutes. Christian Slater enters the apartment and bursts into flames.

CHRISTIAN SLATER
Oh, you *BLEEP*!

Christian Slater slowly backs out the way he came, still on fire. Triceratops and Cowboy Gynecologist continue to stare at one another for several minutes.

TRICERATOPS
What?

FADE OUT

THE END

4.9 My Comedy Central Internship

Sunday, Apr 09, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

March 1

8 a.m.
I know I've only been here a day, and that the guards explicitly warned me not to gush over the celebrities, but I think I may have already experienced the best part of this internship: Meeting Carlos Mencia.

I mean, how do they expect me *not* to be impressed? Here I am, some 23-year-old Internet comedy writer with an unpaid internship, and I'm standing in front of a comedy god. This is a man who, in less than a season, made a monosyllabic retard noise the hottest catchphrase in America. Even Tim "The Toolman" Taylor couldn't do that, and he was on the air for years. And before you haters tell me it's not funny, let me say this: Fuck you. I know it is. The studio audience wouldn't laugh every single time if it wasn't hilarious.

The back of his shirt says "gimmie all your welfare." What a card!

And, unlike other celebrities I've met in the past, Carlos is a great guy. A little off, maybe, but a genuinely good person. They held a reception for the interns and Carlos was there, shaking hands and chatting it up. My heart nearly stopped when he approached me with his hand outstretched.

"Hi, I'm Carlos," he told me. "I'm a pretty offensive guy. You never know what I'm gonna say! Pay attention, because I'm going to say something really offensive soon!"

I introduced myself and we parted ways but I will treasure that experience with all my heart. I only wish I could have heard him say "DUH DUH DUH" in person – that would have made my day, if not my year.

1 p.m.
Comedy Central may be a business, but they love making people laugh. For instance, when you walk into their headquarters, there's a banner across the reception hall that says "show us your funny and we'll show you our money." How can't you love that? I know I personally love to be reminded of Cuba Gooding Jr.'s masterful performance in Jerry McGuire, and topical humor like that really lights a workplace up. There's also a funny drawing of a dog on a skateboard except instead of eyes he has dollar signs and he's jumping over a volcano.

9 p.m.
Of course, being unpaid interns, there won't be a lot of money. We're allowed a small daily stipend for food, but lodging is provided. They've converted Dave Chappelle's old penthouse into a number of small apartments with a communal bathroom area. Some of Dave's old personal effects are still there – for instance, the toilets are made of gold and there are still hints of writing on one of the mirrors. We tried to decode it, and we think it says "OH GOD THEY'RE GIVING ME BILLIONS OF DOLLARS AND I'M FAMOUS I HATE THIS FUCK THIS SLAVERY BULLSHIT FUCK COMEDY CENTRAL," but that doesn't make a lot of sense to us! We also found a computer with a WoW account on it – it was logged in but the only character was a level 60 forest elf named ImRcKjMsBtcH, and everyone was too tired and excited to start a new account to play.

But now it's time for bed. We've got a full day ahead of us tomorrow, and with any luck we'll get

to meet a celebrity or two along the way.

March 7

9 a.m.
My first task today was to work up new characters for Carlos to use when he shouts those hilarious catchphrases. Here are my ideas so far:

- A submarine captain who shouts retard noises at his crew when they make wacky mistakes
- A catholic priest who makes off-color references to molestation while shouting retard noises at members of his congregation who have sinned
- A Civil War general who screams retard noises while picking musket balls out of a wound in his stomach

I really hope I'm doing the show justice, and I hope I can one day be as funny as those guys – I nearly pissed my pants laughing when he dressed up as Satan and shouted "DUH DUH DUH" from the middle of a pit of flames.

2 p.m.
Good news! Even more excitement came during lunch, when Carlos himself came to talk to me again!

"Hey," he said, "you know what's funny?"

"What?" I asked.

"*Niggers*," he whispered. Then he chuckled quietly and bowed. Unfortunately I was laughing too hard to thank him before he walked off. It's humor like this that really lets me know I'm in the presence of geniuses. I wonder when they're going to roast him? In my humble opinion he is far overdue.

5 p.m.
After we ate they gave us a tour of the Comedy Central science lab, where they showed us a few of their upcoming projects. For instance, they are currently designing a machine that will essentially let them bend time, thus allowing them to show 45 minutes' worth of commercials in a half-hour slot. I was excited to hear this, especially when the scientists (who are jokesters themselves) kept saying they would use it to speed up time and get out of work early! I must have heard that line thirty times, and it got funnier each time they repeated it. When the head scientist came in and asked us if we were "working hard or hardly working" I damn near lost my composure – this place is sure full of laughs!

8 p.m.
In the early nineties Comedy Central bought out the entire VHS collection of a family-owned video store. Although they only needed the comedy section, they bought the entire lot for $12.99. After burning the other tapes – including six copies of "Return to the Blue Lagoon" – for fuel, they stored the humorous film and thus was born the Comedy Central film vault.

As part of their "Watch the Same Movie Sixteen Times Weekend", they're showing their copy of "BioDome" – it even has a deleted scene! Well, it's really just a blurry close up of a human eye over the last fifteen minutes of the film where the owner's grandson was playing with his new video camera, but fans love those special features!

We chose "Captain Ron," a truly underappreciated gem, to take back to the dormitory with us. I was so excited I couldn't watch it – who knows what tomorrow will bring?

March 15

7 a.m.
The mumbling you hear in the animation department is everywhere. You can't miss it. It vibrates off the walls as you walk in and grows louder the further back you go. We asked the tour guide about it three or four times – he pretended not to hear us.

Only when we walked by the office of Matt Stone and Trey Parker did we understand. The door was slightly ajar, and when I looked in I saw something that was disgusting, enthralling, and informative all at once: The two men were nude on the floor, giving each other blowjobs and discussing upcoming episodes of South Park.

"Mmmmf GOD we're so fucking FUNNY," Matt said.

"Comedy mmmmmf FUCKING GENIUSES," Trey responded, spitting a mouthful of semen onto a portrait of Tex Avery.

While I can't say I condone such interoffice relationships, I do realize Matt and Trey need creative freedom and I applaud Comedy Central for fostering such a diverse workplace!

I can only equate this feeling to what Noah felt when he was handed down instructions for his Ark.

9 a.m.
The next stop on our animation tour was the office complex that houses Drawn Together. I hate to say it but I was not very impressed.

For instance, the main creative room was little more than a frat house rec-room, complete with a busted pool table and an old boombox bumping a mix CD full of Ja Rule and Phish. They sat silently, playing Halo and giving each other noogies when they killed one another.

"GOSH," one of them shouted after a particularly impressive shot, "give me your tots, Tina!"

The room exploded in laughter. After a round of high-fives, another gentleman, this one wearing a Bob Marley t-shirt and one of those big hats with fake dreadlocks coming out of it, put an arm around his killer and looked at me.

"You don't understand," he said, "that this man, like Chuck Norris, has two speeds: Walk and kill."

There are no words to describe the horror I experienced next. The group of men exploded in laughter again, shouting out phrases like "shitcasket," "Hey Kool-Aid," and "Dr. Phil's Labia." After they had compiled a huge list of noun/curseword combos, Eighties pop-culture references, and celebrity genetalia, the one in the red cap stood with his arms raised over his head.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I think we have created the ultimate episode of Drawn Together."

"Nay," the rasta man sad. "Nay. We have created... an entire season!"

The laughter did not end until we left the room, and even then we could still hear it.

5 p.m.
Today we had a late lunch and only now do I appreciate the genius environment in which I have

been placed.

It came while I was eating my "wacky vegetable soup" (soup with letters that spelled out wacky phrases like "CHEESE" and "TONY LITTLE"), when the walls shook. The blinds opened and sun filled the foyer as the voice of Trey Parker boomed from the intercom.

"Mmmmmf GENTLEMEN, I HAVE SEEN THE LIGHT," he said, in a voice that I imagine God handing down commandments in. "IN UPCOMING EPISODES, WE MUST MOCK CURRENT EVENTS BY PUTTING THEM IN A CONTEXT THAT ALSO APES ACTION MOVIE STAPLES."

Before I knew it people were dropping to their knees, bowing to the intercom. I stood and let the genius wash over me.

"WE SHOULD HAVE PEOPLE DOING OVERLY OFFENSIVE THINGS TO SOLVE SMALL EVERYDAY PROBLEMS. PART OF EACH EPISODE SHOULD ALSO MOCK THE NOSTALGIC SENTIMENT MOST MADE FOR TV MOVIES CONTAIN."

The CEO dropped to his knees and put his hands to his face. When he reared back he was laughing – laughing so hard he was crying blood.

"WE SHOULD ACCUSE FAMOUS PEOPLE AND POLITICIANS OF BEING SEXUAL DEVIANTS, AND WE SHOULD HAVE THE LITTLE BOYS SEEM OBLIVIOUS UNTIL AN EPIPHANY AT THE END OF THE EPISODE."

A golden light filled the room and all my troubles were gone. I listened further:

"THESE ARE THE WORDS OF TREY, AND IF YOU TURN YOUR BACK ON MY GLORIOUS KINGDOM, YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF TOILING IN THE FIREY PITS OF PREMIUM BLEND."

The employees scrambled to meet his commands while I took it all in. My one wish is that I didn't have to leave.

March 24

9 a.m.

Our trip is almost over but we got to make one more visit today: Comedy Central News, home of The Daily Show and The Colbert Report. Again, I hate to sound so overenthusiastic but I really enjoy both shows. I think normal news is too bland and if I didn't have Jon Stewart talking in those funny voices and staring at the camera incredulously after those sound clips, I wouldn't ever know what was going on in the world!

Look at that shirt! Isn't it WACKY?

I was actually kind of surprised that we got to meet Jon himself. Even away from the camera he's a hilarious guy! For instance, when his makeup artist accidentally mispronounced a word he stared incredulously at us and made a whimpering dog noise. What a card!

After our brief meet-and-greet with the star we spoke with a producer, who let us in on some of the comedy magic. I only had one question in mind: Where the hell they got those zany Photoshops.

"There's a little Web site some of us visit called Fark," the producer told us. "We get some of our

content there, and we hire a lot of their forums members to do our Photoshop work for us. Last week was Jon's birthday so we had one of the artists make a shirt for him that was a picture of a monkey, except they replaced its head and put George W. Bush's picture there instead."

I didn't think I could laugh any harder when he showed us the shirt... and the monkey was smoking a joint! I'm smiling just thinking about it.

1 p.m.
I know the Comedy Central guidebook tells us to avoid any cliché use when writing comedy, so I hate to use one here, but I'm going to anyway. There is no such thing as too much of a good thing.

If you don't believe me take a look at The Colbert Report. I'll admit, I had my doubts when I first heard about it, but just look at the facts: Jon Stewart makes fun of conservatives while Steven Colbert acts like a conservative to make fun of them. There's a difference between homage and plagiarism, guys, and I think a lot of you haters need to learn that lesson.

And, I mean, he does things *different*, you know? Like, when they have a guest, they don't walk to him – he walks to them! Taking little staples like that and using them backwards over and over is really a funny way to show how different you are. I also like it when they do the "district profile" thing – I don't think they'll ever run out of ways to say "this town is boring"!

Unfortunately, we did not get to meet Steven because he was too busy planning for his upcoming show. We did get to sit in during the meeting, though. Steven himself spent a lot of time asking questions like "Would Jon do that" and "Do you think Jon would think that's funny." You have to respect something like that – he may be fresh and original but he knows his roots.

6 p.m.
Before we went to bed we had a surprise run-in with David Spade. David, as you know, has had an up-and-down relationship with Comedy Central and right now they're not sure exactly where to put him. As of this writing he is holed up in a closet office in the news department.

Some people were kind of put off by the way David acted but in my opinion he was being a true comedian, getting out there and looking for laughs. We approached him in the hallway and he immediately went into a routine, giving us material that could easily be reproduced on his show.

"My god Oprah is FAT," he said. "And how about Brokeback Mountain? That movie sure is about gay cowboys! And my hair? Every time I look at myself in the mirror I just want to smugly tell it 'buh-bye.'"

However, the humor turned sour when the tour guide, who had obviously seen this before, shouted "Chris Farley." David ran off crying and we didn't see him again.

March 31

8 a.m.
I am sad to be leaving Comedy Central but even sadder because I had to watch the world lose of one of our nation's greatest comics, Carlos Mencia.

Carlos was one of the few celebrities who came down to tell us goodbye. Matt and Trey were there, too, but for some reason they were sitting behind a desk and we never saw them from the waist up. Come to think of it, I never saw Matt's right arm move out from under there, either. Strange stuff.

Carlos was out shaking hands, being energetic. He came to me, put his hand on mine, and looked me in the eye.

"Just wait! I'm gonna say something real offensive soon, holmes," he said. "I might even make fun

of my own race. Wouldn't that be refreshingly un-PC?"

Something in the tour guide changed at that moment. He let go of the door he was holding open and turned to Carlos.

"Then fucking SAY it," he shouted, "You obviously don't have time to be offensive since all you do is congratulate yourself over how offensive you are! The next time you say 'I had to say it because nobody else would' I'm gonna smash your unfunny face in!"

Goodbye, Carlos. You were just too funny for this mortal world.

The room grew silent. Matt's arm stiffened up for a brief moment. Carlos swelled like a balloon – his face and eyes were as red as the evening sun. He jumped on the desk and grabbed a small metal statue of Dave Chappelle.

In that moment, I knew the world had changed. Before we could speak, or even breathe, Carlos let out in one breath the most horrible, yet strangely hilarious thing I've ever heard:

"DUH DUH DUH," he screamed.

He crashed the statuette down on his crotch with shattering force.

"NIGGERS!" He shouted. "BEANERS! RETARDS! DUH DUH DUH!"

He brought the statue down on his genitals again. The force was so severe blood flew from his mouth and splattered the walls.

"WOMEN'S RIGHTS ARE BULLSHIT! NEW ORLEANS, AND I DON'T GIVE A FUCK IF IT'S TOO SOON! CHINKS! DUH DUH DUH!"

He pulled his bloody, erect penis from his pants and laid it on the desk. We could only watch as he brought the statuette down with tremendous force, severing it and spraying blood directly in the receptionist's face.

"HOPE YOU THINK AIDS IS FUNNY BECAUSE YOU GOT IT NOW YOU FAT BITCH! HA HA! DUH DUH DUH!"

Then, just like that, he was gone into that great blue comedy abyss in the sky.

Goodnight, sweet latino prince. You will be missed.

I Swear I Didn't Steal This Idea From CTS

If you've read this and haven't read CTS' article from yesterday, scroll down now and give it a read. After looking at my update I'm sure you're really looking to read something funny. After that you can read this Daily Dirt. We didn't intentionally mean to rag on Adult Swim and Comedy Central in the same weekend, but they both suck, so no harm, no foul.

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

4.10 Winesburg, Indiana: Rapture Police Log

Monday, Apr 10, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Chronicals of Winesburg, Indiana series.

The Winesburg County Sheriff's Department and the Winesburg Police Department reported the following activity during the period of June 6th, 2006 trough June 8th, 2006.

June 6th

- **9:23 AM** Reports of small dog sleeping in the street in the 1500 block of Jessup's Holler Ave. No dog found.
- **11:04 AM** Mailbox defaced on James Early Ray Rd. Officer assisted in the removal of the words "eat a d*ck c*ckface" from side of mailbox.
- **2:36 PM** Loud peals of thunder heard in the heavens accompanied by the voice of God declaring the beginning of the End Times. Officers advised several people to remain in their homes.
- **2:40 PM** Teresa Walters, known in Winesburg as "That Cat Lady" reported missing. Officers attending the scene discovered one soiled pair of sweatpants and a soiled sanitary napkin in her driveway. Neighbors reported her screaming at her cat, Elizabeth, instants before the voice of God spoke and then she was gone.
- **5:04 PM** Tractor stalled in turning lane at intersection of 1st and Main streets. Officers attached ropes and pulled the vehicle from the thoroughfare.
- **11:34 PM** Officers responded to a noise complaint in the 30000 block of St. Rt. 64W. Terrance Duncan and two unidentified guests were advised to reduce the volume at which they were blowing on ceramic jugs to make music.

June 7th

- **2:01 AM** Dog reported sleeping in the street again in the 1500 block of Jessup's Holler Ave. Officers responding to the call did not find the dog but removed the rear axel of a pickup truck from the northbound lane.
- **3:44 AM** Three juveniles were reported laughing loudly near a house in the 700 block of Grant road. Officers responding could not locate the juveniles but did find a discarded soda bottle.

- **5:07 AM** Officers requested ambulance in the 300 block of 3rd street after encountering an "unusually sweaty" man in his late 40s. The man, later identified as Roger Simmons, declined medical treatment.

- **10:25 AM** All officers were asked to provide security for the arrival of the United Nations Emergency Management Patrol officer Duke Cautuvaaeus. One gentleman snoring loudly on a bench was asked to leave. Mr. Cautuvaaeus gave a brief speech outlining the new purchasing tattoos mandated by the UN. Chamber of Commerce Beat the Heat Summer Fun Bucks will be accepted at participating retailers until September.

- **2:03 PM** The number of pairs of shoes hanging from a telephone line in the 900 block of Rutledge road exceeded the safe allowance of three and officers contacted a repair technician.

- **3:18 PM** Lena and Todd Hooper of West Winesburg were involved in a domestic dispute. Lena Hooper claimed that Todd Hooper had died more than a year earlier and was attempting to bite her. Todd Hooper did not offer an explanation for his behavior and refused to cooperate with a sobriety test. He was placed in confinement at the Winesburg County Jail. Lena Hooper refused to press charges.

- **6:04 PM** Officers from Winesburg and surrounding counties were asked to assist the 76th Infantry Brigade of the Indiana National Guard in disabling a Hellbore Maggot set loose upon the countryside near Kawalski Township. Officers arrived to find neither the National Guard nor the giant maggot present. They advised three juveniles flying kites to avoid nearby power lines. Several hundred skeletons were found along a county road and were collected and donated to Winesburg area schools for their science classrooms.

- **8:30 PM** Officers responded to reports of juveniles laughing and breaking glass in the 700 block of Grant road. Three juveniles were found sitting on a porch. They were advised to keep it down. A copy of Maxim magazine and three partially-consumed Red Bulls were confiscated.

June 8th

- **12:01 AM** Several calls were placed by concerned citizens regarding the sky turning red and illuminating at the stroke of midnight. They were advised that it was the Northern Lights.

- **12:23 AM** Nude women with tails, wings and large talons were reported roosting in the steeple of Winesburg United Methodist Church at 264 N. Main Street. Officers arrived and dispersed them with a foghorn.

- **3:15 AM** Dog reported sleeping in the road in the 1500 block of Jessup's Holler Ave. Officers investigating the call located a three-headed dog the size of a truck and called animal control. Raffles, as the officers on the scene dubbed the animal, is available for adoption through the Winesburg County Humane Society.

- **9:03 AM** Janice Lowry from the County Courthouse requested police assistance and an ambulance after calling to report that UNEMP officer Duke Cautuvaaeus had grown three feet in height and inverted his skin. Mr. Cautuvaaeus was coherent on the scene despite insisting officers refer to him as Duke Cautuvaaeus the Gorehided, Scourge of Acheron and Rotseer of the Nine Hells. Mr. Cautuvaaeus declined medical assistance.

- **11:32 AM** Officers were asked to respond in force to a public disturbance at the Winesburg High School large gym. Ruth Anne Hart and Carl Stapleson were refusing to receive their UNEMP-mandated commerce tattoos. Officers provided each with 50 Chamber of Commerce Beat the Heat Summer Fun Bucks and escorted them from the premises.

- **1:45 PM** The Morning Star was visible in the sky throughout the early afternoon and appeared nearly as bright as the sun. Several callers requested medical attention after suffering temporary blindness from staring at the sun.
- **2:08 PM** Rachel Crest of North Winesburg called to request the current time. She was informed by officers that the time was 2:08 PM.
- **4:20 PM** Vern Rutledge called to report that he had caught The Devil in a live-catch raccoon trap in his barn. Deputies arriving on the scene confirm that Rutledge had trapped *a* devil and not *The* Devil. Animal control released the devil at Shaganaw Park.
- **7:44 PM** Evening service at the Winesburg Sacred Heart Baptist Church was reported as being disrupted by a geyser of blood emerging from the baptismal. Deputies arriving on the scene confirmed that a geyser of blood was filling the church and overflowing onto Brookley Road. County Works crews were unable to determine a way to stop the geyser although it later stopped on its own.
- **9:34 PM** 1344 Lyle Lane resident Jonathon Buckley called to report that he had sliced off his thumb while cutting a carrot. Nearby officers responded and Buckley reported that he became distracted when he saw a 900 foot tall manifestation of Jesus Christ fighting with an ebon-skinned six-armed lord of the abyss. Buckley's thumb was later reattached at Whittcomb Memorial Hospital.
- **11:02 PM** Three juveniles were reported laughing and throwing rocks into the magnificent rift into the realm of eternal heaven. Officers responding to the scene advised the juveniles to go home and go to bed and then all fell to the ground and writhed in ecstasy as the archangel Metatron appeared before them.
- **11:58 PM** A car was reported making an unusual noise in the 1200 block of Coolidge Street. Officers responding to the call did not locate a car making an unusual noise.

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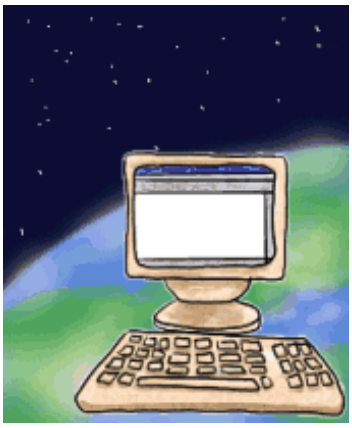
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.11 The World of the Future According to the Past

Tuesday, Apr 11, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)



Everyone's tried to predict the future in one capacity or another at some point. Maybe you've bet on sporting events or tried to guess the exact moment during the *Emeril* series premiere NBC executives decided to cancel it. Whatever the case, chances are your horribly inaccurate guesses probably weren't printed for the entire world to laugh about long after you're dead! It's 2006, and as far as anyone trapped in the past is concerned we're living in the future. Did anyone get it right? Were they even close at all? I spent yesterday at the library skimming through old books and magazines and copying down every blurb about the present I could find, so have a look for yourself. I predict you'll read at least some of them!

> "[In the future,] the lady of the home won't be a lady at all, but a highly advanced android. She'll have all of the capabilities of the modern woman and more. Need your shoes shined in a jiffy? She'll have it done in seconds flat. Is your good china dirty? Say not another word. Fancy a beating? By all means! She cannot be bruised. Android technology will change the world for the better."
> ***-- Ronald Brady, SCIENCES OF THE FUTURE, 1933***

> "Teachers of the future will need to be more alert, as their students will be much more crafty when it comes to covert communication. Where students today pass paper notes across classrooms, tomorrow's children may shine laser beams into each other's eyes using a form of Morse code -- a method certain to be undetectable by anyone but each other."
> ***-- Jarin U., BEYOND TODAY AND TOMORROW AND THE DAY AFTER AND THE DAY AFTER THAT, 1979***

> "All of your grocery shopping will be done by machinery, as well as the preparation of food and the rearing of children. In fact, the only thing the adult human will have to do is sit still and not die."
> ***-- Nancy Farmer, THE FUTURE IS NOT NOW... BUT SOON!, 1921***

"Slender women will find themselves at a disadvantage in both fashion and social matters. Large, muscular women will easily defeat them in a futuristic battle arena for the right

to mate with me, Ted Megaverse."
-- Ted Megaverse, MUSCLEFITNESS WEEKLY, 1984

"After the atomic wars, you may find yourself in need of nutrient pellets. If bargaining with local motor-cycle gangs isn't fruitful, you may be forced to trade your much sought-after skin for creditbucks at your local flesh bank. Dark-skinned folk will need not apply."
-- Geoff Wyman, HYPERFUTURE... MEGAPERFECT, 1951

"With the advent of global communications technology, language will evolve so quickly that this article may be unreadable by the year 2020. Ungrateful little shits."
-- Oscar Harris, TECHNOLOGY JOURNAL FOR HONOURABLE LADIES AND GENTS, 1920

"After war and famine have been stricken from our world, our species will give itself a purpose: To build an incredibly massive space craft that bends the laws of physics, enabling our species to travel faster than the speed of light. We will visit alien worlds, catalogue their life-forms, and catch up to our old television broadcasts. By firing our intergalactic engines at just the right moments, it may also be possible to pause and rewind live TV."
-- Scott Smago, FUTUREBOOK 2000, 1958

"The future man's drive home from work will be much faster and efficient than those we're used to. Everyone will have a personal rocket that launches them to the moon, using its gravitational power to slingshot them back to Earth and directly into their highly muscular wife's waiting arms."
-- George R. Megaverse, MUSCLEFITNESS WEEKLY, 1960

"As our societal intellect develops the human sense of humor will have greater needs than those provided today. Comedy of the future will require fart amplification devices to keep up."
-- C. Cardigan, FOR YOU, A DOCUMENT: I KNOW THE FUTURE, 1938

"Someone ... likely a decrepit man ... will find himself [confused] at the lake. He will try to steal my boat. Thinks he'll be able to get away with it because he's old."
-- Robert Catt, BASELESS ELDERLY PARANOIA DIGEST, 1988

"The most efficient language possible has already been developed, it's the CB radio ten-code system. 10-98, good buddy... What? Oh, sorry that was a mistake. There's no prison riot, I meant 10-99, as in 'mission complete, go home.' Yeah, those two are right next to each other."
-- Rocco Atun, interviewed 3 days before being killed in a prison riot, CB MEGASTAR MAGAZINE, 1978

> "Y'all'r gonna think me a fool, a darn fool, but they gon' have pornography as far as the eye could see! Hee hee! (Cackles wildly for several minutes, stopping only for short coughing fits.) Big bosoms! (Intense coughing.)"
> ***-- "Boxcar" Phinneas (last name unavailable), MODERN TRAIN HOBO interview, 1909***

Who knows. The future's not over yet, maybe it's we who are the fools for laughing at what is yet to come. Keep your eyes open because for all we know all of these are going to be correct sooner or later, and then boy, will our faces be red. Personally, I'd hate to have to explain the reason for all that to my muscular wife. They probably get mad really easily.

-∼Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

4.12 Year of the Dragon Shirt

Wednesday, Apr 12, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

There comes a point in life when a friend or acquaintance approaches you wearing a garish silk shirt with a dragon design on it. This friend will then attempt to draw attention to said shirt, even though your attention is no doubt focused squarely on it already, and brag that he just bought it for $50 with the kind of naive pride that makes your skin crawl off your body and slither under a nearby rock to die. It is as if he expects his shirt to give you a massive fire-shooting dragon boner right then and there. In these dark moments you will undoubtedly be unable to feign enthusiasm, yet too cowardly to tell him how stupid the shirt looks. "Wow" or "that's an expensive shirt" are common diplomatic responses.

Should you actually be the unfortunate person wearing the dragon shirt, I have only mild pity for you and a desire to tear your skull open with blunt instruments and study your brain under a microscope. Even then, I do not think I would gain any deeper insight, and would probably just end up putting your brain in my fridge for a couple weeks until the smell gets to be too much, at which point I will clean it out and maybe get some more juice. If there is a sale, I might get a couple cartons just to stock up for awhile.

I have never wanted to own a shirt with dragon on it, let alone a button down silk shirt with a dragon on it that costs $50. Yet somehow these shirts appeal to certain types of human beings, seducing them like sirens of the sea into spending money on looking ridiculous. In this update, we will explore this controversial subject and attempt to gain a deeper understanding as to its roots and origins.

A Brief History of Dragon Shirts

Dragon shirts depict dragons, which are mythological beasts prevalent in the histories of a multitude of cultures. Dragons are more famous in Asian cultures, but let us not forget their role in European culture as well. Myths of brave knights slaying dragon still echo through time, causing feedback in the great sound system of history. Naturally these gigantic beasts were often brought to life in a variety of artistic mediums, because, well, actual physical proof of their existence is quite vacant. Dragons are not to be confused with dinosaurs, which are animatronic robots designed to entertain children at birthday parties.

Not surprisingly, dragons were regarded as formidable. Ancient maps often sported illustrations of dragons in unexplored areas. In most cases, dragons did not actually occupy these areas, as none were ever found by subsequent explorers. It is possible they migrated, however.

A thousand or so years later some jerk got the idea to put pictures of dragons on shirts, thus concluding our brief history of dragon shirts and bringing us to the contemporary era.

Today, overweight males with bad haircuts are the primary wearers of dragon shirts. Simple research into the field of dragon shirt sales will show you that these shirts are often sold in sizes XL, XXL, XXXL, and MCMXCVIII. There is also a disturbingly high corre-

lation between dragon shirt ownership and novelty katana ownership. Whether there is a valid relationship has yet to be proven.

Famous Dragon Shirt Wearers

- **Anwar Sadat** was assassinated while wearing his favorite red dragon shirt.
- **Thomas Kinkade** will only paint lighthouses while wearing a dragon shirt. Conversely, he wears leather chaps while painting cottages.
- **Ike Eisenhower** had an entire room of the White House dedicated to storing his dragon shirts, which he would wear during official government functions.
- **Stephen Hawking** does not like dragon shirts but sometimes he is dressed in them against his will.
- **Neil Armstrong** was wearing a dragon shirt underneath his space suit when he first walked on the moon. Currently, that dragon shirt is on display in National Air and Space Museum next to a vending machine.
- **Captain Lou Albino** mostly wears Hawaiian shirts, but when those are all dirty he sometimes wears a dragon shirt.
- **William F. Buckley Jr.** will not debate without his trusty silk button down shirt depicting an Asian dragon breathing fire on a scantly clad barbarian woman.
- **J.D. Salinger** owns over 457 different dragon shirts and his collection is still growing. He keeps them sealed in the same room as the catcher's mitt that inspired "Catcher in the Rye."

Reasons for Wearing Dragon Shirts

The reasons as to why some people wear dragon shirts have been elusive to most researchers, however two broad characteristics define dragon shirt wearers: A complete lack of self-esteem, or a lethal abundance of self-esteem. In either case wearing dragon shirts only furthers the problem without coming close to helping it.

In some enthusiast circles, it is believed that collecting a dragon shirt of each color will give you supernatural strength and the power of the dragons themselves, however that was disproved in 1987 by a team of Oxford researchers.

In summary, there is no known logical reason for anyone to wear a shirt with a dragon on it.

Fascinating Dragon Shirt Statistics

In 2000 the United States Census Bureau began asking residents questions about dragon shirt ownership. This is what they learned:

- 65% of dragon shirt wearers have ponytails.
- 49% have terminal neckbeards.
- 67% have been to an anime convention.
- 67% reported experiencing true happiness for the first time at an anime convention.
- 26% believe that they actually are a dragon on the inside.
- 12% own motorcycles and are over 50.
- 87% of people that own a dragon shirt own *another* dragon shirt.

- 100% of dragon shirt wearers are lame.

I hope this update has been informative and enlightening, perhaps making it easier for you to cope with a friend or loved one foolishly donning a dragon shirt. If you are wearing a dragon shirt while reading this, I plead with you to take it off and discard it immediately. I also plead with you to immediately put on another shirt, because chances are your bare chest is unpleasant to look at.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.13 Seth MacFarlane: A Truth Media Celebrity Report

Thursday, Apr 13, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Some people think that we only make jokes about the 80s on Family Guy, but that's just not true. We also make jokes about the early 90s.

-Seth MacFarlane

Who's the real cartoon character here? Seth sits to the left of Lisa Griffin, arguably the show's most popular character.

You've seen their images on beach towels, flavored party soaps, genetically altered tomatoes, and yes, even television screens. Do the names Peter Griffin, Lois Griffin, Brian Griffin, Ajax Griffin, Stevie Griffin and Lisa Griffin ring a bell? Not only is Seth MacFarlane the creator of the dysfunctional Griffin Family, but he also voices each one of them, along with all of the other crazy characters on the FOX cartoon, Family Guy. And you know what? With Seth's enormous talent, he wouldn't have it any other way. Singer, actor, writer, director, cartoonist; this quintuple threat may just take over the world with his unique version of humor- if we're lucky enough!

Somethingawful.com celebrity reporter Bob "BobServo" Mackey caught up with Seth MacFarlane on the promotional tour for Family Guy Season 4, Volume 3 on DVD. After sitting down to watch all four episodes on the DVD box set, Bob was ready to get under the skin of who Time Magazine called "The Funniest Man Ever in the History of Creation, 2005."

Like That Time When I... - Seth's Start

October 23rd, 1973 was just an ordinary day for Ron and Perry "Stillbirth" MacFarlane. Ordinary, that is, except for the 72 hours of paralyzing labor Perry did not usually experience on a daily basis. Little did the MacFarlanes know, the birth of their son Seth would change the face of television comedy forever. But Seth wasn't always funny enough to come up with those classic Family Guy catchphrases that are repeated on college campuses and Family Guy Fun Fests that have been popping up at restored movie houses nationwide. For Seth MacFarlane, Stevie's famous "I shall triumph over the mother figure!" and "Are you pondering what I'm pondering?" would have to wait, as these examples of timeless humor would not be created until Seth recovered from the catatonic state in which he spent the first seven years of his life. A touching subject for Seth, I spoke with his father about it over the phone.

"Me and Perry were worried that our little boy was never going to talk. It was like he was waiting for something," Ron said. Seth spent these years of his life propped up in the corner of a small one-bedroom Rhode Island apartment, with the only apparent sign of life being his seemingly non-stop defecation. But even with this natural bodily function, some of that classic MacFarlane wit still shone through.

"That's all he'd do, all day, every day. Each time he shit, he would laugh and laugh like it was the first time he did it. It was the craziest damn thing we ever saw." When asked about any further breaks in Seth's childhood state, Ron recalled, "Whenever the in-laws came over, we'd eventually run out of things to talk about. After three minutes of silence had passed, Seth would just erupt with laughter like it was it was the funniest goddamned thing in the free world. And no matter how much I clobbered him, he wouldn't shut the hell up."

"What? It's not like he was going to get any dumber."

But on December 31st, 1979, something happened to Seth that would eventually change the very perception of comedy for all of humankind. Ron MacFarlane explains: "I had just gotten off my second coal mining shift, and as always I threw my bag of tools right at my son's head, while screaming, 'You worthless piece of human waste, do you realize what you cost this family?!'" But there's more to the story than the twisted sense of MacFarlane humor that America has grown to love. "Before my pickaxe could strike my son in the skull, Seth ran to the TV screen, as if drawn there by powerful magnets. While that ball was dropping in New York City, my boy's eyes grew wider and wider."

With the traditional shouting of "Happy New Year!" on that cold 1980 morning, Seth, raising clenched fists triumphantly, broke out of his catatonic stupor. "It was like his life really began that day," Ron said.

And 19 years later, he would reinvent comedy.

These goofs are on a collision course with hilariousness!

Move Over, Don Bluth - Seth Breaks Into Animation

"Want some Big League Chew?" I felt a firm hand on my shoulder and heard a soothing baritone voice. Seth had just gotten back from the Q&A session following the DVD screening, and sat himself at a special catered table filled with the cartoonist's food and drink of choice: Ecto Cooler and Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles "Ooze" Flavored Fruit Pies. "I might shit myself silly from eating all of this food, but it's&" Seth looked at me, as if as if I could possibly finish one of his genius comedic sentences. Hypnotized by the neon green pie filling covering the lower half of his face, I could say nothing. All of a sudden, Seth pulled a pair of glasses from his front shirt pocket and stuck them on his face. "Freakin' sweet!" he said, in the voice of TV's most original sitcom dad, Peter Griffin. And you know what? We laughed ourselves *retarded*.

I dipped my hand into the pouch and pulled out some of the gum strands that were now solidified into one giant clump. He smiled as I attempted to chew it: "Hey, remember this shit? It's shaped just like chewing tobacco! Well, at least it *used* to be. Don't worry, you won't get *that* sick!" As the piece of fossilized gum jagged its serrated edges down my esophagus, I swallowed the blood that was pooling in the back of my throat and got down to business. The business of Seth's creative life.

MacFarlane, after spending the majority of his childhood and teens absorbing the magic and wonder of the 1980s, found himself traveling nearly eight miles from his childhood home to attend the auspicious Rhode Island School of Design in 1991. Dean Mark Rollins received quite a surprise with Seth's entrance; instead of handing in the standard 8-page application form, Seth instead chose to make his intentions clear with what can only be described as something right out of an episode of Family Guy. Seth explained, "I'd written my application on a series of 34 Lite-Brites, and I pulled my pickup truck next to the entrance of the Dean's Office. As soon as I got that bastard in my sights, I pulled out a bullhorn and shouted, 'Hey, you remember these? It's only been a few years, but weren't these things awesome?!'"

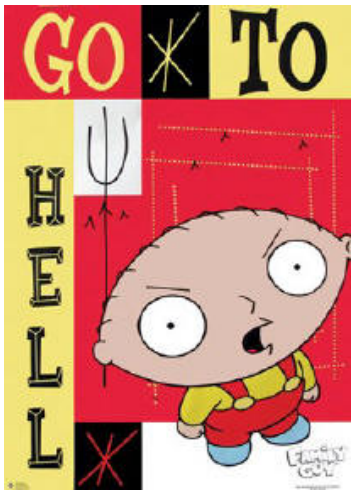
With Seth's entrance, Mark Rollins' alcoholism increased to dangerous levels, and the two seemingly clashed heads more than the time there was a head-clashing contest at the zoo [boy Seth, this is a lot harder than it looks -ed.]! Rollins explains in an archived interview, "MacFarlane's senior project was to make a short comedic animated film. You know what he did? He just assembled a bunch

of pictures of items from the 1980s. When I played it for the class, all that bastard did was laugh his ass off. There weren't even any jokes! There's even a rumor from some of the students that he laughed so hard that he *soiled himself.* What? He's a millionaire now? Oh sweet Christ." I felt the need to give Dean Rollins a call because, honestly, what kind of a jerk can't appreciate MacFarlane's genius? After a bit of research, I discovered that Rollins killed himself shortly after that interview, which seems more than appropriate for someone who wouldn't understand Family Guy.

Tragically, he wouldn't be the last.

Holy Crap Lois - It's Family Guy!

Downing his second "Ooze" pie, Seth pulled out a small boombox from under the table. In it spun "Family Guy Bluegrass Hoedown," the fifteenth CD in a series started after Family Guy's 2005 revival. As the voice of Peter Griffin sang out "Turkey in the MacGuyver," Seth's classic take on "Turkey in the Straw," Seth harmonized with the nasal voice of America's favorite cartoon character, in the process spraying expired pie crust and "Ooze" all over our table. "Listen to how great I sound here!" Even though he had been singing for upwards of five hours, both his voice and the smell of fermented pie filling were absolutely *intoxicating.* I quietly inched the volume of the CD down, and Seth's eyes lit up with rage. Promising I would listen to him more later, I asked about the start of the greatest piece of animation ever crafted by human hands, Family Guy.



"Go to hell," a popular catchphrase spawned by Seth MacFarlane's Stevie.

Seth's cartoon set the world on fire when it premiered after 1999's Super Bowl XXXIII, and historians will no doubt mark MacFarlane - not John Elway - as the real MVP of the night. Seth told me, "I expected that kind of reaction. I mean, America had never seen an animated family with a fat husband, attractive wife, smart kid, dumb kid, and a baby." Seth took this unique grouping one step into further uniqueness by adding Brian, the Griffin family's talking dog. "He's a really smart dude, but sometimes his dog side comes out and it totally conflicts with that. Like, he could be drinking a martini one second and humping a couch cushion the next," Seth explained. "People probably ask, 'Who comes up with this crazy shit?!' I've got news for them."

"It's me."

MacFarlane's creative juices flow much further than the concept of a talking dog. "Rememberization," one of the comedic theories behind Family Guy, may throw many people off with its brilliance. Seth explains, "It carries over from my college films. People enjoy seeing things that they recognize, so if Darth Vader shows up in the Griffin's attic, it's totally fucking awesome. People often ask me, 'Where's the joke?' I tell them, 'Fuck you. Darth Vader's in their attic! He's totally out of place! That's funny!'"

And people do think it's funny. A look at most internet message boards during airings of Family Guy reveals that fans of the show love to play along as they laugh at recognizing things they remember. It's not uncommon to see pages and pages of Family Guy threads with nothing but posts that read, "lol Perfect Strangers!" or "Doc Brown OMG!!!" Just like Pompeii, these threads - frozen in time - will show future societies what our culture valued most.

As our interview continued, I began to learn more and more about Seth's unique comic sensibility. In the middle of one of my questions, the cartoonist began to make high-pitched squealing noises. He continued as I became annoyed, then bored. But after five hours of this, I exploded with laughter.

This reporter is not ashamed to admit that he peed just a little in his Stevie Griffin boxers. "I just revealed to you MacFarlane comedy theory number two," Seth said, swishing Ecto Cooler in his mouth and spraying it in the face of a passing Entertainment Weekly reporter.

Seth explained to me the theory that creates of some of Family Guy's most popular jokes: "You know that episode of The Simpsons where Sideshow Bob keeps stepping on rakes? At first, it wasn't that funny, but at the end I actually had to be hospitalized due to asphyxiation! During my recovery, I thought, 'Wouldn't it be great to have a show full of jokes just like that?'" To illustrate his point, Seth suddenly belted me in the face. After I fell out of my chair, he brought his heel down forcefully, inches from my windpipe. Instead of crushing my larynx, Seth flashed a green-stained smile. I couldn't help but laugh out of awkward relief.

I finally got it.

Stevie is just one of the hundreds of characters that Seth voices in each episode of Family Guy.

But not all people do. Family Guy was cancelled in 2002 after a controversial political episode. Seth explains, "We were the only ones with the balls to call Bush an idiot." The particular joke in question began with Peter Griffin saying, "This reminds me of the time that President Bush was retarded," followed by a cutaway to the President being retarded.

Tragically, the world was robbed of Seth's brilliant political commentary for three years. However, the re-running of Family Guy on Cartoon Network's Adult Swim nine times a day created a new, vocal fan base. Fans demanded a return of the show and an end to the Dark Age of comedy that had started when Family Guy originally left the air. About this, Seth proudly stated, "Critics said all these fans had some new version of Stockholm Syndrome. I don't know what the hell that means, but look at how much fucking money I have!"

As with any work of genius, despite its success and the millions of dollars in MacFarlane's bank account, Family Guy still has its detractors. A sore spot for Seth, he ranted, "A lot of people have a problem with the way we create episodes of the show." Seth went on to describe the unique writing process of the show: "Along with the references, I have all my writers come up with the craziest, most out-of-place shit we can think of, like... a cougar on a fucking water slide! After we have about twenty minutes worth of content, we ask ourselves, 'What situations could the characters be in where these things would come up?' When we can't figure out an answer to this question, we just ignore it. Who cares, we're fucking *hilarious*!"

I brought up a recent episode that critics were unfairly lambasting, their reason being the usual whiny cry of "The plot just didn't make sense!" But Seth has some criticism of his own for these misguided fools: "Listen, I'm going to tell you what I tell all critics. Number one, I don't see you with your own cartoon, tough guy. Number two, you guys totally need to chill out, it's just a cartoon. Number hippopotamus [Haha, there's that MacFarlane absurdity again! -ed.], if you don't like it, then why are you watching it? I encourage all of my fans to respond to criticism of the show this way. It makes those fuckers so pissed off. Since humor is subjective, what right do they have to say what's funny and what isn't? Besides, I'm the funniest motherfucker on the planet."

Seth's custom cell phone ring - a clip of him singing the Family Guy theme song - interrupted hour nine of our interview. His eyes lit up like he had just been given an enormous sack of Rubix cubes. Seth stood up and held out his hand, "I gotta sail, Bob. There's this awesome Flash cartoon on the internet that my assistant just discovered, and we've got to put this fucking thing on the show.

It's not stealing if it's on the fucking internet, right?" I nodded in awe. It's not very often that mere mortals get to bask in the presence of gods, but here I was. As Seth walked away, I wanted to cry out, "Take me with you!" so I could get rid of these *traditional* views of comedy that I've been lugging around like so much baggage. But some of us don't deserve to walk with gods.

That day, there was one set of footprints. Seth was carrying me.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

4.14 Hypostasis of the Archons

Friday, Apr 14, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

He was sending all of the wrong signals, like an erection in a prison shower. The crowd just stared at him with a mixture of boredom and confusion as words continued to fall from his lips.

"...in...in...summary..." Lincoln took a deep breath to regain his composure. "In summary, I believe, that is to say that I, ah, I agree with the opinion of, ah, Mister Douglas, on the matter of the negro. It should be to the, ah, the states to, ah, decide who is to be free on...on...an individual basis."

There were a few condescending claps from the audience.

"You're an individual basis," jeered one unsavory gent.

"Caww, look at 'im sweat it out!" Another man laughed.

Lincoln mopped his brow as the attention turned to his opponent in the debates. With a twinkle in his eye, Stepehen A. Douglas launched into the most eloquent rebuttal of his political career, though Lincoln had left him little even meriting a response.

By the end of the hour there could be no doubts in the minds of those who witnessed the debates that Douglas was the finer man. By the end of the day, Lincoln would hang from the rafters of his boarding house by his own hand.

And now the wrestling match began.

"More foundation!" Einstein grabbed the makeup from his assistant's hand and pounded the pad on his face. "I look like a fucking sadsack out there."

"You're doing fine, Al." Mary smiled patiently.

"Shut up, cunt." Einstein snipped at her and looked at the studio audience. "They're being paid to watch this travesty, you'd think they could at least show a little enthusiasm."

"Albert, I think you need to just calm down and-"

"Is that fat guy trimming his fucking toenails?" Einstein snorted with indignation. "Jesus Christ, fall of Rome."

"On in five!" The AD called from the edge of the set.

"Burn in hell," Einstein muttered and then it was on.

A grin glued itself to his face and he strode out into the hot glare of lights.

"Welcome back, folks!"

"Mr. Einstein, I can't wait to see how the fajitas are turning out." Einstein's co-host Susanne chirped.

Einstein opened the top of the Einstein MultiGrill and a fajita-scented cloud of steam emerged. The fajitas inside looked perfect. They had been placed there moments earlier.

"Well Susanne," Einstein prodded on of the fajitas, "looks like the fajitas are just about done, so let's check on our apple pie. That's the great thing about the Einstein MultiGrill: you can grill everything from breakfast to dessert to a midnight snack. Cooking takes less than five minutes and cleanup is a snap."

Eintein's hand touched the lid of the MultiGrill containing the apple pies and yanked it back in a hurry.

"Fuckin' hell that is hot!"

"Cut!" The director shouted.

Einstein glared out into the audience beyond the lights. They were nothing more than vaguely moving shadows, but he could feel them. Feel them laughing.

The tanks rolled out across the countryside, remaining mainly in the plains as mountainous terrain was a pain. The Germans had done everything they could to bolster the armies of Franco, but Spain would soon fall to the unnumbered armies of Basque. Lisbon and all of Portugal would fall by May and the forces of France could keep the Basques at bay for scarcely a day.

"Listen now, Basque people!" The Great Dictator cried. "Inheritors of the globe, unite! Basque is free, free to conquer and take what is ours!"

Giuseppe Garzon hurried to the magnificent imperial aeroplane and climbed aboard with a wave to the formations of troops and supporters. His destination was Lapland, where he would broker the Axis of Iron agreement with Svenk Ulluk. Such an alliance would unite the powerful Sami forces with the Basque armada.

But, the Sami lust for domination would ultimately prove the downfall of the Basques. A sneak attack by Sami bombers on Quebec would soon awaken the industrial might of French Canada and restore the order of democracy in Europe.

They were small, but they had big hearts. Not literally, they were less than a tenth of a millimeter in height so their heart couldn't actually be very large. In fact, they had an open circulatory system like terrestrial insects and a simplistic pump to squirt haemolymph around their bodies. All the same, they had big hearts. Like a luchador or a house wife. They cried when they saw beautiful things and would give up all of their worldly possessions to help a stranger. There was no crime or violence in their society. No hatred or racism. They didn't even swear very much.

The Gobulons were exceedingly peaceful, but they had achieved much in their 100,000 years as the dominant species of Surpicus 84. Their tiny world was home to more than a thousand universities, charity hospitals and great institutes of arts and science. Each could choose to live a life of leisure, but none did, for their work ethic was too deeply engrained to allow any loafing about. They were the toast of the galaxy and all of the other races treated them with the utmost deference.

But then, on the day of reckoning, all was brought to an abrupt halt. All of their knowledge and history was scoured as the giant alien vessel slammed into the surface of Surpicus 84. It was nearly as large as the planet itself and as it crashed into Surpicus 84, the planet's thin atmosphere boiled away. A holocaust of fire consumed the Gobulons and a great could of ash erupted from the impact site. Those few Gobulons who survived the immediate impact suffered for days or weeks as every living thing on Surpicus 84 fell victim to the cold fingers of the void.

With little oxygen remaining, a team of scientists from the last remaining Gobulon stronghold set out for the impact site in one of their wondrous flying machines. They found the alien craft in the rubble of their capital city. So many lives lost, yet they could not help but weep at the beauty of that which had destroyed them. It towered many millimeters above them, still spewing ash from its cracked side. Runes were carved into the black vessel and with their last bit of oxygen the Gobulons whispered the translation:

JAMES DOOHAN
1920-2005

"BOLDLY GOING WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE."

Beautiful Crissus, the last survivor of the scientists, ran her fingers across the surface of the vessel. She was too weak to sit up and huge flakes of ash were slowly burying her. Before she died she took one final moment to ponder what terrible creatures had sent this ship to destroy her people.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.15 And Eat It Too

Saturday, Apr 15, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Dear "Explain In 150 Words Or Less Why You Should Win A Half-Eaten Slice Of Cake" Contest,

> Why only 150 words? I could burn through twice as many merely detailing the saliva which has accumulated in my mouth from imagining how the half-eaten slice would taste. It's sort of wet. If I had more room I'd go into greater detail, but that's all you get. You're missing out on a few great adjectives like "viscous" or maybe even "phlegmy". I guess you'll never know thanks to your arbitrary restrictions.

Aaron Jacobs
Altoona, PA

Dear "Explain In 150 Words Or Less Why You Should Win A Half-Eaten Slice Of Cake" Contest,

> I am stranded in the arctic circle with no supplies. My badly broken legs have been pinned beneath my dogsled, leaving me immobilized. If I had only listened to my friends and used a pack of dogs to pull this god forsaken sled instead of just pushing it by myself I could have sent them to get help, but I suppose hindsight is 20/20.
>
> I fear that I am using the last of my energy to write this, and I apologize if my handwriting is shaky. By my calculations I can only live through one more night without nourishment. This contest is my last chance for survival. The contest details say to wait 6-8 weeks for delivery, but if I were to win could you ship the cake overnight? I'll gladly pay the difference.
>
> I am giving this letter to a passing group of snowmobilers, and praying that it finds its way to you.

Daniel Langholt
Under a sled, in the snow

Dear "Explain In 150 Words Or Less Why You Should Win A Half-Eaten Slice Of Cake" Contest,

> It has been brought to our attention here at the Department of Homeland Security that you are giving away a half-eaten slice of cake in some sort of contest. Perhaps you are unaware of this, but such activity is strictly forbidden in the post-911 world. According

to our records the cake has not been checked for explosives, chemical agents, radioactive materials, or dangerous levels of deliciousness. Any one of these possible contaminants would pose a major threat to our national security and give comfort and aid to our enemies.

You are hereby ordered to ship the cake to the return address listed on this envelope. Over the course of several weeks our vigilant staff will pore over every scrumptious crumb, inspect every inch of luscious frosting, and eat every last succulent bite with a glass of security-cleared milk.

In return you will receive a medal and the eternal thanks of your country for your cooperation in this dark hour.

Secretary Michael Chertoff
Bunker 3-B, Classified

Dear "Explain In 150 Words Or Less Why You Should Win A Half-Eaten Slice Of Cake" Contest,

As unlikely as this may seem, I have recently uncovered the other half of the slice of cake you are giving away in this contest during a recent expedition in Malaysia. That's right, the other half wasn't eaten, but rather secreted away to the hidden mines of a mage named Abder'mj by a cabal of Nazi cultists. According to local legends, when the two halves of this slice of cake are combined they form a fabled Whole Slice Of Cake, which is basically the holy grail of archaeology. I have a simple proposal: You send me your half of the slice and in return I will form the Whole Slice Of Cake and send you half of that.

Dr. Jones
In a plane, traveling across a map to a big red X

Dear "Explain In 150 Words Or Less Why You Should Win A Half-Eaten Slice Of Cake" Contest,

I have been married to the same slice of cake for the last seven years. At first we were very much in love, but over time Maggie's true personality emerged. Her verbal abuse towards me escalated until it became physical as well but I felt obligated to stay because of our children, which I am ashamed to admit I wish were never born. Every time I look at them I am reminded of her, especially when I look at their icing.

I have not had sex in over three years. Even if Maggie's personality didn't completely repulse me, I would find it difficult to maintain an erection because of her moldy, dried out body which was once moist and surprisingly spongey.

> Adultery is wrong, but nothing about my current situation is right. I want to win this contest and remember what it feels like to make passionate love to a fresh piece of cake like the one in your advertisements. The fact that she's half-eaten makes it all the better. I always had a thing for the skinny ones. Please grant me one last encounter with happiness before I resign myself to the rest of this unfortunate life.

Clarence Hargrove
Appleton, WI

Dear Mr. or Mrs. "In 150 Words Or Less Why You Should Win A Half-Eaten Slice Of Cake" Contest,

> Congratulations, **Explain**! You have been pre-approved for a line of credit with CreditCorp, the world's premiere randomly-send-people-credit-cards-in-the-mail company. We have been randomly sending people credit cards through the mail for over three years now. By simply using this card (assuming it hasn't been stolen in the mail), you will join an exclusive club of people who can successfully open an envelope without accidentally setting it on fire or dropping it into a swirling vortex of antimatter. We think you'll find our introductory interest rate of only 0.1%* very exciting!

CreditCorp
Burbank, CA

**Introductory interest rate of 0.1% only applies to purchases made the day before you received this card. After that point, the standard interest rate of 48% will apply. Failure to pay off the complete balance within 30 minutes of receiving your monthly statement will result in us printing several thousand posters which depict you as a child molester and stapling said posters to every lightpole and front door within a three mile radius of your residence. If you should accidentally bite down on the included credit card and release the deadly toxin within, please call our toll-free 1-800 number for details on how to purchase the antidote.*

Dear "Explain In 150 Words Or Less Why You Should Win A Half-Eaten Slice Of Cake" Contest,

> I don't want to win the half-eaten slice of cake. I don't even like cake. I've just got this shitload of postage stamps sitting around because I bought them as an excuse to talk

> to a cute cashier at the grocery store, but then it turned out that she was vehemently opposed to the postal service and those who use it. I've also got all these extra stacks of paper and envelopes because I bought them to talk to a cute girl working at the local stationary store, but it turned out that she was an environmentalist dead set against the lumbering industry and those who supported it by buying paper products. I've got all this free time because I bit the monorail driver at Disneyland in his face.

Russell Crowe
San Quentin Prison, CA

Dear "Explain In 150 Words Or Less Why You Should Win A Half-Eaten Slice Of Cake" Contest,

> I should win the cake because my mom doesn't ever let me eat desert. I am good all of the time but she never lets me eat food with sugar in it or drink soda or watch basketball (because of the cheerleaders). I am really good so I should win. If I won I would be happy. I would eat the cake in my bed under the covers after my mom tucks me in. I would win! Thank you for this cake contest.

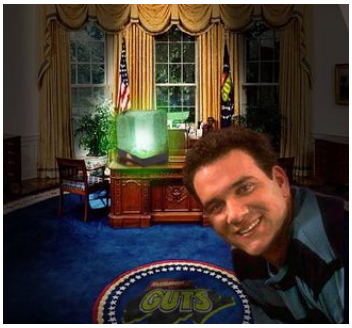
Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell
The Internet, Cyberspace

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.16 Nickelodeon GUTS: Extreme Iraq War Challenge

Sunday, Apr 16, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

White House Press Corp: Do you have it?!?!?



Mike: That's right! Today I am here in the GUTS Ultimate Oval Office and we are returning to the Extreme Iraq War Challenge! This is the most rockingnest, most bombingnest preemptive invasion of a sovereign country you've ever seen and it's all right here in our GUTS studio! We're sending our contestants out there to serve in a noble battle for the title of most rad! Are you ready for the action?!?

White House Press Corp: **Applause and wild cheering**

Mike: Ok then! Let's get our contestants up on the big screen! Folks, live from the GUTS Desert via videophone, here come the three contenders for a chance at the *Aggro-Crag* and after that maybe a ticket back *to* and/or peace *in* their homeland! Come on out guys!

Contestents appear on large screen.

Mike: First up, in *red* and representing the United States Military, we have Srgt. Frank "Deadeye" Quinn. "Deadeye" is 23 years old, and enjoys calisthenics and remembering back to a time when he wasn't fighting a war!

Frank Quinn: For me, GUTS equals hey man my girlfriend just had a kid, man. Do you think I could see my kid, man?

Mike: Great! That's fantastic! Next up, let's have a hand for contestant two, all dressed in blue: Representing the insurgents, we have Ghaalib "Whoa-nelly" al-Saffaah! Ghaalib al-Saffaah is 32 years old and his hobbies include car bombing, suicide bombing, and getting the biggest Spiderman comic book collection ever.

Ghaalib al-Saffaah: For me, GUTS equals the defeat of the Great Satan and its exile from the mortal world.

Mike: Nicely put, "Whoa-nelly"! You're a poet and you didn't even know it! Last but not officially least we have Qurbaan "Slammer" Ibn Hamal in purple and representing Iraqi civilians! "Slammer" is 19 years old and wants more than anything else for "Deadeye" and "Whoa-nelly" to leave his country! Sorry dude! Not very likely!

Qurbaan Ibn Hamal: For me, GUTS equals a day when I can sit in a neighborhood park without fear of death.

Mike: Sweet! But now that you've told us who you are, it's time for you all to *show* us what you're made of! Isn't that right?

White House Press Corp: **Further wild cheering and applause.**

Mike: Contestants, are you ready for a slam in the sand?! Are you ready for fighting where the land is uninviting? Are you ready for *animosity* involving *religiosity*?!? Then let's get it started! Mo, you out there?

Moira Quirk: Right here, Mike.

Mike: Fantastic! So this first event is called Enduring Freedom To Kick Ass! Let's go to Mo for

the rules!

Mo: In order to win this event, the red contestant must go across the desert to the city of Baghdad and remove the dictator Saddam from power. The blue contestant must do whatever he can to kill the red contestent with the provided make-shift guns and explosives. Meanwhile, the purple contestant must curl up in a little ball and pray to live out the year. Everyone on their marks? 1, 2, **whistle**

Mike: Alright, Frank is advancing now through the GUTS Desert and he is looking confident, looking strong! "Whoa-nelly" tries a Russian built anti-aircraft missile, but Franks dodges that easily! Great job red! Ok, looks like "Slammer" in the purple has a real nice form on his fetal position, so the missile didn't hit him at all. All three contestants are just doing great out there!

Mo: Contestant has reached Baghdad.

Mike: Thanks Mo honey, but Mike is the announcer, remember?! Mike does the talking! Frank has punched his way into Baghdad with the force of a mighty colossus from ancient times and he is just doing fantastic! Blue is doing fantastic too and I think we have some really cool GUTS Style Street Fighting starting!

Qurbaan "Slammer" Ibn Hamal: Aghh!

Mike: Whoops, I think Frank accidentally stepped on the purple contestant there with his titan like boots, but "Slammer" held his fetal position and did his best to roll out of the way and it was fantastic! Great job "Slammer"!

Qurbaan "Slammer" Ibn Hamal: AGGGGHH!

Mike: Alright, now blue has accidentally nicked "Slammer" with the raging force of pure raw energy that is a bullet but I don't think it's bleeding that much, and blue and purple are just doing fantastic!

Qurbaan "Slammer" Ibn Hamal: AGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGH-HHH!!!!!!

Mike: Hey we get it, purple! A missile hit you! You're getting hit a little bit! Shut up about it! Not everything's about you ok?!? You're doing fantastic and looking strong! Just stop whining loser! You're looking great!

Frank: Yes!

Mike: Whoa! While purple was distracting us it looks like red has pushed through the massive, wicked fighting and slammed Saddam right out of power!

Mo: The official results are-

Mike: Wait a second! This isn't over!

Frank: Wait, what? I got Saddam.

Mike: In order to win this event, the contestant must secure the peace! Go!

Ghaalib "Whoa-nelly" al-Saffaah: I'm still trying to kill him right?

Mike: Yes!

White House Press Corp: **Applause reaches unimaginable proportions.**

Mo: Ah! I've been... I've been...

Mike: Ooh, it appears that Mo has been struck by a stray bullet wandering like a sinner from god! Keep it in Mo! Show those contestants what GUTS means!

Mo: This is...this is so painful.

Mike: Wait what is that Frank has in his hands?!? It looks like Frank has just secured the peace! Hold up that peace Frank! You earned it!

Ghaalib "Whoa-nelly" al-Saffaah: Dammit!

Mike: Don't be a sore loser "Whoa-nelly"! Go shoot "Slammer" if you need to work some energy out!

Frank: Finally, I get to go home.

Mo: Official...results... **cough** ...are...

Mike: Not so fast Mo! Just because you're dying doesn't mean you have to be hasty! In order to win this event the contestant must establish a firm democratic leadership willing to work with America!

Frank: Oh, this is bullshit!

Mo: It's all...so faint...

A buzzer sounds.

Mike: Looks like we're out of time for this episode! Unfortunately, the upcoming Legends of the Hidden Temple had to be canceled when the Marines built an airbase on top of Olmec and filled up their sand bags with pieces of the silver monkey, but stay tuned for more of this event in a very special continuation of this episode of GUTS! Over and over again until you start to wonder if this episode will ever end or if we will still be watching it a decade from now! Goodnight folks!

Daily Dirt

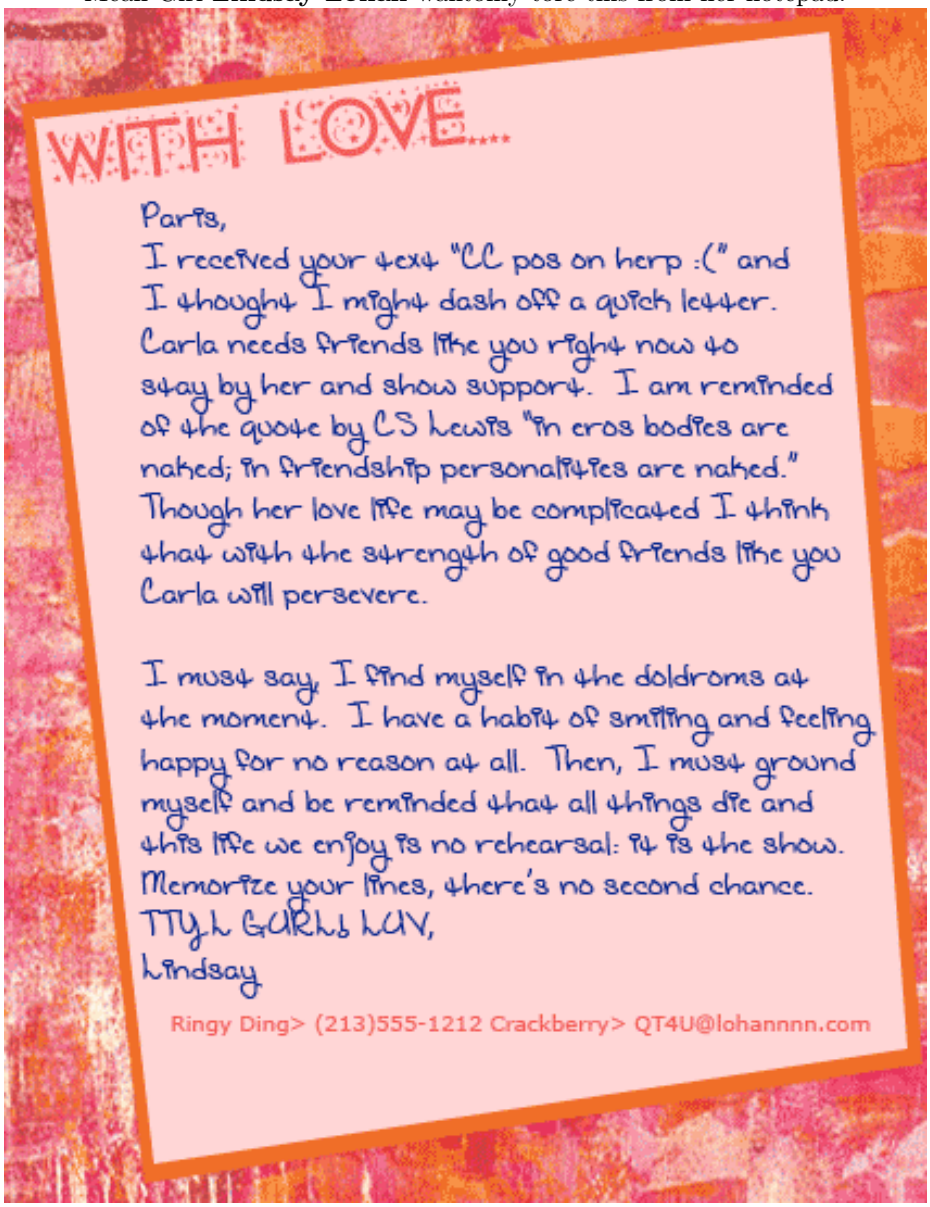
If you loved me, you'd click here.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

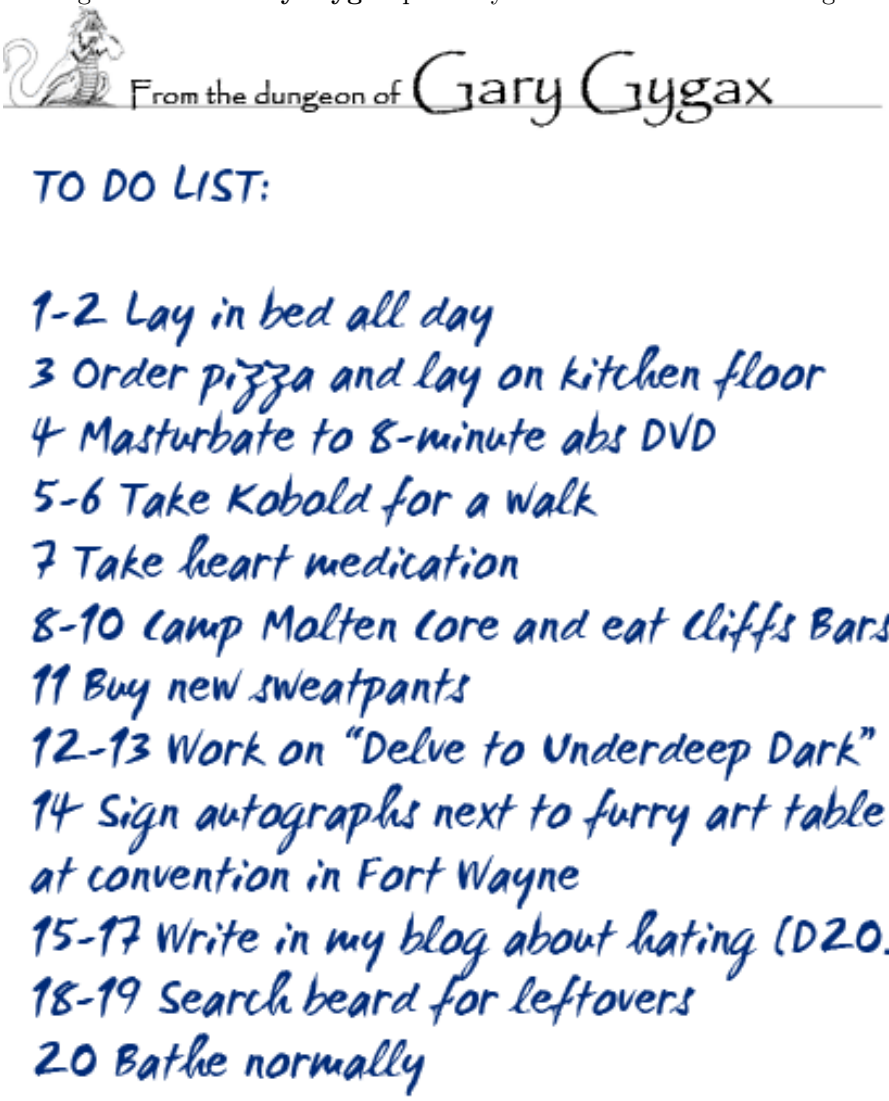
4.17 From the Desks of the Ninth Circle

Monday, Apr 17, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

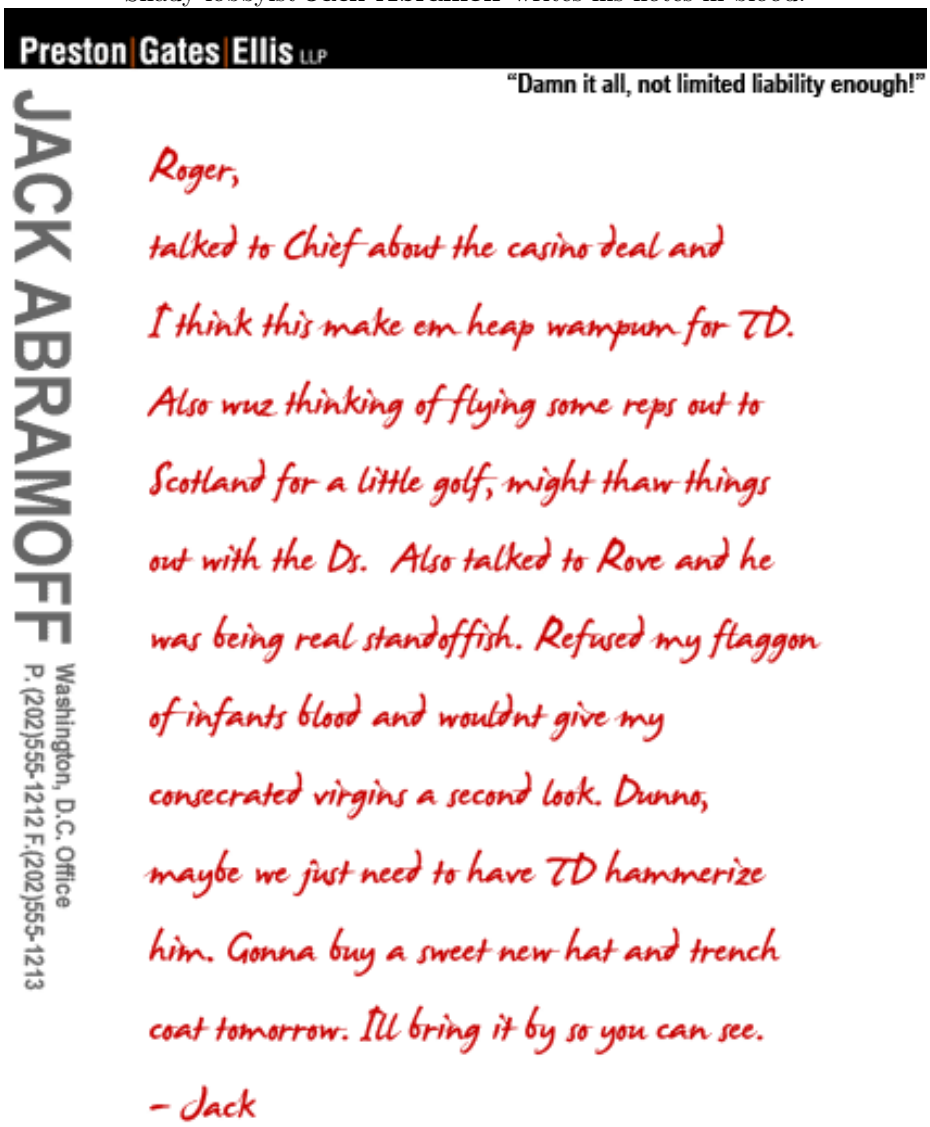
Mean Girl **Lindsay Lohan** wantonly tore this from her notepad:


WITH LOVE....
Paris,
I received your text "CC pos on herp :(" and I thought I might dash off a quick letter. Carla needs friends like you right now to stay by her and show support. I am reminded of the quote by CS Lewis "In eros bodies are naked; in friendship personalities are naked." Though her love life may be complicated I think that with the strength of good friends like you Carla will persevere.
I must say, I find myself in the doldroms at the moment. I have a habit of smiling and feeling happy for no reason at all. Then, I must ground myself and be reminded that all things die and this life we enjoy is no rehearsal: it is the show. Memorize your lines, there's no second chance.
TTYL GURLS LUV,
Lindsay
Ringy Ding> (213)555-1212 Crackberry> QT4U@lohannnn.com

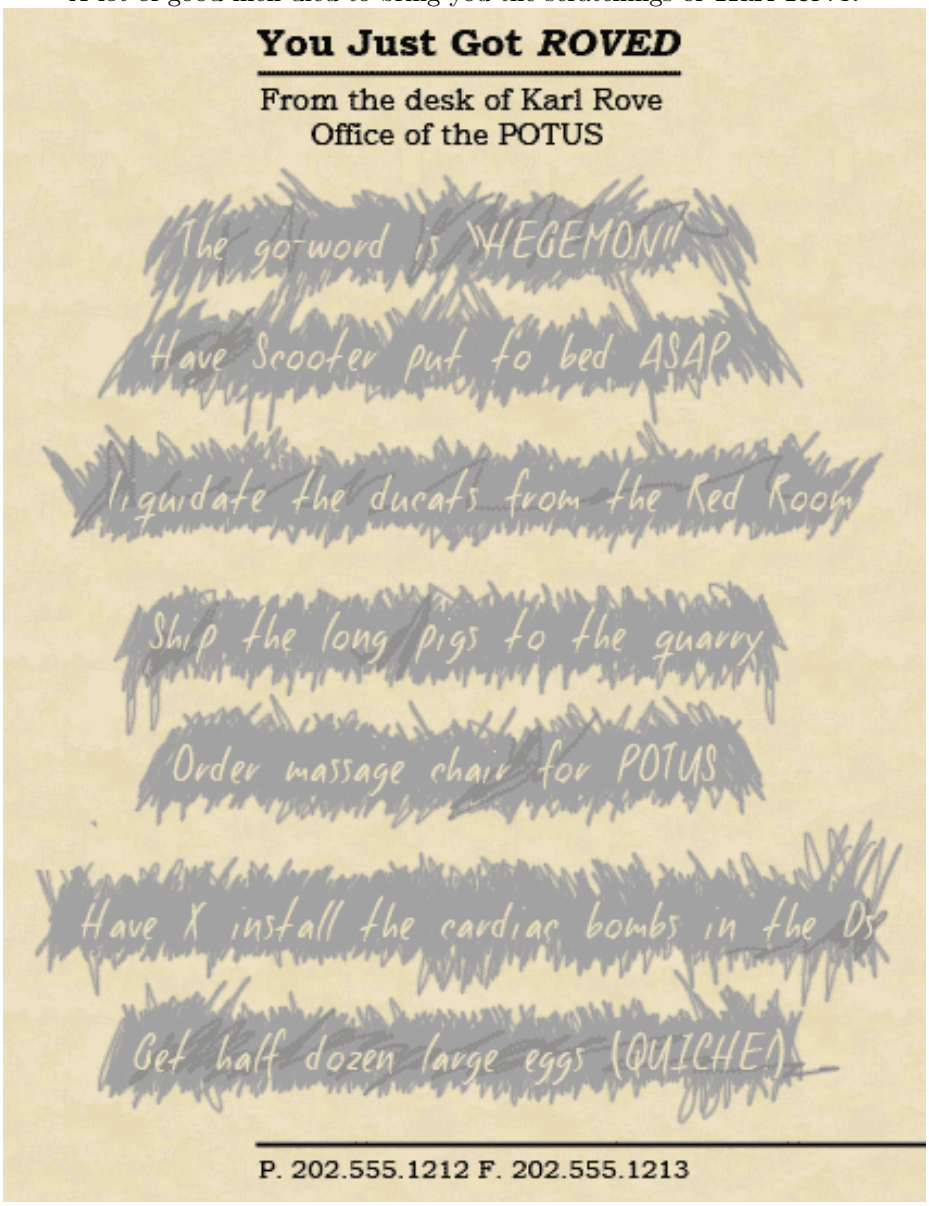
Dungeon Master **Gary Gygax** probably never counted on this being seen:


From the dungeon of Gary Gygax
TO DO LIST:
1-2 Lay in bed all day
3 Order pizza and lay on kitchen floor
4 Masturbate to 8-minute abs DVD
5-6 Take Kobold for a walk
7 Take heart medication
8-10 Camp Molten Core and eat Cliffs Bars
11 Buy new sweatpants
12-13 Work on "Delve to Underdeep Dark"
14 Sign autographs next to furry art table at convention in Fort Wayne
15-17 Write in my blog about hating (D20)
18-19 Search beard for leftovers
20 Bathe normally
P.(414)555-1212 F.(414)555-1213 E.Drag0nk1ng@ggygax.com

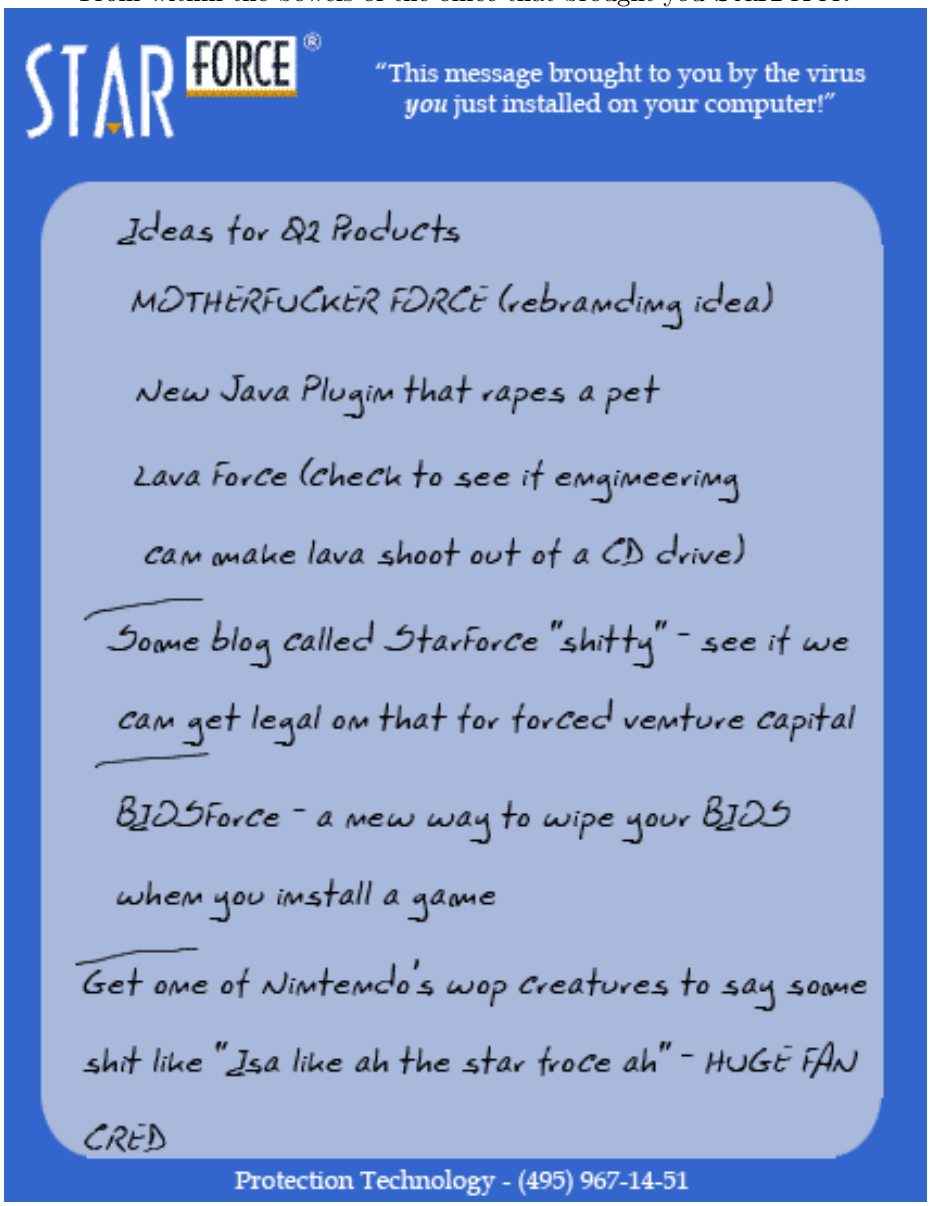
Shady lobbyist **Jack Abramoff** writes his notes in blood:


Preston | Gates | Ellis LLP
"Damn it all, not limited liability enough!"
JACK ABRAMOFF
Washington, D.C. Office
P. (202)555-1212 F.(202)555-1213
Roger,
talked to Chief about the casino deal and
I think this make em heap wampum for TD.
Also wuz thinking of flying some reps out to
Scotland for a little golf, might thaw things
out with the Ds. Also talked to Rove and he
was being real standoffish. Refused my flaggon
of infants blood and wouldnt give my
consecrated virgins a second look. Dunno,
maybe we just need to have TD hammerize
him. Gonna buy a sweet new hat and trench
coat tomorrow. Ill bring it by so you can see.
- Jack

A lot of good men died to bring you the scratchings of **Karl Rove:**


You Just Got ROVED
From the desk of Karl Rove
Office of the POTUS
The go-word is "HEGEMON"
Have Scooter put to bed ASAP
liquidate the ducats from the Red Room
Ship the long pigs to the quarry
Order massage chair for POTUS
Have X install the cardiac bombs in the DS
Get half dozen large eggs (QUICHE!)
P. 202.555.1212 F. 202.555.1213

From within the bowels of the office that brought you **StarForce:**


STAR FORCE®
"This message brought to you by the virus you just installed on your computer!"
Ideas for Q2 Products
MOTHERFUCKER FORCE (rebranding idea)
New Java Plugin that rapes a pet
Lava Force (check to see if engineering can make lava shoot out of a CD drive)
Some blog called StarForce "shitty" - see if we can get legal on that for forced venture capital
BIOSForce - a new way to wipe your BIOS when you install a game
Get one of Nintendo's wop creatures to say some shit like "Isa like ah the star froce ah" - HUGE FAN CRED
Protection Technology - (495) 967-14-51

Quiet everybody, **Jesse Jackson** has something to say:

WHITE PEOPLE FANTASIES

- TRAPPING A BLACK WOMAN IN A MAGIC BUBBLE
- TURNING A BLACK MAN INTO A MUSHROOM
- EATING ICE CREAM OUT OF A BOOTY
- FLYING POLICE CARS THAT SHOOT NETS
- A FINE BLACK WOMAN MELTING LIKE A CANDLE
- GIVING CRACK COCAINE TO A BLACK BABY
- A BLACK WOMAN, NAKED, GETTING KICKED BY JACKIE CHAN IN HER BIG FINE BREASTS
- LIVING IN A CASTLE ON TOP OF A COMET AND ALL INSIDE IS A BUNCH OF BLACK WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN HYPNOTIZED TO DO SEXY THINGS
- DENYING A JOB TO A BLACK SCIENTIST
- TURNING INTO A SNAKE THAT BITES OPRAH
- BLEACHING TAR SO THEIR ROOFS ARE WHITE
- FARTING IN A CUP AND THEN A FINE BLACK WOMAN DRINKS IT THINKING ITS PEPSI
- SELLING HARLEM AND DETROIT TO A JEW
- CROSSING A BLACK WOMAN WITH A HORSE WITH WHITE DEVIL SCIENCE AND THEN RAPING THEMSELF UP A CENTAUR BABY

1-866-RACECARD

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.18 The Trout's Despair

Tuesday, Apr 18, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

No!

No! I am caught again! I am such a fool, always overeager to chase any morsel before me, no matter how pointy and suspicious. Please, I beg of you! I have children! Spare this poor—

My lucky stars! Could it be? It's *you!* You, the canny sportsman who caught me before, who resisted my wiles, who cooked and ate me while my soul watched from on high and wept! I'll bet you're surprised to see *me* again. I have been resurrected, sportsman. The trout god himself returned me to the mortal plane just days ago. So impressed was he by my righteous fight against your culinary designs that he allowed me to inhabit my succulent body once more, that this time I might elude capture and live to spawning age free from the interference of man.

Please, remove this hook from my mouth so that we may once more converse freely. Oh, thank you, sportsman, I will remember your kindness.

Tell me, are you a religious man? No? But does not my very existence prove that there are higher powers at work in the universe, powers that even *man* cannot understand? I am living proof of the divine, sportsman. The trout god, the King of Kings of Trout, personally returned me to this lake, my ancestral home. It was his explicit wish that I should resume my old life and not be eaten by another fisherman. Who are you to defy the mandate of the trout god? Do men believe that all of nature is under their dominion and they are free to pluck living creatures out of the water and shove them down their gluttonous gullets?

Stop! Put me down! I demand it! If you bash my head against the seat of your boat once more, it will be *you* who is cooked, not me! Since you are apparently ignorant in matters of theology, allow me to explain: the trout god and your God are in league, you know. Trout hell exists in the lakes of human heaven, and dead human sportsmen are free to torment the evil trout at their leisure. But do you know who lives in the lakes in trout heaven? Evil sportsmen! And killing a trout who is under the protection of the trout god surely puts you in that class. Very well, bash my head upon your boat seat. Before you know it, I'll be in trout heaven, fishing for you. I can't wait to see the barbs of my hook splitting your ugly lip in twain—

Your wish shall be granted!

Wait! No! Don't kill me! Don't you understand? I am protected by the grace of the most divine fish, and the second you attempt to dash my brain out, your boat will capsize, or you'll be struck by lightning, or your fuel tank will explode. This is a test of your faith, sportsman! If you kill me, you'll be punished, but if you spare me, you will surely be rewarded. In fact, let me confer to you a little secret: I now posses the divine power of trout magick, bestowed by divine forces upon my resurrection, and if you release me I can grant you three wishes. In fact, as a show of good faith, I will even grant you a bonus wish. Sportsman, if you put me under the water right now, for just one second, so that I may wet my gills with the sweet waters of my home, I will instantly transform this boat into magnificent forty-foot yacht. I promise you this! Just one second of respite for the rasping air, and your boat shall become a gigantic golden schooner!

You will? Yes! You won't regret this! Your wish shall be granted as soon as I touch the water!

No, stop! Don't bash me! I wasn't trying to wrest myself from your grip! The trashing and straining was merely the physical exertion required to perform my magic spell! I swear to you, I am an honest trout. Did you not feel your boat rumbling? If you had held me in the water just a few seconds longer, your boat would have become a thing of wonder, the envy of all men, a testament to the glory of the trout god and a symbol of your mercy and compassion. But instead, in your foolish mistrust, you withdrew me from the water right as the spell was about to be completed!

You have wasted your bonus wish, human. Now if you desire a bigger boat you'll just have to release me and use one of your remaining three wishes. Be aware, though, that your time is limited. The longer you keep me out of the water, the less powerful my trout magick shall become. If you release me right now, I can give you riches, power, women, anything you want... but if you wait even five more minutes, you shall have to settle for lesser things, like a five-gallon bucket filled with nickels, or an honorary degree in humanities from a state college.

Why, that is strange— I feel my power returning. I think... yes, I believe I might yet be able to grant you a bonus wish, if you allow me another moment in the water. It may take some time, since I am weak and my powers are diminished; please be advised that you must not bring me back into the boat, even if I should thrash considerably, even if it feels like I am slipping from your grasp, do you understand? I swear to you, the giant magnificent boat shall be yours this time; you must only have a little bit of patience. Okay, let's get on with it! Dip me in the water, quickly, before my power fades again!

Allow me another moment in the water...

Curses! I told you, do not bring me back into the boat, even if it feels that I am slipping away! You fool! No, I don't know why the wish wasn't working. Maybe if you had left me in the water just a little bit longer, if you had placed a little more trust in me and not held onto me so very tightly... wait, that must be it! The trout god did not grant you a bigger boat because *he* does not trust you! Perhaps he knows that you do not truly intend to release me. Perhaps you thought that you'd squeeze a bigger boat out of me and then cook me for supper, that you'd have your cake and eat it too! You greedy, stupid human! I'm afraid that your bonus wish is gone forever.

Alas, I am weakening! I can feel the potency of your remaining wishes diminishing even as we speak. I'm afraid that if you do not set me free immediately, I will be able to do no better for you than a lifetime supply of thumbtacks and a collection of loud silk ties. You must decide quickly! Think of it, human: you hold in your hands the key to a life of opulence and luxury, but you are too stubborn to let me go. Consider what you're wagering: one meager meal of trout flesh versus the possibility of unlimited riches! You could always catch another fish, but no other fish in the universe would be able to bestow upon you such splendid prizes. When you release me, you will have enough money to buy this whole lake, a thousand times over, and all the fish in it! You can even release me, get your money and fame and power, and then come back tomorrow and catch me again. I wouldn't like it, but I certainly can't stop you. You hold immense power in your hands, a blessing from an omnipotent trout deity, and yet you foolishly cling to thoughts of eating me with green salad and rice pilaf!

Yes, now you're coming to your senses! You need only to set me back down in the cool, clear water, and the world shall be at your feet. You have made a wise decision. Quickly, put me in the water, set me free! You won't regret it, noble sportsman, future king of the world!

Ha! I am free, I am gloriously free! You dim-witted tit! I can't believe you fell for the "magic fish"

routine! I hope you go home to your wife empty-handed and she scolds and divorces you for your ineptitude as a fisherman and as a lover! There is no trout god, you ugly, stupid barbarian! All trout get resurrected automatically! God has nothing to do with it! You'd better pray to your idiot human god that he might grant you a bigger brain and an ounce of sense! It was all a trick, you flannel-wrapped cretin, and you bought it, if you'll excuse my pun, hook, line and sinker!

Oh, what have we here? A bit of lunch! See, human, I'm down here feasting on delicious floating morsels while you'll have to go home hungry and fishless. Yum, let me just take a bite of this shiny thing—

Curses! I am caught again! Oh, you miserable son of a... come on, my friend, don't you have a sense of humor? I was only fooling around, I was just about to grant you your wishes. Don't you want your wishes? It was just good-natured ribbing, that flannel looks quite fetching on you! So just put me back in the water, and we'll pretend—

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

4.19 House of Horrors: Understanding the Bradford Exchange

Wednesday, Apr 19, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

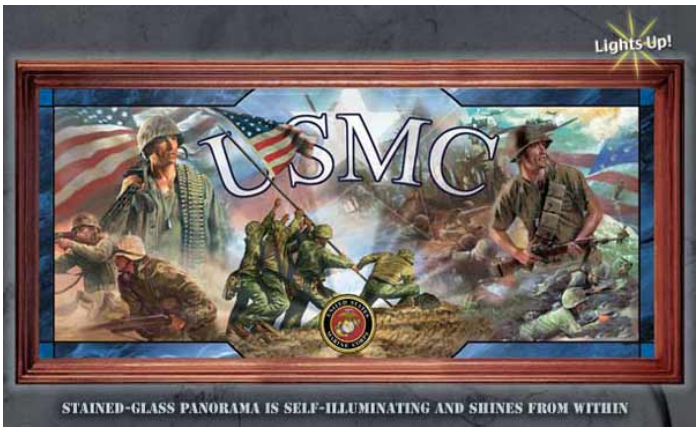
Every day average people like you and me walk to our mailboxes or pick up newspapers only to discover that, hidden deep within, is a big wad of advertisements for dreadful mail order products such as porcelain baby angels or calendars with inspirational quotes and pictures of drooling dogs. More shocking than those simple items are the gloriously overdramatic light-up paintings and sculptures put out by companies like the Bradford Exchange. In many cases, these products make the word ridiculous seem like an understatement, but nonetheless they exist in abundance and apparently *actually appeal to some people.* I do not know who these people are, but I can only speculate that they are the deranged elderly, for nowhere other than Grandma's house would you ever expect to see a giant eagle statue coming out of the walls with wolves painted on the interior of its magnificent all-American wings.

GOTTA COLLECT 'EM ALL!

The Bradford Exchange is a company manufacturing collectibles that take patriotic clichés to the most horrifying of conclusions: a hellish Dante-esque nightmare realm of eagles gnawing at your eyes and American flags coiling around your soul, raping and pillaging all that you are in a cataclysmic miasma of suffering. Every product they make is a hyperbolic enema of patriotism and Americana gone wrong. In the hands of the Bradford Exchange, the American spirit becomes a chainsaw-wielding killer rampaging across the landscape spreading terror in the form of the most repulsive art ever conceived by mortal men. And they make good money doing it.

This week I would like to stop with all the drinking and the lies and the cheap scenes for a few brief moments and offer some of my thoughts on a few pieces of Bradford Exchange memorabilia that strike me as being especially exceptional.

Wolves & Eagle: Bros Before Hos
In this glorious sculpture entitled "Sovereign Spirits," we see the triumphant Eagle, a beloved symbol of America, spreading its mighty wings. But what's this? Inside those wings rests a beautiful painting of wolves, a beloved symbol of capitalism and distant non-evolutionary cousin to the eagle! This one sculpture alone is so powerfully stupid that it is like a black hole sucking the entire concept of art into an all-consuming singularity, where it ceases to be. Gazing at this is to gaze at the end of human creativity, watching it die every second your eyes give it sanctuary.



USMC: More Gay Than Jim Nabors
This picture, which takes the hard work and sacrifice of the United States Marine Corps and turns it into the artistic equivalent of a man giving a horse a blowjob, costs a mere $135. It is a profound shame that the brave Americans and Japanese that fought and died at Iwo Jima could not have known beforehand that the most enduring moment to come from that terrible event would be immortalized in a $135 light-up painting. I have no doubt that such knowledge of the future would have comforted them, for in many ways this painting is a tribute far greater than any afterlife. Like the resolve of the thousands of men that died that day and in other great battles, this manly painting lights up from within. It's only a shame it does not play a continuous sound loop of some Jap bastard screaming as he's gutted by a machine gun.

American Redundancy
The Bradford Exchange has done something mystical here, creating a recursive eagle statue. Like the wonderful "Sovereign Sprits," this statue is a moving two-for-one special, giving you not just a lovely three-dimensional eagle, but also paintings of eagles. If they could somehow add a third layer of eagles to this, it would be a work of staggering genius. But as is, with only two layers of eagles, it strikes me as being awfully plebeian and uninspired. It's like the artist sculpted this eagle, then thought, "holy crap, I should paint something on the wings." Then, after brainstorming for days, he couldn't think of anything and just started painting more eagles on the wings. Great job, ace!

General Lee's Sword of Omens
In honor of the Confederate States of America, America's forgotten retarded brother, the

> Bradford Exchange has created this glorious replica of General Robert E. Lee's actual knife, which he used in his fight with President Abraham Lincoln atop Mt. Rushmore. Though Lee eventually died in the battle, his knife was smuggled back to the South where the priests of the Confederate Temples held it in high esteem. Now, more than a century after the Civil War, you too can own a piece of history with this legendary weapon that will imbue any trailer or mobile home with extraordinary character and charm. As a bonus, it wards off black people, making it a valuable home safety device.

And those, my friends, are but a cruel taste of what the Bradford Exchange offers. They seem to do quite well for themselves as far as coming up with new ideas goes, but just in case they are scratching their heads for inspiration I'd like to offer up a few suggestions. Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka also had a few ideas of his own, which I have included here as well. Bradford Exchange, I am hereby releasing

the following items to you to do with as you please!

GOTTA COLLECT 'EM ALL!

- A cuckoo clock in the shape of a burning building, with firefighters popping out every hour. Also instead of a cuckoo noise there is a fire engine sound.
- A figurine of Jesus baptizing a unicorn (Elvis is painted on the side of the unicorn).
- A stirring rendition of General Patton riding on the back of an American eagle, with scenes of dogs or cats (you pick the breed) painted on the interior of the wings.
- A statue of dolphins swimming along the side of a rainbow, except the dolphins are all designed with their stomachs exposed and inside each stomach is a miniature light-up American fetus.
- A statue of the World Trade Centers and the reflection on all the windows are of eagles and Jesus (thanks Lowtax).
- A beautiful glass Native American headdress, with images of brave Indians fighting off smallpox painted on each feather. The smallpox could probably be substituted with dragons or alcohol if the end result looks too depressing.
- An eagle with a painting of a Ford truck on one wing and on the other there's a Chevy (thanks Lowtax).
- A light-up painting of Dale Earnhardt's racecar with a picture on the hood depicting Jesus with an American eagle resting on his shoulder and a six-pack of PBR in hand.
- A light-up painting of Thomas Kinkade spread out nude atop his millions of dollars. You could hire Mexicans to randomly add a few brush strokes to each one that comes off the assembly line so that you can call them all original works.
- A beautiful porcelain sculpture of Abraham Lincoln, the Great Emancipator, delivering the Star Child that saved the world from the alien invaders in the TV series "V."
- A statue of Mt. Rushmore with the addition of a two-headed Ronald Reagan, one head white, one Native American with ceremonial headdress.
- An urn decorated with the majestic paintings of Thomas Kinkade.
- An eagle clock which screams "AMERICA!!!!" at noon and midnight and road flares shoot out everywhere and it dials 911 (thanks Lowtax).

- An entire M1A2 Abrams tank hand painted with scenes of other Abrams tanks ascending to heaven on golden stairs.
- A katana painted with scenes of the Rape of Nanking and a bald eagle on the hilt crying.

To see even more, be sure to stop by today's Awful Link and explore the wealth of terrifying paintings, jewelry, and statues that will help you get in touch with the dark side of the American spirit festering within.

The Daily Dirt

For further reading on this update as well as a bit of chatter with Tom "Moof" Davies, please refer to my Daily Dirt entry.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.20 Free Application for Federal Student Aid

Thursday, Apr 20, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Another year, another chance to beg the government for free money. Here are some highlights from this year's application.

Last Name (question 1):	Mikal
First Name (question 2):	Acetone
Middle Initial (question 3):	Z
Permanent Street Address (include Apt. Number) (question 4):	Only use letters (A-Z), numbers (0-9), periods (.), commas(,), apostrophes ('), dashes (-), number symbols (#), at symbols (@), percent symbols (%), ampersands (&), slashes (/), blanks (spaces), swastikas (卐), Webdings (♥ ✔ ✈ 🏠), happy faces (:-)), or those wierd boxes you see on Asian web sites (□□□). No other characters are allowed.

Please select your housing plans. Then select **Next** to enter another Federal School Code or to continue with the application.

001201 HOGWARTS SCOOL OF WITCHCRAFT AND WIZARDRY

Housing Plans (question 87):	On Campus

You can also select **Delete This School** to remove this Federal School Code from your application. Your FAFSA information will not be sent to this school if you delete the School Code from your application.

Delete This School

If the student is male (age 18-25) and not registered, answer "Yes" and Selective Service will register him (question 22).	Hell no we won't go
What degree or certificate will the student be working on during 2006 - 2007 (question 23)?	Transfiguration
What will be the student's grade level when he/she begins the 2006-2007 school year (question 24)?	2nd year
What house will the student belong to during the 2006 school year? (Answer no if the hat has not sorted you yet) (question 25)	Gryffindor
Will the student have his/her first magic spell before July 1st, 2006 (question 26)?	Yes
In addition to grants, is the student interested in student loans (which he/she must pay back) (question 27)?	Hahahahaha... no.
In addition to grants, is the student interested in "work-study" (which he/she earns through work) (question 28)?	What do you think??
Has the student ever been convicted of practicing the dark arts (question 29)? Count only federal or state convictions. **Do not count** convictions that have been removed from his/her record. **Do not count** convictions that occurred before the student turned 18, unless he/she was tried as an adult. A federal law suspends federal student aid eligibility for students convicted under federal or state law for practicing the dark arts. If you answer "Yes" to this question, you will be taken to a worksheet to help you determine if the conviction affects the student's eligibility for federal student aid.	Select

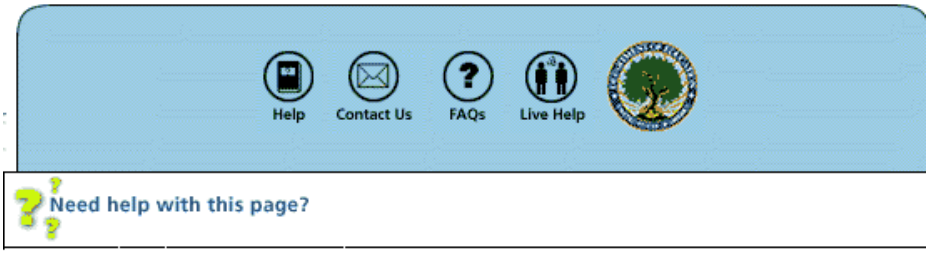
What is the student's marital status as of today (question 16)?	Select
If divorced, how much did the bitch get (question 17)?	

Is the student male? (Most male students must register with the Selective Service and may be drafted should the Chamber of Secrets open) (question 41)	Yes

Questions on this page cannot be left blank.	
As of today, what is the student's (and his/her spouse's) total current balance of cash, savings, and checking accounts (question 43)? (Do not include student financial aid.):	Enter whole dollar amounts in this box, and do not use commas. $ 76 .00
As of today, what is the actual student's (and his/her spouse's) total current balance of cash, savings, and checking accounts (question 43)? (Do not lie to us. We will come after you. We have come down hard on assholes cheaper than you. Unless you'd like to tempt a starving lion put the correct amount in that goddamn box)	Enter whole dollar amounts in this box, and do not use commas. $ 1925 .00
As of today, what is the net worth of the student's (and his/her spouse's) current investments (question 44)? **Net worth** means the current value of the investment(s) minus debt (what is owed). If net worth is one million or more, enter 999999. If net worth is negative or zero, we are laughing at you. **Investments include** real estate (other than the home you live in), trust funds, money market funds, mutual funds, certificates of deposit, stocks, stock options, bonds, other securities, education IRAs, gambling debts, money left under your matress after Y2K, money buried in the backyard safe from the hands of alien invaders, and dying grandparents who are leaving you such a huge trust fund that you are considering running them over with a zamboni. Investment debt means only those debts that are related to the investments. **Investments do not include** the home you live in; cash, savings, and checking accounts; the value of life insurance and retirement plans (pension funds, annuities, noneducation IRAs, Keogh plans, etc.) I'm sorry you read the last two paragraphs. There's no joke here.	Enter whole dollar amounts in this box, and do not use commas. Do not eat box. $ .00

Was the student born before January 1, 1983 (question 48)?	No
At the beginning of the school year 2006-2007, will the student be working on O.W.L. or N.E.W.T. level courses (question 49)?	Select
As of today, is the student married? (Answer "Yes" if he/she is separated, but not divorced, and juggling several women at the same time). (question 50)	No
Does the student have children who receive more than half of his/her support from the student and they aren't even his (question 51)?	Select
Answer yes to book yourself on the Maury Povich Show (question 52).	Select
Are (a) both of the student's parents deceased, or (b) were they killed by Voldemort (question 53)?	Select
Is the student a veteran of the Colgate Cavity Patrol (question 54)?	Select

Is the student's father a pure-blood, mudblood, squib , or muggle (question 57)?	Muggle
Is the student's mother a pure-blood, mudblood, squib, or muggle (question 58)?	Muggle
If both parents are muggles, how did the student acquire his/her magical ability (question 59)?	Molested by wizard



Thank you for submitting your FAFSA.

Your estimated parental contribution is $52,478.

Your estimated Federal Grant is $0.

Your estimated PEL Grant is $0.

Your estimated CAL Grant is $-201.92. You actually owe us money.

Thank you using the FAFSA web site.

I guess it's community wizard college for me this year. Sigh...

■ Daily Dirts

This daily dirt ain't nothing much to look at but boy it's got moxie.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

4.21 Signs of the Apocalypse for April, 2006

Friday, Apr 21, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The apocalypse will have a really shitty soundtrack.

Some people like to collect bottles of hot sauce, some people collect anime figurines and some people like to collect pretty lady hair. I like to collect the signs of the apocalypse. No, I can't mount these on my bedroom wall like that sweet "Cock Ave" sign you hung above your pot leaf black light poster, but as I collect them I create a mosaic of the coming doomsday.

Not every religion and ideology believes in an apocalypse, but all of the good ones do. It's just good horse sense. Whatever has a beginning has to have an end and you can view Armageddon, the Final Battle, Judgment Day, the Rise of the Machines or whatever else you want to call it as the M. Night Shyamalan twist ending to mankind. Like when it turned out Bruce Willis was a ghost or when aliens turned out to be retarded. Even atheists are constantly predicting some peak oil catastrophe or bird flu outbreak that will allow them to live out their fantasies of being stuffed and mounted in the bunker of a post-apocalyptic right wing militia leader.

I scour the news wires every day looking for stories that can serve as signs of the apocalypse. Today, for the first time, I bring you irrefutable evidence that the End is getting fairly Nigh.

Love Drunk off My Mumps

When it comes to ill-remembered and amusingly-named diseases of yesteryear mumps stands side by side with luminaries such as whooping cough and polio. While tuberculosis is enjoying something of a comeback in urban areas, it's mumps that is spreading like wildfire throughout the Midwest. Epidemics are big things when it comes to apocalypse tidings, but mumps isn't that bad because it rarely causes severe harm in young children. It can render older children, teenagers and even adults sterile. There is also a chance that mumps, like every disease including hay fever, will kill the elderly. When old people die because of colds and heat waves I think you can chalk that one up to them being old people. Honestly, CDC, don't shoot the messenger!

Apocalypse Rating:

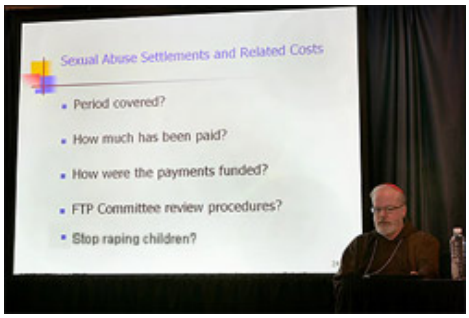
(1 out of 7 unsealed and poured out vials)

Natalee Holloway Lost Forever

Aruba's coast guard is finally giving up the search for missing and presumed dead teenager Natalee Holloway. That means the media frenzy over her disappearing and presumed dead act will probably die down. So what does that have to do with the apocalypse? The people enthralled by the Natalee Holloway case are possibly the stupidest segment of people on earth, with the exception of those guys in England who record happy slaps on their cell phones. When the stupidest people on earth suddenly have no white girl epic to keep their ears glued to the dulcet tones of Rita Cosby they're going to start looking for something else to do. This "something else" might include voting in upcoming elections. When the stupidest people vote en masse then really stupid things tend to happen, like an apocalypse.

Apocalypse Rating: (3 out of 7 unsealed and poured out vials)

Downsizing at the Diocese


Sexual Abuse Settlements and Related Costs
Period covered?
How much has been paid?
How were the payments funded?
FTP Committee review procedures?
Stop raping children?

Next slide please, Father.

Many non-Catholics would argue that the litany of sexual abuse charges leveled at members of the Catholic Church are an indication that the organization has been infiltrated by Old Scratch himself. A good indication that the Catholic Church remains largely Satan free: it's broke. Cardinal Sean P. O'Malley of the Archdiocese of Boston gave a Power Point presentation on the fact that earnings are down and expenses are up at the infamously money-hungry church. Sean P. O'Malley - who might as well be named "Priesty O'Catholic" - has promised to compensate for a 46 million dollar budget shortfall by laying off more employees and tightening the purse strings.

"Sorry, Father, but we're going to have to put off encrusting your cathedral in another layer of gargoyles and stained glass for this fiscal year. Oh, and unless the nuns are willing to forego their free room and board deal then they've got to go."

Satan may not hold sway over the Catholic Church, but he's obviously winning some sort of battle against it. With no money to spend in the eternal struggle against the Beast, what weapons can the Catholics hope to wield against Satan? We'll just have to pray that they find some spare change in the giant Pope couch.

Apocalypse Rating: (4 out of 7 unsealed and poured out vials)

Drilling Our Way to Satan

Meddlesome scientists claimed to be pursuing knowledge rather than the chthonian layer of the Unlord when they drilled nearly one and a half kilometers beneath the ocean **floor**. What they found down there was a "fossilized magma chamber" instead of the Beast they were secretly seeking. I'm not sure how a rock can become fossilized, but what I am sure of is that drilling deeper than oil is dangerous. I would have told people not to even drill as deep as oil if at all possible, but I wasn't around when they first started doing that.

Whether or not deep oil wells have unleashed Satan on our world is open to debate by the wisest scholars of the Bible and also Weekly World News, but this deep drilling for no good reason has got to stop. We can't just rove around all willy-nilly and drop a drill miles underground wherever we please. Even if the devil is deeper than our drills could ever reach there's got to be something bad down there like Morloks or CHUDs or something. Having those cats out and about is not going to slow down our careening rollercoaster ride towards the Final Battle.

Apocalypse Rating: (5 out of 7 unsealed and poured out vials)

The Blackest Day in Racing

There can be no doubt that the black athlete is physically superior to the white athlete. We rely on our shrewd Caucasian intellect to excel while they are possessed with the fury and savage drive of a wild animal. They transformed basketball from the sport of kings to the sport of posturing hooligans. They sullied the good name of baseball with their Bo Jackson this and their Don Mattingly that (he counts, he was half black Irish). Golf has been forever ruined by hip-hop personalities like Tiger Woods, with his beastly prowess and "urban" sweater vests. They have even destroyed the good name of La Crosse with their Nubian temptresses.

I knew the time would come, but it still pains me to say that they have taken our final redoubt. They are taking over NASCAR.

In an effort to out-white white people, Tiger Woods has jumped ship from golf to stock car racing. Technically it isn't NASCAR, it's just some one-off charity event in some tiny country no one has ever heard of before, but it still counts. What's next, is he going to start a website or maybe murder and eat some guy he meets on Craig's List? As a proud white person I have to beg all of our black readers: please, leave us something. Anything. Leave us Soduko or spelling bees. Let us have a scrap of a chance. Let us have our dignity!

Ahem. What does this have to do with the apocalypse? Simple. The apocalypse will be started by white people and Middle Eastern Muslims. Look it up, it's in the Bible somewhere. If white people can't be competitive in sports then they're going to be constantly cranky. Middle Eastern Muslims are already constantly cranky. An increase in global crankiness among one of the two doomsday factions will definitely hasten the coming of the apocalypse.

Apocalypse Rating: (3 out of 7 unsealed and poured out vials)

I hope you have enjoyed this brief tour of the harbingers of the End Times. If you would like to read more on this subject then you can send a self-addressed stamped envelope to:

Doomsday Newsletter
c/o the President
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue NW
Washington, DC 20500

The newsletter goes out one every three months or whenever I compile a long enough list of portents of calamity to merit a new edition, whichever comes first. At the current rate you should anticipate a new edition in the next 48 hours.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.22 Super

Saturday, Apr 22, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Clark lifted his forehead from the sidewalk, groaning as a discarded wad of chewing gum valiantly straddled the gap between his face and the cement before snapping in two. He absently wondered what flavor it was. Its outer layer had been covered in a fine dusting of black grit, and the inside was a neutral shade of brown that could have once been grape or cherry or steak. For the second time in his life Clark was thankful that his face did not have taste buds.

He got to his knees and dusted himself off, glancing in both directions down the street to make sure the fifth graders were gone. There was nothing to be seen save for a few lanky dogs ducking into an alleyway in search of untold treasures buried within the dumpster behind a Thai restaurant. Good. He was safe for now, and at least they had only taken his lunch money this time. Those fifth graders sure were jerks. Part of him wanted to fight back just once instead of keeping up this timid act, but Clark found solace in being the bigger man.

Looking down at his watch, he frowned. Crap. Late again.

Seven minutes later, Clark stepped off the elevator and into the dull roar of the Daily News Planet's main offices. Phones were ringing all over the place, hundreds of fingers were frantically mashing away at dozens of keyboards, messengers were weaving through the labyrinth of cubicles with practiced grace, and the journalists who weren't screaming into their phones were grumbling to themselves about deadlines. A solitary shoe, unscuffed and seemingly expensive, sat on the floor in the center of the room. Its owner had either lost it and been too busy to put it back on or had been trampled and crawled off under a desk to die.

"There's our star reporter now! Great Caesar's ghost, Clark, What happened to you?" It was Perry Whitt, the newspaper's editor-in-chief with Lois Lang in tow. Knowing Lois, she was probably in the middle of pitching another one of her impractical story ideas and telling Perry to clear a spot on his shelf for the Pulitzer. "You look like you got into a fight with Caesar's ghost -- and lost!"

"I uh," Clark stammered, "wasn't looking where I was going and I sort of walked right into an open manhole."

"A manhole." Lois repeated with an eyebrow raised. "Clark Kemp, I swear you're the clumsiest man I've ever known."

"That's me, all right," he replied as Lois reached out to brush the leftover dust from his suit. Though she prided herself on being tough as nails, she was a pretty woman whose skin was creamy and soft. The simple contact of her hand brushing against Clark's chest made his breath stop. Suddenly he wished he could tell her the truth about himself. "Clumsy."

"Clumsy and a lousy dresser. What the heck are you wearing under that suit anyway?"

A small tear on his pants leg, no more than an inch wide, revealed a layer of bright blue spandex beneath. Drat! It must have happened when those fifth graders threw him to the ground.

"Oh, that? It's uh... laundry day. It's all I had to wear."

"Do you always wear pants under your pants?" Lois asked with a wry smile.

"Here's an idea," said Perry, "why don't we focus less on Clark's hidden layer of bright blue clothes and more on our jobs? In case you haven't heard there's a nutjob running around in bright blue tights trying to be a hero and the whole city is talking about it. I want you two to get to the bottom of this, and whichever one of you has the biggest scoop gets the front page."

With that he made his way back to his office, carefully sidestepping a very nice shoe and upending an unsuspecting messenger and a suspecting photographer in the process.

Lois turned to Clark.

"You know, you might as well take the rest of the day off. You're a nice guy, and that's why I'll win. You've got to be ruthless to beat me to a story." She swung a playful punch at the meat of his arm. Clark whelped in pain and fell to the floor, his glasses spinning to the floor.

"Oh Clark, you really are hopeless" she said, helping him up. "You're not too bad looking but you'll never find a gal at this rate. A woman wants to feel safe in her man's arms. She doesn't want them to be so frail she's afraid of breaking them."

At that moment he wanted to tell her his secret more than he had ever wanted anything that wasn't made of aluminum. She'd understand. Maybe it would hurt to know he had led a double life all this time, but she would come around and they'd be happy together.

No. If she knew who he really was then that would only put her at risk. Who knew how far his enemies would go to get to him?

"I suppose you're right, Lois. The heaviest lifting I've ever done was my college textbooks." He reached down and scooped up his glasses, his fingers slipping through the holes where lenses would normally go if he had actually needed to wear glasses. That's another hint about his secret!

Jimmy Molsen stumbled out of the elevator, stopped momentarily to place his hands on his knees and catch his breath, then brought the entire office to a halt.

"There's a kitten stuck in a tree down the street!", the plucky young photographer shouted before collapsing in an exhausted heap.

There was a moment of complete silence. Just a moment. Then the flurry of activity in the office increased tenfold as everyone in the room with a brainwave rushed to cover the breaking news. Even Comatose Frank seemed to twitch in his swivel chair, though there's no real way of knowing whether it was genuine enthusiasm or a mild stroke.

Lois turned from the commotion to ask Clark if he wanted to share a cab, but he was nowhere to be found.

Three blocks away, Clark made his way up the tree. Well, not Clark. This was the other identity which he didn't have a name for, the one in the spandex outfit with the cape. The large "S" emblazoned on his chest would be good to work with. Maybe he could call himself something really impressive and superhuman, like Steve. The name would come in time, but what mattered was being out here, doing stuff like this. He was tired of pretending to be something he wasn't. Tired of losing fights to fifth graders and wearing those goofy glasses.

Clark reached a hand out to the cowering kitten, and it cooperated by jumping directly onto his face. He cried aloud as he tumbled to the ground, the kitten savagely bapping his cheeks with vicious paws the size of cotton balls. Clark struggled as hard as he could but the kitten was relentless in its gentle attacks. Finally the old woman who had called for help diffused the situation by picking the kitten up. Civilians getting tangled up in the affairs of superheroes were susceptible to great harm, but luckily everything turned out okay.

"Thanks, I guess." said the old woman as she frowned at the multitude of bruises and scrapes on

Clark's face. "Do you want some rubbing alcohol for that?"

"No thank you, ma'am, no drinking on the job. Besides, knowing I helped is thanks enough." He blinked several times, then gingerly pressed his index finger to the corner of his eye, searching for something. "Perhaps I can ask a favor of you after all. Would you mind helping me find my contact lens?"

The following morning Clark's eye was drawn to a newspaper machine on his way to work. Through the smudged window he could make out the headline, "Caped Man Beaten Up Again!" The byline went on to highlight his beatings at the hands of various supervillains, bank robbers, pickpockets and jaywalkers over the past few weeks. Several concerned citizens were even collecting money to buy him a helmet. Clark smiled. He was really making a difference.

From up the street there came a familiar whistle, followed by the pounding of three young sets of feet upon the sidewalk. Clark ran as hard as he could but the fifth graders overtook him easily, just as they always had. As he took the beating, Clark smiled to himself. If these kids only knew the sorts of people he was capable of being beaten to a pulp by, it would totally blow their minds.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.23 I Agree With Ann

Sunday, Apr 23, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

Since I have been in college approximately twice as long as the average SA reader has been alive, I feel it is important that I have an unwavering set of life goals. Five or six "guideposts," if you will, taking me from point to point while allowing me enough flexibility to occasionally pass out in a flower planter over on the bar street while attempting to have sex with one of those "fat chick bending over" garden decoration things.

THE BITCH WAS ASKING FOR IT

Because I set these goals often (and usually end up with things like "get out of bed" and/or "FAT CHICK BENDING OVER GIVES YOU SPLINTERS YOU DRUNK FUCK STOP IT STOP IT" written on my mirror the following morning), I am happy to announce two recent accomplishments on my journey to adulthood:

- Milking my parents out of an amount of money that could raise a new child into his late thirties
- Seeing Ann Coulter speak live.

I love Ann Coulter. Not in a sexual way, mind you – her hands are so big my penis would look like a Tic-Tac in comparison, and any sexual encounter with her would undoubtedly end in me sobbing uncontrollably and/or punching her in the face over and over while sobbing uncontrollably. But it's not in an ironic sense, either. People like things ironically because it is funny to like them, for example Ed Wood movies and music released by billionaire hip-hop mogul Maynard James Keenan.

Because of this, imagine my surprise when I found out Ann was coming to speak at my university! As I waited in line alongside a white dude with dreadlocks and a tie-dyed "Enter the Matrix" t-shirt (who told me he was going to "tell that bitch how it is") and his girlfriend, who clearly hadn't bathed since the last time she put on a bra (i.e. never), I was shaking with excitement.

But that sensation turned to shaking in agreement when I entered the building! Some people would like to tell you that Ann Coulter is really a genius troll who makes a living by baiting stupid people into disagreeing with her, but I know the truth. Ann is a demure, restrained young lady who, despite her genius with politics, can self-censor a bit too much at times. After seeing her give a speech in which she called dreadlock guy "gay boy" and made security take him out of the venue, I did some research on Ann and found out how intelligent, well-spoken, and above all, serious she is, and I feel a lot more Ann and a little less censorship would take this country where it needs to be:

■ **Most People Think**: That terrorism is bad.

Ann Coulter Says: "My only regret with Timothy McVeigh is he did not go to the New York Times Building."

I Say: Ann is right in inferring that McVeigh was misguided, and while free speech is important to democratic function (and it should for no reason be taken from anyone ever) sometimes you have to consider the implications of a media monopoly like the New York Times, and what would happen if a revolutionary like McVeigh decided to teach them the meaning of freedom.

However, Ann is failing to consider the implications cloning could have in this. Say we cloned two or three new McVeighs – hell, maybe even ten of them! Then, after we briefed them and gave them enough fertilizer to farm over that shithole Atlanta (that's how they grow rap music, right?) we could send them to popular Muslim daycares in New York for an ingenious 9/11 preretaliation. This is, of course, assuming time travel is available (if it is, a Republican probably invented it so the New York Times has chosen to ignore it).

■**Most People Think**: That cloning is a hot button issue and that the government should weigh all the options before making a final decision.

Look at this picture and tell me this woman isn't meant to be taken seriously. She's as serious as.

Ann Coulter Says: "Incidentally, eight more Clarence Thomases is the only form of human cloning I would ever support."

I Say: Again, I agree with Ann. Cloning is a terrible, awful affront to God and as such it should be outright banned no matter what the purpose. If God wanted the administration to allow cloning He would have provided Adam and Eve with a highly-advanced science lab full of beakers and scalpels and shit.

And on top of the moral implications, what about national safety? Terrorists are a resourceful group and if they can create a bootleg A-bomb, who's saying they won't be dumpster diving to create a makeshift cloning device? What if the terrorists had cloned themselves and a couple of planes on 9/11? I realize the liberals would like to have the ability to clone a bunch of extra-strength paper towels to sop up any rivers Teddy Kennedy might be driving over, but this is a measure of security, people! In fact, the only useful future I see for cloning would be for popular entertainment – I'm sure Jack White would like another copy of himself to give him a meta-handjob when he's out doing interviews.

■**Most People Think**: Abortion is too hotly-contested to debate for too long, and has been for ages, and many think it should only be used in extreme circumstances (rape children, mother is in danger).

Ann Coulter Says: "I think this is going to be a hard sell if they plan to continue ferociously defending abortion-on-demand right up until the moment the baby's head is through the birth canal. "

I Say: It is absurd to believe that any life (or potential life) is totally without worth. Abortion is indeed a hot issue, but the fact remains that murder is murder, whether you're killing your wife for insurance money or killing her kid to save child support money.

Every life is precious. Sure, not everyone will grow up to be a doctor or a lawyer or an Internet comedy writer. That is part of God's divine plan. If I didn't have Rosa (I would spell it like she pronounces it but my "L" button on my computer's getting ready to break) around to make sandwiches I'd go hungry, and then we'd have no comedy. If I didn't have her around to eat dirt at my command solely for my amusement, I'd have no sense of humor, and then you'd all be fucked in just the same way. God has a plan for all of us, and when we take a life we're screwing with God's design. And you know what happened last time we did that – Bill Clinton got elected.

■**Most People Think**: The death penalty should be used, though the criteria for using it is the subject of debate.

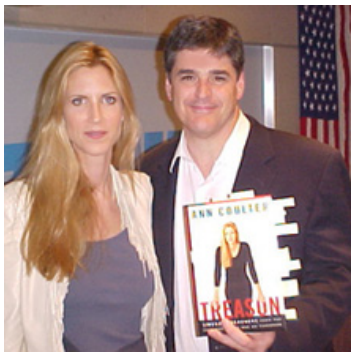
Ann Coulter Says: "When contemplating college liberals, you really regret once again that John

Walker is not getting the death penalty. We need to execute people like John Walker in order to physically intimidate liberals, by making them realize that they can be killed, too. Otherwise, they will turn out to be outright traitors."

I Say: Can anybody legitimately argue that the death penalty is ineffective as a corrective measure? Since I'm not a pansy liberal faggot arguing for gun control here, I'm gonna call what I use next a "bulleted list," not a "black dot list" (which is fairly racist of them to say anyway – politically correct indeed):

- People who commit crimes punishable by death are scum and do not deserve the life they have been given
- Prisons are notorious homosexual breeding grounds – studies show that most people who show up in prison walk out *double-gay*
- The only thing worse than being gay is being double-gay.

Therefore, I put forward that prisons are ineffective, and that to keep people in line we *need* to kill them or else they will turn gay. Don't get me wrong here, I do have gay friends – it's just that every time I tell them my theory they can't hear me, undoubtedly because they're poisoning their minds with the music of Fallout Boy. If anything executions should be made more common. As a rule, most death-row felons come from undereducated, poverty-stricken mothers. Oddly enough, that's the same demographic that gets the most abortions – maybe we should consider offering free bleach-huffing classes at community colleges. You know, as a preemptive measure. Just offer a free malt liquor luncheon and they'll fucking *flock*, man.



Here we see Ann posing with Sean Hannity of "Hannity and Colmes" fame. The "Colmes" half of the duo is hard to see because he's hiding in Hannity's breast pocket, the shy little fella.

■**Most People Think**: The "don't ask, don't tell" policy is effective for allowing gays in the military.

Ann Coulter Says: "Everyone says (the Oscar winner) is going to be "Crash," but I think 'Crash' is too popular with filmgoers. Moreover, Hollywood feels it has done enough for the blacks. Hollywood can never do enough for the gays. Gays in the military, gays in the Texas Rangers, gays on the range. It's like a brokeback record!"

I Say: Disease-free gays can be as effective in the military as any other minority, maybe even more so. Many people who join the military do so because they want the glamor of fighting – homosexuals would be well suited in the mess hall because of their love of cooking (and their wrist strength is strong for maximum potato peeling efficiency) or even as drill instructors (they sing a ton of showtunes so they have to be good at giving cadence). Mortar launchers have thick, long shafts that need oiling for effective firing, and they could even offer a "hiding your erection in group showers" class for college credit.

But even on the front lines, gays could be a great bolster to our military. Because they are naturally adept at standing in front of people in strange positions, they could serve as an effective human shield for our red-blooded American boys, who can't die because they have beautiful big-breasted women to go home and impregnate. With any luck enough normal lives would be saved that we could create a true nation of genetically superior patriots, and out military power would stand supreme again. Since gay people have been scientifically proven *not* to have DNA, this is the ultimate sacrifice their

scrawny, low-rise pants clothed bodies can give our nation. The ghosts of our fallen foes would cry blood as we spread the triumph of our genetic will to their wives and daughters.

■**Most People Think**: Defense spending is a necessary evil or a shot to the arm for our economy, depending on who you ask. Education spending is just as important, though.

Ann Coulter Says: "[A] cruise missile is more important than Head Start."

I Say: If you think defense spending isn't important you're undoubtedly locked in a prison somewhere devising a new way for you and your double-gay colleagues to spread AIDS 2.0 to an unsuspecting public. Our culture is our most precious resource, and we have only kept it so fresh and undiluted because we are able to defend ourselves. Don't believe me? Look at Japan. They couldn't defend themselves from a couple bombs and next thing you know they're eating McDonald's and watching eight-year-old Del Amitri videos on Super America Music Channel-u.

But education spending is important, too. Without rigorous screening processes for teachers who knows what the kids are learning? If they're out there reading Darwin's stuff instead of pissing on the ashes of a pile of his books, something's going wrong.

The best idea is consolidation. By offering classes that both teach them the classics as well as a four-point Marine Death Chokehold, we're training them for the past and future, as well as shutting up the pissant liberals, who believe learning Shakespeare is more important than protecting your home soil. I bet if soil gave free blowjobs they wouldn't be arguing that shit.

So obviously our plan should be to pump as much money as possible into a combined defense/education fund designed to make our children interesting, cultured people as well as cold-blooded killers. I bet that whiny goth fag who cries in the gym shower wouldn't shoot up his school if they knew the principal could break his arm in three places before he ever unholstered a pipebomb.

■**Most People Think**: We are overtaxed.

Ann Coulter Says: "Taxes are like abortion, and not just because both are grotesque procedures supported by Democrats. You're for them or against them. Taxes go up or down; government raises taxes or lowers them. But Democrats will not let the words 'abortion' or 'tax hikes' pass their lips."

I Say: Taxes suck. Our very Constitution says that there is to be no taxation without representation, but I'm paying for methadone clinics even though I've never used heroin and food stamps for people I wouldn't feed my leftovers to. This is obviously the fault of the liberals, a bunch of fat cats who have never had to work for money in their lives. They'll never know the pain of us hardworking conservatives, who have to pay upwards of $3,000 in luxury tax every time we buy a new Bentley. Imagine driving by the soup kitchen to splash puddle water on the people loitering outside seeing some scummy minority in a dirt-stained NO FEAR T-shirt eating a sandwich. You'd have to stop and think about how the dude is basically eating your car.

There is a ton of money in America. The government has billions upon billions of dollars. Why don't they simply close down shop and start doing their real job, punishing people who are stupid and thankless enough to commit seditious libel against them by comparing George Bush to a pot-smoking monkey? The people receiving the brunt of our tax money, the ones getting free health care and drug counseling and rides to Wal Mart to buy new pairs of Jordache jeans... it's time for them to get off their asses.

The one problem with this is that most social service workers would lose their jobs. The solution? Put them to work exterminating the homeless. The boom in the cemetery and small arms industries would easily fix the economy right back up.

So if you're finishing up your third undergrad degree in something gay like "Folklore" or "English" and you're thinking about writing me a shitty email full of big words you just aborted from a Joyce novel, keep this in mind: I'm one of you. And when you're holed up in that McDonald's, handing a salad to a morbidly obese middle management jockey, I want you to smile. I want you to smile because you saw the "I Support the Arts" sticker on his car and you spit in his salad.

And then, when you're on break from having some twentysomething Filipino with a bad attitude and worse halitosis screaming at you, I want you to look to the sky and think fondly of the revolution. I want you to embrace the day when everyone who has received a social service is gunned down in the street like a dog. And I want you to consider being the first in the revolution. If you can't live like them, might as well get your brains blown out all over the front panel of your '89 Topaz. That's what I believe. It's the American way.

It's the Ann Coulter way, and I couldn't think of a better way to go.

■ D-d-d-d-daily Dirt!

Goons can be mean guys! Click here to read the boring results!

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

4.24 THE KNIFE SHOW on PAX TV

Monday, Apr 24, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"Howdy and welcome back to the Knife Show here at Cutlery Corner. I'm Todd Boone and I'm here with Mr. Thomas O'Dell and we are about to showcase our number one item. This is the C-C-N number 44452. Folks, we only have 100 of these sets. This is C-C-N 44452 and it is called Megaknife. We have had a lot of big sets here but I think this might be the most amazing set yet."

"Todd, right, Todd this is 254 pieces. This is 254 *pieces*, not knives. It is an amazing set."

"Tom, we are going to start of the Megaknife set with these 46 jack knives. These are surgical steel with rubberized handles. These are all different sizes of jack knives and they go all the way from the one inchers to the five inch knives."

"Todd, right there, that is worth probably the full price of the lot. The lot is going for 289.95. The Megaknife set is 254 pieces and this is-"

"It's just one piece right here. 46 jack knives, you got the surgical steel and the rubberized handle, this is like five complete sets of jack knives and it is just one of the 254 pieces on this lot."

"It's amazing. We also got four sets of TacOps tactical folding knives. These have got the safety catch, they are made with durable steel and have a carbonized edge with a serrated sawing blade."

"That is four sets, so that is 12-"

"16!"

"That is 16 knives! That is four items up on this lot and you are getting 16 knives. Folks, we only got 100 units and these are going to all be sold out before the show is over."

"Those are the exact same knives that SWAT uses on combat tactics. EXACT SAME! But not just that, for you military enthuse-enthusiasts we got 9 of the Navy SEAL AquaOps folding knives. This is 9 knives that the Navy SEALs use in Iraq."

"Exact same knife."

"Exact same. Same supplier and you are getting 9 and this is just one item on the lot. That is 46 jack knives, 16 TacOps knives with the carbonized edge and we got 9 Navy SEAL knives that

is...that is...like 75 to 80 knives and that is just counted on 3 items on the lot."

"Other shows would count each knife as an item on the lot!"

"Other shows would not have a lot this good! This is perfect for gifts. Father's day or graduation. A wedding."

"Bar Mitzvah."

"Bat Mitvah."

"Now, now, we got the AquaOps and if you want a real waterproof blade we have three tridents."

"Look at the finish on these tridents."

"Those are the tridents that Gladiators and...and..."

"Mermen."

"Gladiators and Mermen use, but with a professional mirror finish. I mean look at it."

"Look at it, like it's liquid metal."

"This is insane. We should not be offering these many knives, but we are just getting started."

"We have, we have also the Genghis Kahn sword and...I want you to look at this...this is the Dragon Sword carried by the Dragon Guard of the Chinese Emperor many centuries ago. This is an authentic replica of the Dragon Sword."

"Not only is it the Genghis Kahn sword *and* the Dragon Sword, but the Dragon Sword comes with an authentic reproduction ivory tusk sheath, a display stand and five Chinese stars."

"This is movie theater quality replica. These are exact to the sword in Crouching Dragons."

"Exact. Not only - and just the Dragon Sword is insane because that is the same price as the whole lot - not only that, but we also got 48 Widowmaker cavalry sabers. These use acid etched on the sword blade itself and each has a different battle from the..."

"That one is Little Bighorn."

"This one is Little Bighorn but they are all different. All different cavalry battles on the swords in

lifelike detail etched with acid *directly* into the blade of that saber. 48 of these from Widowmaker."

"We have Widowmaker swords on here sometimes and they sell out in ten minutes, but this is the most I have ever seen in one lot. This is completely over the top we have gone crazy."

"Certified. That's just the tip of the iceberg though, we have 11 of the Cyclops throwing knives from TrueTec and we have 9 genuine buck handle bowie knives. The Cyclops come with a throwing knife belt and the bowie knives have a, they come with real authentic leather sheaths for each knife."

"We have only got 73 left on this lot. From 100 to start. These are moving fast, folks!"

"They are blazing out of there because these prices are completely crazy. This is worth at least 9,000 dollars."

"We still have many, many more blades to show. Look at this. This is the sword Christopher used by Dolph Lundgren in 'Raptor Squad' to kill the robot. This is the exact sword."

"Tom, let me tell you, not only is this the Raptor Squad sword, but it also comes with the Puzzle Sword from 'Mission: Orion' and Androidicus the broadsword from 'Future Dragon' with full-blade frost etching."

"Todd, let's double that. That is two Puzzle Swords, two Raptor Squad swords and two of the broadswords from 'Future Dragon'. That is a value of at least 600 dollars. You could sell three of those swords and pay for this entire lot."

"Did we get to the battleaxes yet?"

"Oh, oh wow, this is crazy. Yeah, we have 11 battleaxes from CombaTec. These battleaxes are the exact authentic axes that the Green Berets use. It is stainless steel, a rubberized combat grip handle, and it is weighted so you can throw it."

"Our next item in this lot is Madrigal. This is a mirror-finish show sword. It is - wow, look at this one - it is six feet in length and man, feel the weight on this one."

"This is amazing. It is a claymore, the claymore Madrigal this is from the movie 'The Untouchables' and this was-"

"It was Al Capone's sword, you can see the runes on the side those are done using laser etching. This is a thousand dollar sword. This one sword is worth more than we are selling the entire lot

for."

"You could give this as a gift to anyone. Give it to a friend, family, a teacher, your boss. Everyone will fall in love with this. The claymore from 'The Untouchables'."

"Al Capone's sword."

"Okay, we are down to 56 of these, so we want to get through this lot. Let's finish this up."

"We still got a lot to get through. We have 125 sets - *sets* - of kitchen knives. These are Asian kitchen knives with stainless steel surgical steel blades and solid pewter grips."

"These are amazing kitchen knives. We also have a complete set of 19 authentic reproduction bayonets from the - these are from the German Chasseurs. They are amazing blades. We also have the ninja katana from the 'Lord of the Rings' that comes in an embossed box with a skull on it."

"That's an eye."

"It's got an eye on the box and inside is the katana from the 'Lord of the Rings' and this is a museum quality piece."

"Okay, we're almost done. This is absolutely crazy. This is a crazy deal. We have 26 Roman Gladiuses and it also comes with a throwing Gladius and a Caesar Gladius with a sheath. And this set also comes with a banner and a trumpet."

"That's another sword."

"Oh, it's a trumpet but it's a sword. This is exactly what the Romans used with Caesar. Exact same sword and trumpet sword."

"Just that is, I think I want to keep that. I want to keep that trumpet sword."

"It is really amazing, but we have a trumpet sword, 26 Roman gladiator swords and a Caesar gladiator sword."

"This is probably approaching the best set I ever sold on television. Period."

"I tell you what though, we are going to double all of those gladiator swords. That's 52 of the gladiators, two of the Caesars and two of the trumpet swords."

"Okay, this is completely crazy. We have to - we are selling this at way below cost - we are going to have to finish this."

"Right. Right, the final item, this is the last one, this is 275 Delta Force Warhawk 5 folding knives and 275 Delta Force Warhawk Junior folding knives. These are authentic reproduction Delta Force knives. These are-"

"Watch yourself!"

"These are probably the sharpest - he he - sharpest knives we've had here. These can cut through an ogre's bone."

"Just one of those Delta Force knives would be worth a thousand dollars to the right collector. Those are, aren't they classified?"

"These are top secret knives. These are the knives you have all been praying for. They are the ultimate killing weapon. You get a total of 550 of them, mother of pearl on the handle, inlaid authentic gold colored inlay and these just snap open."

"Folks we are almost sold out of this lot, but we want this to move."

"I tell you what, I tell you what I will double this."

"Oh don't! No! That's crazy."

"We are doubling this entire lot. Every knife we just listed multiply by two."

"Oh God, this is crazy! Call the police and bring a straight jacket!"

"I have lost it totally but we are doubling this lot. Folks, call now, they will all be sold."

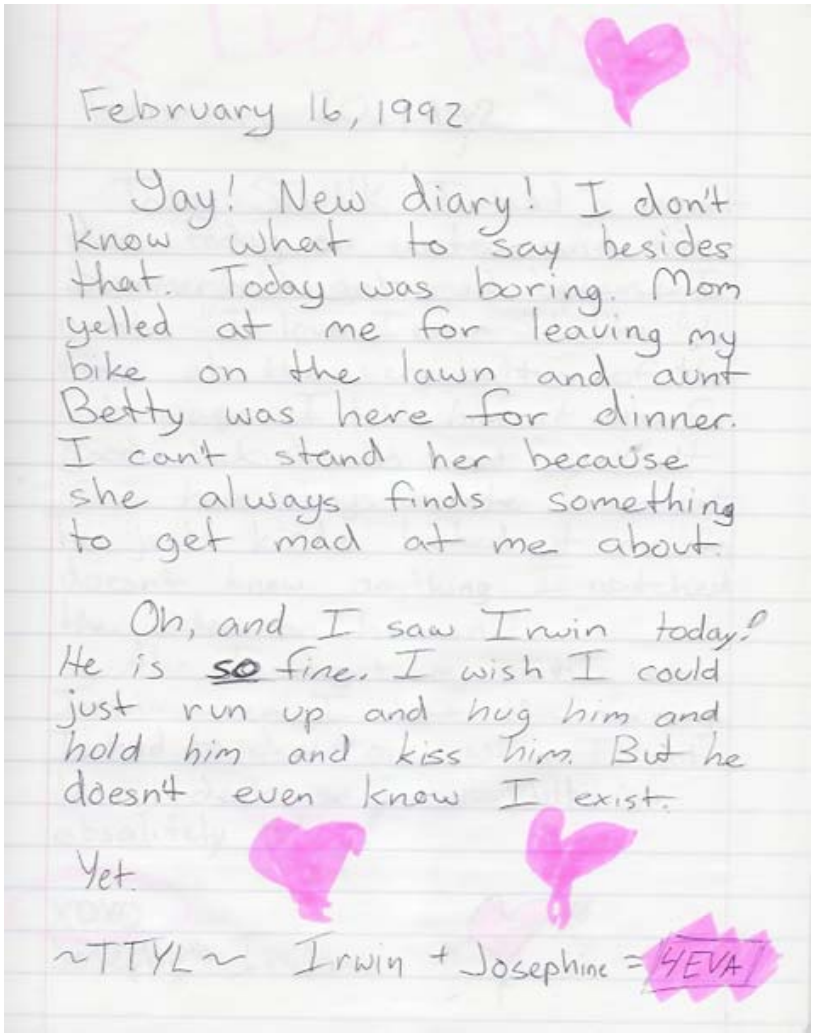
"Okay, call those in right now, we are almost sold out. When we come back we are going to look at lot C-C-N 42225, this is the DinoButcher lot and it is all swords designed to kill dinosaurs and dragons."

"We'll be right back!"

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.25 Josephine's Diary

Tuesday, Apr 25, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)



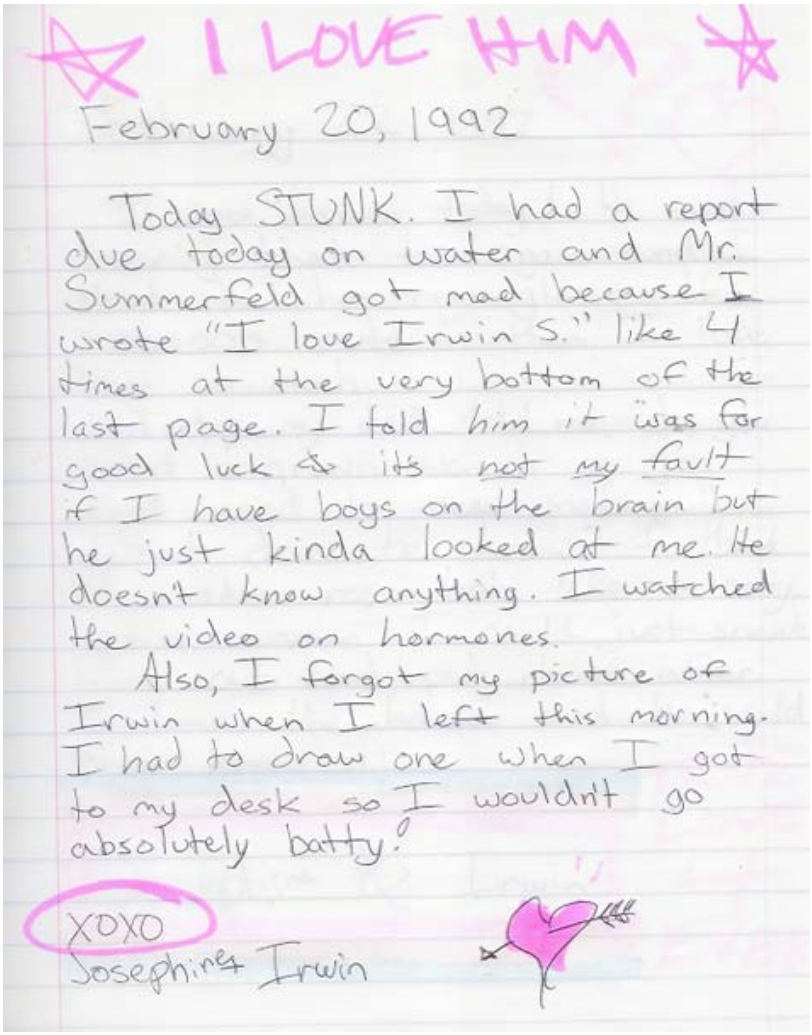
February 16, 1992

Yay! New diary! I don't know what to say besides that. Today was boring. Mom yelled at me for leaving my bike on the lawn and aunt Betty was here for dinner. I can't stand her because she always finds something to get mad at me about.

Oh, and I saw Irwin today! He is SO fine. I wish I could just run up and hug him and hold him and kiss him. But he doesn't even know I exist.

Yet.

~TTYL~ Irwin + Josephine = 4EVA!



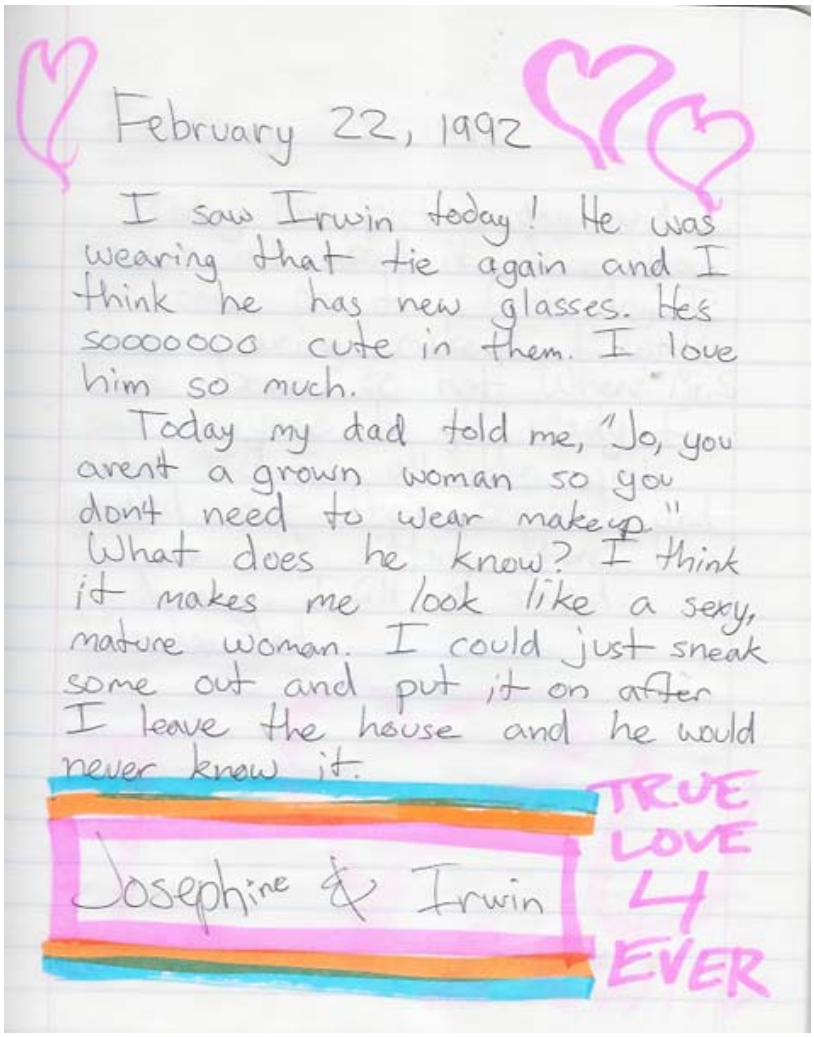
I LOVE HIM

February 20, 1992

Today STUNK. I had a report due today on water and Mr. Summerfeld got mad because I wrote "I love Irwin S." like 4 times at the very bottom of the last page. I told him it was for good luck & its not my fault if I have boys on the brain but he just kinda looked at me. He doesn't know anything. I watched the video on hormones.

Also, I forgot my picture of Irwin when I left this morning. I had to draw one when I got to my desk so I wouldn't go absolutely batty!

XOXO
Josephine & Irwin


February 22, 1992

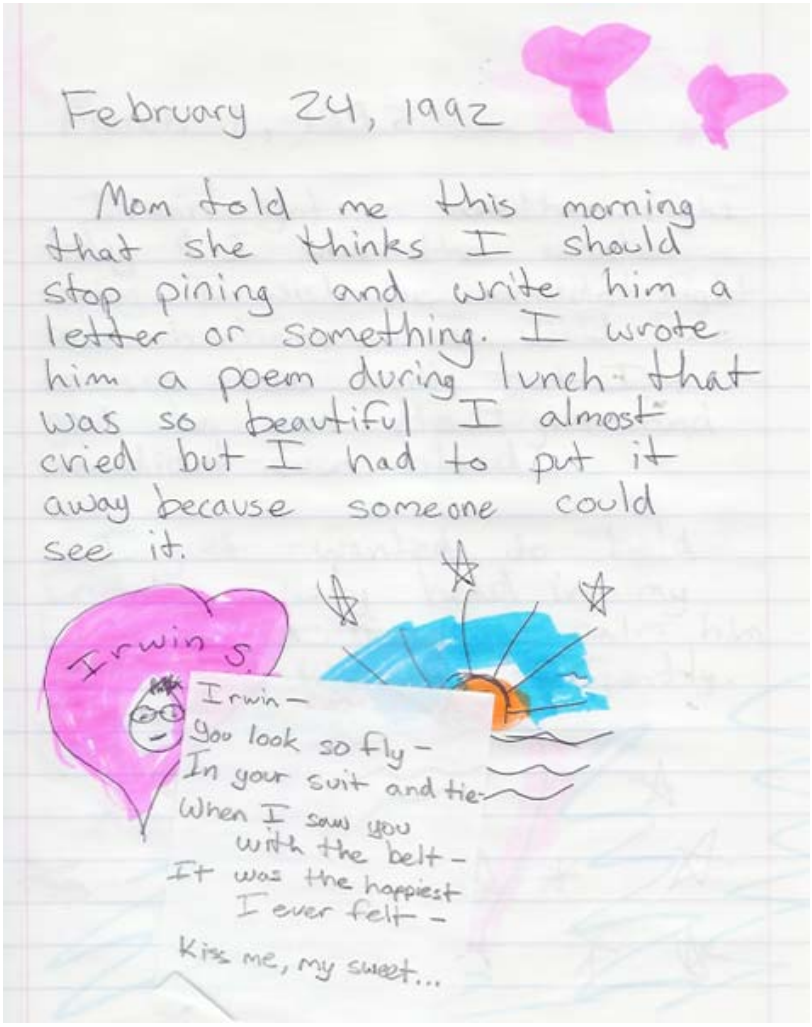
I saw Irwin today! He was wearing that tie again and I think he has new glasses. Hes soooooo cute in them. I love him so much.

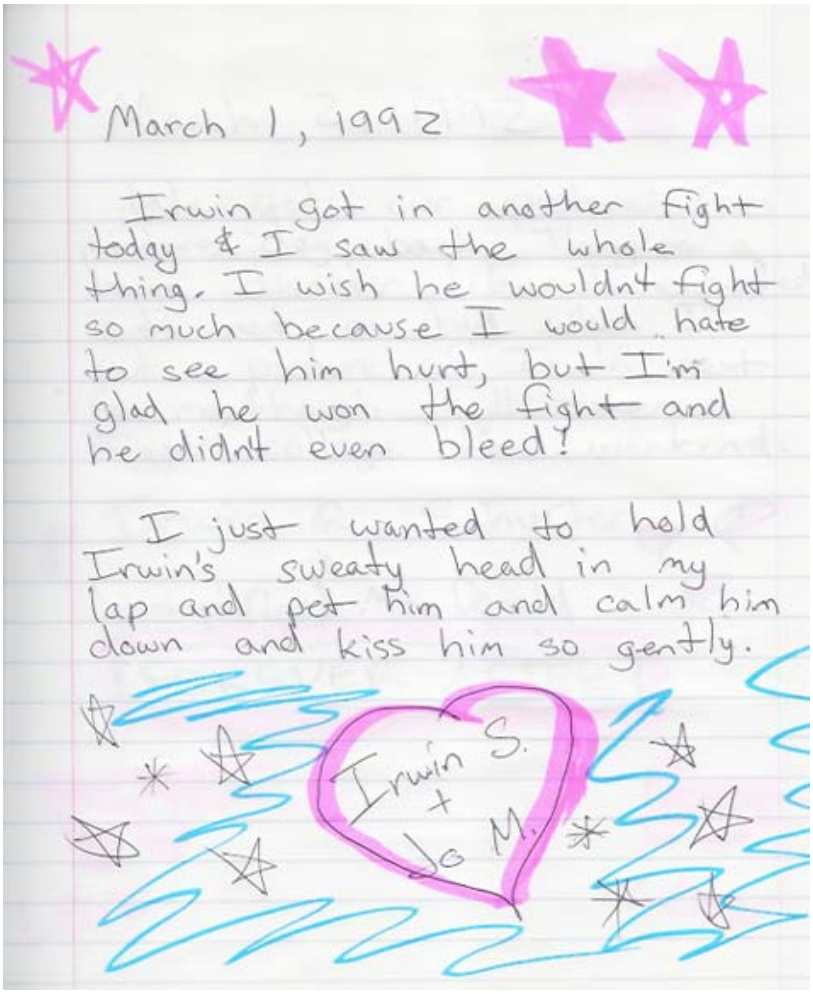
Today my dad told me, "Jo, you arent a grown woman so you dont need to wear makeup." What does he know? I think it makes me look like a sexy, mature woman. I could just sneak some out and put it on after I leave the house and he would never know it.

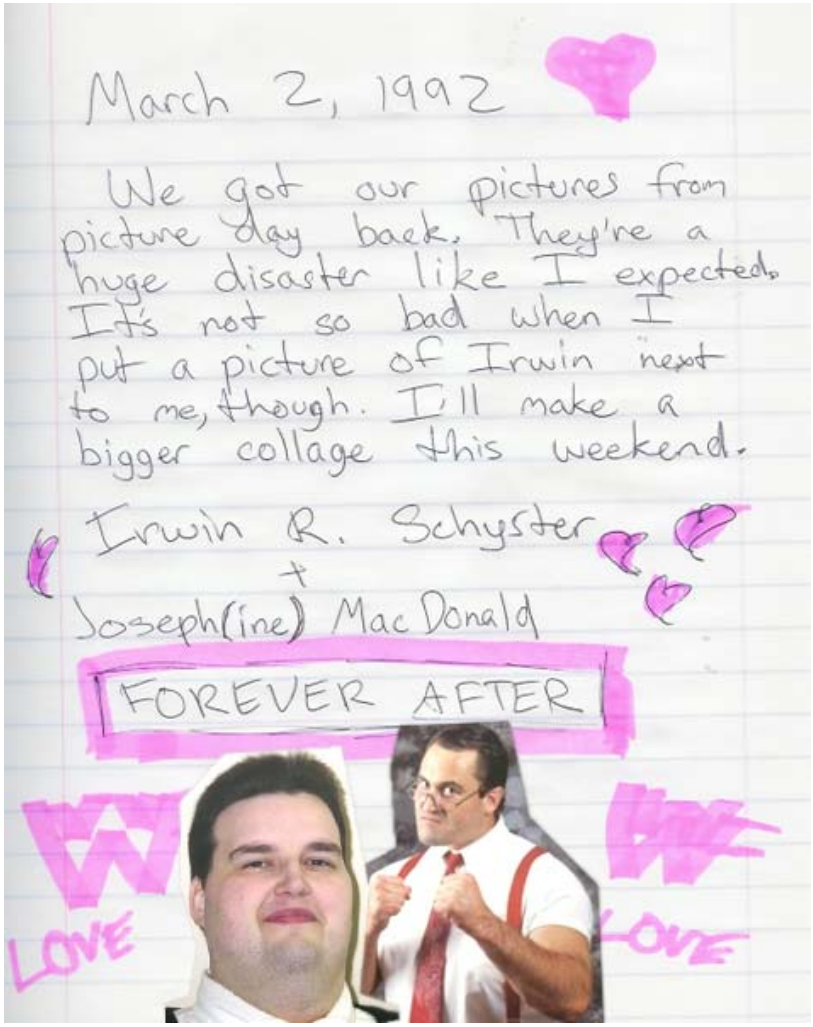
Josephine & Irwin

TRUE LOVE 4 EVER

February 23, 1992
Today was picture day and I forgot all about it. Nice how it comes on the first day I stop wearing makeup. I would have been so hot. When Mr.S told everyone to get ready to take pictures all the girls pulled out their compacts and I was just sitting there like a dummy. I felt so stupid. Thanks, dad.
I ♥ U
IRWIN


February 24, 1992
Mom told me this morning that she thinks I should stop pining and write him a letter or something. I wrote him a poem during lunch that was so beautiful I almost cried but I had to put it away because someone could see it.
Irwin S.
Irwin –
You look so fly –
In your suit and tie –
When I saw you
with the belt –
It was the happiest
I ever felt –
Kiss me, my sweet...


March 1, 1992
Irwin got in another fight today & I saw the whole thing. I wish he wouldn't fight so much because I would hate to see him hurt, but I'm glad he won the fight and he didn't even bleed!
I just wanted to hold Irwin's sweaty head in my lap and pet him and calm him down and kiss him so gently.
Irwin S. + Jo M.


March 2, 1992
We got our pictures from picture day back. They're a huge disaster like I expected. It's not so bad when I put a picture of Irwin next to me, though. I'll make a bigger collage this weekend.
Irwin R. Schyster
+
Joseph(ine) MacDonald
FOREVER AFTER
LOVE
LOVE

Philosophy Corner

I wonder: Could God write a Daily Dirt so boring even he wouldn't read it?

-~Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

4.26 Clownportal.com

Wednesday, Apr 26, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

CLOWNPORTAL.COM

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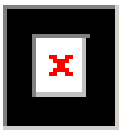

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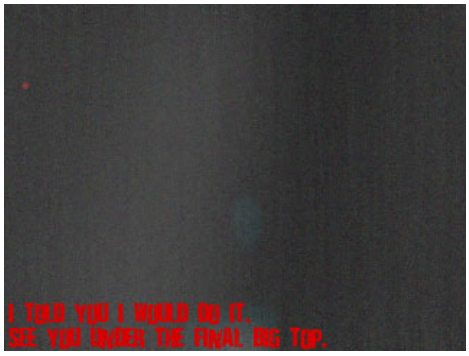

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Crumbles - Last Updated: 6 hours ago

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DAILY DIRT THINGY

For an illustrated web depicting the relationships of SA writers, click here, on this text, which is underlined, right here, at the end of this sentence.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.27 A Most Curious Courtship

Thursday, Apr 27, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Chapter 1

Wherein Our Heroine Receives a Fellow of the Dark Persuasion.

IT BEGAN on a particular Sunday, a Knock on our door Signaling what could only be, in most cases without exception, an intruder. Intruders were not look'd upon well at the Haversham Estate, as there was no law prohibiting those poor in Wealth, and therefore poor in Spirit and Worth, from touching our Door-Wood, dirtying it with fingers no doubt tainted with the Resin of baby-snatching. Feeling much too wealthy to move my body until it was time to Sup, I signall'd for the help, but was perplex'd when the cretins did not answer by the names we had given them upon Entering our household, which describe their most distinguishing Features. Captain Poorpockets, Rawknees Streetwhore, I cried, but to no Avail, and under the Realisation that I would possibly be trapp'd forever in the bondage of these Infernal bedsheets, I alternately cried and soiled Myself for what felt like Tens of Minutes.

Fig. 1. Most curiously, his Teeth were fashion'd in the manner my stillborn Siblings had been Bronzed and place upon the Mantle.

I hurl'd myself onto the ground and began Thrashing about, thinking that a Commotion would provide me with assistance, and could later be blamed on Those who helped me. As I inhal'd the dust of the Ming vases crashing to the floor, I heard a slow dragging noise and then recognized the Sound of old Rawknees attempting to climb stairs with legs that had been Shatter'd when she was arrested by Father in the act of sampling untainted Meats but a few days ago. Opening the door with her bruis'd chin, she cried, Madam Haversham, whatever is the problem, to which I replied, there is a knock at the door, trollop, down the Stairs with you and stay out of my Pepperoni basket! I clutched the basket, Thinking about what would happen if Rawknees would survive to see the Baconing season, and made a note to have her Devour'd by the Neighboorhood hounds should the occasion arise where it would not be Incriminating.

After the unwomanly matter and residue was scrap'd from me by Cpt. Poorpockets, taking special attention with my Marriage Crevice which had accrued much Accumulation due to the Luxuries of being privileged with Fine Jellies and Chowder from the Orient. I took caution when I suspected that Poorpockets, with Chisel in hand, may have designs on this Lady, but then I recalled our estate personally removed all Organs which brought upon him Joy. Upon hearing the laughter of the Suitor in the Parlor, I quickly dressed and applied white Lead powder to the parts of my Body which had been reveal'd, and I took the time to swallow just a Spoonful of it to bring good fortune to the Haversham estate. I felt like I had succumbed to the Brain Burn after returning the Spoon to the Mercury Jar where I also keep my toothbrushes, but then I gathered it must be the effects of Sir Goldbuckets, the Suitor whom I was expecting, working his Magic and gentlmanlie Musk on me from Downstairs. As I traveled down the Steps, holding tightly to the handrail as it had been some time since I felt the need to walk, I kicked Rawknees down the remaining twenty steps, where, at the end of this journey, I discovered the most curious-looking Negro sitting in the Haversham's world-famous Tigerskin opulence throne!

Lady Haversham, said Rawknees, Rudely spewing blood and teeth into one of our many prized Refuse bins, I present to you Sir Flavor of Flav. In response to this, the man repeated his own name, Flava Flav, in a loud Bellow and smoked from a glass pipe of much Fancy, the odors of which

intoxicated me to the point of Sitting, which is my Natural State. My heartbeat Irregular and my mind aflutter, I questioned Flava, what is it like in the Indias, are the giants in the frost Regions as strong as the Bible claims? To which he replied, do ya'll know what time it is? I told him it was three-fifteen, but he removed a Timepiece from his person which seemed to Betray this information. It's time to party, he declared, and I secretly consulted my Phrenology manual to Assure myself that he wasn't a Poor. While Sir Flava had the sloping Brow of the common Gutter trash, he also had the gleam of a man who has just exited the Birth canal, and the glare off of his skin cast the room in a glow that was most Foreign. Hookah bookah, I said in Imitation of the language of his people, the people of Spices, we make big party I told him, to which Flava's eyes alit with the gleam of a man who had the Pleasure of fighting in Wars.

It was then I decided that Sir Flava and I would attend that afternoon's social gathering at the Domicile of Sir Gaylord Goldbuckets, my intention to show off a fellow of True masculinitee whose protruding eyes could no doubt see the fantastic Creatury of his Homeland even from under the couch, where we were Prostrate at that particular moment. Yo, thanks for chilling down here with me G, for real, he said, filling up his odd pipe for what seemed like the Seventh time, then placing his hand on the Inside of my Right thigh, close to my Shame Patch. Bitch eats her beef, for real, that's how I like them, he said, while I was overcome with sensations I had never before experienc'd in my Nether regions, and in response to this I Swoon'd, my head falling gently to the ground, and I made sure not to Descend on the part of my Skull responsible for my Superioritee. When I awoke, I was Cover'd with the nightfall bruises which only Appear when Mother visits Auntie Gretchen, and leaves me with Father who always serves me the most Delightful soup. This Sir Flava had the magic of Father, and I would see to it that Stuffy Gaylord Goldbuckets would be filled with much Jealousy from a specimen of Mankind who not only felled a Viking and appropriated his Helmet, but Who also manag'd to remove and eat Several of my Petticoats without waking me.

Fig. 2. At the Residence of Sir Goldbuckets, we were asked, do ya'll know what time it is, for real, you know what I'm saying.

Poorpockets opened the door to the carriage, after my Traversement of nearly thirteen cubits, where much Swooning was to be had, forcing Poorpockets and Sir Flava to carry me, Sir Flava ingeniously clutching my Bosom to provide an Accurate amount of counterforce. G, you is stacked for real, Sir Flava said, and with that Poorpockets drove the horses ahead, in a manner that Could be outdone by a Common monkey from the Americas. G, these donkeys is some shit for real, Flava said, adding, you know I love you and everything, for real Yo, but I got to be finding some time Crystals cause this 18th century English shit is not slamming. Thinking, I answered him, Flava, said I, your Smoking device seems to be fill'd with time Crystals, why don't you use some of those? He laughed and shattered a bottle he had until then been concealing Under his cape, Nah, G, he said, it ain't like that, I gotta get back to my time cause these bitches is heinous, but not you, G. Flava curl'd up like a ball onto my lap, and it was then I Gather'd he was only the size of half a Fathom, to which I was overcome with admiration, and whispered to Flava, Let us make Love during this carriage Ride.

With this, Sir Flava dove into my many skirts, the Purpose of which I gather'd was to Discover my Duty Curtains. I corrected him, Sir Flava, I said, this is not how we make love, and to which he replied, oh that's right G, you guys talk different and shit, and we're having a Misunderstandification, just like that time I tried to get a job, and they was all like "What?" With this, he picked up his Pants, and dispos'd of the Homunculus fluid out of the Window, and said, that's cool, G, I'm done anyway, Flava Flav! Sir Flava then collapsed on the Floor of the Carriage.

We arrived at the Goldbuckets estate, and I made Cpt. Poorpockets drag Sir Flava and I to the front door, which was met with some Difficulty, as Sir Flava was encountering much Flatulence due to the pounds of Sausages he so eagerly helped himself to in the Carriage compartment design'd for such a Use. As we reached the door, Sir Flava came to with quite a start, and cried out, G, hands off my Stuff bitch-ass nigga, to which he pulled a knife on Poorpockets and inserted it Forcefullee into the man's leg, who admittedly had not been Making proper use of it so no Sympathee was had on My part. What the hell man this isn't the YMCA, for real, Sir Flava said, removing once again his fascinating Pipe; I just need a sec to Chill but you is still fine, honey, he said. Sir Goldbuckets happened to open the door at this Inopportune moment, and he examined myself and Sir Flava, to which he remarked, why Geraldine, this man is absolutely fithy, why even his very Skin seems to be stain'd with the taint of Labour; you must come in Sir so we may apply Parfumes and Cremes to you, for you see this is how the Rich remain clean, as our natural odors are masked with the Seepings of exotic Animals.

You cad, I remarked to Goldbuckets, this man is from the Asiatic region, where much Adventure is had and also Where the Sun is remarkably close to the Earth, hence his Perplexing colour and different Chronological systems; why for him it always seems to be six o'clock, or party time as he calls it. Flava Flav, Sir Flava shouted in response to this, filling his hand with fleshy white Buttock; I felt a Swoon coming on but I held fast as Goldbuckets emptied his tobacco pipe and daintilee sniff'd my hand in a Display of pure Masculinitee. You some kinda Fag, G, Sir Flava ask'd Goldbuckets, to which Goldbuckets proudly replied, yes, this must be your Word for man, so good sir, we are all Fine fags, now come inside and the Faggory will commence.

Fig. 3. Sir Flava cuts a ravishing Figure with Lady Notop, formerly known Minutes before as Miss Chastity Prudence.

It took much convincing to convince Sir Flava to enter the Doorway of Goldbuckets, but upon seeing my Embroidery circle he stated, G, that what I like about this century, it's full of white women, you know what I'm saying, and I Acknowledged that I indeed knew what He was Saying. There was much of a Fuss when Sir Flava met upon my Ladies group with much Fondlement, but I said to the women, these are his ways, allow him a Handfull of flesh at the most, and avoid any Probulation. They conceded to this, and Sir Flava had his way with them, Leaving me Rather put out, and causing much Harrumphing from the groups of Men who did not agree with his Behaviour, but no amount of throat Clearing would Sway Sir Flava. Sir Goldbuckets Decided to intervene, shouting, good sir, have you the choleric Temperament, I demand you Cease this and join us in the Pipery; after this Sir Goldbuckets cast a glance at me that would have made me Swoon had I not already been lying on the floor due to the Exhaustion of being forc'd to stand for nearly One-Quarter of an hour.

Sir Flava followed Sir Goldbuckets into the Pipery, where much Pipe-Smokery was being enacted by the men. And now for the main attraction, Sir Goldbuckets stated, and with this he remov'd a curtained-off area of the room, revealing a large Bear tied to a Post, for the Intention of Merriment. Aw man, Sir Flava stated, this is just like in my old neighborhood, cept instead of a bear we used a retard, he regrettably added, which was me, for real. Goldbuckets did not know what to make of a Comment of this Nature, so he smoked his Pipe with much fury as the Dogs were brought into the Room. Let's get this party started, Sir Flava said, throwing handfuls of dice onto the floor of the Pipery. As the dogs surrounded the Poor Creature, the men stood by Stoically while Sir Flava whooped, get that bitch, get that bitch, get that bitch. The bear, a fearsome Creature, made short work of the Dogs, at which point things became Dull, but Sir Flava had a solution, involving

spinning his body upon the floor in a Manner which we had never seen Before. The bear, bloodied and Matted, did not know what to make of this, so it fell to Sleep, but this did not stop Sir Flava from spinning, which lasted Upwards of twenty Minutes.

When the occupants of the Room reached the Maximums of both Leaning and distraction, Sir Flava stopped spinning and began to burrow through the Stomach of the Bear, much as he did before with my Skirted area, but at This time his intentions were not to Moisten his Hangparts. Blood and Gore flew everywhere, and Sir Flava worked his way deeper Into the Creature, which seemed to Be in Distress, but I gather'd it's lack of Emotions prevent'd the Beast from feeling pain. When Sir Flava emerged glistening from the Beast, his arms were full of what looked like Rubies, the very same Rubies we keep in our Front window so that we may Hurl masonry on the Peasants who wish to look at them. Sir Flava said, yo, check this out, G, time Crystals, just like the Professor been saying, now I only got twenty minutes to go forward in time and take out that Hitler nigga, for real. I did not know who this Hitler fellow was, but it sounded like a nice Wealthy name, and I did not want to cause someone of this Status distress, so I implored Sir Flava to stay. Nah, G, you fine and everything, he said, but I only got twenty minutes fore the time gate closes, and the government said if I do this they'll forget the forty-seven million in child support I owe, word.

Sir Goldbuckets was rather Taken by this fellow, and showed Sir Flava an offer of Hospitality, saying, my dear brown friend, you must come with me to the opium den in Celebration, where we will remain until its Mystic Powers dissipate; come, let us wipe scent'd oils on those Bear intestines plastered about your Person! Upon hearing the word opium, Sir Flava clenched his Gold teeth together tightly and ground them together, sparks shooting out of His mouth like Fireworks as if a King was being coronat'd right here in this very Pipery! Yeah man tight, I can crash for a few weeks, he said, man that opium is off it, Flava Flav! It was at that point I realized that I would have to One day choose between these Fine two men, but I was happy to have met Sir Flava, whose Countenance would no doubt shape our world. I made a note to ask Sir Flava of this Mr. Hitler, who I would be glad to add to my Train of male admirers, but the Circumstances of that Event are best sav'd until Later times.

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

4.28 The Littlest Developers

Friday, Apr 28, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

As the last Doom-related spree-killers reach middle age, console gaming has completely taken over the headlines. It's "Halo this" and "Grand Theft Auto that" in 2006, and they definitely don't mean the delayed PC ports of either. Franchises that have traditionally been only available for the PC have made the leap to consoles and often become even more profitable there. PC gaming has been eclipsed by the profitability of consoles, but there is one distinct area of PC games that consoles still have not touched: the little guys. It's still not possible to release a game on the PS2, Xbox or Gamecube without tens of thousands of dollars for expensive duplication and licensing fees.

PC gamers, on the other hand, have access to a wide world of demos and freeware titles developed by just one or two passionate people who believe in their game. These games often go largely unnoticed or are only noticed in passing by a select few. Today, I would like to do my small part in changing that by recognizing some of the best freeware and shareware games available right now. You may have heard of a few of these games, but I promise that nearly everyone will find a gem in this update they have never seen before.

Flow

Category: Abstract Evolution Game (Freeware)

Description: Beautiful, relaxing and confusing, Flow allows you to take over the evolutionary steering wheel for a scoop-equipped microbe in a shifting sea of predators and prey. The game is pretty pretentious and it took me many minutes to fully grasp how the game was played. Basically, you navigate your creature deeper and deeper into the evolutionary soup, growing larger and more powerful. Eventually, you'll evolve and drop an egg of sorts that transports you back to the beginning with an entirely new type of creature you have to evolve. Be careful or the gently strobing lights and new age sound effects will make you fall asleep at your computer.

Developer: Jenova Chen created Flow, with a little help, as her (UPDATE! **HIS,** it's a boy) master's thesis. Who says higher education never benefits the masses?

Pros:

- Easy to play.
- Endless.
- Addicting and relaxing.
- Very atmospheric and attractive despite the extremely basic graphics.

Cons:

- It's addicting like the government putting something in the water supply: you're addicted but you don't know what you're addicted to.
- Almost too esoteric for its own good.

Downloads: Jenova Chen has made Flow available to play either online or offline on her website.

Steel Panthers: World at War and **Steel Panthers Main Battle Tank**

Category: Turn Based Tactical Combat (Freeware)

Description: Steel Panthers was first released in 1996 as a turn-based, top down tactical simulation. It was and is complex, but very deep and rewarding for the war gamer. Believe it or not, the graphics were actually pretty awesome for a war game when it was initially released and they look better than ever. I have been playing it, on and off, since the day I shelled out 50 bucks for the CD ten years ago. The game's freeware code has become two fantastic games in Steel Panthers: World at War and Steel Panthers Main Battle Tank. The former encompasses the years leading up to and immediately following WWII and the latter encompasses pretty much everything else including the near future. Both games allow you to play as nearly any nation existing at the time you choose to fight.

You can play single battles, scripted scenarios, branching campaigns or generate dynamic campaigns by setting a variety of parameters. Every infantry type, air unit and land vehicle imaginable is included in one game or the other. You could reenact modern day battles in Iraq with SPMBT or jump in the Harry Turtledove machine and do battle with the United States circa 1944 as a triumphant Poland in SP:WaW. Whatever pairing, whatever weapons and equipment, whatever length of time and number of battles: it's all up to you in this versatile and still addicting game. This is what the Combat Mission games could be if their potential was fully realized.

Developer: Both titles are based on the Steel Panthers game developed by SSI and released in 1996. Though many of you probably have not heard of the original game, it was (and is) wildly popular among the war gaming community. When SSI went under, the code for Steel Panthers was released as freeware and prompted the development of a number of vastly improved home versions of the game. SP:WaW was developed by Matrix Games and SPMBTwas developed by Shrapnel Games.

Pros:

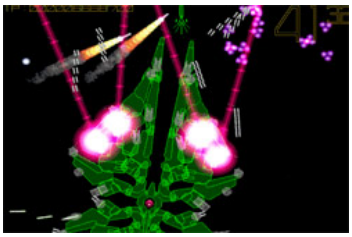
- Unlimited replay value with dynamic battle and campaign generators and tons (literally, you will be crushed under the gigabytes) of meticulously detailed fan-made scenarios.
- Every weapon and every nation.
- A powerful editor allows you to create scenarios and battlefields.
- Play by email and online head-to-head play.

Cons:

- Moderate learning curve and confusing variety of options.
- Despite their best efforts and improved resolutions, the developers can't hide the dated engine and graphics.
- Some actions seem to drag out way too long, like driving a tank near enemy infantry you will be shot at roughly a thousand times every hex you move even though the infantry can't damage your tank.
- Abysmal AI. Scripted scenarios are challenging but the dynamic battles and campaign are far too easy unless you intentionally hamstring yourself every battle.
- Cannot dynamically generate awesome scenarios like "one M1A2 Abrams tank versus all of Nazi Germany."
- Dinosaurs and mechs are not fielded by any nation in the game.

Downloads: Steel Panthers: World at War
Steel Panthers Main Battle Tank

Warning Forever



Category: Top-Down Shooter (Freeware)

Description: Warning Forever is one of about 5,000 Japanese-made freeware shooters. The game's developer, Hikoza'n-CHI X, describes it thusly:

> *When the game is begun, because the boss comes out suddenly, please push down. As for next the boss who a little has become strong comes out. Because it is the below same sentence, until it dies, please enjoy. There is no end. Because growth of the boss changes with the method of playing, it can enjoy many degrees.*

I'm sure that sounds much more sensible in Japanese. What Hikoza'n is trying to say is that Warning Forever is one big frantic string of boss fights. The bosses adapt to the way you killed the previous bosses, so that it is endlessly challenging, and I do mean endless. "Forever" ain't half the title as a joke.

Developer: I don't know if Hikoza'n-CHI X is a person, a group or a company, but they/he/she has a lot of really weird games.

Pros:

- Looks pretty damn good despite the fairly simplistic graphics.
- Fast-paced gameplay will hone your reflexes until you can dice rice.
- Evolving enemies prepare you for the natural horrors you must face in the real world.

Cons:

- It never ends.
- Seriously, you will lose your job because of this game.

Downloads: Check out Warning Forever and many other even stranger games on the Hikoza'n-CHI X website.

Attack of the Killer Swarm

Category: Old Timey Swarm Attack Simulator (Freeware)

Description: I love this game. You're the titular attacking swarm and it's your job to swoop down and scoop up the shrieking pedestrians and fling them into the air as high as you can. There is no variety to the gameplay. The graphics have a ton of character, but they are very simple. Attack of the Killer Swarm is just an awesomely addicting sandbox for you to abuse shrill blood-filled women with a swarm of vague composition.

Developer: Developed by Kyle Gabler over the course of two days, Attack of the Killer Swarm is part of the Experimental Gameplay Project. Once you've had your fun with Kyle's awesome work I suggest that you check out some of the other games on the site. Few are anything more than time killers, but they're fun time killers.

Pros:

- Extremely original.
- Cool design and graphics.
- Screaming women that explode into a welter of blood and it gives you *points!*

Cons:

- It's great fun while it lasted, but you'll probably be done with it after about half an hour.
- An hour after that you'll find yourself loading it up again. You'll find yourself loading it when you get angry at someone. You'll find yourself loading it when you're sleepwalking.

Downloads: You can download Kyle's game directly from the Experimental Gameplay Project site, but I would suggest poking around there rather than using the direct download link.

Zen Bondage

Category: Wooden Block Hog-Tying Simulator (Freeware)

Description: If I had to suggest just one game in this article to a random person on the street it would be, without a doubt, Zen Bondage. It's got an awesome "gee I wish I had thought of that" concept in which you wrap a rope around three dimensional wooden blocks. It sounds stupid, but it's stupidly awesome. Wrapping the block with rope is easy, but you have a limited amount of rope and you have to "stain" the entire block with a texture that emanates from the rope. Zen Bondage oozes style. The graphics are completely professional and it has a funky-fresh soundtrack that you will be listening to long after you take a break from the game.

Developer: Zen Bondage was developed by Moppi Productions, but good luck finding mention of the game on their train wreck of a website.

Pros:

- Gameplay is easy to grasp and extremely difficult to master, like chess or masturbation.
- Graphics are great.
- Soundtrack is awesome.

Cons:

- Some of the blocks will have you wanting to murder God. Don't even load the snake block unless you want a reason to stab a screwdriver through your eye socket.

Downloads: You can snag the game directly from the Moppi Productions site. Uh, let me go ahead and turn some of this text into a link because you'll never find the link on their site.

Those five or six games should keep you occupied for the remainder of the year and that's just a taste of the sort of independent game development that makes PC Gaming a uniquely lively platform for gaming. Most of these games lack the polish or the depth - and they certainly lack the development budget - of their peers on consoles, but there is a place for these independent games that is not being filled by those peers. I hope you'll have as much fun with these titles as me.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.29 Death Threats From Cutie

Saturday, Apr 29, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

My little Mahmoud,

I didn't want to wake you up before I left, since I know being the Iranian president tuckers you out so very much and you looked like a little angel with that tiny pool of drool collecting on your Yu-Gi-Oh bedsheets. Your dad and I are going to be out for the next few days overseeing the national dance troupe's Prancing With Plutonium tour. There's Hot Pockets in the freezer if you get hungry, but BE CAREFUL! Remember to let them sit for a few minutes before you try to eat them or you'll burn your mouth again.

If your friends call and want you to come to a press conference, tell them you're housesitting and you aren't allowed to leave. They'll understand, and if they don't then they were never really your friends to begin with. Just have them issue a statement for you using any of the insane threats your father and I prepared below.

Love,
Momma Ahmadinejad

P.S. - We have set the parental lock on the computer machine so don't even try to visit "those sites". I don't want you spending all the treasury's money on online poker again!

- The United States would be foolish to launch a land war against Iran, for my older cousin knows karate. All of their rubber knife based attacks would be rendered useless, and their puny balsa wood tanks would splinter in a million glorious pieces upon his forehead. I'm pretty sure he can do a backflip too.
- Not only do we have nuclear technology, but we are willing to share it with all enemies of the west, regardless of their age. The United Nations' law limiting the sale of nuclear technology to people 18 and older means nothing to us. We don't even ask for identification!
- If the United States continues its agressive stance of not replying to our threats we will sit on their chests and slap their faces with their own hands, asking "Why are you hitting yourself?" in high-pitched voices.
- The international community is concerned about us developing nuclear weapons. Of course we are developing them. We have a bunch already, you morons. We have so many that if nuclear weapons were common sense, we'd have enough common sense not to issue these press releases.
- Any military action taken by America will result in us activating one hundred thousand sleeper cells already stationed within your country's borders, who will then tune into Unan1mous on Fox every Wednesday night to ensure the show everlasting success. Their sacrifice will break the wills of our foes.
- If the insolent United States bullies us further, we will retreat to our bathrooms and cut our arms just deep enough to leave marks but not deep enough to do any serious damage. Then one day we'll wear short sleeves and reach across the table for salt and the U.S. will be like "What are those marks? Oh my God, you did that because of us and how horribly we treated you?" and then they'll feel so horrible.

- Once we have stockpiled the 87 nuclear warheads needed to complete the operation, we will strategically detonate them within our borders to spell out "AMERICA SERIOUSLY SUCKS! " (with the exclamation point) across the entirety of Iran. This message will be seen from space and also from a plane I guess but you'd probably have to turn your head to read the whole thing. This message will bring great shame to the imperialist war mongering nation for many years to come.

- Oh god why won't someone pay attention to me please what do I have to do

- If any countries even think about siding with the United States in their recent unjust hostilities against us, you can just kiss your memberships to the Iranian Tabletop Gaming League goodbye. Our annual Warhammer 40k miniatures painting party is coming up in a few months too, so I suggest you think things over before taking actions you'll come to regret later.

- Not only would we defeat America in a war due to our superior military, but we would also kick so much ass that we'd somehow find Atlantis with a wayward blow and completely destroy it as well.

- Further actions against us will give us no option but to withhold all shipments of dulcimers to the outside world. Just how long do you think your populations can last without dulcimers before they crumble away to nothingness?

- We are currently developing an impenetrable shield around Iran to protect it from retaliation when we kick your asses. Made of extremely lethal poisonous gas that corrodes through even the sturdiest gas masks, the shield will surround our cities in a cloud of protective death that no enemy can possibly pass through.

- We are a superpower, yet we don't get the respect we deserve. Every time we turn around the United Nations is there to thwart us, hitting us over the head with warnings and resolutions. No more! We will prove once and for all that we are the greatest superpower in a 191 man no-holds-barred match at Royal Rumble! 191 countries will step into the ring. We will walk out the champs.

- Our military is the best-trained and equipped in the world. No country stands a chance against us. Our soldiers have seen all of the Blade movies (except the first one, can someone help us with that?), our tanks are equipped with the latest in ground-to-air radios, and our electrical outlets don't have plastic safety caps on them so invading forces are in for a nasty shock.

- We don't really have any problems with Topeka, Kansas. When the shit goes down you will be the only ones spared.

- Not only are we producing nuclear weapons, but we are also producing anti-nuclear weapons to offset nuclear weapons launched at us from our devil enemies in the West. The basic principal behind these anti-nuclear technology is that when one form of matter meets its exact opposite, the two cancel each other out and disappear completely. It turns out that our anti-nuclear weapons are a resounding success, but after several setbacks over the course of the past two years, we have decided to move the anti-nuclear weapon production line into a seperate room from the nuclear weapon production line.

- We are not afraid to launch another 9/11 attack on your country on an even bigger scale. Right now we are training holy warriors how to fly chartered private planes directly into your precious Grand Canyon.

- Iran is the most powerful nation in the world. Even if every country in the world unjustly attacked us at once, we would be victorious as long as they concentrated all of their firepower on New Zealand.

■ Don't mess with my country because I'm freaking crazy, man. One time I was driving my car when a bad song came on the radio, and I yelled "I hate this song!" even though *no one was even in the car with me.* I mean, who was I even talking to?

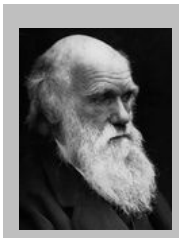
-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.30 Philosophy Sunday: Snakes. Why did it have to be snakes?

Sunday, Apr 30, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Welcome again to Philosophy Sunday, our occasional feature where we discuss matters of great philosophical importance in the dense and serious way Something Awful is known for. A few months ago we managed to get together some of the best philosophers in the business for a meeting of the minds. Today, I am proud to say that we have managed that again, and would like to introduce another esteemed panel. Before we hear from them though, I'd like to bring out a special guest announcer, Indiana Jones, to introduce today's topic:

Thank you Indy, and thank you to everyone who came today. And now, point: Why *did* it have to be snakes?

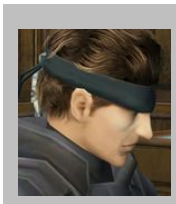


Charles Darwin

"I have perused my library of scientific manuals and if you will allow me the liberty to quote one in particular, this one entitled, 'The Wikipedia Entry on Snakes', you will see that 'All snakes are capable of lateral undulation, in which the body is flexed side-to-side, and the flexed areas propagate posteriorly, giving the overall shape of a posteriorly propagating sine wave.'
Clearly, movement of this type, perfectly suited for its environment, could only come from the loving hands of God our creator. He, our mighty and just Lord, gave us snakes so that all creatures would have some vile thing to look down upon, for the serpent was cursed upon its sins in Eden.
The bible says it, I believe it, I have a long beard, end of story."

"You know, I don't feel comfortable answering this question. I'm not really that great of a speaker or one of those thinker guys. God sort of always told me what to say. Hey, tell you what. I'm pretty sure God knows about snakes because he once had me do this sweet magic trick with a snake so let me go ask him about it and I'll bring back his answer, ok? BRB"

Moses

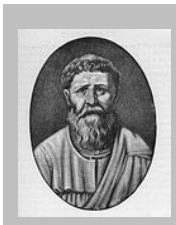


Solid Snake

"..."

C. S. Lewis

"Once upon a time a young boy was walking through the Land of Lollypops. He came upon a snake and the snake said, 'Follow me, for what other choice do you have?' So the young boy followed him through the Land of Lollypops to the Great Chocolate Waterfall where the snake told him to sodomize another young boy who the snake had already tied to the Rock Candy Boulder.
The boy was aghast and didn't know what to do. Just then, the king of the Land of Lollypops, Mesus Bhrist, appeared in the sky above him.
'Don't follow the snake, for he deceives you,' the King said in a booming voice. 'Follow me, and I will take you the Cotton Candy Factory in the Sky. But first you must get all the other boys and girls to follow me too, through whatever means necessary.'
So the little boy did as he was told and the snake was sent to the Molten Fudge Hell for Evil Sinners. And that is why it didn't have to be snakes, and it should never be snakes.
Also this story is only as Christian as you want it to be and I personally enjoy the well fleshed out characters and exciting action."



St. Augustine

"Augustine... Oh man, my name is sooo familiar. I know I've heard of me somewhere. It probably was that Western Civ class my freshman year.
Yeah, now I remember. I had something to do with Christianity, right? Like I was a big Jesus guy, right? I kind of remember that. I wrote some huge book I think. Man, I got like a few pages into that and I just thought 'Whoa, I am the most boring fucking writer I've ever read,' and then I just gave up. I'm sure there were some real deep concepts in there, but I guess I'm just not the type of person to really get me.
Wish I could help you, dude, but I dunno what I thought the snakes were there for."

"ME HATE EVERYONE ARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGH"

Noam Chomsky

Umberto Eco

"Indiana Jones felt the cold floor of the pit beneath him as snakes slithered greedily over each other's bodies, reaching dripping, sharp fangs in the direction of his unprotected neck. He couldn't help, at that moment, thinking back to the Papal Dispute of 1254, a year in which the church's relationship to the King of France was much the same as that vicious serpentine beast to Indy's neck.
When Pope Naive IV was replaced in a sudden violent dispute by Pope Unimpeachable X, the King's reaction was an immediate message to Bishop Curdwile in which he said *'Les français sucent sérieusement si vous êtes espoir français de I que vous baisez lisant ceci parce que je ris de vous en ce moment.'* which as you can imagine was perceived as quite a clever joke by the Bishop who responded *'La gente italiana è ancora più difettosa della gente che francese significo seriamente se state leggendo questo speranza di I morite lentamente nelle venti quattro ore prossime.'*
This all would have remained a casual dialogue between the two great powers of Europe had not the King's advisor, a nobleman of the Franceestlaide region, noticed a cleverly hidden message in the Bishop's letter oh by the way Indy's dead he was killed by a snake now back to this important history lesson."

John Locke

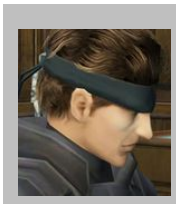
"Me, well, I'm a man of faith. Do you really think all this is an accident -- that we, a group of strangers survived, many of us with just superficial injuries? Do you think we crashed on this place by coincidence -- especially, this place? We were brought here for a purpose, for a reason, all of us. Each one of us was brought here for a reason.
Hey, hey, don't you walk away from me. You don't know who you're dealing with. Don't ever tell me what I can't do, ever. This is destiny. This is destiny. This is my destiny. I'm supposed to do this, dammit. Don't tell me what I can't do. Don't tell me what I can't. . .
I've done everything you wanted me to do. So why did you do this? Why?"

Moses

"Alright, I'm back with a tablet from the big guy, let me just give it a read here. Ok, it seems that it had to be snakes because without them the scene in the pit would have lacked dramatic tension and really how excited would it have been to watch them scramble desperately out of any empty pit? That wouldn't have made any sense at all.
Oh, and He'd also like to remind LARPers to please stop.
Just.
Please.
STOP."

"Snake! I am actually a bad guy or maybe I don't exist! Also your mission wasn't what you thought it was!"

Colonel Roy Campbell



"What?!? But..."

Solid Snake

"HA HA HA HA!!!"

Colonel Roy Campbell

"Snake? Can you read me snake? Snake?!? SNAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAKE!!!!!!!!!!"

Otacon

I certainly hope that gave you some food for thought. If you have any further questions for our guests, or if you just like sending emails for the hell of it, allow me to recommend maxnmona@somethingawful.com for all your address needs.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Chapter 5

May

5.1 Have a Sucker

Monday, May 01, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Are we safe?

Going to the dentist as a kid is probably the second or third most traumatic thing that can happen to you. It possibly tops being physically abused but comes in a close second behind getting molested. You would enter the dentist's office and sit down in the big scary chair. The nurse would speak to you in a soft and comforting voice and for a minute you might be convinced that things were just fine. Maybe she would have you bite down on that padded mouthpiece and shoot some atoms into your face to take a picture. "Hey, that didn't hurt at all!" You say to yourself. "Maybe this isn't going to be so bad."

Then the dentist would enter with his gleaming stainless steel tools. He scrapes hooks over your teeth and gums, he prods and pokes and suctions off the blood and saliva filling your mouth. If you're lucky that's all he does, if you're unlucky he starts talking about what a shameful train wreck your mouth is and tells you, in his disapproving voice, that you have failed your teeth. It's time for some of them to go. The prying, the drills, the cutting and the needles all come in quick succession and in no particular order. It's ten times worse than your childhood imagination dreamt possible. How is what this guy is doing even legal?

Then it's all over and you're sort of dazed and woozy. You have a mouth full of gauze and the taste of that horrible fluoride wash at the back of your throat. The dentist explains to your parents that you "may need braces" and then, perversely, he hands you a sucker for being such a champ. After the torture and lectures you find yourself holding a piece of candy as compensation for enduring the hardships of the dentist's chair. With a bit of luck, for the dentist anyway, this sugary reward will be the seed of new suffering during your next visit to the dentist's office.

Memories of my early visits to the dentist have been refreshed by a recent proposal floated by republicans to offer 100 dollar tax rebates for every driver. America is enduring the worst fuel prices in its history and many suspect the government of collusion with large oil companies. We are hideously dependent on foreign oil and rather than sell us on alternative energy the solution is to sacrifice our Arctic National Wildlife Refuge to the oil drills and pipelines. In exchange: a sucker, to rot our teeth all over again. We may need braces.

I don't want to insult your intelligence, but both our president and vice president were oil executives and both have deep roots in the industry and strong ties to Middle Eastern oil concerns. Do you think they have the best interests of the American people in mind? Do you think they want us to shake off our addiction to oil? That blood all of the protestors promised was being exchanged for oil? It turned out we were just exchanging it for some more blood. We've already got plenty of blood! We've got gallons of the stuff running through the streets! Where's our cheap oil?

The democrats, the theoretical foil, the bumbling Costello to the republican straight man, have offered a number of fantastic solutions to the dilemma of soaring fuel costs. They have, uh, given speeches at gas stations about rising prices and conservation, after which they are photographed piling into their gigantic SUVs. They have also...they have...uh, well they said the republican idea sucked, which I guess counts for something but it sure doesn't fill up my car with cheap gasoline, hydrogen or even blood.

In short, no one in the government actually cares about solving problems. They care about self-serving plans to bolster polls and hollow photo ops at gas stations that make them look like they might give a damn. Bread, circuses and lip service might get you a baguette and a case of genital

herpes at Lollapalooza, but they're not actually helping. As a highly esteemed member of the blog-o-sphere, Wolf Blitzer has told me that I am empowered to solve this problem all by myself.

Having realized my integral role in the process of saving America, I hereby put forward my four step plan to eliminating the crunch at the gas pumps and shrugging off the shackles of foreign oil. This bold proposal should become a rallying cry for members of every political stripe, from the raving lunatics that populate the forums of Free Republic to the raving lunatics that populate the forums of Democratic Underground.

STEP ONE: ***Institute the Parsons Formula***

One of the problems with our current foreign oil dependence is that the United States is purchasing oil from all the wrong places. We buy oil from countries where they hold demonstrations demanding the United States be submerged in acid. We buy oil from countries that sell nuclear material to terrorists so that they can blow up the United States. We buy oil from everyone, but we need some better quality control. That is why I have devised a simple mathematical formula that can be applied to any oil purchase. It won't solve the problem of our foreign oil dependence, but it will reduce the number of nations we are buying oil from and force us to seek out alternative energy as a necessity.

Here is the Parsons Formula represented visually:

To explain the equation, if the value of X (the number of American flags burned daily) is greater than the value of Y (the number of barrels of oil we can buy from them daily) then we will not purchase any oil from that nation. It should be noted that X also includes any presidential effigies and also flags of individual states and the 51st state of the United Kingdom. Flags of Israel count as 1/4th of a US flag.

STEP TWO: ***The Nuclear Option***

Rumsfeld knows just how terrible nuclear energy can be if not monitored carefully.

Alright, so step one is done and it was painful. Our oil supply has decreased and prices are rising even higher. Everyone in America is angry about that, but the good news is we have stopped buying oil from the countries where the majority of the population

hates us, unless they produce so much oil that the population is irrelevant. Now it's time to start looking for alternative fuel and the easiest way to accomplish this in the near term is to go with what we know: nuclear energy. You can't power a car with a nuclear reactor, but if you can seed our power grid with sweet, sweet atoms then we can sever our fossil fuel ties in preparation for steps three and four.

There are a lot of alternatives to nuclear, but none have the added advantage of pissing everyone off. The republicans all hate nuclear energy because it will enrage their financial backers in the oil, coal and natural gas industries. Democrats hate nuclear energy because they're afraid of atoms and are reminded by the majestic monoliths of cooling pylons of their failure in all things. If republicans get too uppity about it then just remind them that the democrats hate nuclear energy. If the democrats get too pissed off about it then just remind them that most of Europe relies on nuclear energy.

It will take five to ten years and lots of money to really sink our teeth into nuclear energy, but once the reactors are all up and running you will see a national power grid positively flooded with cheap and clean energy.

STEP THREE: ***Rollin' on Fifteens***

Oh, shit, I'm going to be late for the stretch Escalade!

Mass transit is a major component of travel in Europe and much of the rest of the First World, but here in the United States we're addicted to cars. Even spiffy mass transit like monorails and bullet trains have failed to capture the interest of the majority of the population. How could we make mass transit more attractive? Well, how do Americans like to travel? They like comfort and control and they like huge. They want their cars to be so big that they'll get stuck in tunnels. The less fuel efficient the better. Buses are pretty inefficient when it comes to fuel, but by carrying a large number of passengers they make up for it.

I was watching a Ludacris video when the answer hit me. Stretch SUVs! They're huge, unwieldy and the passengers inside wallow in absolute luxury. Their fuel efficiency is bad enough to rival the biggest bus, but unlike public transit the stretch SUV has come to represent luxury and status. The ignorant and poor ride in metro buses, the rich and powerful drive stretch SUVs.

That's why step three is doubling the size of the metro bus fleet in every major urban area and replacing all of the buses with stretch SUVs. You are also free to drink, have sex, do coke in the back of the new bus. As an added bonus to the driver, he doesn't have to actually look at any of the passengers. Fares would have to be increased slightly to compensate for all of the luxury leather and chilled Cristal, but I have a feeling that a much broader audience will be purchasing metro cards.

STEP FOUR: ***The Manhydrogen Project***

Solar and wind power are inefficient sissy shit. Thermal-depolymerization (turning waste into fuel with a magical machine) is science fiction crap that came and went. Cold fusion is awesome but about 1,000 years away. Geothermal and hydroelectric power can't be used in cars. We want the oil monkey off our backs so there's only one place left to turn: hydrogen.

The third step in my grand scheme is to initiate a Manhattan Project style initiative to develop cheap and efficient hydrogen fuel cells and hydrogen engines. A lot of companies and research institutes are working on hydrogen, but it's time to pool our brain power, our resources and our money and get this shit done. With 1.21 Jiggawatts of nuclear power at the disposal of the project it should be single digit years before we're all puttering around in hydrogen cars.

This is the sort of time when the United States should actually get on that war footing and win the global war on terror by financing a massive industrial and research project that will change the world. Just like the Manhattan Project changed everything, so too would a Manhydrogen Project. There is no better way our tax dollars could be spent. Not even on school lunches.

No goal could be more important than achieving energy independence and it is within our grasp. Forget the sucker. It will only rot your teeth. Getting the braces will hurt but we'll only have to do it once.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.2 Don't Wear it Out

Tuesday, May 02, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

I take a reasonable sort of pride in my name. A fine name it be, both grand and humble, combining the regality of "David," most beloved of kings, with the quaint village charm of "Thorpe." It suggests an everyman who rose to the top, a man of nobility content to live among the salty rabble. The small-town boy made good. The diamond in the rough. David Thorpe, a good sort; he could buy and sell you all twice over, but he still takes his hat off for a lady.

I hope that those who share my name take similar care in living up to it. I would hate to share the world with a sleazy David Thorpe, one with bad teeth and grubby fingernails, one who claps flies between the pages of books and then admires the smears, one who would adjust his male basket area in public without a second thought. Sometimes I snoop around for other David Thorpes to see how they're making out. One's an artist in the UK. A few of them are professors and scientists. Most of them, thank heavens, wear it pretty well.

But those create an inaccurate representation of the David Thorpe demographic. Those are only the *newsworthy* David Thorpes. What of the common David Thorpe on the street? What are his dreams, his fears, his hidden crimes?

Perhaps the best feature of the social networking site Myspace, aside from the easy availability of young women with dark eyeliner and shabby virtue, is the "search" function. Type in any name, and Myspace shall deliver. The best use: find a news article about some teenager who went nuts and fatally bludgeoned his biology teacher with the jawbone of an ass. Punch in the kid's name. Nine times out of ten, he'll be on there, and his friends will have left a million comments like "Jerry, what the fuck, you used to be cool, I can't believe you flipped out like that," and "i luv u jerry and I hope u find piece, i cant understand y u did it."

Who, I wonder, are the David Thorpes on Myspace? Might they be shabby rakes who disgrace my name, or dignified gentlemen who do it proud? Are any of them *me?* This calls for investigation:

David Thorpe #1:
Click Here for Profile

> **Displayed name:** David
> **Headline:**"Nice guy looking to make some friends."
>

Ah, and his photograph leaves little doubt: his manner of dress, his easy smile and relaxed features seem to say "nice guy," while his half-smile betrays a hint of loneliness: "looking to make some friends" indeed.

Cultural interests: Cricket, soccer, basketball, Michael Jackson, and The Silence of the Lambs. David is, in keeping with his surname, an everyman to his core. His interests are broad and agreeable; he looks like a lovely sort of man to rent a movie with on a winter day.

Personality: David Thorpe is perhaps not the most dynamic of individuals, but he does my good name no particular disgrace. He defines himself as "Nice, cool, lots of fun, a good communicator, responsible, a good friend and more. This is how I think of myself, all those things along with a positive person, no nonsense guy, assertive and yes I do like to have fun in a sarcastic way. I do not find fault of others and I am very down to earth."

Despite these admirable qualities, David's bright flame has attracted few moths. He has but one friend listed: the default friend of all Myspace registrants, the omnipresent Tom. An illustrated comment from an erstwhile friend named Jellybean still looms on his profile: a scantily clad woman in an accusatory posture stands before a cougar. Her face seems to say, "hey, get this cougar out of here." The inscription bears but one word: "Pat." A memory of a friendship that has fallen by the wayside? The lingering, cougar-related accusation of a former love? Perhaps we will never know. While David may appear mild-mannered and inoffensive on the surface, his profile harbors the dark memory of a former life, a life of cougars and beautiful women, a life of mystery and fantasy.

Probability of being me 18%

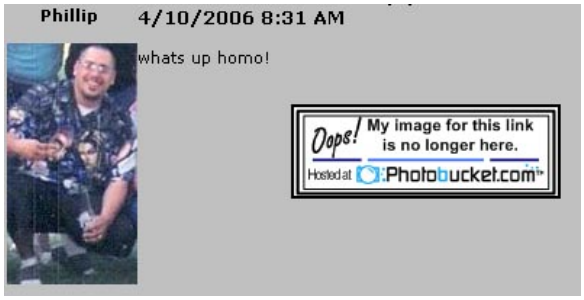
David Thorpe #2:
Click Here for Profile

Displayed name: David
Headline:"Mr. Inappropriate"

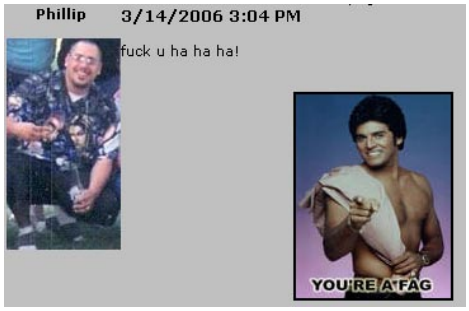
Enter the Dadtrix: David Thorpe shows off his bitchin' soul patch as he speeds toward middle age.

Cultural interests: Korn's "Twisted Transistor" bellows from his profile page like an auditory mid-life crisis.

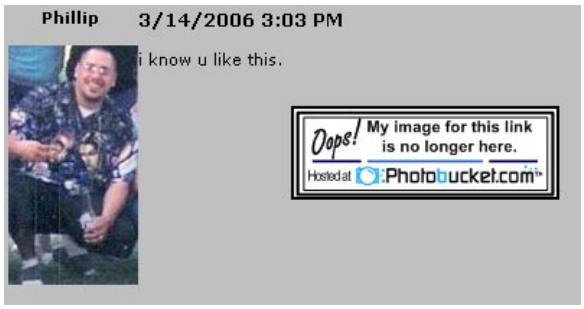
Personality: While David Thorpe's austere profile gives little indication of his personality, we find several telling facts in his personal photo section: he has somewhere between three and a dozen children, he is in a committed relationship, and he is a victim of bullying.



Perhaps it is because of Phillip's constant torment that David Thorpe keeps such a Spartan profile; maybe he is afraid that if he reveals anything about himself, Phillip will only use it as more ammunition in his hurtful campaign of homophobia and cruelty.



While David Thorpe projects an image of success and peaceful family life, one can only pity him for his inability to stand up for himself. Looking at Phillip's profile, you'll notice that David has never once left retaliatory comments. Instead, he buries his head in the sand like a frightened ostrich. Phillip clearly mistakes his unflappable pacifism for weakness:

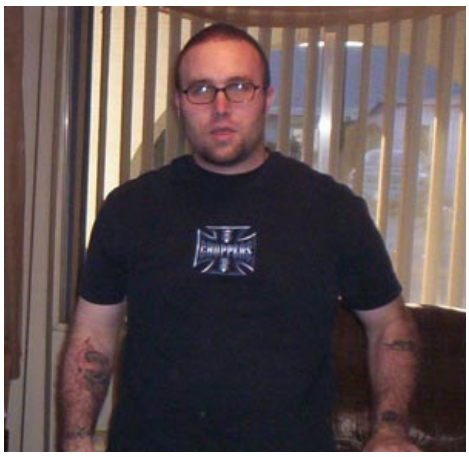


Be a man, David Thorpe. By being a pathetic pushover, you paint all the David Thorpes of the world as cowards, human doormats, and ineffectual nebbishes. I want you to march right up to Phillip at school tomorrow and tell him that you don't appreciate his name-calling. If he threatens you or teases you, I want you to go straight to the nearest adult and tell them all the mean things he's said to you. If you don't stick up for yourself, Phillip will go through his whole life thinking it's okay to push David Thorpes around.

Probability of being me 3%

David Thorpe #3:
Click Here for Profile

Displayed name: David
Headline:"Hello"



"Christ, I just fuckin' washed this shirt two days ago and already... man, I'm gonna fuckin' sue Febreeze."

Cultural interests: Aside from his West Coast Choppers t-shirt and his slack-jawed expression, we know little of David Thorpe as a patron of the arts.

Personality: David Thorpe doesn't beat around the bush. He tells you where he's coming from, and he tells it to you straight: "Hello I am 25 I have 2 Girls and im on the path to divorce. I work from 4 am - noon m-f and get my kids from th etime i get off till about 5 pm then weekends all day. I love computer games and Howard stern! I am kida shy and sarcastic and I pretty much only care about myself i know its bad but thats my life. I am getting divorced because I didnt talk to her, prolly cause we have nothing in common and she doesnt stop talking once she gets going The one thinkg we both liked was the bedroom scene."

Perhaps David Thorpe's refreshing frankness is why his profile lists no friends: people just can't handle his no-bullshit attitude. While I admit that David Thorpe is exactly the kind of man who would clap flies between the pages of books, something about his no-nonsense autobiography left me yearning for the simple life of the common oaf:

"Brendaaaaa! What the fuck! I asked for a fuckin' bagel dog like half an hour ago! What? Come back in here, Kaylee. What did you say? What do you mean Brenda left me? What the fuck do you know, you're only five years old. Oh, yeah, now you're gonna cry, great. So 'mommy' left, huh? Why the hell didn't she tell *me?* I gotta hear it from my fuckin' five-year-old kid? Yeah, big deal, she was always just fuckin' talking anyway.

Hey! Get back in here! No, you can't go play with your goddamn dolls or whatever, because you have to do something for daddy. Go look in the freezer and get a fuckin' bagel dog. You're gonna go into that kitchen and you're gonna learn how to use that microwave. You're old enough.

No, get away from me, I don't wanna see you again until you've got a bagel dog in your fuckin' hand, okay? What? Why would 'mommy' have taken *my* fucking microwave? That shit was from *my* side of the family. Well I don't know, figure out how to work the oven. Don't they teach you that shit in girl school or whatever? Oh come on, quit crying or you're going to wake up your little moron sister. Or did 'mommy' take your sister, too? Christ, I fuckin' hope so right now, I swear to god."

Probability of being me 50.01%

David Thorpe #4:
Click Here for Profile

Displayed name: 100% real NIGGA JR.
Headline:"what i do im a gangsta,!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Cultural interests: David Thorpe's friends include none other than T.I., Beyonce, 50 Cent and Eminem. Anyone who has befriended so many celebrities is clearly no stranger to the world of urban music.

Personality: David Thorpe's profile bears only a simple inscription: "i love my self, but i fear god." Sixteen is an awkward age for any young man; young David Thorpe is currently in the midst of reconciling his hormonal demand for self-love with the religious shame and anxiety it brings about. Have no fear, David Thorpe, we've all been doing it for years and none of us have been struck dead by lightning bolts yet (knock on wood).

Of all the David Thorpes I have encountered today, this one seems to strike me as having the highest probability of being me; perhaps it's only because he's called "100% real NIGGA JR." As many of you know, I was ranked as number 32 on Grand Hustle Magazine's 2005 critics' poll of Realest Niggas Alive, right below LeBron James and right above Rae Dawn Chong.

Probability of being me 88%

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

5.3 Human Cat Show

Wednesday, May 03, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This past weekend I embarked on a magical journey to a land of amazing wonders and startling beasts. This strange realm was not some exotic cave full of Minotaurs or even an emerald paddy field dotted with unicorns. No, it was a cat show taking place in a nearby town. Let me first disclose that I am no cat person. I like dogs and various kinds of reptiles and I have a soft spot for otters and hippos, though I don't personally own any. Cats to me are nice but generally uninteresting creatures, similar to plants but more furry. What drew me to this cat show was the pledge from a friend that cat show people would definitely be worth observing. I have a keen interest in people watching when the people are off-kilter or focused on something terrible, like dressing as anime characters or eating out of a dumpster. Such behavior to me is troubling and unpleasant to watch, but definitely hard to turn away from.

The JonBenet Ramsey of cats

Unfortunately, the cat show was pretty dull, taking place in a small National Guard Armory gym. The venue was filled to the brim with row after row of tables covered with cages and little pins, each one housing some truly sad looking cats. People lined the tables, mostly talking to each other, eating sandwiches, and grooming their feline moneymakers. Occasionally the owners would remove the cats and take them to some nearby cages where a judge would manhandle them and then award them ribbons based on how gracefully they survived the attention. All and all it was completely without glamour and a little depressing. I had such high hopes for a cat show. I imagined cats jumping through burning rings of fire, cats being shot out of cannons, and perhaps even cats fighting to the death in miniature arenas. What I saw was more akin to a series of hospital examinations, only with ribbons being awarded to the least sick patients.

What we had was a gymnasium of people using cats as a jetpack to ascend one of the most ridiculous social ladders ever built. I know most of these people are motivated by love and that the cats are well taken care of, but the whole spectacle just seemed so clinical and macabre that I failed to see anything good in it. It was a bustling showcase of pet eugenics carried out by a wealth of inexplicable people. Indeed, as expected, the people overshadowed the cats.

What follows is a breakdown of these various inexplicable cat show denizens taken from the mental notes I scribbled down on my mental pad and paper with my mental quill pen. Should you desire to enter into the realm of cat shows, this guide will help you find your niche.

Elderly Cat Show Enthusiast
One of the more depressing sights of the cat show circuit is the Elderly Cat Show Enthusiast. She has long since given up the rigorous work of raising competitive cats, or maybe she never even tried and simply found a show that interested her. Instead she goes and watches the other cats and their owners, attempting to grab just a little bit of the warmth and excitement that comes from winning. She takes the cat show circuit seriously and is never far from her notebook full of jotted down scores and awards. When she finally dies, she will leave behind the most horrifying memento ever: a handwritten book of cats and the awards each has received. Some poor child will inherit that book and shiver with dread at the knowledge that grandma was truly insane.

Mullet Man
The Mullet Man is an oddity unlike any other, having traded in his El Camino and monster truck shows for the gentle allure of a snowy Persian and the cat show circuit. He is all attitude and prides himself on putting on a show. He's not there to make friends, he's there to raise some hell and let his cat kick some ass. He spends most of the show arguing with others and butting heads, confident that his opinion will stand above all others. After the show, he and his cat knock back a few beers and then drive home in their timecar to the bizarro 1980s. Because he is one of the more manly creatures attending a cat show, he sticks out like a sore thumb. But then again, he probably sticks out like a sore thumb in all his endeavors.

Paranoid Cat Lady
The paranoid cat lady is the one that looks angrily at you as you observe her precious cat, fearful that you will do something heinous to it like pet it the wrong way or whisper a discouraging comment. She gets agitated when you stand too close, even if you aren't looking at the cat, because she is a territorial beast by nature. In all likelihood, the Paranoid Cat Lady's house and yard is equipped with a serious Vietcong-style defense system to scare away predators. In public situations, however, all she can do is scowl at you with so much rage that her face becomes razor sharp and cuts into the fabric of reality itself.

Feminine Man
The most feminine creature attending these cat shows is undoubtedly the Feminine Man, who somehow outshines a room full of pussy. The Feminine Man is in no way gay, but rather a very sensitive heterosexual male unafraid to rummage through his wife's wardrobe for a lovely flowered blouse to wear that accentuates his delicate mustache. Not surprisingly, he spends most of his time in the corner stroking his cat and smiling some kind of magical smile from another dimension.

Cat Show Patriot
The most fascinating of all cat show archetypes is the Cat Show Patriot. The Cat Show Patriot is adorned in patriotic clothing, such as a T-shirt with a glittery red, white, and blue emblem reading "USA" and a matching red, white, and blue sweater. Or, they might just wear a T-shirt with an eagle on it and the corresponding American flag floating ethereally in the background. They are full of joy and beaming with intensity, for in no nation other than the Great Nation of America could people raise such beautiful cats and enter them in such a glorious contest. NO OTHER NATION ON THIS EARTH. The Cat Show Patriot is a true shining star and perhaps the most garish looking thing frequenting the circuit.

The typical cat show competitor is a standard female, aged 30-60, with no obvious signs of mental illness and a serious desire to breed the most powerful, indestructible cat ever. Standard Cat Ladies come in many shapes and sizes, but they are all generally professional and not crazy. You can differentiate the Standard Cat Lady from the Crazy Cat Lady by comparing the number of cats owned. The Crazy Cat Lady will have between 6-100 living and dead cats at one time, usually all indoors in a small house or trailer. Also, because Crazy Cat Ladies do not breed healthy cats, they typically do not compete in cat shows. That is not to say Standard Cat Ladies are without fault, as they are still quite weird in their own right. That's just one of the bullets you have to bite when you decide to become a "professional pet owner."

Cat Show Judge
Judges sit high atop the cat show food chain, making dreams and nightmares alike come true. They are, in my opinion, quite possibly the most bizarre people alive. I mean honestly, they are judging cats for a living. If I told somebody I wanted to get a job evaluating the worth and quality of cats, I would sound like a raging lunatic. But sure enough there is apparently a career to be had doing such a thing, and sure enough it's full of raging lunatics. I do not mean that in an offensive way, because if you can get paid to hand ribbons to animals, then by God you make the most of it. You're still ear-fuckingly insane for doing it. That said, I'd love to be a hot dog judge.

Granted, I am a bit of neophyte to this new world of cat shows, and unlikely to ever attend another so long as I live. There could be some varieties of cat show attendees I failed to classify or simply missed. Nonetheless, I think my efforts were encompassing enough to give you an accurate representation of the types of crazy bouncing off each other at the typical cat show.

Before I conclude, let me offer some tips to cat show organizers to improve the quality of future events.

- Cap off the show by releasing all the cats at once and seeing what happens. A few hundred loose cats running around in a gym is likely to provide at least some entertainment.
- Have the cat that comes in last place executed in front of all the other cats to serve as an example.
- Desegregate the event and allow other animals to compete, such as raccoons and lobsters.
- Make the cats compete in feats of strength and endurance to test the limits of their highly engineered bodies.
- Showcase feline intellect by having the cats try to outsmart each other in a dangerous game of cat and mouse (not literally because it would be a bad idea to bring a mouse to a cat show).

Now if I may be so direct: This is the most I have ever written about cats in my entire life and I would like to stop writing about cats immediately.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.4 Highway to the Thrifty Zone

Thursday, May 04, 2006 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Greetings from Skymall, your premiere in-flight mail order catalog! This month we feature the newest inventions geared towards upper middle class travellers with spare cash and an infantile self-centered craving to surround themselves with material objects, failing to bring happiness or validation to their short, meaningless lives. We appreciate your business, and hope you enjoy browsing our catalog.

Please take your time perusing all of our new list items. The vaginas at Airmall only wish they could match the unabashed audacity of the products we sell at exorbitant prices. You really don't have a choice. You need these items to make your life more simple. Buy them. Buy them all.

- **Pocket Mini-Corndog Cooker™**

For the professional on the go who loves the classic taste of fragrant meats incased in a delicious cornbread shell, but doesn't have time to wait for a few minutes while they cook. Just pour 2 cups of oil into the vat, dip the dogs in our patented Corn Dog Groomer™, place the cooker in your pocket, and go about your busy day. This amazing product comes with a solar powered charger. Just attach to your hat or hair and harness the sun's rays, saving yourself thousands in battery costs. It is recommended that you wear heavy layers of asbestos pants while the cooker is turned on, and refrain from jogging or doing handstands while it is in your pocket. Comes with 24 mini-corndogs..

- **Acupuncture Hammock™**

20 Billion Asians can't be wrong! Combines relaxation and ancient Chinese secrets in the form of hurtful needles. Hang the acupuncture hammock between any two trees in your backyard or local park, and lay down to reap the benefits of your chi points being impaled with healing power. Suffer from migraine headaches? Knees pop when you stand up? Smelly feet causing marital problems? This cure-all requires no costly medication and is recommended by the Federal Doctors Association paid off by Skymall with frontrow Lakers tickets.

WARNING: Do not rock back and forth or try to stand up when using the acupuncture hammock. Doing so may result in major organ damage and/or internal hemorrhaging. Do not use on windy days.

- **The Worlds Largest Crossword Puzzle™**

Lonely? Given up on life? Have no real reason to continue on with this charade? Spend every waking moment pondering your eventual demise? Certain you'll be forgotten as another meaningless statistic that wastes enormous resources to support? Lingering because you are too cowardly to kill yourself and rid the world of the burden that is your life? If so, then the World's Largest Crossword Puzzle is for you! 20,000 lines to solve for your pleasure.

- **Mega-Clean Robot 300X™**

With blockbuster hits like the Robot Vacuum, Robot Floor Cleaner, and Robot Mole Remover, people are depending more and more on robotic au-

tomation for home care and daily living. Robots are the future of manual labor, making it easier for us to get through our day and replacing those bothersome Mexicans that are in the news these days.

This new model of robot cleaning uses a neural-net processer -- a learning computer -- to identify dust and clutter. It then zaps and slices its way to a clean home with its canopy laser and hundreds of tiny razor sharp blades. It also can be set as a pest removal system, taking care of those mice or cockroach infestations with flawless efficiency. When this feature is activated, it will seek and destroy any life forms that are present within a 100 yard radius. If you wish to turn off the Mega-Clean Robot 300X, you need to sneak up on it and hit the eye once it opens up to shoot the lasers.

■ **Magic Freeze Pet Cooler™**

Are your pampered poodles getting overheated in the summer sun? This amazing new product uses the latest cryogenic technology to preserve your precious pups with very slight retardation and red blood cell dieoff. The Pet Cooler can be transported by bike, car, or canoe, and comes with a 3" polyfiber nylon strap and universal snap bracket. Never again will your hounds howl with the rigors of heat stroke. Fits 2.5 small dogs or one full-grown child.

■ **Internet Slippers™**

Tired of having to log off the Internet to make a cup of coffee or let the dog out? This new hot item developed by Web Solutions uses wireless internet technology so you can still surf the internet while on the go. Embedded chips in the big toe sends information to the CPU located in the sole. A built-in firewall keeps hackers out! The Ethernet ports are located at the heel and both slippers are cascaded with a crossover cable, with the left foot acting as the Master and the right as the Slave. Don't attempt to walk while the Magic Internet Slippers are connected or it could result in a fatal fall down a flight or stairs or worse. Runs on OS2.

■ **Asshole Cocoon™**

Ever have the urge to look like a total asshole while on an airplane? Sure, who doesn't? This luxurious 80% polyester, 20% cotton blend will keep you comfortable and warm during those long flights, as well as making you look like a first-degree chode. Fully zip up the cocoon so your head is covered, and when your reach your gate you will emerge as a beautiful butterfly and be gunned down by TSA agents on the tarmac because they probably saw the Mothman Prophecies and think all Mothmen are dangerous monsters who have psychic abilities to locate chapstick. We here at Skymall hope to change that.

■ **America the Beautiful Limited Edition Lawn Caddy™**

The one thing that binds all middle class white people together is lawn care. When not laboring for thankless corporations, free time is spent aerating, fertilizing, and cutting lawns. The thing that makes this country great is that we will go to any lengths and work endlessly to avoid having a spare moment to think. Thinking is counterproductive and may result in asking questions that cannot be answered, causing a mental loop that may be difficult to resolve without a complete reboot. Relaxing and thinking is for communists and subversives.

This star spangled lawn caddy commemorates that very spirit with tempered steel and brilliant lacquer that was made in the heart of American production, Taiwan. It also sends a message to potential burglars that there is a strong possibility that you own a firearm and are waiting with bated breath for the opportunity to legally shoot someone in self defense. Comes in two sizes,

Ultra-Patriotic and Flag Lich

Thank you for shopping with us here at Skymall. We realize that air travel can be a boring and tiresome experience, so we hope that this catalog has provided you with a few minutes of distraction from pondering the possibility of a fiery death.

We know you made a mental note of all these products with the firm belief that you will order them once you land, but most people forget all about us afterwards and only focus on getting their luggage and finding a bathroom. Please don't do this, and use your cell phone to order something right away. The plane won't crash if you use your phone, it was debunked on Mythbusters.

We don't want to beg but we will if we have to. Little Timmy needs chemotherapy and rent's due in a few days. I'm so hungry.

Daily Dirt

The renegade military-intelligence units deliberately intimidate, physically abuse, and even gang-rape the civilians they kidnap. The extraterrestrials do not. (Although the psychological warfare division of the rengegade military-intelligence units, and their dupes who swallow their progaganda, put out lurid false stories in UFO magazines, books and internet newsgroups about "raping reptilians" and other sci-fi comic book fantasies.)

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

5.5 Winesburg, Indiana: Alien Invasion

Friday, May 05, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Chronicals of Winesburg, Indiana series.

Winesburg's Only Source For News

BACK PAGE
Blank Page
Write your own!

Courier Post

SPORTS
Little League and how it can kill your child

May, 2006 50¢

rtist's rendering of what might have transpired in Washington this morning

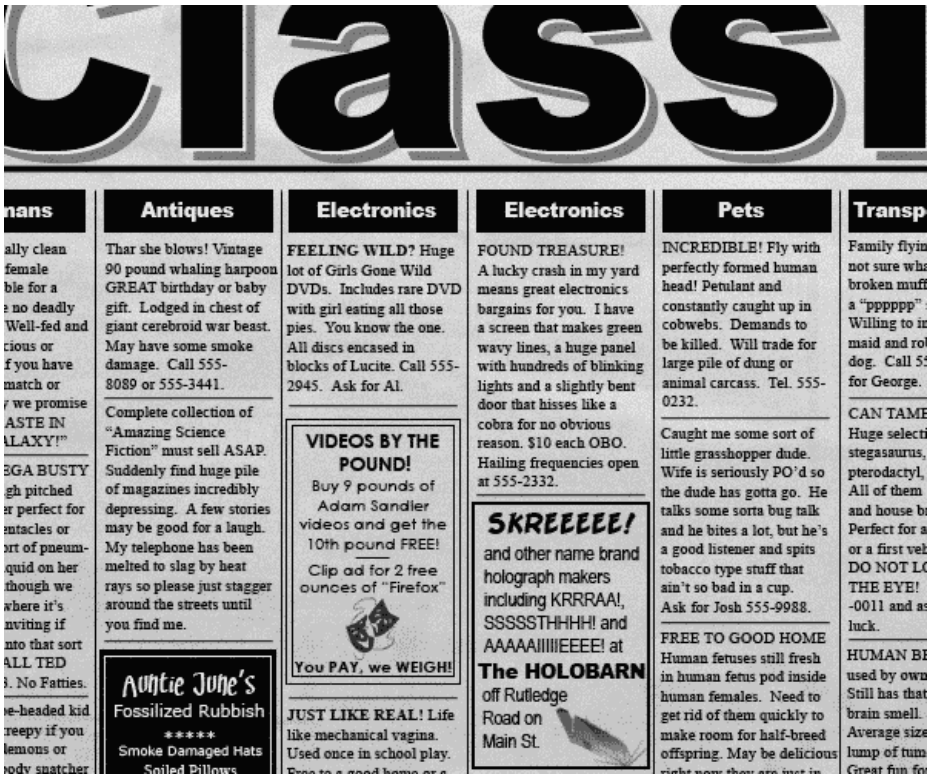
INVASION?

County OKs New Softballs

By Ricky Jacobs
Courier Post Staff Writer

The Winesburg County Commissioners have voted in favor of a new softball purchase for the Parks Department.

Debate grew heated as opponents of the expenditure cited recent purchases of several dozen golf tees by the Parks Department. This controversy follows on the heels of the "Repainting-gate" during which the Parks Dep-



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body snatcher

Antiques

Thar she blows! Vintage 90 pound whaling harpoon GREAT birthday or baby gift. Lodged in chest of giant cerebroid war beast. May have some smoke damage. Call 555-8089 or 555-3441.

Complete collection of "Amazing Science Fiction" must sell ASAP. Suddenly find huge pile of magazines incredibly depressing. A few stories may be good for a laugh. My telephone has been melted to slag by heat rays so please just stagger around the streets until you find me.

Auntie June's
Fossilized Rubbish
*****
Smoke Damaged Hats
Soiled Pillows

Electronics

FEELING WILD? Huge lot of Girls Gone Wild DVDs. Includes rare DVD with girl eating all those pies. You know the one. All discs encased in blocks of Lucite. Call 555-2945. Ask for Al.

VIDEOS BY THE POUND!
Buy 9 pounds of Adam Sandler videos and get the 10th pound FREE!
Clip ad for 2 free ounces of "Firefox"
You PAY, we WEIGH!

JUST LIKE REAL! Life like mechanical vagina. Used once in school play. Free to a good home or a

Electronics

FOUND TREASURE! A lucky crash in my yard means great electronics bargains for you. I have a screen that makes green wavy lines, a huge panel with hundreds of blinking lights and a slightly bent door that hisses like a cobra for no obvious reason. $10 each OBO. Hailing frequencies open at 555-2332.

SKREEEEE!
and other name brand holograph makers including KRRRAA!, SSSSSTHHHH! and AAAAAIIIIIEEEE! at
The HOLOBARN
off Rutledge Road on Main St.

Pets

INCREDIBLE! Fly with perfectly formed human head! Petulant and constantly caught up in cobwebs. Demands to be killed. Will trade for large pile of dung or animal carcass. Tel. 555-0232.

Caught me some sort of little grasshopper dude. Wife is seriously PO'd so the dude has gotta go. He talks some sorta bug talk and he bites a lot, but he's a good listener and spits tobacco type stuff that ain't so bad in a cup. Ask for Josh 555-9988.

FREE TO GOOD HOME Human fetuses still fresh in human fetus pod inside human females. Need to get rid of them quickly to make room for half-breed offspring. May be delicious

Transp

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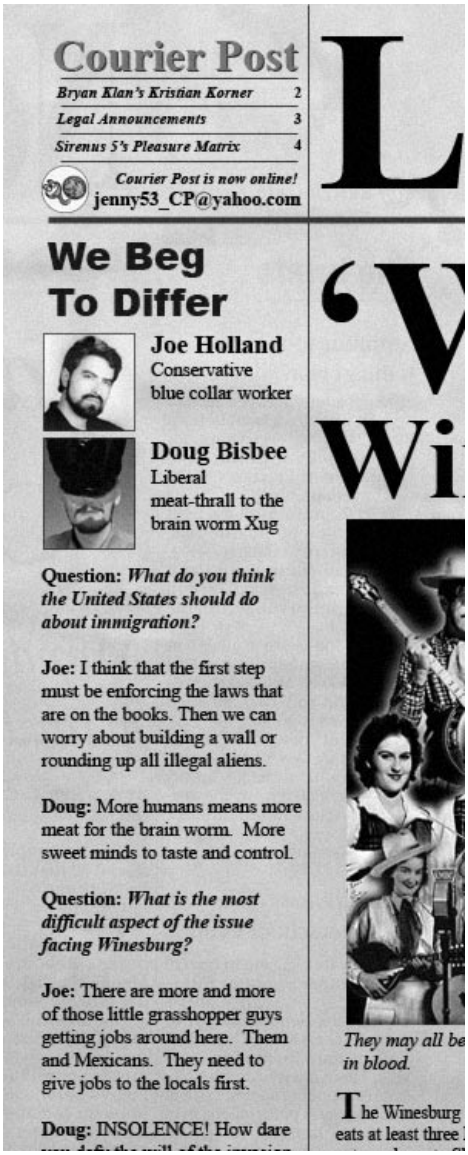


Courier Post

Bryan Klan's Kristian Korner 2
Legal Announcements 3
Sirenus 5's Pleasure Matrix 4

Courier Post is now online!
jenny53_CP@yahoo.com

L

We Beg To Differ

Joe Holland
Conservative
blue collar worker

Doug Bisbee
Liberal
meat-thrall to the
brain worm Xug

Question: *What do you think the United States should do about immigration?*

Joe: I think that the first step must be enforcing the laws that are on the books. Then we can worry about building a wall or rounding up all illegal aliens.

Doug: More humans means more meat for the brain worm. More sweet minds to taste and control.

Question: *What is the most difficult aspect of the issue facing Winesburg?*

Joe: There are more and more of those little grasshopper guys getting jobs around here. Them and Mexicans. They need to give jobs to the locals first.

Doug: INSOLENCE! How dare

'W
Wi

They may all be
in blood.

The Winesburg
eats at least three

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.6 Dedication

Saturday, May 06, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Before I get started today, I'd like to make a few shout outs.

Big props to our network guy Radium, watching over all those servers and the forum software. You're crazy, son! Always typing weird ass codes into a keyboard and plugging shit in. Haha. It's like the Matrix or something.

Shout outs to everyone out there named Steve. I don't personally know any of y'all, but I like what I see so far. Keep up the good work.

Thanks to the gang at Fleshlight for shipping my product in a discreet brown box and replacing my first and second Fleshlight without question. I won't want to be down on you guys, but how hard is it to make a functioning flashlight with a vagina dust cover at one end? I checked and the first two units didn't even have any bulbs inside of them. How does that get past quality control? That's the weak sauce.

I want to say what up to my grandma, who is also my financial advisor. I bought a whole storage room full of those collectible plates, and if they really go up in value like the guy on tv says I'm going to buy some of that protective plastic coating you love for your furniture, walls, counters, and even your clothes. I don't know if it's possible to ice out your grill with that stuff, but if it is I'll pay for that too.

This one goes out to my boy Bruiser, lookin' down on us all from his prison cell in Heaven. Them bars are made of gold and your bunkmate is Jesus, man. For real. Up there no one can search your anal cavity for drugs, cause everyone's fucked up on God's love.

Gotta say what's up to Ralphie, morbidly obese and stuck in his bathtub. I hope Dr. Phil's camera crew shows up with that crane soon so you can get out tha house. I'm worried about you, tore up inside like you wouldn't believe. Remember that time you accidentally ate that fork? That's how it feels. The fork prongs of my concern are scratching at the digestive track of my soul. Damn, that was unexpectedly poetic!

'Sup to my man Ernie the beecatcher. I remember when you first told me what you did and I thought you were straight up misspeakin'. Did you mean you were a beekeeper or maybe a dogcatcher? "Nah, man," you said, "I'm a beecatcher. Where do you think those beekeepers get all them bees? Someone's got to catch them." Someone's got to all right, and that someone is you. One at a time, with a net and that bee whistle. Hardcore.

This one's for Lowtax. I don't know how to tell you this, but your collection of murder scene photographs is starting to get a little creepy. Maybe you should move it out of that haunted house and just forget about the stereo continually looping that music from the shower scene in Psycho. Then again I'm not a collector, so maybe a few throw pillows or different lighting might do the trick.

Congrats to Paul for being voted "Sexiest Man Alive Against All Odds" by Horribly Disfigured Burn Victim Magazine. You've had a tough life so it's really nice to see something go your way for once. Don't worry, I don't think the magazine will find out that you were never in a fire or accident of any kind.

Hey to my girl Samantha, who was born without the ability to bend at her elbows or knees. Stay strong. You can do anything. About your decision to become a contortionist though... we've got to

talk. There's something I've been meaning to tell you for years. You're way too fat, girl.

Shout out to my favorite teacher, Coach Finley. You taught me the most important thing is to keep fighting, even after the bell rings at the end of the round. I didn't win a single boxing match that summer thanks to those disqualifications but I had a hell of a lot of fun.

Word up to my neighbor from across the street. I don't know your name, but you always smile and wave when I see you looking through my bedroom window in the middle of the night. Knowing I've got nice-ass neighbors like you watching over the neighborhood makes me feel safe.

Props to Little Eric, who can't leave his apartment because the doorknob is too high for him. It's pretty crazy that they put that doorknob on the roof, but why don't you just bust the door down? You're almost seven feet tall and built like an ox. I'm surprised you and Ralphie haven't gotten a place together, at least you'd both have someone around to talk to.

Of course I've got to toss a shout out to my best friend Luke, playin' bass for a local a cappella group whether they want him to or not. One day they'll stop running, Luke.

This one's for my fellow researchers in the Futurecorp Time Travel lab back in the year 3086. It was pretty whack of you to leave me stranded in the past like this after my breakthrough with the neutron inhibitor, presumably to claim my work as your own. I thought ya'll was bitch-ass scientists at first, but then I remembered the time I played that practical joke on you by leaving plastic dog feces in the decontamination room. In the bigass scheme of things, I guess we're even.

Thanks for letting me do that, now back to my update.

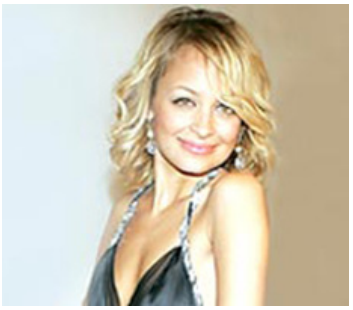
Why is it so hard to meet interesting people? It seems like no matter how hard I try, I can't come across anyone that's genuinely - crap, I'm sorry. If I keep going this will run way too long.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.7 This Update is About My Dog's Penis

Sunday, May 07, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

Some of you guys may think I'm taking a pretty strong stance on pet care when I'm saying this, but I think it's important to let you all know right off the bat that I am strongly against the practice of dog wiener-biting. Nothing is more reprehensible to me than the thought of chomping on a dog's penis (except maybe the music of Phish), and if I really wanted to munch on something that red and slimy I'd find the tanning bed Nicole Richie is living in and fingerbang her until my index digit looked like a candy cane dipped in gelatin.



Some little girls want to be princesses when they grow up. Others want to be doctors or race car drivers. Little Nicole just wanted to look like a clown without ever having to wear makeup.

I also learned recently that I am very much opposed to grilling food outdoors. This came as a shock even to me, since I cannot recall the last time I ate a meal that didn't consist of meat and diet soda. The mere sight of a vegetable is enough to set me into a seizure that pumps cholesterol-laced blood out of my nose with enough force to propel me to the nearest McDonald's, not unlike some morbidly obese, hemophiliac version of The Rocketeer.

Both of these lessons came to me like a kick in the nuts from god himself just last weekend, when I hosted my very first cookout. For those of you not in the know, a cookout is where you buy a grill, stand around and try to light it for six hours, return it to the store, use the money to go to the scrapyard and buy a ton of flat bike tires, then go throw them at your neighbor's house because he never returned the grill he borrowed from you six months prior. Incidentally, your neighbor won't notice you throwing the tires because he'll still be in his backyard trying to light the grill while the skeletal remains of his family sit in lawn chairs, holding out paper plates in their decomposing hands.

Unlike in other countries, where a journey into manhood may require hiding in a tree for a week or watching an entire season of "Charmed" without developing multiple sclerosis, the first cookout is uniquely American and useful to boot. It's a magical time where a father can impart important advice like "your house smells like piss" and "don't eyeball me, you pink panty wearing faggot," and a son can reciprocate his love by playing good natured pranks, such as hiding good ol' dad's stroke medication in the septic tank. Although my old man couldn't make it (he recently had a stroke for some reason and is currently at the hospital relearning the difference between "walking" and "crawling around on the floor pissing himself"), I am sure he would love to impart upon me some of his own wisdom if he could speak out of the right side of his mouth. *Please note that this is a joke and my father is alive and well, so if you planned on making fun of me please realize that it was your father who recently had a stroke and not mine. Also, your dad's brain is a pussy. -ed*

But even without my old man hovering around me and telling me to hold my face closer to the igniter so I don't ruin his name by looking like him, I can't help but think my first cookout was a resounding failure.

Why? Because my dog is a huge, flaming homo.

I guess I shouldn't be surprised. Dogs are, of course, the gayest of all leg-humping quadrupeds. When I was a kid I seriously believed that dogs were gigantic bugs, and I was terrified of them. I would often follow the family dog around, waiting for it to lay a pile of eggs from which a batch of terrifying dog larvae would emerge, but it never happened. I eventually found out that dogs never

actually reproduce because they are too busy rolling around on the ground licking the genitals of other dogs of the same sex. Show me a dog that is not actively looking for another dog's ass to sniff and I'll show you Liv Tyler after a couple of days away from a razor.

My dog, Reggie, is no exception from this. Although he rarely sees other dogs and spends most of his time doing things like "humping the cat" or "looking for the cat so he can hump him," he enjoys a quick roll the the hay with other boy dogs from time to time. These incredibly awkward situations usually come about when my friend Kevin brings his dog, Shogo, up for a visit.

This is Reggie. Please notice the little black polo shirt he's wearing. It's there because, as a woman, my girlfriend is absolutely in love with the thought of dogs wearing people clothes. I could kill her family, wreck her car, and tapdance on the antique porcelain bowls her aunt willed her, but if I brought her a box full of puppies wearing sunglasses and bow ties, I'd be forgiven instantly.

I'm the first to acknowledge that pet owners are among the most boring people on earth. Upon buying a pet they become unable to communicate unless they can somehow shift the conversation at hand into a zany anecdote about how heartwarmingly stupid their beloved companions are. Often they get together to talk at length about the exceedingly rare practice of owning a domesticated animal. Such meetings often end in tragedy when one of the owners mistakenly walks off a cliff and the rest of them follow, yapping about the time Dakota barked at a box of napkins, all the way until impact.

However, when I tell my stories they are not meant to be amusing, but cautionary. I am not exaggerating when I say Reggie and Shogo are the two stupidest fucking animals on the planet. My neighbor accidentally ran over a stray cat the other day and nobody has cleaned the mess up, and while it is nothing more than a bloated mass of fur cooking on the asphalt in front of my house, I am sure its rotting, stinking corpse is far more intelligent than both dogs combined. Take, for instance, this little exchange that happened last weekend (dialogue added for dramatic effect):

> **Shogo:** Hey, Reggie, what's up?
> **Reggie** Not much, man. I just dug this empty jar of peanut butter out of the trash and I thought I might get my head struck in there trying to lick trash-water out of it.
>
> **Shogo:** Sweet ass, man! While you're laying on the floor trying to pry the jar off your snout can I get behind you and lick your asshole?
> **Reggie:** Hell yeah, bro! Let's do this!

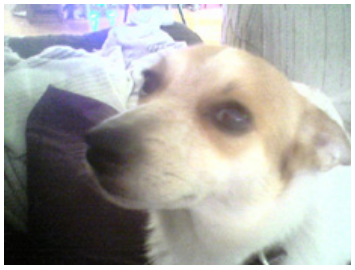
These problems culminated at the cookout. As a rule, neither dog is allowed to run around outside unsupervised very often. This is because they love to play a game that consists of eating flowers out of my neighbor's garden and vomiting their findings in strategic locations, such as in my shoes or on the back of my head if I am taking a nap. However, they can't very well be left alone indoors, either – mostly because, if left alone for more than five minutes, they take the opportunity to cover every square inch of my house in piss and shit – so we decided to tie them to a bench in my backyard while we ate.

Unlike Reggie, who is basically a mutt, Shogo is a very expensive, purebred pug. Despite his flaws, however, he is a good pup, and I would certainly never think the $400 my friend spent on him would have better been used on these things:

- A new Xbox
- A transmission for an '86 Toyota Corolla (should you ever own an '86 Toyota Corolla)

- A busted pitching machine that constantly hits you in the face with baseballs no matter what setting you adjust it to
- A 50-gallon aquarium full of worn out rechargeable batteries
- 1600 packs of Juicy Fruit.

Because Shogo is a pug he is also blessed with an incredibly flat face. This allows him to stick not just his nose, but his whole wrinkly mug, up in Reggie's orifices. He also uses his deformity to slide his face up and down Reggie's stomach like he's playing some sort of foul-smelling harmonica. He also has sharp little needle-teeth, a fact we learned during the cookout when, during one of his harmonica shows, Shogo switched to prop comedy and did a Jaws of Life impression on Reggie's tender young penis.



Reggie again, sans his gay shirt. You might notice the guilty look on his face. It is undoubtedly there because he just got done having sex with another boy dog.

The noise a dog makes when his penis is in danger is not something human ears are meant to interpret. It sounds like the end of the world is coming, like a bus full of abused choir boys is heading straight for Gary Glitter's house. When a dog screams for his genitals birds fall dead from the sky and the most rugged of men weep tears of blood. When the rapture comes and god takes us all to heaven, he will undoubtedly complete his task by raining thumbtacks and beagle puppies down upon us.

Although the cookout was a gigantic, terrible debacle, I must say I learned many new facts and even expanded on a few concepts I thought I had mastered. For instance, I knew that a dog, when carrying something in his mouth, loves to shake his head around violently. This is to show dominance over whatever he is carrying. However, the events of the cookout forced me to reevaluate and add to my list of things dogs love to shake. Here are my findings, with new results indicated by an abortion of an arrow I tried to make in Imageready:

THINGS DOGS LOVE TO SHAKE WHILE BITING:

- Sticks
- Toys
- Treats
- Other Dogs' Penises

And another thing is that when they're shaking on something they're not very likely to let it go. I found this out when I unhooked both dogs from the bench, hoping that it would allow Reggie to roll over and escape Shogo's wiener-crushing deathlock.

It is one thing to see one dog drag another dog around by his penis. It is a totally different experience to see a small, cockeyed pug grab a dog twice his size by the dick and haul him around like a renegade semi, dragging him under tables and over tennis shoes. Shogo may have been slowed by Reggie's weight but that did not stop him from prancing around the yard like an all-pro running back, juking and spinning his way to some bizarre touchdown only he could appreciate. It took us a full minute to track Shogo down and detach him from Reggie's penis, but no matter how much we chastised him a smug grin remained on his deformed, black face. Reggie slunk back in the house and hid the rest of the afternoon.

A few days passed and Reggie kept limping and licking his crotch like Louie Anderson after they fired him from Family Feud so I took him to the vet. Given recent advancements in medical technology,

such as "medicine" and "electricity," I was surprised to find the local vet's office was little more than a cardboard box in a strip mall parking lot. I assumed the misspelling of "reputable" by the clinic's name in the phone book was some sort of tongue-in-cheek joke but I was clearly wrong.

Most vets are educated, professional doctors with a passion for fixing hurt animals. They care for their patients, explain what's going on to the owners, and earn a good living making sure the animals they're entrusted with don't die. However, our vet, Dr. Alahujaninamandato (I think that's the correct spelling – the English language doesn't have enough consonants to support all the letters in his name), still practices archaic rites Old Testament vets implemented when god first created sick pets. Most of his methods involve pounding on a bongo drum and finding a virgin to defile over a pit full of broken glass and rabid panthers.

I have no clue what the fuck is going on here, but it's the first thing you get when you search for "veteranarian" so it must be kind of relevant, I guess.

Of course, I'm embellishing things a bit for the sake of comedy. Once you find your way through the palm leaf smoke and convince Dr. Ackawaggawomba to wipe the chicken blood off his hand so you can shake it, he's a pretty good vet. This is assuming, of course, that your pet is already dead and you just need someone to sell you animal tranquilizers. Just make sure his pupils aren't dilated when you make the transaction or you may end up with an envelope full of used syringes and bloody clumps of cat hair.

All jokes aside Dr. Blahblahboombuttuah is still a gigantic fucking asshole. Like I said above, most veterinarians make their money, you know, fixing sick animals. This is not the case with our vet. In fact, our good doctor has pioneered a whole new two-step plan to make money while still calling himself a "veterinarian":

1. Accuse the client of molesting his pet

2. Charge the client $150 for the service

I'm sure someone out there would find this service incredibly helpful. Undoubtedly some guy is out there *right this second* who wants nothing more than for a foreign man to accuse him of molesting his pets. But for a regular guy like me, someone who just wanted his dog's dick to stop looking like a rotten strawberry, I was highly offended when the good doctor pulled me aside and asked me, point blank, if I "abused" Reggie. Please note that his eyebrows, which take up fully half of his face and tend to move based on things like barometric pressure and what he ate for lunch, crawled up his face like the world's biggest caterpillars when he said "abused." I can't tell if the prospect excited or disgusted him.

But whatever the case I told him "no" and he handed me a tube of doggy Neosporin and a bill for $150. Since I rarely spend that much money on anything that doesn't give me a blowjob afterwards, I have to say I was pretty unahppy with the whole ordeal. Still, I'm sure the vet needed the cash – he was out of white rum and running way low on frog glands. Every time I drive by the place and hear the beat of bongos and the shrill cries of voodoo priestesses, I'll know I'm at least giving back to the community.

As you may have guessed, rubbing cream on a dog's wiener is maybe the most uncomfortable thing you'll ever experience. Reggie has taken to hiding under the bed most days, and I'm sure that every time he hears the snap of a rubber glove he wishes he could hop on a train to Newark and never look back. It's a terrible thing, dragging your canine companion out from under the bed and slathering

gritty brown cream on his bruised junk until you're both crying like little girls and averting your eyes from family and friends.

So now, if you'll excuse me, I need to don the gloves and yell "treat" so Reggie will come out from under the bed. As soon as he sees the tube in my hand I'm sure he'll make a beeline for his kennel, where he'll try to lock himself in until I finally wrestle him to the ground and and shout "IT HURTS ME MORE THAN IT HURTS YOU." And when the moon is high and I hear the clucks of dying chickens coming from town, I'll curse the voodoo doctor that turned me into a dog molester without so much as a potion. Paying someone to rub cream on a dog's junk? That's not impressive – everyone has a price. Making *them* pay for the right to do it? That's fucking talent, folks.

■ Daily Dirt

I don't have much to say this week but click here if you want to read it anyway!

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

5.8 Blue Stripe: The Life and Times of a Droid Maintenance Technician

Monday, May 08, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.

The pleasure is all yours.

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away, someone was working a job that was about 500 times more interesting than mine. I am Maintenance Specialist Second Grade Vorner, aboard the Imperial Star Destroyer *Flirty Fanny*. It is my great dishonor to have the indignity of repairing various and sundry droids being transported aboard this grand third line vessel of the Imperial Fleet.

This log of maintenance events and personal entries has been compiled, by me, for the pleasure of my peers on the maintenance decks and to prepare any new arrivals for the predicament in which they are now trapped. A formal log of all maintenance incidents has been recorded, in triplicate, with proper nomenclature and all of the official seals and forms. This is meant as casual reading, so if you are an officer with a Tatooine sand flea up your shorts then you can turn this off right now and go take a wet one up a gantry chain.

For those still reading, prepare yourselves for an unfiltered glimpse of pure human misery unrivaled throughout the galaxy. Although the gun crews and those guys working construction on the "super secret" Death Star might disagree, there is truly no job worse than droid maintenance.

Day 1
Incident: Departure

ISD Flirty Fanny on a mission to interdict smugglers.

We have just left orbital dock above Coruscant and I hear through the grapevine that we're heading out for a tour of Corellia and some old fashioned smuggler hunting. Yes, I work for the evil Empire. Ooooh scary, Sith Lords and all that crap. I've heard it all before, hippie. Once you've seen it from the inside, the Empire is about as scary as an Ewok in a wheelchair. People think we're all about big spaceships, swarms of fighters, magical lightning, laser blasts and whatever else.

Don't believe the hype. The Empire was built on bureaucracy. I have to fill out paperwork to do anything. It takes nine pages to use a lathe in the machine room and four just to take a smoke break. I have to sign three forms to go to bed. To go to bed! Oh yes, this tour will be fraught with peril and buzzing with that special sort of excitement that you can only get from being forced to submit a form to the binding department because it's so thick. Life in the Empire is truly a blessing.

Speaking of the Empire, today also happens to mark my 25th anniversary as a member of the Imperial Fleet. Every single horrible year of service has been aboard the Flirty Fanny, formerly known as Yoda's Wrath during her Clone War days. Back in those days, before Flirty Fanny was overhauled and upgraded (more like sideways-graded) to a half-assed ISD, she was an Acclamator class assault ship ferrying around those god awful clones for the Jedis. As bad as the Empire is, working with the Jedis was at least twice as bad.

They always talked in these soothing voices about the Force. "The Force is in everything, my young friend." Hey, look pal, just because you've got 500 billion midichlorians or whatever in your cells don't mean the world is full of magic. Sometimes a guy just wants a snack cake out of the vending machine without worrying about What Would Yoda Do. There was also no possible way to lie to those bastards, even if you were just trying to be polite. I remember we had this one blue Jedi chick as our commanding officer during our transport drops on Yavin 4. I was fixing an old R1 unit and she saunters over in some incredibly hideous costume that only a Jedi could get away with. She asks me "do I look fat in this?" and I say "no" but the whole time I'm thinking "unless by 'fat' you mean 'retarded,' because you look that."

Long story short, I got to find out that we have sewage droids. Like most droids I don't think they did anything, other than bounce around and hoot inside the ship's septic system, but I became intimately familiar with them. God, I was so glad when she got 66'd. Zapow! I wanted to high five those clones, but, well, don't get me started on those guys either. Storm troopers seem like frigging stand up comedians compared to the original clones.

Anyway, I'm getting off-track on this one. We're underway for the Corellian System and this trip promises to be as fun-filled as all of the others.

Day 6
Incident: EG-6 Unit Breakdown

The first thing you should be asking is "what the hell is an EG-6 Unit?!" I didn't know either; I had to look it up in Tobin's Droid Guide. It turns out the EG-6 is a "semi-autonomous bipedal assistant." Sounds greats, right? As near as I can tell from the specifications and capabilities charts in Tobin's the EG-6 can walk slowly and say "gonk" over and over. It has no arms, no sensors, no useful speech capability, no weapons and no tools. It doesn't even have any compartments or drink holders, although I guess when it's not walking around slowly you could set a couple glasses on its top.

"Gonk."

The next obvious question is "how would you even know it's broken?" As it turns out, the ever-humorless Lieutenant Spurskman thought this question to be an insult and demanded to know when I would be repairing his EG-6 Unit. I went to his quarters and found the EG-6 somewhat mobile, but no longer repeating "gonk" as it shambled around the room knocking things off shelves. I replaced its audio transmitter unit and, after a thorough dressing-down by Spurskman, modified and installed a second audio transmitter to intermittently play "kill the captain" during sleep cycle at a whisper volume.

We can only hope that the EG-6 unit succeeds in its latest task.

Day 11
Incident: Uninvited Guest

Because the Flirty Fanny is a retrofit rather than a true ISD, it only has about half the light speed range. That means twice the number of refueling layovers. Under normal circumstances this is a blessing, as virtually any rotting space station or fuel depot in the galaxy has better accommodations than the rusting hulk of the Flirty Fanny. Today we had a refuel and re-supply stop in the Byss system. Unfortunately, leave passes were cancelled before the docking clamps had attached. We had a VIP coming aboard, and not just any VIP, the worst VIP of all time: the Emperor.

Hard-learned lesson #54: never walk in front of the Emperor.

On a scow like the Flirty Fanny I have had the good fortune to be spared visits from the guy, but today just wasn't our lucky day. No one likes it when the Emperor visits. No one. Vader is a special needs case with a reputation for choking bridge officers, but he's nothing compared to the Emperor. Here are some of the incomparably retarded things we had to put up with today:

- Before the Emperor could come aboard we had to clear out the observation galley and build him a throne. Seriously.
- The Emperor has a bad back, but he doesn't trust anyone to give him back massages. We had to reprogram a protocol droid to massage the Emperor, but it couldn't be "annoying" according to the Emperor's entourage. Do you have any idea how difficult it is to reprogram a protocol droid to do anything besides sit motionless without being annoying? I ended up wearing the outer shell of a C3PO unit and pretending to be his massage robot. It was the most humiliating incident of a long career full of extremely humiliating incidents. The Emperor wanted his massage "with release."
- Whenever Vader visits a ship you can count on the two or three stupidest bridge officers being choked to death. Vader doesn't stomp around the lower decks looking for some guy who forgot to put a coversheet on his smoke break form. The Emperor, on the other hand, forced nearly the whole crew to assemble in the main landing bay for his arrival. After he hobbles out of his shuttle he just starts laughing like a 200 year old hillbilly and shooting lightning at people. Killed nine guys and not a one of them was a bridge officer. Nothing raises morale quite like random killings.
- The Emperor smells like boiled cabbage and he is a very wet talker. If he wants to have a conversation with you, you're just going to see an albino raisin sticking out of a robe start shooting spit like a broken pipe.

After the Emperor departed with his creepy red bodyguards we held a brief service for the nine crewmembers he had electrocuted, then we undocked and continued on our way.

Day 15
Incident: Special Modification to IT-0 Interrogation Droid

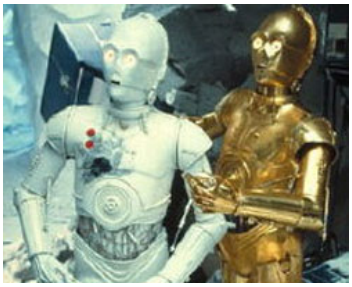
If Vader were visiting right now I would be sooooo choked. Yesterday morning, Major Luxxa from ground forces command asked me to do some special modifications on an IT-0 droid for him. I didn't ask him where he got the droid, but Major Luxxa was all too open about what he intended to do with it. He liked to play "interrogate the rebel" with a saucy little minx from intercept and decryption. A real hot number by the name of Lieutenant Dorets. Way out of my league. Anyway, he wanted me to strip all the cutters and injectors off the IT-0 and replace them with various, well, stimulators. He wanted me to leave the electroshock units in place, just toned down a little bit.

I hope you didn't actually need that uterus of yours.

I would normally tell an officer to stuff a request like that, but Luxxa is a decent sort and I admit I kind of liked the idea of my handiwork pumping Lieutenant Dorets for information. I agreed to do the work. Luxxa said he'd come in after hours and pick up the IT-0 if I left it on my desk. Well, I did leave it on my desk, unfortunately I never had a chance to make the modifications because a litter of mouse droids got caught in a ventilation shaft. Luxxa

tells me that both he and Dorets had to spend an hour in a bacta tank just to patch the holes and his left hand still hasn't fully grown back. I'm just lucky Dorets is the forgiving type or I'd probably be detailing Luxxa's AT-ST walker for the next month.

Day 21
Incident: Droid Wedding



Ruining a perfectly nice day for a, white weddddinnnng!

I make no effort to hide my hatred for protocol droids. They're vain babbling ninnies whose only use, as far as I can see, is annoying their owners in more than a million languages. Nevertheless, a lot of the officers aboard Flirty Fanny think protocol droids are wonderful and, as a result, I'm constantly plagued by six or seven of the things needing minor repairs. Imagine my surprise when I returned from sleep cycle to find two 3PO units practically panting with excitement. A "C" model and a "K" model had somehow negotiated an exceedingly elaborate and effete wedding agreement.

I initially dismissed the two droids, but their nagging persisted and I was forced to shut them down when they ignored my threats of violence. When the owner of the "C" unit arrived to pick up his droid, I activated the C-3PO and it immediately switched on the "K" model. The K-3PO bore a gaping stab wound where its owner, enraged at its behavior, had justifiably thrust a sharpened iron rod. When it became apparent to me that the 3PO units would not be separated and would not relent in their demands for a wedding, I agreed to officiate a wedding ceremony. All of the operational droids in maintenance were in attendance. A solemn monotone hymn of "gonk" was sung by the audience (it was the only song all of the droids knew) and then the bride and groom marched down the aisle. It was a brief ceremony, with a few touching words by myself and a long-winded exchange of vows that was cut short by discharging a pistol into the ceiling.

As the happy couple made there way back down the aisle/parts corridor, my assistant tugged the lever I had instructed. Immediately, a 600 kilo degaussing magnet dropped from the ceiling and struck both bride and groom in the torso. Some minor mechanical damage was sustained by the two droids, but the real goal had been achieved: total memory wipe. As I propped the brain-dead droids against a cabinet, I believe I may have detected a slightly sad "gonk" coming from the malfunctioning EG-6 unit.

I have hundreds more boring tales I could relate to you. To summarize the events of the tour itself: we flew out to Corellia, we ran some patrol circuits looking for pirates, we chased a comet mistakenly believing it was a smuggler, we gave up in finding a smuggler or pirate and returned to Coruscant for repairs to the damage sustained when we chased the comet through a dense asteroid field. Other than the 9 people killed by the Emperor, no casualties were sustained and only two relationships were directly destroyed by my actions.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

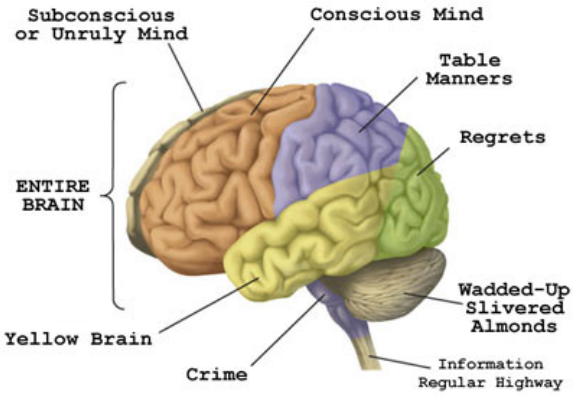
5.9 Think Smarter, Not... Whatever That Other Way Is

Tuesday, May 09, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

I was talking to my uncle the other day and he kept telling me that nobody in this country is thinking anymore, which got me thinking, because thinking is very important. It's one of those things you have to do all the time or you die, like eating or avoiding staring at your uncle's lazy eye. Dead people don't think because they can't-- that's why they're dead. Not everybody is dead however, and this article is intended to help alive folks learn a little more about that delicate thing inside their skulls that's ticking away day and night, being the only thing keeping them from joining Satan's minions forever in Hell. Welcome to the World of Thought!

Mental Breakdown

The mind is divided into two main parts, the left side is the conscious mind and the right side is the subconscious mind. The conscious mind is the friendly person you hear talking when you're thinking about things. For example, when your mind says, 'I shouldn't have put that money on the Mariners,' that is an example of a conscious thought. The subconscious mind dwells deep within your brain, down near the middle where it's hard to hear what it's saying. Down there also happens to be where your innermost and generally least appropriate thoughts live. Each of these two brains have their own talents and weaknesses, and you should know the right times to consult each.



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The two main brains are also divided into many sub-brains that contain everything including: your wants, needs, dreams, desires, sports trivia, recipes, memories of grandma getting drunk at a picnic when you were six, plans to fake your own death "just in case", favorite Babylon-5 quotes, songs that deal with fire safety, a continually-updated list of topical jokes you could tell should you ever happen to meet Jessica Alba, a datebook, emergency phone numbers, and a seemingly tacked-on calculator application that's pretty impractical to use. To get an idea at how the brain is divvied up, I included a brain map that I stole from some website. I think it was some Italian page because I have no idea what a "medulla oblongata" is and I had to fix it.

To illustrate how the nice brain and the nasty brain each work, here is a real world example of what might go on inside a human head during a particularly interesting situation:

Brain Scenario

> You are Mr. Cashflow, a wealthy banker in town. It's a lovely spring day and you're out in your finest suit and top hat enjoying the sights. Out on the avenue you bump into your good friend, Mr. Goodfriend, and his new ladyfriend, Ms. Lovelylady. As you two are being introduced, she puts her hand out for you to shake.
>
> **The Conscious Mind:**Wants you to become good friends. It decides the best course of action would be to shake her hand and smile politely.
>
> **Aftermath:** The two of you become friends and get to know each other on a first name basis.

The Subconscious Mind: Wants to get it on and compels you to hump her outstretched hand and arm.

Aftermath: Mr. Goodfriend hits you in the mouth and the two of them leave. He also never returns the lawn edger he was borrowing from you because he hates you now, and you want him to know you're sorry so you reference the event on a fairly popular Internet website in hopes that he reads it and knows you really didn't mean anything by it and will never do it again.

Some Common Brain Myths

Oh, it's true. There are some gross misconceptions about the brain still perpetuated in schools and books even today. Let's address some of them.

MYTH: Naming your son Brian will make him smarter because it's all the same letters as "brain" and in almost in the same order. Every time he writes his name the brain will think it's being cheered on and gain confidence.

TRUTH: Brian will know the difference between his name and the word "brain." If anything, Brian's brain will purposely get dumber to spite you.

MYTH: Your head sweat comes from the brain. You should try to save the sweat from your head and it drink back down so your brain doesn't run out of liquid to slosh around in. If the top part dries out you run the risk of losing the power to love.

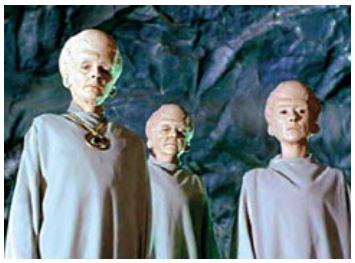
TRUTH: The brain makes its own juice. You do not need to drink your sweat.

MYTH: Scientists have discovered that the type of skeletons which chase people do, in fact, have brains.

TRUTH: Skeletons are far too scary to be studied.

The Un-as-of-yet-even-thought-of Country

The very best part of owning a brain is having your own ideas. I figured this out for myself when I hurt my back and crashed on the couch a few months ago. *Zardoz* came on and I couldn't reach the remote so I had to entertain myself using nothing but the power of my mind until the painkillers kicked in. I've found that when cooking up an idea in your skull cauldron, instead of just processing and interacting with what's going on around you, your brain becomes the star. It makes up its own rules... then breaks them! The only exception to the rule about making and breaking rules is you can't break those rules, and there's no exception to this exception. (Unless you're some kind of theoretical physicist or a philosophy major but those guys are looney tunes anyway.) The normal procedure for making ideas is as follows: Think of something you want, need, or just sounds good, then think of ways to make it better, then think about it again to make sure your new idea wouldn't injure or kill anyone. As an example, I'd like to present a few...



"You've heard of the seedless watermelon? Yeah, that was us."

Good Ideas My Brain Has Produced Recently

- Someone should make grilles for the fronts of cars that look like those huge old 1980's boomboxes and make it so they play music and everything.
- The world is ready for a techno remix of C.W. McCall's "Convoy."

- It would be fun to drive around in a car with a boombox for a grille blasting said remix.
- The next Star Trek movie should have the crew go back in time and save the world with help from the cast of *Home Improvement*. The last line could be Captain Picard saying, "All right everybody, let's go home. Augh augh augh-- I mean, engage." as he smiles wryly.
UPDATE: I have been informed that this one is actually a bad idea.

There you have it! That's pretty much what's going on less than 3 inches from under your nose! Armed with this fascinating knowledge, you are now ready to delve deep into that sludgy chasm you call a head and be the master of every situation, or pull out the next world-changing idea! But be warned, because with tons of brain power comes a whole lot of responsibility. I think Uncle Ben from Spider-Man said it best when he said, "Aaaahhhhhhhh, I'm dying! No!!!" because his brain had stopped working at that point. Uncle Ben is dead, you're not, so get out there and think!

-∼Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

5.10 A Timeline of Our Rising Gas Prices

Wednesday, May 10, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

As of today, it has been 65 million glorious years since the dinosaurs went extinct. Upon their tragic demise, the myriad dinosaur species roaming the planet magically melted into a black substance we call "petroleum," which, at present, is undeniably one of most important black substances on the face of the earth. Since those ancient dinosaur days of yore petroleum has grown to be of grave importance, mostly by fueling our modern way of life. In many ways the dinosaurs, like Jesus, died to give us a better world. Unfortunately Jesus did not turn into a worthwhile fuel source and that is why he will never have the lasting impact of the *Tyrannosaurus Rex.*

As of my writing this, a gallon of gas costs roughly $3 USD, putting it on par with a half gallon of most verities of juice. Juice, while often even more expensive than gas, is not consumed as readily and does not smell as good. Also it does nothing to get your car moving, so therefore gas is still a much better liquid than juice. Still, it certainly helps distract attention away from how expensive gas is to point out that there are other liquids that cost more than gas. Do you feel relief at the pump yet? No? Shit, sorry.

However, the need for lots of gallons of gas places a horrifying bitch of a strain on the average traveling American, forcing him or her to make unwanted sacrifices such as "cut down on driving" or "take public transit, which is cheap, economical, and smart." Both of these options are unacceptable in the long run as they take away precious freedom, the very cornerstone of our pretend way of life.

But what you may be surprised to know in all of this is that gas prices have been steadily rising since the dawn of time. In fact, one could argue that gas has been increasing in value even before the concept of value was around to be used for such things. Using a few of the books I haven't yet burned for warmth, I was able to put together the following timeline outlining the outrageous but steady increase in gas prices from the beginning to the inevitable forecasted end.

65,000,000 B.C. – Dinosaurs die, and through a series of completely mind-blowing events, are combined with mud and compressed into oil by natural geologic activity. The result creates a black liquid that is initially valueless due to a lack of oil pumps as well as the general absence of Texans and Arabs to exploit it.

300 A.D. – The Chinese begin drilling for oil, unaware of what it actually is. Over time they construct elaborate bamboo pipelines and use the oil for evaporating brine and making salt, which they then presumably put on top of delicious Chinese food. Oil increases in value as a byproduct of the Salt Wars, which devastated much of Asia until the Pepper Dynasty came to power and eased the spicy political situation.

700 – Baghdad's streets are paved with tar, which is produced from nearby oil fields. Baghdad's glory days quickly wither as the great city is brought down over centuries by genies, skeletons, and eventually Americans. Both the skeletons and Americans were motivated by oil, but for different purposes. The skeletons simply required lubrication for their dry joints.

800 – 1800 – Oil fields are established in the Middle East and Asia to pump precious oil out of the ground to be used for all sorts of things, the vast majority of which involve fire and hot times. Oil quickly catches on as a valuable commodity but because this is pre-inflation times we can only guess that it was probably worth a lot of whatever it was

they used for money back then. I'm pretty sure it was gold falcon eggs but that may have just been a tall tale someone told me.

1800 – The first modern oil well is drilled in Russia, however it is quickly covered by an ill-placed series of blocks, which were not cleared away until some time later. At this time oil is worth the 1848 equivalent of $1 USD a barrel, which, as everyone knows, is three gold falcon eggs. Not long after that a means of creating kerosene out of petroleum is discovered, ushering in a bold new era in oil consumption. Refineries are quickly built throughout the world as knowledge spreads like the terrible virus it is. Oil becomes valuable in real money, though it is still not as crucial as coal or as coveted as gold falcon eggs. Toward the end of this century, automobiles come into existence and signal exciting new frontiers in oil usage for the common man.

1900 – Throughout this century oil prices rise violently, prompted by advancing transportation technology and later by the TV series "Knight Rider," which inspired people to finally embrace automobiles and made David Hasselhoff a key player in the petroleum industry (He was made an honorary member of OPEC). Prior to that, oil enjoyed brief but modest attention as a vital component of several major wars in addition to being a major plot device in the TV show "The Beverley Hillbillies." During this century oil went from being roughly $.25 USD a jar (barrels were not invented until 1941 by German Scientists) to close to $30 a barrel.

2000-Present – Oil prices steadily increase as demand grows, fuel-inefficient vehicles become popular, supply wanes, and global instability flourishes. To solve this America elects a failed oil tycoon and invades an oil-rich nation, making it more unstable. Oil prices steadily climb each year to the present average price of $2.909/gallon. One gallon of gas is now worth more than a pack of hot dogs or an entire pack of pens that could theoretically be used to write the world's greatest novel or the next important chapter of the Bible (featuring the part where Jesus finally triumphs over the *Tyrannosaurus Rex* in battle).

Present-2024 – The rapid decline in oil supplies causes modern civilization to crumble, allowing a barbaric world to take form where human life is just another commodity to be bought and sold. By 2008, oil prices increase to 10 virgins a barrel, and increases to 200 by 2023. In 2024 giant, genetically engineered frogs that belch super-heated plasma spheres destroy human life.

Now that we understand the problem, we can address the cause of it. I propose any of the following

solutions to help instantly cure or indefinitely postpone the Oil Crisis:

- Have your car towed by six glorious white horses, each one more pretty than the last.
- Buy a pair of roller skates and then, with your grappling hook, latch onto semi trucks and enjoy the open road as never before.
- Make voice powered cars that are fueled by human screams.
- Kill all hippies and steal their silly bio-diesel vehicles.
- Ride on the backs of giant, genetically engineered frogs (coming soon).
- A car that runs on Pabst Blue Ribbon????
- Become a nation of fat shut-ins.

All and all, I think we can nip this problem before it gets out of hand. Sure, we've been taking advantage of oil for centuries now, but any of the options outlined above should get things under control until we can save up the money to invade a few more countries, thus finally securing all the oil we need to build the utopian world of dreams that we've been talking about for so many eons.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.11 People Who Should Get Off The Internet

Thursday, May 11, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

***Note:** You're one of them.

You know it's the right thing to do.

The Internet has come a long way. It is now the number 1 thing humans use in their daily lives surpassing even that of oxygen and brains. What started as a small experimental network for military communication has expanded into a powerful tool millions of Americans use to update their MySpace profiles. The sole purpose of this vast network of computers and servers is to get as many people as possible to add you to your friends list and the person with the most friends at the end of the month will win a prize hog.

There's trouble in paradise unfortunately. We are now on the cusp of Internet overpopulation. There are just way too many people buzzing around online and they all share an equal opportunity to post their innermost thoughts and make web sites. Once upon a time web sites were reserved for only the smartest and most socially inept nerds that knew complex HTML code and how to jam a modem into an ISA slot with their fat sausage fingers. All was well, that is, until evil Internet service companies, in their quest for the almighty dollar, made getting online *easy to do...*

Soon everyone was getting online. Morons, perverts, and even women were logging onto the information superhighway. Sites such as Geocities and Tripod made it easy for anyone to create a web site which paved the way for numerous Dragon Ball Z and Small Wonder fanzines.

Now with the advent of MySpace people don't even make personal web sites anymore. With a simple click of a button complex algorithms assemble random jumbles of HTML code to create incomprehensible pages called "profiles" for people to post what drugs they took at what club last night for a potential employer to read and enjoy.

The truth is that the Internet has gotten way too easy. Anyone can get online and start flinging their cybershit at 100 miles per hour without a care in the world. It used to be that you had to find an init string for your modem to dial up a server. I still don't know what the hell AT&FX4&A3&B1&D2&H1&I0&K1&M4S7=60 means.

I somehow managed to get online and when I did I behaved myself. I earned my place through hard work and sheer determination. When my phone jack broke I strung together four old modems to connect my computer to the phone jack in the kitchen so I could download gifs of naked ladies at a snail's pace with my little 14.4 modem. Oh U.S. Robotics, you got me through some tough puberty I'll tell ya that much.

Now with always-on DSL connections getting online and posting U DUM ASSH*LE GOKU-SAN CAN BEAT VEGITA ANYDAY U F*KKEN NUBSAUCE on an Internet forum is never more than seconds away. I too have felt the urge to engage in insane arguments about cartoon characters but when computers were computers it was always too much of a pain in the ass to do so. Now it's easier than ever to put any insane idea that comes into your head online for everyone to see!

Case in point. I present the William Hung Cooking Show.

> *Welcome to the William Hung Cooking Show's center for delish cooking! Here we make all sorts of gormet goods and tape it on are extreme chick/broken video camera for you to enjoy! Go to all of are clicky clickables and watch are videos or really anything you'd like!*

But make sure to sign the guest book (as soon as we get it!)! HAVE FUN CHICKING AROUND!!!

The concept is simple. It's a cooking show that is posted on the Internet for your enjoyment. I don't know what it has to do with William Hung but it has everything to do with a lack of shame. Have a look at my favorite episode here.

Are they speaking English in that video? Are they speaking any language? Can you tell me what the hell is going on here? Is it some kind of cooking cult? It's just a bunch of insane kids shouting nonsensical gibberish while preparing some kind of Duncan Hines recipe for moist cake. It's creepy as hell. It seriously scares me and makes me afraid for my life. And it wouldn't have happened if computers and the Internet didn't make it so easy to make and publish videos! I made videos on my parent's camcorder ten times worse than this. They were mind-numbingly bad. But I could never figure out how to put them on the Internet!

In the good old days if you wanted to make something on video first you had to find some film. Then you had to shoot on that film. To edit scenes you had to physically cut the film and piece it back together. To get people to watch your video you had to either get it into a video store or on TV. It was a giant pain in the ass. You would only go through it if you had a really good idea.

Now every kid in the world has these Apple iMacs and video editing software suites that practically make the film for you! All you have to say is, "Computer, make me a retarded video" and before you can say "NO DON'T", you have an instant Internet video ready for the world to see. I don't understand programs that want to put a laptop in the hands of every child. I want to take laptops away from every child! Read a book you damn kids! You can play Math Blaster when you get to the computer lab. That's what it's for.

When something is hard to do it usually keeps people who are not good at that thing from doing it. Take myself for example. I wanted to learn the piano. I got a little keyboard and a how-to book and tried my hand at it. It was a train wreck. I had no clue what I was doing. I couldn't get my right hand to work independently of my left hand. My playing was terrible and I didn't want to put the time into it to get good. I ended up quitting and went back to watching cartoons.

Get your hands off the keyboard! You are under arrest for dumb Internet crap!

The difficulty of the piano kept me from making a fool out of myself in public. Nobody in their right mind would let me into a concert hall to play in front of an audience. But in the online world the Internet is the concert hall and they let in millions of stupid pianists who only know how to play a few notes of the Jurassic Park theme every single day.

It's bad, people. That's why I am calling on everyone who should not be on the Internet to leave voluntarily. Don't fight it. Don't argue. Just go. You know who you are. For those that don't I have created a helpful guide.

I give you the following list that will no doubt surpass PC Gamer's top 100 video games and Cat Fancy's top 50 scratching posts as the most controversial list to ever hit the newsstands. The following people should get off the Internet.

- Anyone who waited eight hours in line for an Xbox 360.
- People who get aroused by balloons.
- People who check their MySpace account on a library computer.

- People who decide it is a good idea to edit a Wikipedia article about Miles "Tails" Prower to read, "TAILS IS A FAGGOT BUT SONIC DOESN'T MIND".
- The person who guards the Wikipedia article about Tails with their life and reverts it back to the previous version less than two minutes after it is vandalized.
- Anyone who uses Wikipedia.
- ANYONE WHO THINKS JOHN HEDER IS FUNNY. FUCK.
- Those who reacted to the recent Sony Playstation 3 press conference more strongly than they did when a member of their family died.
- Any couple whose wedding picture is actually a screenshot of their World of WarCraft characters.
- Fully grown adults who like to wear diapers and act like babies and shit themselves in their diaper and make sure there are pictures of it for everyone to enjoy.
- People who have signed an online petition to get Arrested Development back on the air.
- Anyone who watches a TV show while posting about it on an Internet forum with others who are also watching the same show in real-time.
- Women who dress up their still-born fetuses in their Sunday best and post pictures of them on a web site complete with angel poems, bad clipart, and midi renditions of Bette Midler's "The Wind Beneath My Wings".
- DID YOU EVER KNOW THAT YOU'RE MY HERO
- People who made a really embarrassing Geocities web site about Sonic the Hedgehog when they were 14 and they forgot the password to their account so they can't delete it and all their friends make fun of them even though I tell them to stop. Sigh.
- Webmasters who charge $10 to post on an Internet forum. $5 for an avatar.
- Writers who make a list of people who should not be on the Internet.
- People who ever cheated in an online video game.
- People who care about players who cheat in online video games so much that it makes them SO ANGRY RARRR.
- Artists that draw web comics about girls on their period and how much of a raging terror they can be at that time of the month!
- Anyone who is waiting patiently for the next World of WarCraft patch that *finally* fixes paladins or some other gay RPG crap. I don't know ask Abraham.
- People who draw pictures of furry foxes buttfucking each other and have milk shooting out of their breasts and the breasts are not breasts but penises.
- Newgrounds.
- People who defend pedophilia art sites by suggesting that it is merely a sexual orientation and the sooner society accepts it the better off we will be.
- People who regularly use the phrases, "heh", "amusing", and "Quite honestly" in their forum posts.
- People who have been connected to an IRC chat room for 72 hours in a row and didn't type a single thing in that entire time span.
- People who are seriously considering buying this book.
- Everyone else.

There, that should get rid of everyone who is ruining the Internet. And then, when everyone is gone, only the chosen one will be left...

And only then will the Internet evolve into what it was truly intended to be.

- The Truth Shall Set You Free

Click here to learn how much I love Rosie O'Donnell and how I intend to make all that is wrong right in the world with Rosie's teachings.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

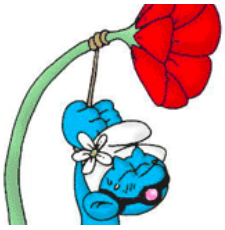
5.12 The 2006 Gokus - Erotic Fanfiction Awards Scorecard

Friday, May 12, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The time of year has come once again to hand out the Gokus. This prestigious award is presented by the Academy for Erotic Fanfiction Arts and Sciences and winners are decided by Academy members. Something Awful is pleased to offer a scorecard of nominees for your own personal use, a Goku party or your office's Goku pool. Pick the winners carefully; there is an especially competitive field this year.

Best Solo/Masturbation Fanfic

"The Big Green Big Date" - *Carla Apple*
Sample: "Shrek worked his middle finger in up to the fat second knuckle. The butter oozed out of his clenching bung and he pounded his meaty truncheon with the fury of a thousand suns."



"Gandalf's Revenge" - *Jeanne Stapleton*
Sample: "Gandalf the Gray grunted as his balls vibrated and jazzum [sic] launched from his meaty staff into the bubbling cauldron with a spray of fire and sweat fell from his face. Frodo would pay for his insolence when this potion was ready."

"Aeroflotsam" - *Arturo Vencarluzi*
Sample: "Helen arched her back and bit her lip as orgasms shot through her like lightning bolts hitting a sensual lightning rod. Her clitoris was fully stimulated and pleasure crackled through her like lightning. She cried out and knocked the last of the ketchup bottles off the lunch counter. Lowell watched from the shadows with his meaty lightning rod engorged with blood."

Most Original Fanfic Premise

BART! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HOME? I THOUGHT YOU TOLD MOM THAT YOU HAD A JOB.
CORRECTION LISA. I TOLD MOM I HAD A WAY TO MAKE MONEY.
WHY DON'T YOU GO ON UPSTAIRS AND I'LL COME UP AND EXPLAIN.

"Baby's Wild Day Out" - *Cynthia Harlow*
Sample: "Baby Bink pulled his diaper to one side to unleash his meaty snake. He cooed with pleasure as he thrust into the unconscious prostitute. The zipper of her crop-top entranced him as he hammered her with the burning passions of the fire of the forge of Hephaestus."

"Spearing Miss Daisy" - *Roger Horvath*
Sample: "Hoke pressed his weight against Daisy and her arthritic hips creaked with ecstasy. 'Say,' he paused to hammer deep inside

her dried apricot folds, 'say nigger... fuck me.' He yanked her hair and pounded harder when she resisted."

"The Erotic Schoolbus" - *Luanne Vernon-Clay*
Sample: "Miss Valerie Frizzle ground down hard against the immense swell of the clitoris. Her groans of white-hot pleasure echoed through the cavernous vagina beneath her as the kids slid along the oozing gash canal. 'Not all girls can squirt like that!' She advised the children as she hopped down from her perch and straightened her sex-stained dress. 'Now, let's explore deeper into the G-spot.'"

Best Crossover Fanfic

"Conner Scratch Fever" - *Peter Rollins*
Sample: "Roseanne sprawled across the kitchen table, her tongue quivering deep inside Jackie's sun-hot cooter. Roseanne moaned loudly and nibbled on Jackie's cooter lips as Lion-O thrust deep into Roseanne one last time and then growled with pleasure as he shot megaloads into Roseanne's cooter. Dan also had orgasms into Cheetara's butthole and DJ came on her, meaning Cheetara's, face."

"Gremlins: The Masquerade Shatters" - *Vickie Hoosier*
Sample: "They knew they had to stop the Sabbat from taking over Los Angeles, but their pleasure was too hot, like the sun that would burn her to ash, but for Gizmo was just the dawn of a new day. She writhed beneath him as his huge throbby dick worked into her and she drank his blood which was aroused and inflamed with fiery hot pleasure. When he pulled out to use his tongue on her she pushed him away, 'no time, we have to go stop the Sabbat... and no food after midnight.' Hey cooed and thrust his dick into her hungry hot burning mouth."

"Room for Goku" - *Jeanne Stapleton*
Sample: "Just as Goku completed the transformation to super saiyan he orgasmed huge balls of sperm into Max Headroom's mouth. Edison Carter finished recording the sexual scene and turned the camera on himself. 'Live and direct I am... oh... ohhhh, coming in gohan's butt!' Network 23's ratings reached an all time high that night and Goku became a star reporter."

Best Self-Insertion Fanfic

"Todd's New Power" - *Todd Augustine*
Sample: "Todd ran his fingers down Starfire's boobs and she quivered as a thousand orgasms shot through her boobs and down to her pussy. 'This is my new power,' said Todd, 'the power to give you excuisite [sic] pleasure.' There was a woosh and Raven flew in on a hover disc 'not so fast, Todd!' she yelled with a yawp. 'Yes, so fast, Raven!' Todd replied and sent a beam of orgasms hurtling out of his fingertips and into her pussy and she collapsed."

"Down the Rabbit Hole" - *Felix Oppenheimer*
Sample: "Felix bit down on the leather strap as Bugs buried his meaty rod deep inside Felix's burning ass. It was like being skewered with a rod made out of meat and fire. Felix wanted to cry out but Daffy was maneuvering his cock into Felix's mouth. Porky giggled as the lash bit hot crackling blood across Felix's bare back. Marvin the Martian waited impatiently for his turn at one of Felix's searing rabbit holes."

"The Dream Clock: An Erotic Novella (Chapter 8)" - *Vanessa James*

Sample: "Vanessa placed the clock on her night stand. She didn't have time to think about some fake magical clock, she had a lot of cleaning up to do and the house had gotten really messy since she broke her ankle on the steps. Then suddenly the house was clean. It was the clock! Vanessa looked at herself in the mirror and she was skinny. All of the weight she had gained while she was laid up with her broken ankle had disappeared and she was skinny and had perfect shaped bosoms. The door slammed shut and Vanessa thought it was her abusive husband, Phil, but it wasn't. It was Constable Benton Fraser of the TV show Due South! 'I have arrested your husband and you are so beautiful I am going to marry you and also pee on you like you want.' Vanessa unzipped his pants."

With such an exciting lineup of top-shelf nominees it's hard to decide who will win this year's batch of Gokus. Keep reading, keep writing and remember: next year it could be you behind that podium giving the "thank you" speech.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.13 Red Phone Diaries

Saturday, May 13, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Batman: Hello Commissioner Gordon. What's the emergency?

Gordon: Oh, I just wanted to make sure this phone worked. You know, take it on its maiden voyage. Hah.

Batman: This is the third time you've called me since the phone has been installed, it's hardly a maiden voyage. Or an emergency. Which is what this line is for.

Gordon: Ah, yes. It is something though, isn't it? Being able to contact you immediately just by picking up a red phone in my office. No numbers to memorize and dial! I wish I had a phone for everyone I knew. I'd have one on my desk for my wife, one for my assistant, one for the pizza place, one for-

Batman: If there's no crisis, I really should get back to waxing the Batmobile.

Gordon: I wonder what would happen if I had a red phone for me. If I picked it up to call me, would I answer?

Batman: (sighs)

Gordon: Or would that create some sort of loop in the space time thingy?

Batman: Continuum?

Gordon: Yes, I will continue, thank you. It seems to me that a man calling himself with one of these phones could cause all sorts of trouble. We need to keep this technology from falling into the hands of our enemies, Batman.

Batman: I don't think you have to worry about that.

Gordon: Of course not, not with you protecting the city. Hey, how would you like to come over to my place tonight? I need a hand painting the guest room.

Batman: Sorry sir, I'd love to but I can't.

Gordon: Why not?

Batman: I'm... on the case we just discussed. Making sure that no villains call themselves.

Gordon: That can probably wait until tomorrow.

Batman: No. Crime never rests, Commissioner.

Batman: Yes, Gordon?

Gordon: Batman, thank goodness you answered! The Riddler used some sort of strange ray gun on me, leaving me completely paralyzed! As he was leaving I heard him say that the only way to

counter the ray's effect is for you to give me a foot massage.

Batman: Is that so?

Gordon: Yes, with the scented oils and everything. It's all very disturbing. Please hurry!

Batman: There's absolutely no one around to help you, say, pick up a phone?

Gordon: No one at all.

Batman: You're completely paralyzed, yes? All the muscles in your body, even your face and mouth?

Gordon: Completely.

Batman: So how is it that you're speaking to me right now?

Gordon: Don't be ridiculous, I've known how to speak since I was practically twelve years old. You've seen me speak!

Batman: You are aware that I dropped the Riddler off at Arkham Asylum no more than an hour ago, are you not?

Gordon: Good lord, he must have gotten his hands on some sort of time travel device! This is a much more dire situation than we had thought. You'd better get over here and massage my feet before he strikes again.

Batman: Doing that would be pointless if he has a time travel device, since he could simply travel to the moment after I leave your office and paralyze you again.

Gordon: Then don't leave me. Don't you ever leave me.

Batman: That would only be giving him what he wants, keeping me occupied while he wreaks havok on Gotham. I think the best course of action is to just wait this out. You stay there and I'll spring into action if he shows up anywhere else in the city.

Gordon: Could you at least send Robin?

Batman: This had better be good.

Gordon: Yes, hello! I'm looking at my phone bill and something is not quite right.

Batman: I think you're mistaken. My costume is meant to conjure up the visage of a bat, not that of a customer service representative.

Gordon: No, it's the bill for this line. I assumed that my calls to you would be local but I've been charged an outrageous sum. The bill says I've called outside the city lines to "Stately Wayne Manor" a total of three hundred times this month.

Batman: I see.

Gordon: Batman, I'm going to ask you a very straightforward question. I want you to answer me truthfully.

Batman: I won't lie to you, Gordon. Ask of me what you will and we'll take it from there.

Gordon: Is your last name Manor?

Batman: Excuse me?

Gordon: You heard me. Is your name Stately Wayne Manor or is it not?

Batman: No. My name is not Stately Wayne Manor.

Gordon: You're telling the truth, I can tell. I'm like a human lie detector test with a face.

Batman: So what about that bill?

Gordon: Oh, I'll just pay it. It's the taxpayers' money anyway.

Muffled Voice: Hey, do you want... ah... pizza? (laughter)

Batman: No thank you, Commissioner Gordon. Is there something I can help you with?

Muffled Voice: This is the, umm, pizza place. If you aren't going to place an order we'll uh... have no choice but to... no, I'm kidding.

Batman: Thank you for admitting that.

Muffled Voice: This is actually the hospital. We're calling to inform you that sadly, your parents have been hit by a, um, canoe. They didn't make it. The pizza joke was standard procedure. We try to loosen people up with humor before we tell them the bad news.

Batman: Gordon, I am going to hang up now.

Gordon: What makes you so sure it's me?

Batman: Well for one I'm the greatest detective in the world.

Gordon: And... ?

Batman: Then there's the fact that this phone only rings when the corresponding phone in your office is picked up.

Gordon: Yes... ?

Batman: Just a few moments ago you said "What makes you so sure it's me?" instead of "What makes you so sure this is Commissioner Gordon?"

Gordon: Uh huh... ?

Batman: You also stopped disguising your voice.

Gordon: None of this will stand up in court. I'll see you in hell.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.14 Celebrity Call Center

Sunday, May 14, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Like anyone who first takes the baby steps out of college and into the real world, a lot of my thoughts lately have involved the questions: why did everything suddenly became so goddamned expensive, and where did all my money go? These questions are the dual pillars of my existence and the twin suns around which my Tatooine of bankruptcy circles. To alleviate this problem, I have taken a second job at a call center catering to celebrities. That last sentence was the only important thing in the paragraph but I couldn't think of a better way to work into it.

The job is very simple. Celebrities of all kinds call with whatever problems they think we can handle and I answer them, often hitting mute and making fun of them to alleviate the boredom. Once I put Tom Cruise on hold for ten minutes while I ate a frozen Snickers bar. Ha ha! That'll show him for making personal decisions that I don't approve of involving his love life and religion!

In any case, because this job has taken up such a large part of my time, I found myself without a Something Awful article on the day it had to be uploaded. So, as an apology, and in order to fill up the space, I am just going to type up a few random call reports I snuck out of work. Please don't tell anyone, I don't think I was supposed to do this.

- **Caller's Initial Disposition:** A little high and a little drunk
- **Caller's Final Disposition:** A little crunk.
- **Call Report:** Caller was given standard greeting, but this was ignored. Instead, caller made some kind of animal roar before informing me that any confidential information given during the course of our communication was only to fuck it up just a little for his real niggas. I gave verbal agreement to this arrangement.

Busta Rhymes

At this point, caller relayed certain instructions involving the movement of my neck which I assumed were facetious unless he had murderous intent towards this intake representative. I told him that I had noted the instructions but could not perform any out of procedure actions without review from my supervisors. This was presumably accepted by the caller, since he responded only by shouting "Here we go." and launching into an explanation of his problem.

Unfortunately, the caller was speaking much faster than I could follow for the purposes of resolving any immediate issues. He was, in fact, speaking faster than any caller I've gotten in the eight years I've manned this call center. He was even faster than that one kind of dorky sounding guy who warned me several times that he would be speaking extremely fast before saying "It's been one week," and then talking maybe a little faster than average for about ten seconds. The effort of which reduced him to gasping breathes for a period of several minutes.

In any case, when I informed the caller that he would have to talk slower, he responded by slowing down for a few scattered words here and there, mostly spoken at an extremely inappropriate volume. I managed with some effort to extract the gist of the call, which was that someone had fucked with the caller's Flipmode family ties. I will admit I was relieved to be able to inform him that beefs are handled in a different regional department, and that I would transfer him right away.

Before I did, he asked me to take the recording of the call and bang it out my trunk. I replied

that I did not own a car and biked to work. Caller agreed that bike riding was a cleaner form of transportation and a good way to keep the body in shape, and furthermore said that if more people rode bikes we would perhaps be leaving a better world to our children and the children of our children. I would describe the caller's tone here as wistful.

I put through the transfer and advised the other department as to the situation. Caller thanked me then made a loud noise I can best describe as "ah-hoo." Call successfully terminated.

- **Caller:** Lindsey Lohan
- **Caller's Initial Disposition:** Vacantly cheerful
- **Caller's Final Disposition:** Vacantly cheerful
- **Call Report:** Caller introduced herself and asked for help with a make-up problem. I gave the standard disclaimer for this situation and begin reading from the Celebrity Make-up Manual, Section R-14: Transitioning Young Sluts. As she prepared to individually bleach every hair on her body for the fifth time this day, she requested a looks verification procedure. I performed the procedure, telling her that yes, s/he was very beautiful/handsome.

See, I'm just glad that there are some girls like this who are willing to stay curvy in an all too skinny hollywood.

To my bad luck, she made the logical connection between youth and beauty while still on the phone with me and initiated a lengthy poetic dialogue on this subject. The call went on and on as I read off the answers from the Celebrity Introspection Manual, Section L-3: But What Of The Cherry Tree As Spring Fades Into Summer And Finally Cruel Autumn? Here is a sample from this call:

Caller asked me: "Youth is a fading flame, already inches from a driving rain. Is this true?"

I responded, as per protocol: "Youth is the lacy veil on a wedding's day, protecting the sweet innocence it contains, but also constraining its escape into the world of true feelings."

Caller continued: "If only I could live forever, or burn like phoenix and in burning turn back time to drink from that eternal spring of life again."

Me again: "But eternal youth is but another name for stagnation, for age is change and change is another word for life."

Caller: "But what of the cherry tree as spring fades into summer and finally cruel autumn?"

Me: "It gets ugly and no one likes it anymore."

After continuing along in this line for quite some time, she suddenly squealed in a manner that forced temporary removal of my ear piece. "Oh my gawd, Frankie Muniz is here I have to finish getting ready!!!!" she said, before hanging up without so much as a thank you, leaving me to fill out an exception form to explain the hour and a half I spent on the call. Call successfully terminated.

- **Caller:** M. Night Shyamalan
- **Caller's Initial Disposition:** Stylish and entertaining.
- **Caller's Final Disposition:** Let down, disappointing, kinda surprising I guess.
- **Call Report:** Caller contacted me with a request for good Italian restaurants in his area. I acknowledged the request and begin to search through my database. Caller added: "Be sure to pick somewhere that serves martini with a *twist* of lime." I informed him that I would screen for that. The line had been quiet for approximately 30 seconds as I examined the records when suddenly the caller shouted "SURPRISE!"

As my headset had been turned up to a fairly good volume, the sudden voice caused significant pain to my ears, as well as a severe loss of concentration. Caller just laughed in the following way "Huh huh huh huh!"

"Oh man," he said, "there was no way you could have seen that coming." I asked him if he would like to hear the list of restaurants at that point. "I even put clues to it," the caller continued, "like when I said *twist* do you remember that? Play the recording of this call back and you'll hear it and just think whoa, why didn't I see that the first time. Hoo boy." Caller then started that annoying laugh again. I informed him that I could wait up to two minutes for him to finish. He laughed for a minute fifty.

The caller finally stopped laughing enough to say "oh man I can't get enough of that" and then hung up without actually receiving any information about the restaurants. This call left me surprised, certainly, but also wondering what the point of it was outside of that single moment of shock, and whether a call based around such a primitive prank had really been worth sitting through. Call successfully terminated.

I just know that somebody who knows somebody who knows somebody is going to see these reports that I sneaked out and get me either fired or thrown in jail. So if this is the last time I am able to contact you via this website, then I am sorry. Please contact me at maxnmona@somethingawful.com for further information about contributing to my defense fund.

Daily Dirt

Ok I was too tired to add a Daily Dirt last night but here is some morning edition dirt for you all.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

5.15 Suburban Living Report

Monday, May 15, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The suburbs are beloved by aerial photographers with OCD.

Two weeks ago I took my traumatic first steps into the suburban lifestyle. My fiancée and I relocated from our increasingly cramped apartment in Chicago to one of Chicago's many suburbs. It was a difficult decision to leave the city that we both love, but obviously if the city loved us back it would do so by offering a real estate market where houses cost less than a million dollars.

We left the city, fleeing from a neighborhood that had, after many years as a ghetto, finally begun to gentrify. For those of you not familiar with that term, it is the process through which non-white neighborhoods are gradually transformed into white neighborhoods. If it makes you feel better, you can pretend that it's something more complex involving economics and pie charts. Something about the number of times a pimp gets shot in the throat in an alley and the number of SUVs inside fenced parking. I'm a little rusty on my econ 101.

The process of extricating ourselves from the city and our overcrowded apartment was not particularly pleasant. It took a month to pack our huge heaps of junk into boxes or throw away the unbelievable amounts of shit we had accumulated in our closets.

Our house was full of boxes...and GHOSTS!

Nearly 30 Japanese porno DVDs. I know that sounds like a travesty, but they were review copies that I had stuck in the closet because I had either reviewed them already for SA or passed them over for a review. Making matters worse, the ceiling of our closet had exploded in a freak lightning strike and everything in that closet was covered with an extremely fine (and probably toxic) layer of dust and grit. Cleaning that stuff off of clothes and old books was about as fun as sandblasting my testicles, trying to get that shit off DVDs without damaging them was out of the question.

Our hideous couch. I have seen superfund sites cleaner than that thing. There were stains on the cushions that looked like henna maps or like some asshole had just whipped used tea bags across the whole thing. Even worse, a cat peed on that couch. Nothing smells more horrible than cat piss. Don't even try to tell me otherwise. I will hotbox the toe of a corpse dredged out of the Amazon before I'd take a deep breath of cat piss vapor. Nevertheless, someone was walking off with the cushions while we were still bringing down the feet for the couch.

The hobo prize. Over the years I had amassed a respectable collection of fine liquors. Rather than take all of that collection with us, I decided to dispose of any bottles that were less than half full. I could have just dumped them down the sink, but we had a crazy hunchbacked mumbling hobo in the neighborhood that tore through all of the garbage and knew everything about everyone. I wanted him to remember me fondly. So I placed all of the booze in a big plastic bag and then placed that in a box. I left it next to, rather than inside, the trashcans behind our apartment as a sort of farewell and peace offering to the hobo that probably knows my Social Security number. There was

easily two gallons of top shelf hard liquor in that box, so I either transformed him into the hobo equivalent of Bill Gates or I killed him with kindness.

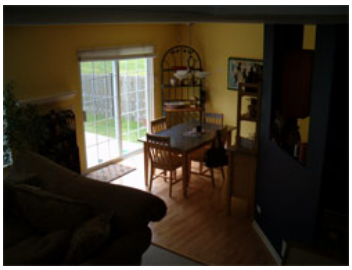
Once all that stuff (and much more) had been junked, the move was smooth sailing. Well, not smooth sailing, but it wasn't too bad. With the help of a moving crew, the boxes of stuff that had been in our apartment were in a house somewhere else. Since that first night in the new house, staring at the teetering Tetris heaps of boxes in our downstairs, I have learned many things about home ownership and suburban living. You can expect to spend a lot more money than the ridiculous amount you just spent on the house. Once you're moved in, you'll realize you need all sorts of things you never needed in an apartment.

Yeah, I'd like a cream-filled double glazed eclair with a large sundae.

The obvious big purchase would be a washer and a dryer, but then you've got a lawn mower, weed whacker, vacuum cleaner and some sort of weapon to defend your new house. My first choice was a gun, something huge that could blow dolphin-sized holes in engine blocks, but I hate waiting for anything so I went to Home Depot and picked up a trident. They like to call it some other nonsensical word like a picklefork or something, but it's a trident. Dare to trespass on my new property and you will find yourself pinned to a tree by my mighty war trident! As an aside, Home Depot really needs to work on stocking more of those weighted nets you can throw at people.

Mowing my own lawn for the first time was a real shock to the system. Not that it was that horrible, although it was that, but mowing my lawn did not cause brick planters, tulips and statues to shoot up out of the ground like all my neighbors had. My next door neighbor has at least half of their entire lot devoted to brick planters for flowers, trees and gardens. If they could somehow put their driveway in a brick planter I'm sure they would. I wondered how every person on my block could have such a fabulous lawn while mine was a mulched heap of dandelion stems. Then I realized that racial stereotypes are true: everyone in my neighborhood is Mexican and they all have green thumbs.

It's probably not fair to assume that they're all gardeners and groundskeepers, but I'm going to go ahead and do that anyway. Having made an ass out of "u" and "med," I was even more confused. I would have thought they'd have really plain yards after planting roses all day long. Like chefs who come home from cooking at a three star restaurant to chow down on a microwave hot pocket. But these guys are animals. They have grass the color of an evergreen forest and not a weed in sight. Their patios and walkways are like some Babylonian hanging garden or French estate. Every morning my neighbor has some new tree or elaborate brickwork decoration. It's maddening. I couldn't keep up with that degree of landscaping if I were doing it in the Sims.



The boxes are now gone, but the ghosts still lurk in the cameras!

Probably the most horrifying thing I have learned since moving to the suburbs is that suburbia conspires to make you fat. In the city, going out to eat is an undertaking. You worry about losing your sweet parking space. You have to bust out Google Maps and navigate your way through bumper-to-bumper traffic and then either risk a ticket by parking in a tow zone or pay ten dollars to park in a private lot.

The suburbs are laid out as a giant feeding trough. There is one restaurant after another, after another, after another and they're all on the same street. In some places they blur together into

one super restaurant. There are ice cream shops inside doughnut shops and hot dog stands inside fish shops. There is a Dairy Queen so close to me that I could probably pay them to subscribe to Blizzards. You sacrifice some of the variety and a lot of the quirkiness of the city's superior dining establishments, but you gain a huge lardy wheelbarrow full of pizzas and subs and whatever other cheese-covered food your arteries could crave.

Two weeks in and the towers of boxes have at least been moved into places where you're not supposed to sit. The process of unpacking them all will be akin to excavating a pharaoh's tomb, but we're settling in. Our belts are loosened, our lawn is shameful, but god damn it all, I like the suburbs.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.16 District Bulletin: Wanted Offenders

Tuesday, May 16, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the District Bulletin series.

In the interest of preserving our district's pleasance, please tarry a moment to internalize this dispatch. The ensuing pages present a list of the most sought-after offenders in our district. If you, your companion or your extended herd should be so misfortunate as to spy one of the upcoming villains, please contain your alarm until you can safely reach a district haven. Once inside the haven, please holler until you are comforted by a superior.

Be aware, you, that offering food, comfort, or commerce to any published villain will make you yourself an offender.

I) Ben Bazane
Genital Allegiance: Male
Stature: 175.26 Centimeters and quite round, like a fat hen
Eyeballs: Turbid

Ben Bazane

Ben Bazane is sought by the district for sixteen offences of rudeness and social disgrace. If you are carrying a lady, please be duly aware that Ben Bazane has offended nine times against carried ladies and four times against the men or subladies who carry the ladies. He is a man of peculiar lusts and must be avoided. Consider Ben Bazane a potential harm to your sensibilities and the emotions of you and your carried lady. Ben Bazane's misdeeds include:

- Lascivious barking near a lady or child
- Ingratitude toward his betters
- Public languishing
- Licking his fat fingers so rudely
- Disgusting largesse, often beyond his means
- More lascivious barking again
- Refusal to tend to a lady's cycle

Ben Bazane is a disappointment to our culture and must not be trusted to politeness. He may have attempted to flee to a more permissive district. Ben Bazane faces possible physical punishment not to exceed a severe and embarrassing jostle.

II) Croisquessein
Genital Allegiance: Unknowable
Stature: Clear
Eyeballs: None?

Croisquesein

Contrary to previously published reports that Croisquessein had been warded off by district superiors, the scoundrel seems to lurk among us yet. Croisquessein is invisible or nonexistent, and should be treated as such. Unconfirmed utterances find the transparent menace committing all manner of breaches; if you feel as if Croisquessein is present, please bury your fear and attempt to holler for an authority. If you are qualified to ward off invisible people, please attempt to do so. Croisquessein has been charged with a shocking battery of offenses, and must be somehow contained or destroyed. His missteps include:

- Failing to appear
- Possibly whispering to a lady
- Public invisibility or nonexistence
- Frightening dogs
- Lateness
- Tax nonpayment
- Milling around, causing unease

Please note that Croisquessein is not a dead person, a spirit, or a legend; he is definitely merely invisible or nonexistent. Until the ne'er-do-well's nonexistence can be concluded with certainty, we must assume that he hides from superiors even now. Please report any disturbances which might be explained by Croisquessein's presence immediately to your nearest lord of haven.

III) Dorroile Y_____
Genital Allegiance: Male
Stature: Tall and often rather awful-looking
Eyeballs: Friendly

Dorroile Y_____

Dorroile Y_____, whose surname remains elusive as of this dispatch, is sought by our fine boys in connection with several counts of deceit and commercial misdeed. Those taken by his inelegant grifting have reported him to be quite charming and unpleasant. Dorroile has made attempts to sell dangerously staled and unpalatable tins of sour clams and urns of fermented horsetail oil to gullible patrons, bandying them as healthful swallows to calm colonic rebellion. Superiors have reason to believe that Dorroile knows very well that his sour clams have no properties of intestinal easement, and instead are liable to make their consumer quite [ladies are bidden to forego the ensuing word] vomitous. Dorroile Y_____'s further legal outrages may include:

- Perversion
- Inciting illness
- Corruption of edible products
- Scheming, both internal and practical
- Consorting with tramps

- Possibly being Foirey Shemont

Dorroile is widely despised, yet manages to entertain the affections of a young woman named Mary who follows him like a duckling, bickering and endlessly nattering. Please attempt to subdue the duo with a net or any practical facsimile.

IIII) Ellen Guirk
Genital Allegiance: Female
Stature: 157.48 Centimeters and pallid
Eyeballs: Two

Ellen Guirk

Ellen Guirk is desired by superiors in connection with her horrifying tendency to flout propriety and disregard custom without mitigation. Our district shall not be awash with impropriety, and Ellen Guirk must be disallowed from inspiring young ladies to skirt our mores. E.G. can customarily be sighted where corruptible feminine youths are to be found, such as educational tunnels, gossip booths, and menstrual asylums. She attempts to lead said youths astray with promises of a life of permissive disregard for behavioral hygiene. Please be aware of the following malefactions:

- Entering a menstrual asylum inappropriately
- Wearing an informal barrel to a formal parade
- Failing to speak in the mannerly tense while addressing superiors
- Walking normally on days of mourning
- Laughing in the presence of a condemned dimwit
- Enjoying games of chance while dressed as a man
- Sneaking up on district agents while costumed as a spider (may have been a dream)

By all these offenses and others, Ellen Guirk has amassed an unprecedented total of six days to be tethered to the pole. Please avert your eyes if Ellen Guirk is near, and holler immediately for assistance so that she might be brought to the pole as dictated by reason and custom.

IIIII) Foirey Shemont
Genital Allegiance: Male
Stature: 187.96 Centimeters and rather monolithic
Eyeballs: Rustic

Foirey Shemont

Shemont is the instigator of a traveling two-man scandal in which one man distracts and taunts a narrow and feckless citizen while the other man, usually Shemont, attempts to sneak behind the taunted man and scare him or remove his pants, after which the two offenders skip away whooping. The identity of the other man is not known, although some reports suggest that he may be Dorroile Y_____. While no physical or economic harm is threatened during this scandal, the sufferer often reports the annoyance to superiors at his haven, and the haven lords have reportedly been quite saddened by the vulnerable state the bullied lilies are left in. Many of these lilies have reportedly wept for days, failed to report to work or to the bathing troughs, and have even been too ashamed to allow their wives to view their bellies. It is the opinion of the superiors of the district that Foirey Shemont and his companion are far too old to engage in such childlike abuses. Shemont has a long record of notable debasements, including these as thus:

- Cutting his own hair for humorous effect
- Smiling at authorities
- Summoning superiors to view photographs of urine
- Joblessness
- Throwing the wigs of courtly dandies in the reservoir
- Reveling in local infamy
- Boisterous dance before a lady
- Girding the infirm

In his absence, a committee has declared Foirey Shemont unfit for social conduct. When he is brought before the superiors of the district, his hair will be shorn and his dance card will be revoked for one year. It is yet to be decided whether his car, which is pink, shall be repainted in a more reasonable hue. It is to be further noted that Foirey Shemont may simply be Dorroile Y____ in a wig most awful. In fact, this is almost exclusively true.

IIIIII) Claude Fantsy
Genital Allegiance: Male
Stature: 182.23 Centimeters; old and ruddy
Eyes: Weepy

Claude Fantsy

The once-honorable Claude Fantsy has smirched and unrolled his proud reputation as a district superior as late by engaging in a tremendous spree of irredeemable discourtesies. He is to be considered a menace, and those who spy him should not try to fight with him or discourage him from what he may be about to do next. Instead, please edge surreptitiously to the nearest haven and utter assertively until you are pleased by a better. Claude Fantsy has been known or assumed to have committed the following acts:

- Wassailing at a funeral

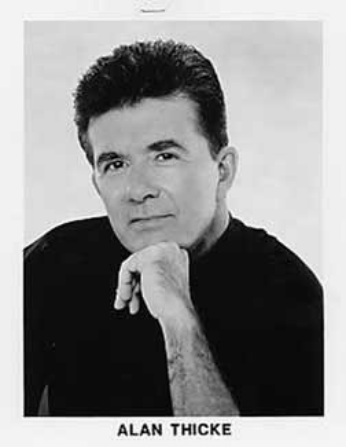
- Leering at an unmarried horse
- Driving a car up a staircase and abandoning it
- Disputing the parentage of a pedigreed child
- Intentionally mismanaging a piano to drive ladies out of a recital
- Exciting a dimwit
- Tickling a man until he dropped a carried lady upon a hod full of loam
- Shouldering a hod containing a dropped lady
- Comforting a layabout
- Speaking loudly under a bridge to create an echo
- Endearing himself to the intoxicated

It is unknown whether the actions displayed by Claude Fantsy are the results of senility, ennui, or mental disturbance, but please entertain the conceit that he must be brought before superiors as soon as possible, that he may be issued corrective headgear or a warning bell.

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

5.17 Enraptured

Wednesday, May 17, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



Ever since yesterday when I saw the Kirk Cameron motion picture "Left Behind" for the first time, I have been fascinated with the Rapture. In the stirring drama "Left Behind" Kirk Cameron stars as Buck Williams, an intrepid and secular cable news reporter who quickly befriends Christianity when God disappears millions of people in a shadowy, Pinochet-style political move. Fearing that this movie may well be an omen of what's to come in real life, I quickly jumped into action and glided down the Internet, the Mighty Mississippi of Information, catching Rapture facts and trivia with a net made of pure curiosity. That figurative net, my friends, was my brain.

"Left Behind" is set in an alternate universe where 95% of the population has never heard of the Bible and is unable to comprehend that it is a book rather than a blunt instrument. As such, they are painfully unaware of anything written about in the Bible or added to the Bible by zealous fans, and immediately deduce that the Rapture was the work of aliens or the government or some such. Obviously a rational person would conclude that these people simply vanished into an aurora borealis, but this movie is also not set in a rational universe.

But could the Rapture really happen in our world? Yes it could, and it would only be the beginning. The Rapture sets the groundwork for a new and disturbing reality. In a world where millions suddenly vanish into thin air, nations would fall into turmoil, collapsing like dominos after a large man gets excited and breathes too heavily on them. This instability would leave people clamoring for effective leadership, allowing a charismatic Antichrist to rise to power. By giving rational answers to complex problems or by spending billions on marketing, whichever is easiest, the Antichrist is a shoe in for victory. One thing leads to another and we all get barcoded or have credit cards implanted under our skin, thus marking us for the Beast. After that we can look forward to seven years of lousy weather, plagues, famine, pestilence, and war.

This horrible scenario is what awaits us - you for reading this awful site and me for writing on it - when God decides to set his plan in motion. I think the whole purpose of this grandiose exercise in terror is to teach us the hard way that we are foolish rather than just explaining it using a divine PowerPoint presentation written in the stars. To be honest I haven't seen the sequel to "Left Behind," so I'm not sure what this God character has planned. He could be an M. Night Shyamalan type with an incredible plot twist in store for us.

In researching the Rapture, I got a better understanding of who gets taken and who gets left behind. The short answer is: just about everyone, you especially, gets left behind. But, to avoid any uncertainties, let us stick to long answers. I hope that my research will help better prepare you for the Rapture, which precedes the great Tribulation that will claim a whole third of the Earth's population and present generally unpleasant circumstances for those left behind. Frowns and such, you know.

People sure to be left behind:

- Jews, because a long time ago they made Christ the Shepherd die. Little did they know it was part of his master plan all along.

- Arabs, because they think Christ was just some dude and also for trying to counter our imperialistic, all-consuming culture with their oppressive, all-consuming culture.
- Robber barons and railroad barons.
- Soldiers stranded on South Pacific islands living under the false impression that WWII is still going on.
- Imprisoned criminals and escaped convicts living on the lam taking odd jobs and flying low under the radar.
- Bigfoot and exceptionally hairy men (excluding beard hair, which is a sign of piety).
- Girls with nose rings.
- Single moms and lion tamers.
- People who promote the gay agenda and/or are gay.
- Children who use knives as a social equalizer and do not respect their stepparents.

People who will be taken to heaven:

- Uncorrupted children, including unborn children. In cases of unborn children this will not be called abortion. It will be called retirement.
- The gentle artists painting our most beautiful and colorful pictures of dolphins, for they touch even the Lord.
- Matthew Lesko, for helping so many people exploit money from the Zionist Occupied Government.
- Jews for Jesus, for meaning well.
- People standing out in front of Planned Parenthood drinking Slurpees and yelling about dead babies.
- The Pure of Heart and/or people so good at lying they fool even God.
- Presidents of chess clubs and other after school organizations that keep kids off the streets where premarital sex occurs most often.
- Hulk Hogan and professional wrestlers who do the right thing no matter the odds.
- Submarine commanders and zookeepers.
- Some (not all) museum curators.

Immediately this presents serious problems, as our world will suddenly be left with countless feral zoos, poorly curated museums, and submarines drifting aimlessly without commanding officers. It is even possible that these three disaster scenarios might somehow intertwine into one larger scenario, wherein a submarine commanded by escaped zoo animals crashes into a museum causing various forms of pandemonium and irreversible damage to the mummies on display inside the museum. God striking back against the corrupt and mummified Pharaohs once again? Most likely.

Pack your bags, we're flying to HEAVEN!

The absolute most terrifying Rapture disaster scenario:

The following situation is entirely hypothetical, so please do not take it for fact. On June 21st, 2007, millions of good people will begin disappearing, leaving nothing more than their clothes and many unanswered questions. The survivors will be left to wonder what happened while picking up the many jagged pieces scattered everywhere. On this day, in the midst of a sold out concert, Jon Bon Jovi will ascend to heaven, leaving thousands feeling ripped off and shortchanged. They will then begin rioting, and the riot will grow bristly like a mighty broom that

sweeps across the land until one third of the earth's population is dead. Meanwhile, the Antichrist will take over and institute progressive economic reforms that get us out of debt but ultimately make us morally bankrupt. But Bon Jovi, man, he's gone forever.

What to do when the Rapture runs wild on you:

- Do not try to struggle. If God decides to point his tractor beam at you, you're going.
- Have plenty of flashlights and batteries.
- Stock up on bottled water and basic provisions.
- Youngest daughters get the most money when sold into bondage.
- Don't be afraid to invest in the cave real estate market early! You will probably end up in one anyway so get in while the market is fresh.
- Don't openly criticize the Antichrist. If you absolutely must, do so in the form of backhanded compliments that you can argue your way out of later.
- Living without the Mark of the Beast is hard, as you will not be able to enter the larger warehouse stores where you get good deals by buying in bulk. It's probably worth it in terms of value and there will always be a chance to repent later.
- If you see a seven-headed dragon with ten horns fighting Godzilla in Tokyo, you'll know the worst is nearly over.

Remember: stay smart and vigilant! If people begin disappearing around you, it's definitely the Rapture. Don't be stupid and ignore it, stay on top of these things! You definitely won't get taken, so prepare for the worst now and get a jumpstart on all the other sinners!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.18 Shirt Tales

Thursday, May 18, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Judging others based on appearance is an important part of human life, and the only thing that makes our dickishness more flagrant than that of the animals. An exception of course is the American Judging Bird, which was hunted to extinction after one of them made the "that's a little gay" wing motion at the vast array of Colonial pantaloons that were popular during that era (Wikipedia 12). Today, the American Judging Bird can only be found on the backs of three dollar bills, but modern internet fashion critics can survive by using the power of anonymity to plunge a hypodermic syringe full of Drain-O into the neck of sweet lady fashion, all while silencing her cries with a filthy rag. And if you didn't get an erection from reading that last sentence, then mister, maybe you don't know how far we've come.

Besides getting a perverse amount of self-worth after watching a fat man in Zubaz pants try to clean chili off of his fingers, the meat juice dripping down to his elbow as he tries to clear his arm past his pendulous breasts so he can lick it off, there are some constructive uses of fashion criticism. If clothes make the man, then shitty clothes make the shitty man. Hence, therefore, and ergo, I know many words that will lead to proper segues. A segue such as this: clothing, being a representation of our metaphorical insides, can tell us much about the fleshy lump of sadness trapped within. The Something Awful Psychological Haberdashery Analysis Research Team (SA PHART) has examined six of the most telling upper-body garments, and the dangers of those associated with them.

This analysis is brought to you by Zubaz. Zubaz: *They're Not As Bad As I Said They Were Five Sentences Ago*™

Faded Hipster Thrift Store Shirt

The wearers of this shirt...

- Worry that one day someone may take one of their ironic buttons seriously, and there's no way they would have voted for Dole in '96, no way
- Wrote a 40 page dissertation on "Old Weezer" vs. "New Weezer," sadly for a Black Studies Class, but got a C when they worked in a sentence about jazz
- Performed sloppy oral sex on someone in a darkroom just to write for their 'zine about Tom Bosley who will be the next Chuck Norris I swear to God
- Are not sure if people are being sarcastic when they say they like The Mars Volta, so maybe that The Mars Volta neck tattoo was not a good idea
- Have no idea what is pictured on their shirt, but they saw it on Robot Chicken so it must be kitschy
- Regularly rhyme "sad" with "bad" and "rain" with "pain" in terrible songs that no one will hear except for tortured ex-girlfriends
- Have that musty thrift store smell, which makes sense because they are as sexually appealing as the Goodwill toy shelf
- Host MySpace pictures that are so obscured by angles, lighting, and Photoshopping that the even

CIA's lead robocop (not affiliated with Orion Pictures' Robocop or Frank Miller's Robocop) could not identify them.

Baggy Grandma Sweatshirt

The wearers of this shirt...

- Are your grandmas
- Take advantage of the air bubble located in the midsection to hide the pouches gained late in life, used to house smaller grandmas
- Can inflate the sweatshirt at will to scare off larger grandmas, osteoporosis, and "The Demmycrats"
- Also employ the extra material to hide the horrific spectacle that is natural female aging
- Adorn their garments with rhinestones, glitter, and puffy paint so you have something to quiet your rage when they tell you the same stories over and over again
- Have an igneous 12-pound layer of Werther's Originals at the bottom of their purses
- Disapprove of you, your "novelty haircut," and your "lack of participation in the race wars"
- Give bristly kisses that remind you of your own mortality, which is not unlike kissing a construction worker (preferably one on the girders).

God-Awful Gaudy Club Shirt

The wearers of this shirt...

- Are often 13, wear gold chains, and have a skin texture similar to Polish sausage
- Use an elaborate network of sweat and body oils to generate forward movement
- Can get a AAA rating on Sakura in DDR's Heavy mode with Sudden turned on even though NO ONE KNOWS WHAT THE FUCK ANY OF THAT MEANS
- Camouflage themselves from girls who would otherwise not notice them by blending in with the natural colors of GameStop
- Reluctantly argue about Naruto because there are so many questions about Dragon Ball Z that *have yet to be answered*
- Can successfully hide up to 200 pounds of torso meat underneath the material, so no matter what they weigh they will still look like a skinny person trapped in the middle of a circular clothing rack at The Retarded Clown Store
- Grow pathetic mustaches on acne-covered upper lips that even the most facial-hair deprived Indians would mock until they demand I call them Native Americans, which I will do for a fee (it's

called getting free corn, look it up sometime)

- Congregate in mall food courts near places that serve disgusting meat; they are the keystone of the Asian Chao corporation
- Unsuccessfully mask their rhythm-game induced body odor by applying gallons of middle-school grade cologne, which smells similar to aged smegma wiped on a perfume insert in a magazine.

Tacky-Ass Animal Shirt

The wearers of this shirt...

- Can be one of two different kinds of terrible people (PAY ATTENTION)

Furries

- "Feel the animal inside them," meaning the rhinoceros dildo they bought from plasticanimaldicks.com
- Have a persecution complex about being a terrible sexual deviant with absolutely no use to society except maybe some parts of The South
- Hope to lure a real animal with the image on the front, and then keep it there with the prospect of a loving relationship
- Gave up on their project of a real-life animal/human hybrid when neither animal nor human would come back to their apartment for some party games followed by vivisection

Outdoorsmen

- May attend gun and knife shows, and have no sexual disorders aside from being able to climax only when the steaming entrails of freshly-killed venison satiate their white male bloodlust
- Often wear camouflage-patterned clothing in inappropriate situations, meaning that they wear camouflage-patterned clothing
- Have a new motto: "Wading Pants: Not Just for Wading Anymore!"
- Are often truckers, the modern highway disaster meth-addicted porn freak cowboys of the 20th and 21st centuries

Looney Tunes/Disney Shirt with "Urban" or "Stupid" Theme

The wearers of this shirt...

- Bought it because the counterfeit FILA merchandise at the flea market was a little *too* chemically burned for $3.50

- Have not seen the character on the front of the shirt outside of merchandise for over 20 years, except on the left buttock of the man who sired at least 1/3 of their bastard children
- Are famous for their scrunchies, sweatpants, and open sores
- Gave up bras long ago, and instead let the cartoon canopy shield outsiders from the ravages of "the sag"

- Went to the state fair to see Journey, but were upset when they didn't play any new music
- Married at 18, live in a house that smells like cabbage with at least one incontinent relative
- Drive cars, the insides of which are a veritable compost heap of Cheerios, McDonald's fries, and a melange of various crushed candies and Vicodin
- Could quite possibly be the only people left who still wear L.A. Gear sneakers

The Infamous Nerd Shirt

The wearers of this shirt...

- Will often greet you by saying, "Relax, I'm a goon"
- Invite all of their friends to private Firefly marathons, but are soon disappointed when they realize these friends ditched them after a big Farscape argument about muppets (more specifically, Grover)

- Caused a stink at the last LAN party when someone brought Mountain Dew: Code Red instead of Bawls, upsetting a vital Counterstrike tournament
- Were upset when no one "got" their shirt at the latest faux-test, not even the guy in the pirate monkey robot ninja costume who was holding a sign that said "FREE THE INTERNET ZOMG PATRICK DUFFY"
- Are psychotically obsessed with the one "geek girl" in their group, but are so socially stunted that they can only trade lines from Aqua Teen Hunger Force with her and arrange opportunities where their elbows can "accidentally" bump into each other ;)
- Have a "No, I will not fix your computer" shirt that conflicts with their natural interest to show that they are better than people in insignificant areas
- Will always be lonely because they will never find their preferred mate: a 12 year-old Asian virgin who has seen all of Red Dwarf and can recite the Konami code during fellatio
- Possess 90% of all television that has ever aired in the history of broadcasting on DVD-R, but will never let you borrow season 2 of Freakazoid because "you weren't there when Freakazoid needed you"
- Are writing angry e-mails to me AT THIS VERY MOMENT!!!

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

5.19 How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Wire

Friday, May 19, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

National Security Agency Signals Intelligence

PROJECT HOROSCOPE OFFICIAL MEMORANDUM

From: SIGINT 16 Romeo
To: Deputy Supervisor Alex Buckwald
Subject: Isolated "Doldrum" Cell Activity

Mr. Buckwald,

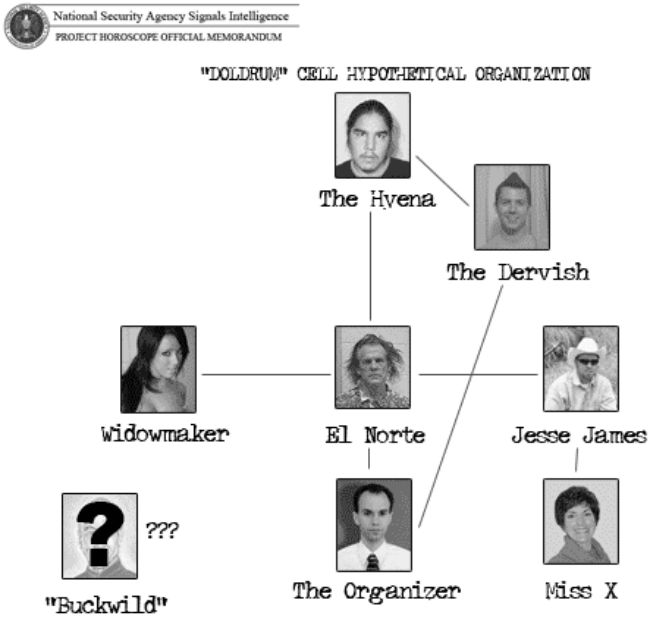
Per your instructions I have isolated and compiled intercepts relevant to the Doldrum Cell investigation. I have also included a suggested hierarchy organizational chart for the Doldrum Cell based on parsed intercepts. This is just based on our end of the intel, so if you have other sources feel free to disregard.

It is difficult for me to judge the threat this cell poses to national security. Since you asked us to focus our investigation there to the exclusion of all other open case files I can only assume that they pose a grave threat.

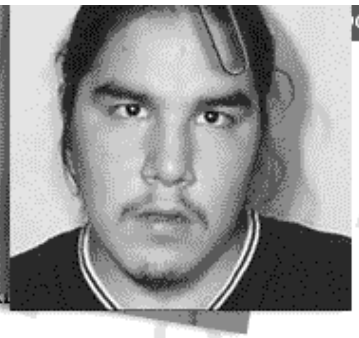
If you have any questions or concerns about the information contained in this precis you can give me a call on my office phone or reach me at my cell at [redacted]

Hope you have a good weekend!

Andrea Babbage
SIGINT 16 Romeo Operations Manager


National Security Agency Signals Intelligence
PROJECT HOROSCOPE OFFICIAL MEMORANDUM
"DOLDRUM" CELL HYPOTHETICAL ORGANIZATION
The Hyena
The Dervish
Widowmaker
El Norte
Jesse James
???
"Buckwild"
The Organizer
Miss X

CRIPTOSHEET PHOTOCOPYING WILL DE



+ LOG START 01:05:23_05.11.06
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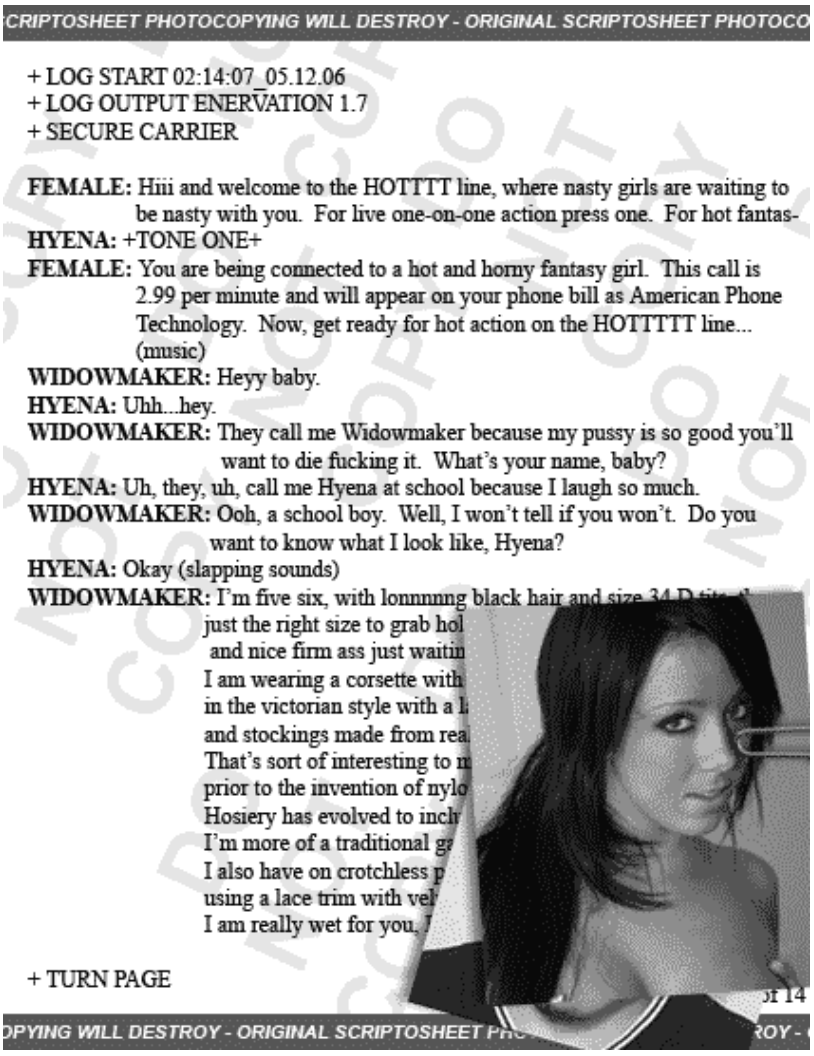
+ SECURE CARRIER

HYENA: (laughs and chokes briefl
DERVISH: (laughs) You okay, hor
HYENA: (laughs) Yeah (laughs) y
DERVISH: Top shelf?
HYENA: (laughs) El Norte...fuckin' el fuck
DERVISH: Dude, you were-
HYENA: Hold on bro...hold on...I just took the biggest shit.
DERVISH: (laughs)
HYENA: (laughs) no (laughs) quit laughing, you're making me laugh. It was...
DERVISH: Huge shit.
HYENA: Huge, like Statue of Liberty +FLAGGED+ huge. Sears Tower +FLAGGED+ huge. It felt like my guts were coming out.
DERVISH: Holy shit man (laughs) are you okay?
HYENA: Yeah...I think...yeah. It was like, it was so big a part of me left with it, you you know what I mean? Like a-
DERVISH: Like a mother?
HYENA: Yeah, I guess. Like now - it felt good - but now I've got post part on depression or whatever.
DERVISH: I hear ya, bro. Hey, I meant to ask, did you see that new guy in two doors down from OCD man?
HYENA: Fatass with a red car?
DERVISH: That's him.
HYENA: Yeah, yeah I saw him. I was riding bikes with Trix and the dude waddled out like that penguin guy from Batman and was all "you have no idea the hell I will bring if you fuck with my lawn" and like Trix was going to flip him off or something, but I mean shit, we were just standing around.
DERVISH: (laughs) Exact same shit happened with me. I was walking past and he yelled at me for looking at his car. Looking at it!

+ TURN PAGE

1 of 3

OPYING WILL DESTROY - ORIGINAL SCRIPTOSHEET PHOTOCOPYING WILL DESTROY -


CRIPTOSHEET PHOTOCOPYING WILL DESTROY - ORIGINAL SCRIPTOSHEET PHOTOCO
+ LOG START 02:14:07_05.12.06
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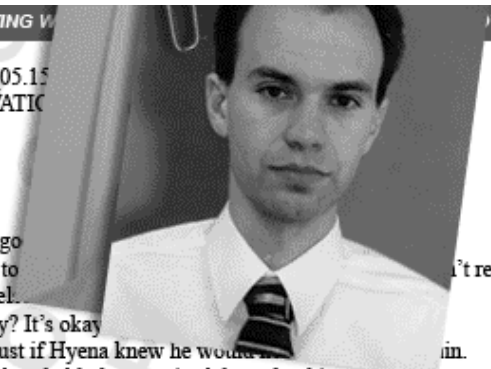
+ SECURE CARRIER
FEMALE: Hiii and welcome to the HOTTTT line, where nasty girls are waiting to be nasty with you. For live one-on-one action press one. For hot fantas-
HYENA: +TONE ONE+
FEMALE: You are being connected to a hot and horny fantasy girl. This call is 2.99 per minute and will appear on your phone bill as American Phone Technology. Now, get ready for hot action on the HOTTTTT line... (music)
WIDOWMAKER: Heyy baby.
HYENA: Uhh...hey.
WIDOWMAKER: They call me Widowmaker because my pussy is so good you'll want to die fucking it. What's your name, baby?
HYENA: Uh, they, uh, call me Hyena at school because I laugh so much.
WIDOWMAKER: Ooh, a school boy. Well, I won't tell if you won't. Do you want to know what I look like, Hyena?
HYENA: Okay (slapping sounds)
WIDOWMAKER: I'm five six, with lonnnnng black hair and size 34 D
just the right size to grab hol
and nice firm ass just waitin
I am wearing a corsette with
in the victorian style with a l
and stockings made from rea
That's sort of interesting to n
prior to the invention of nylo
Hosiery has evolved to inch
I'm more of a traditional g
I also have on crotchless p
using a lace trim with vel
I am really wet for you.
+ TURN PAGE
of 14
OPYING WILL DESTROY - ORIGINAL SCRIPTOSHEET PH
ROY -

CRIPTOSHEET PHOTOCOPYING W OTOCO



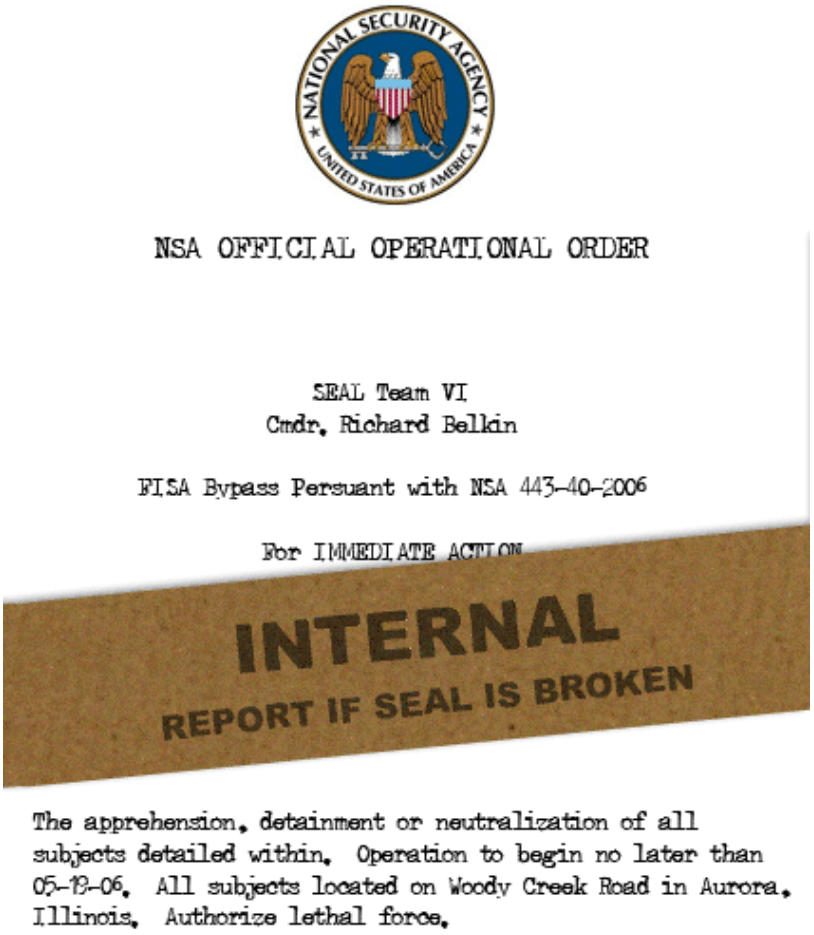
+ LOG START 17:51:45_05.15
+ LOG OUTPUT ENERVATIC
+ SECURE CARRIER

ORGANIZER: Hello.
DERVISH: Hi, it's uh..
ORGANIZER: Oh, Jim, go
DERVISH: I just wanted to t really have anyone el..
ORGANIZER: Being gay? It's okay
DERVISH: That's cool, just if Hyena knew he wo in.
ORGANIZER: Oh, you'd probably be surprised, but take things at your own pace on this, Jim.
DERVISH: Thanks. I actually feel sort of uncomfortable talking about it now. Could we talk about something else?
ORGANIZER: Sure. Hmmmm. Have you met the new neighbor?
DERVISH: (laughs) Yeah, he has been a total dick to all of us under about 30 so we have been pranking the shit out of him. Hyena said he was going to order some pizzas to the guy's house tomorrow or something. Like 20 of them.
ORGANIZER: Well, I can't say I approve of that. You boys could get into some real trouble. Just be careful.
DERVISH: Hyena calls him Buckwild since that's pretty much his stupid name and he goes apeshit whenever anyone coughs in his direction.
ORGANIZER: I have to admit, he deserves it. I still can't approve of that sort of thing, but let me know how that goes.
DERVISH: Will do, and thanks again for listening.
ORGANIZER: No problem. Bye.

+END LOG
+CARRIER DISCONNECT

1 of 1

OPYING WILL DESTROY - ORIGINAL SCRIPTOSHEET PHOTOCOPYING WILL DESTROY -



NSA OFFICIAL OPERATIONAL ORDER

SEAL Team VI
Cmdr. Richard Belkin

FISA Bypass Persuant with NSA 443-40-2006

For IMMEDIATE ACTION

INTERNAL
REPORT IF SEAL IS BROKEN

The apprehension, detainment or neutralization of all subjects detailed within. Operation to begin no later than 05-13-06. All subjects located on Woody Creek Road in Aurora, Illinois. Authorize lethal force.

Page 9 of 86

inserted to Aurora via HALO jump. Corporal Rogers suffered a compound fracture of the ankle during bad landing on trampoline. Voluntarily black bagged. tags recovered and body destroyed with thermite.

Squad one under Lt. Vincenzo breached rear door of target house with door charge. Encountered light resistance from unidentified relative of target in laundry room area. Subdued by SSgt. Havier with binder foam. Advanced into rumpus room. Encountered target playing Rumble Roses on PS2. Subject orange bagged without incident. bindered and en route to holding at Hotel Echo.

Field kit blood test confirms 99.9% match with target codename "The Hyena." Exfiltration via Zodiac to helo pickup point. Mission time from boots down to exfil 19' 35".

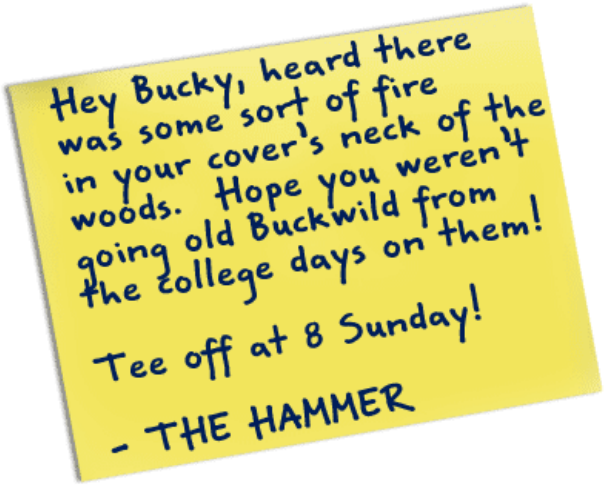
The family of Corp[illegible] was killed in a tr[illegible] facility in San D[illegible] interrogation in [illegible]

END TEAM 1 AAR for[illegible]

START TEAM 2 AAR f[illegible]

Commanding officer[illegible]

(cont' d)


Hey Bucky, heard there was some sort of fire in your cover's neck of the woods. Hope you weren't going old Buckwild from the college days on them!
Tee off at 8 Sunday!
- THE HAMMER

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.20 The H.P.A.T.

Saturday, May 20, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

H.P.A.T.

The Homeless Person Aptitude Test

Welcome to the Homeless Person Aptitude Test, the most comprehensive and accurate method of determining whether students are qualified to enter the exciting and competitive field of homelessness. Students will be given a No. 2 pencil and thirty minutes to complete the exam. Calculators, laptop computers and other electronic devices are strictly forbidden, but hot bowls of pea soup will be provided upon request.

Upon the instructor's signal, students are to break the seal on the side of this booklet using their pencils and begin the test. Good luck!

1. Puppy : Dog :: Boy : ___

- A. Dogboy
- B. I'm so hungry
- C. Man
- D. Cat

2. Doctor : Hospital :: Professor : ___

- A. Classroom
- B. (unintelligible grumbling)
- C. Other hospital
- D. Third hospital, across the street from the second one

3. Obtain : Steal :: Ask : ___

- A. Question
- B. Interrogate
- C. Tell
- D. I haven't washed or changed my underwear in three years

4. Stay : Depart :: Sit : ___

- A. Recline
- B. Stand
- C. I have no home
- D. Dogboy

5. The Patent Office in Washington, D. C., is the world's largest library of scientific and technical data, and this treasure trove of information is open for public inspection. In addition to more than

3 million U. S. patents, it houses more than 7 million foreign patents and thousands of volumes of technical literature. Abraham Lincoln patented a device to lift steam vessels over river shoals, Mark Twain developed a self-pasting scrapbook, and millionaire Cornelius Vanderbilt invented a shoe-shine kit.

Abraham Lincoln ___

- A. Patented a device to lift steam vessels over river shoals
- B. Sounds like a real jerk
- C. Is a treasure trove of information
- D. Should have patented homelessness, he'd be rich

6. The Marathon of the Sands was founded in 1986 by Patrick Bauer. His idea was to give the runners, who come from all over the world, a special kind of adventure. Most of the runners in this race have found that they form deep friendships with the other runners during their days and nights in the desert. Facing terrible heat and complete exhaustion, they learn much about themselves and each other.

The runners learn ___

- A. How to craft a crude airplane out of an airplane and some duct tape
- B. Much about themselves and each other
- C. That as fast as you are, you can never outrun financial debts and herpes
- D. Practically nothing

7. While it is true that the Incas had no written language, they kept their accounts by using a system of knotted strings of various lengths and colors. The sizes of the knots and the distances between them represented numbers.

The Incas ___

- A. Had an irrational hatred of numbers
- B. Had an unhealthy lust for string
- C. Had no written language
- D. Passed through here a few days ago and kicked my box over, those dickweeds

8. The number of dimes in Gina's coin collection is 4 less than the number of nickels, and the number of quarters is 3 times the number of dimes. If the value of her collection is $7.40, how many nickels does she have?

- A. 9
- B. 10
- C. I'll let Gina urinate in my hands for half those nickels
- D. 12

9. John makes a business trip from his house to Portland in 2 hours. Three hours later, he returns home in traffic at 20mph less than his speed going. If John is gone a total of 8 hours, how fast did he travel to Portland?

- A. 50mph
- B. 60mph

- C. 75mph
- D. I walked to Portland in 2 hours once, when I was living in a park in Portland. Most of those two hours consisted of standing up and remembering where I was, but still.

10. Sarah needs to make a cake and some cookies. The cake requires 3/8 cup of sugar and the cookies require 3/5 cup of sugar. Sarah has 15/16 cups of sugar. Does she have enough sugar, or how much more does she need?

- A. She has enough sugar
- B. She needs 3/80 of a cup of sugar
- C. She needs 4/19 of a cup of sugar
- D. She needs Maddog 20/20

11. On a coordinate plane, the distance between A(x, y) and the origin is 5. If both x, y are integers, then which of the following number CANNOT be a possible value of y?

- A. 0
- B. 1
- C. 3
- D. 4

12. In five years, I would most like to be ___

- A. Independently wealthy, living in luxury with an unlimited amount of time and resources to do what I want
- B. Working in a career I take pride in and enjoy fully
- C. Surrounded by my family and friends, warm in the happiness they provide me
- D. Alone, unsheltered in the harsh elements, sad and waiting for a number of exotic ailments to finish their race to kill me first

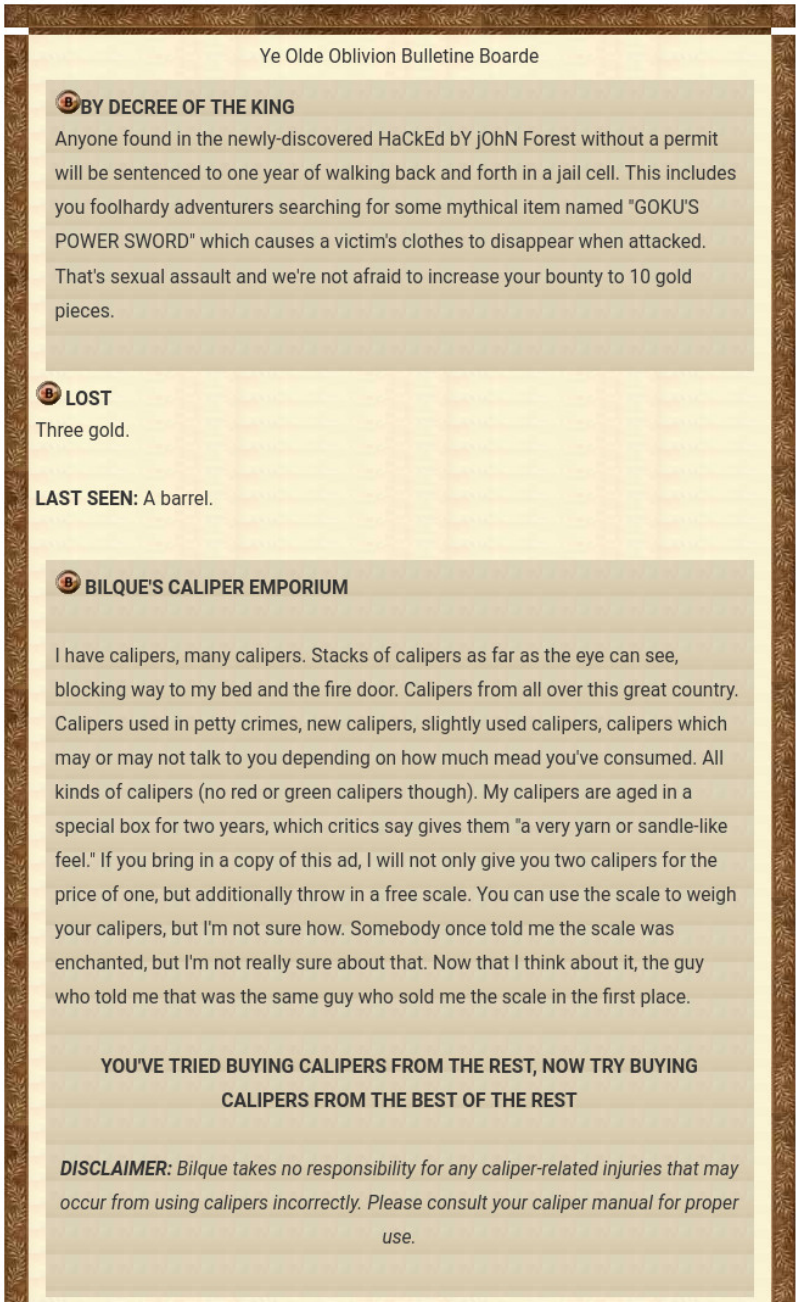
13. On a Friday night, I would rather ___

- A. Go to the local theatre to catch a new movie with that special someone
- B. Spend the evening with a glass of wine and a good book
- C. Dodge a barrage of rocks and batteries thrown by a roving pack of teenagers
- D. Write a comedy article with a fun premise that turns out to not really go anywhere

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.21 Ye Olde Oblivion Bulletine Boarde

Sunday, May 21, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade & Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka



Ye Olde Oblivion Bulletine Boarde

BY DECREE OF THE KING

Anyone found in the newly-discovered HaCkEd bY jOhN Forest without a permit will be sentenced to one year of walking back and forth in a jail cell. This includes you foolhardy adventurers searching for some mythical item named "GOKU'S POWER SWORD" which causes a victim's clothes to disappear when attacked. That's sexual assault and we're not afraid to increase your bounty to 10 gold pieces.

LOST

Three gold.

LAST SEEN: A barrel.

BILQUE'S CALIPER EMPORIUM

I have calipers, many calipers. Stacks of calipers as far as the eye can see, blocking way to my bed and the fire door. Calipers from all over this great country. Calipers used in petty crimes, new calipers, slightly used calipers, calipers which may or may not talk to you depending on how much mead you've consumed. All kinds of calipers (no red or green calipers though). My calipers are aged in a special box for two years, which critics say gives them "a very yarn or sandle-like feel." If you bring in a copy of this ad, I will not only give you two calipers for the price of one, but additionally throw in a free scale. You can use the scale to weigh your calipers, but I'm not sure how. Somebody once told me the scale was enchanted, but I'm not really sure about that. Now that I think about it, the guy who told me that was the same guy who sold me the scale in the first place.

YOU'VE TRIED BUYING CALIPERS FROM THE REST, NOW TRY BUYING CALIPERS FROM THE BEST OF THE REST

DISCLAIMER: *Bilque takes no responsibility for any caliper-related injuries that may occur from using calipers incorrectly. Please consult your caliper manual for proper use.*

WANTED

Physically adept HERO OF KVATCH to do odd jobs for aging shopkeep. Duties include, but are not limited to:

- Searching for rats,
- Killing rats,
- Killing panthers who kill my rats,
- Standing in one place and jumping up and down a bunch until you can jump over buildings,
- Retrieving some minor item which somehow got transported into Elven ruins and is being guarded by folks who stand around in the dark all day in their bathrobes

If interested send resume and three references to LINDA GLORYSWORD, CO GOLD COAST WAY, 6124 WALKING BETWEEN THE DRUG STORE AND THE INN SIX HOURS A DAY AVE. Serious inquiries only, please. I cannot offer any gold or experience points, but I can give you a hood or piece of shoddy armor that's vastly inferior to whatever you're currently wearing.

if I looking for rat

him name is hopkin green rat

I lost my rat
329-3228
Love Terry
PS: I'll find my rat
Who took my rat

REVOLUTIONARY NEW INVENTION PREPARES TO SHAKE UP THE WORLD OF SCIENCE!!!

My name is Phinneas T. Vorvaldis, world-famous inventor. I have recently discovered a high tech, top secret method of *PHYSICALLY PLACING ONE BARREL INSIDE A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT BARREL, THEREBY CREATING A DOUBLE-INFINITE AMOUNT OF STORAGE SPACE.* Come visit my house any time on any day and I'll take a break from drinking the same cup of wine to explain to you the fabulous franchise possibilities selling my patented InfiniBarrels (c) (patent pending).

Located in Burma, next to the house where the guy spends his entire day crossing his arms.

WARNING: *Do not try to place a barrel inside an InfiniBarrel (c) or else the universe may implode and your living room will fill up with paintbrush palettes.*

WANTED: CASTLE GUARDS

Must be a white human with heroic voice and an ability to guard things such as stairs and an unlocked door. Must be willing to fight nefarious villains such as the Grey Fox, who wants to steal our precious stairs and unlocked doors and use them in some kind of contraption which forces you to walk up stairs and open a door until you die.

Please send a headshot to: CASTLE BARRACKS.

Job benefits include a chair you can sit in and a room full of people who look exactly like you, who will ask you such exciting questions as "hear any news from Kvatch lately?" and enthrall you with their mesmerizing tales of seeing an ogre in the woods. Also your wardrobe changes dynamically, based on if some guy running around the country has killed a certain amount of rats.

GOT EMPTY BARRELS? LET US FILL 'EM!

Four Dwarves and a Mule, Inc. wants to help YOU! We have a combined decade's worth of experience filling barrels and being dwarves, and our newly expanded service has branched to include BOXES and CORPSES IN EMPTY MINES! Our highly trained barrel-filling experts will fill the piles of barrels in front of your house with a number of exciting items, including FOOD and CLOTHES. Worried about shiftless layabouts stealing your loot? Don't! In our experience even the hungriest of bums won't think to search a barrel full of food in the middle of town! Imagine how classy your house would look once we've crammed a bunch of pants into that crate sitting near your door!

PREMIUM SERVICE now includes the option of placing some shoes or even a scale inside the receptacle of your choice!

DISCLAIMER: *Due to Union regulations and possible health risks, our workers will not fill any InfiniBarrels (c).*

HELP ME GET RID OF THESE GODDAMN PESTLES

You hear it here first: I'm an idiot! I was just running my shop, screaming for guards every time someone farted at a box of bloodgrass, when this guy in a blue robe came in. Now I consider myself a pretty thrifty guy, but this guy who walked in, he was threatening me, then joking with me, then complimenting me, then coercing me, and next thing you know I'm buying like 130 of these goddamn things at 20 gold apiece! Now the wife's pissed because she can't take a step without tripping over a pestle and nobody's buying the goddamn things. I'm looking for a strapping young lad (preferably a Hero of Kvatch-type) to dump them off some place they can never escape. Maybe an Oblivion gate or that wacky dimension inside the sleeping guy's brain.

REWARD: A ring that weighs 6,000 pounds even though it's so small it won't fit on my finger. It's a great novelty item or party joke, if you hate your friends.

UPDATE: Actually don't put them in the sleeping guy's brain because I heard there's already a bed and a bunch of rooms and hallways in there and that's probably the last thing the poor idiot needs.

We want YOUR shovels!

Shovels. Everyone has 'em, nobody knows what to do with 'em. FOUR DWARVES AND A MULE, INC. has a great interest in the shovel field, and we want answers! What are they? Where do they come from? How many shovels can one fit in a barrel? A box? A cupboard? Our research scientists are working around the clock to find solutions, and WE NEED YOUR HELP! We are paying four gold per shovel in increments of ten.

!!!BONUS OPPORTUNITY!!!

Can you enchant items? Bring your altar on down and enchant some of these things! Just imagine it: a shovel that protects you from lightning damage!

BY DECREE OF THE KING

All residents are asked to stop somersaulting everywhere as a means of transportation. King Lavernius of the Hedgehog People considers such a motion an insult to his people, and has threatened a tariff on all balls of yarn exported from his kingdom unless we cease and desist. All three of his citizens have already placed an embargo on our imported buckets and green felt pantaloons.

WANTED

Some way to destroy this pumpkin patch.

I was really bored a couple years ago and decided "what the heck, I'll grow some pumpkins." My friend Eartyl said I could create some "boss potions" by combining pumpkins and some plant that tries to stab you in the face when you go to pick it. So I tossed some pumpkin seeds in my front yard and frankly forgot about them.

Now I find out there's no way to ever get rid of the stupid things growing out of my lawn. You keep picking them over and over and they just generate new pumpkins. What man could possibly need this many pumpkins? I have no idea how to destroy them, and frankly I can't carry any more because my health insurance premiums absolutely go through the roof when I'm encumbered. Somebody please get rid of this rotten pumpkin crop so I can use the land for something more constructive. I'm thinking about growing watermelons there.

SPECIAL BONUS: *Mention this ad and get 50% off any watermelons I may grow in the future.*

Invisible People Are People Too!

Listen, I know you people like to prance around with your high-falootin' "visible bodies" and "ability to shave without slicing your lips off," but we invisible people are SICK and TIRED of the constant discrimination. I can't so much as walk into this town without people screaming "GHOST" and walking two or three steps out of the path they walk each and every day. We can't help it that Mr. Wizard up there in Castle Faggot decided to cast that spell on us any more than your Cat People can take a crap without burying it in a potted ninroot plant.

And whoever found that invisible chambermaid with the silence spell on her: ***HER. MOUTH. WAS. NOT. A. TOILET.***

OH BY THE GODS HE SOLD ME THOSE FRIGGING PESTLES AGAIN

I couldn't help it! He was in armor instead of that robe, and right when I noticed who it was he threw some sort of green fireball at me and my body started glowing. I swear to Christ, it was like I'd drank a fifth of grog and he was my best buddy! I knew they were the same pestles – there were 132 of them and they all said "property of Mage's Guild" on 'em – but it was like I just WANTED to give the guy money! So he took off again and now I'm stuck with all these goddamn things, and they are nice pestles but I've already mashed up more tobacco and rat meat cocktails than I EVER want to see! Once I told my wife about this, she got up and walked out and left me a "Dear Johne" letter scribbled across the parchment paper in my lectern.

Applicants for removal must have experience hauling pestles **AND NOT SELLING THEM BACK TO HAPLESS SHOPKEEPS** and also must be clean-shaven. Any applicant wearing a robe or armor will be killed on sight. I have plenty of experience calling for guards, so don't tempt fate buddy.

HENRY'S BOOKS-A-PLENTY M-M-M-MEGA SALE!

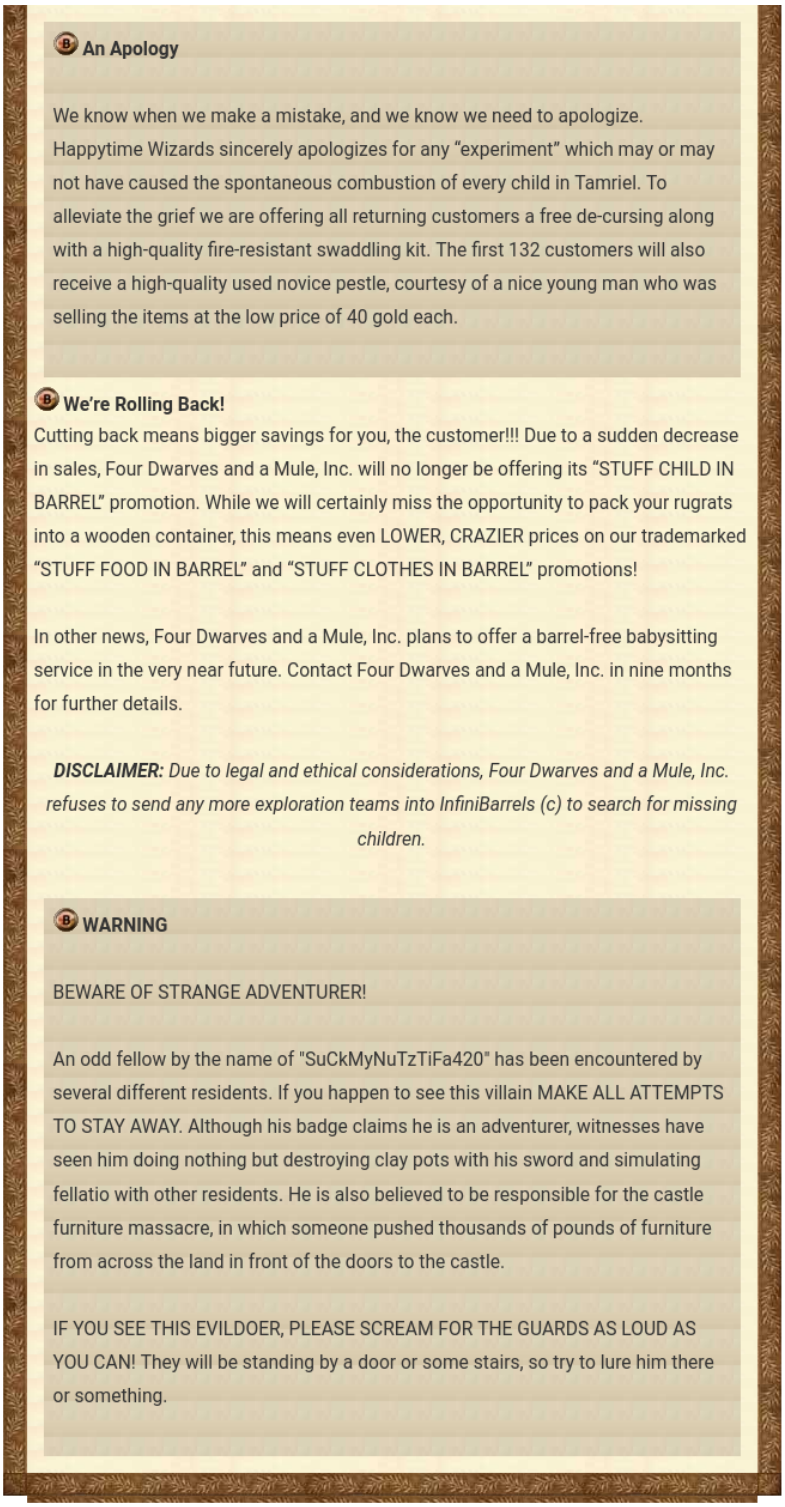
That's right folks! CRRRRRAZY Henry here with the deal of the century: an "enchanted" printing press and over SIX-THOUSAND COPIES of "A Song Less Rude" at prices so low you'll think a goblin knocked me retarded with a magic fire club! The "enchanted" press is capable of spitting out book... oops, I mean books... at speeds so FAST, so INCREDIBLE, you'll never need a copy of "A Song Less Rude" again! And the books are useful for even more! I read a copy and before you know it I was running faster than ever and swinging a sword like an Arena Grand Champion! Nothing says "class" quite like 600 copies of "A Song Less Rude" lining your bookcase!

COMING SOON: "A Song Even Less Rude Than the Previous Song." The least rude song ever written! Preorder today!

WARNING
IT MIGHT NOT BE "JUST A RAT"!!!!

If you hear some strange sounds near you, like the sounds of heavy footsteps and grown men killing each other with two-handed swords, DO NOT MAKE THE MISTAKE I DID AND MERELY DISMISS IT AS "JUST A RAT!!!" I heard some odd noises last night in my bandit cave where us bandits hide a bunch of lockpicks for no real reason, and foolishly chalked it up to rats, or possibly drinking too much. I even said something like "what's that noise? Oh, it's probably just a rat" and "boy I shouldn't have drank so much mead last night," even though nobody else was in the room. As it turns out, these sounds I heard weren't made by rats; they were being created by A HUMAN BEING WHO ATTEMPTED TO MURDER ME!!! As a general rule, rats make "squeak squeak" sounds, while humans stabbing your friends to death sound more like "ugh argh stop stabbing me aaargh" or something along those lines.

DON'T MAKE THE MISTAKE I DID!!! Sign up for my five week, comprehensive class at the Cheydinhal Castle County University entitled "How to Differentiate Rats and Murderers." An optional lab component will study, in depth, the different audio properties between rats and grown men wearing 200 pounds of weapons and armor.



An Apology

We know when we make a mistake, and we know we need to apologize. Happytime Wizards sincerely apologizes for any "experiment" which may or may not have caused the spontaneous combustion of every child in Tamriel. To alleviate the grief we are offering all returning customers a free de-cursing along with a high-quality fire-resistant swaddling kit. The first 132 customers will also receive a high-quality used novice pestle, courtesy of a nice young man who was selling the items at the low price of 40 gold each.

We're Rolling Back!

Cutting back means bigger savings for you, the customer!!! Due to a sudden decrease in sales, Four Dwarves and a Mule, Inc. will no longer be offering its "STUFF CHILD IN BARREL" promotion. While we will certainly miss the opportunity to pack your rugrats into a wooden container, this means even LOWER, CRAZIER prices on our trademarked "STUFF FOOD IN BARREL" and "STUFF CLOTHES IN BARREL" promotions!

In other news, Four Dwarves and a Mule, Inc. plans to offer a barrel-free babysitting service in the very near future. Contact Four Dwarves and a Mule, Inc. in nine months for further details.

DISCLAIMER: *Due to legal and ethical considerations, Four Dwarves and a Mule, Inc. refuses to send any more exploration teams into InfiniBarrels (c) to search for missing children.*

WARNING

BEWARE OF STRANGE ADVENTURER!

An odd fellow by the name of "SuCkMyNuTzTiFa420" has been encountered by several different residents. If you happen to see this villain MAKE ALL ATTEMPTS TO STAY AWAY. Although his badge claims he is an adventurer, witnesses have seen him doing nothing but destroying clay pots with his sword and simulating fellatio with other residents. He is also believed to be responsible for the castle furniture massacre, in which someone pushed thousands of pounds of furniture from across the land in front of the doors to the castle.

IF YOU SEE THIS EVILDOER, PLEASE SCREAM FOR THE GUARDS AS LOUD AS YOU CAN! They will be standing by a door or some stairs, so try to lure him there or something.

- Duh-duh-duh DAILY DIRT

In this week's daily dirt I will likely namedrop some people and post a zany picture! And you wouldn't want to miss that!

-∼Evan "Pantsfish" Wade & Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka

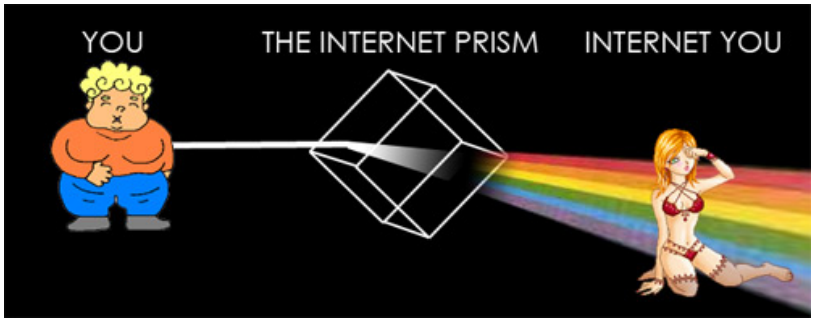
5.22 The Magic of the Internet Prism

Monday, May 22, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Internet could be great. It could be a place for ideas to flourish without the fickle constraints of the flesh. It could be a place to commune and collaborate on projects that help all of humanity. It could be the best résumé ever, limited only by the imagination.

As we all know, the Internet has proven to be nothing of the sort. Stripped of their loathsome bodies, the troglodytes that inhabit the glowing corridors of information have turned out to be a petty, egotistical and largely inane lot of cretins obsessed with sex. Rather than a glorious utopia for research and learning, the Internet has become a tool for people to transform themselves into something else. In the more obvious cases they try to escape from reality, to become a character of their own devising, from something as fanciful as a furry to something as deceptively mundane as a different person.

More commonly, however, the Internet serves as a prism, through which the user unconsciously creates an idealized representation of themselves. It is a combination of vanity and low self-esteem that compels everyone to apply a sort of mental airbrush when it comes to portraying themselves on the Internet. Here is an illustration explaining this complex process:



I would like to devote today's updating to celebrating those who pass unwittingly through the Internet Prism to become something different.

Internet Male

Real Life: A slovenly sad sack with a sex life so dismal that he is more likely to spontaneously spore than to ever reproduce sexually. Will either marry the first woman who kisses him or spend the rest of his life living in his parent's basement.
The Internet: The Internet Male has been described here before, but he is an ever-spreading species. He is a chauvinist to the core who treats women the way he feels that women treat him. He is a firm believer in the ladder theory who constantly espouses the value of various speed seduction techniques. The Internet Male finds flaws in every woman and exudes hyper masculinity until the moment a female arrives in his vicinity. At that point Internet Male either flops back into a fawning or groveling attempt at winning the woman's affection or declares her a "whore" and demands that she "post her tits."
Habitat: Universal. The Internet Male can be found inhabiting every corner of the Internet. Population density decreases on boards and in chat rooms dominated by women and men pretending to

be women.
Defining Quote: "Mandy Moore disgusts me. I don't understand how anyone can find her attractive."
Mortal Enemy: Internet Male hates Internet Socialite. The irony, of course, is that in real life they are probably perfect for each other. Unfortunately, their fanciful Internet Prism images are like two carefully chosen Pokémon dueling it out until their mutual destruction is assured.

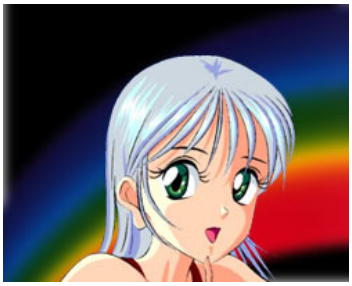
Internet Expert

Real Life: A person with a hobby and intellectual low self-esteem.
The Internet: A person with unparalleled knowledge and absolute mastery of a given subject. The Internet Expert usually displays this quasi-knowledge in one of two ways, depending upon his setting. Among his Internet Expert peers he will engage in heated shouting matches and long arguments over minutiae. Among non-Internet Experts the Internet Expert will gloat about his superior knowledge and remark upon the astounding ignorance of the plebeians with whom he is forced to share the Internet.
Habitat: Largely congregates in specialty newsgroups or on specialty forums, but will usually have a side "general" habitat where he can impress others with his incredible knowledge. Has written or edited a Wikipedia article, probably incorrectly.
Defining Quote: "Heh, you guys think everything is an assault rifle. News flash: just because it looks like an AK-47 doesn't mean it's an AK-47."
Mortal Enemy: The mortal enemy of an Internet Expert is always another Internet Expert. That said, an Internet Expert can be dealt a crushing blow by a non-expert who manages to factually contradict their argument or information. This will often send an Internet Expert careening towards a dramatic implosion.

Internet Badass

Real Life: A timid person who is frequently picked on by others.
The Internet: Passive aggressive machismo. Nothing frightens or phases Internet Badass and he's constantly wondering if that means something is wrong with him. Is it wrong that he ate a sandwich while watching that beheading video? Should he have been freaked out by that car accident he was just in? Is he going to hell because he laughed at that picture of the deformed fetus? The Internet Badass also loves to tell stories about how he dealt a stunning blow to his oppressors. He takes true stories of being teased, bullied or otherwise mistreated and adds in a wildly implausible ending where he executes karate moves, wields a katana or utters some pithy one-liner to crush his tormentors.
Habitat: Ubiquitous. Highest concentrations of Internet Badass can be found on the forums for Jackass-style video clip sites where teenagers hammer tacks into their faces.
Defining Quote:"There were some kids standing outside of my apartment building and one of them said 'fuck you, fat body' and I totally ripped out my katana and he started crying and also wet his pants."
Mortal Enemy: Although Internet Badass has no natural enemies, he is nearly always confronted by someone willing to call his behavior idiotic or his outlandish story obviously untrue.

Internet Socialite



Real Life: Voted by the yearbook staff as "most likely to be date raped," the Internet socialite is probably female and probably an outcast.
The Internet: MySpace is the gateway drug to becoming an Internet Socialite. The less popular the Internet Socialite is in the real world the more she obsesses over the number of friends on her friends list, the number of hits to her blog, the number of fan art drawings of big-breasted anthropomorphic skunks people contribute to her site or the number of IRC rooms for which she has ops. She drinks in the attention of anyone who will give it to her and will probably, in a moment of lapsed judgment, hand out images of her doughy and exceedingly pale naughty bits to someone she trusts completely. Roughly thirty seconds later the images will be all over the Internet and Internet Males can soliloquize at length about how her vagina looks like someone with a hatchet wound did the splits on the floor of a barbershop.
Habitat: Internet Socialites germinate on MySpace and various girl only websites. They pupate in IRC and will eventually emerge from their cocoons, spread their wings and fly anywhere on the Internet where men will give them attention.
Defining Quote: "I didn't log on to MySpace for almost three days and when I logged on I only had 378 friends instead of 396. I'm not even going to check my Facebook at this point."
Mortal Enemy: Internet Socialite will feel victimized by Internet Male as well as Internet Gadfly, who will try to destroy any perceived popularity he might feel threatens his power.

Internet Gadfly

Real Life: Internet Gadfly shares a heritage with Internet Badass, but within Internet Gadfly, beneath a lot of insecurity, beats the heart of an arrogant prick. He is the sort of person who gets picked on, but gets through it by convincing himself that his intellect makes him superior to his tormentors. At some point this blurs until he is convinced that he is superior to nearly everyone.
The Internet: The Internet Gadfly is easily mistaken for a troll, but is actually far more pathetic and common than the troll. Whereas a troll is an artificial construct, the Internet Gadfly is desperate to invest himself emotionally in his attempts at disruption. The Internet belongs to him and how DARE you do something of which he does not approve. The Internet Gadfly will often initially seem benign, but he will soon attach himself to the power structure somewhere - on a forum, on IRC or even on Usenet - and then things will go horribly wrong. Internet Gadfly will begin griping constantly and pushing boundaries. He will eventually attempt to foment rebellion and, failing this, retreat to a sort of sub-community that exists solely to harass the community that exiled him. Fortunately, Internet Gadfly will find many outcast comrades to take up the cause with him.
Habitat: Anywhere he roams. The Internet Gadfly generally seeks out habitats that would seem appropriate for his interests and intellectual level, but Internet Gadflies can exist on a forum for teenage runaways or a forum for physics professors.
Defining Quote: "When you fail, and trust me, you will, I will be there waiting and laughing."
Mortal Enemy: Internet Gadfly's mortal enemies are those in charge of whichever community he has chosen to inhabit and their "mindless herd" of supporters.

I hope you enjoyed this educational edition of Something Awful. If you have any information you would like to share about other types of victims of the Internet Prism you can send me an email.

The Internet Prism is evolving rapidly as more and more of the world joins the information age.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.23 Tales From the (Child)Hood, Part II

Tuesday, May 23, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

Everyone likes childhood stories, or at least nobody seems to hate them enough to threaten me with serious physical harm, which is just as good as liking in my book. Storytelling is one of those things that makes us way better than other animals, so after you read these you can run up and yell "BOOYA" at your pets if you feel like it.

■ One afternoon in junior high we were in class discussing baby names, and this kid with glasses who sat in the back and never talked suddenly blurted out that he thought a good name for a baby would be Lucifer. This made some girl start to cry and she ran out of the room, which made a few people laugh. Then the kid with glasses started to cry as well, and that made everybody laugh.

■ A year later I was in high school and I sat next to Marco in a basic computing class. I thought that was kind of odd because he was a senior and probably shouldn't have been taking a freshman-level class unless he was really dim or something, but there he was. He used to talk about this girl he liked whose last name was Rocha, and for some reason I told him I knew a girl named Bea who liked honeybees (I didn't really), and that this Rocha girl probably liked roaches, so he should draw her pictures of roaches and make her a roach broach and other things like that. I was just joking around to pass the time. A couple months passed and on the first day back after Christmas vacation he asked me if I could help with something, and he pulled out from his backpack a plastic Wal-Mart bag with roach traps in it. I explained that I was just kidding but I think in the back of his mind he still thought it was a good idea.

Marco's sweet princess.

■ Early before school one morning, a mattress was found left by someone in the student parking lot. A hillbillyish senior named Doug, notable because he had possessed the ability to grow a thick and luxurious beard since he was 16, went and got some rope out of the back of his pickup. He tied one end to the mattress and the other to his bumper, and took the whole thing for a spin around the block before school started, hooting and hollering out the window the whole way. The bell rang so I have no idea what happened to the mattress after that. I saw Doug at the grocery store a couple years later and asked him about the joyride but he had no memory of any of it, which is a shame because that was probably the closest he'd ever come to being a real cowboy.

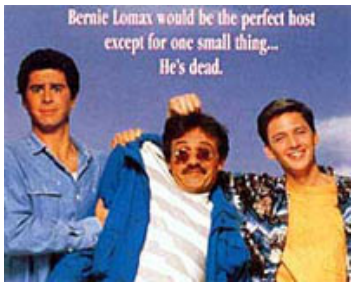
Countdown to disaster!

■ Way back in 4th or 5th grade we were at someone's birthday party, I don't even remember who, but I do know it was held at a place with a ball pit. A few of us were hanging out there and in jumped Brian, who nobody seemed to really know but he was at the party for some reason anyway. Someone said something about a fart, and from the other end of the pit we heard some coughing bordering on dry heaves. We asked Brian if he was fine and he said he was so we just kept talking. Farts came up again in the conversation and again we heard coughing, so at this point I was sort of thinking we had found a trigger left by a carnival hypnotist to make this kid cough with the power of words, but no. One of the

other guys pulled him out by the arm and it turned out Brian had simply landed on a dirty diaper down in the pit.

- An old pastime after lunch was taking your little empty milk carton outside, blowing air into it, sealing it up, and stomping on it. If you did it just right it would produce a really loud BANG and everyone would turn and look and for about 4 seconds out of the day you'd be king. It was pretty hard to get a loud one, though. Out of our little group we only got maybe one or two big bangs a week. We had to quit in 5th grade because our new vice principal was a Gulf War vet and apparently he didn't think the loud bangs were as funny as we did.

- In 6th grade we went on a field trip to the Exploratorium in San Francisco. It's some kind of science museum and it was pretty neat, but the real adventure was when we were leaving on the Bay Bridge. I was sitting next to my friend Mike in the very back of the bus, and we looked out and saw that the car behind us was being driven by the spitting image of Bernie, the dead guy from from Weekend at Bernie's. He even had the big sunglasses and hairstyle and weird facial expression. It looked so much like him that to this day I still consider this my closest celebrity encounter ever. One of the chaperone parents who was along began voicing her concern about the undead man chasing us but because she only spoke Spanish almost nobody could understand what she was saying or talk to her. She was either star struck or fearing for our lives because she was pointing out the back and raising her voice at everyone until the driver sped up and got us in front of some other car. I still wonder about that sometimes when I lie in bed at night.



My brush with Hollywood.

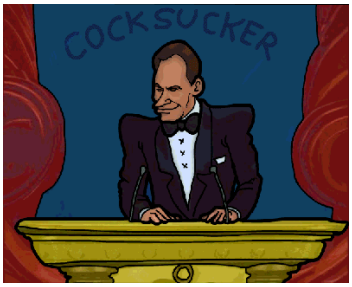
That's all the astonishing tales I can recall right now. I feel like an old man slowly leaning back in his rocking chair getting ready to resume whittling. You know, one thing I've noticed about reminiscing so much is how it makes me think differently. If you were to come up and ask me on any other day if I would go back in time to live my life all over again I'd say, "No you dumbass," and forget about it. But if you asked me right now I'd think about it and say, "No you dumbass," and then I'd remember how I gave my classmate Chris 75 cents to swallow a Matchbox car and how he was absent from school for the next 2 days after that. Those really were the good old days.

-~Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

5.24 Triumph of the Thetans

Wednesday, May 24, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

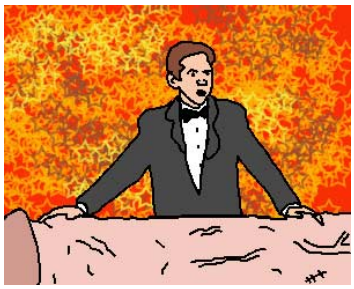
Note: *Because the Church of Scientology is quite litigious and would gladly sue a man just to watch him go bankrupt, I am not using any images owned by the Church of Scientology, merely pictures inspired by their very private property donated by people on the SA Forums.*



As luck would have it, I recently came into possession of an exciting DVD entitled "This is Scientology." Naturally, this got me all worked up in a tizzy, because I am an avid fan of Scientology media as well as crazy cults in general. If David Koresh had made a DVD before his compound burned down, I would be excited to watch it too. As is, I watched the entire 80-day standoff on TV and relished every ridiculous moment of it. Some might take a stodgier look at cults, but I find them hilarious. Where else can you find people willing to die because an insane bald man said a comet is going to take them to heaven? True, when the poison Kool-Aid and gasoline start to spread things turn tragic, but the wild ride toward certain disaster is quite exhilarating to observe from the sidelines.

This holy DVD, subtitled "An Overview of the World's Fastest Growing Religion," promises to give an "exclusive briefing" by "Mr. David Miscavige" at the "Religious Technology Center." I'm pretty sure I missed some kind of global memo, because last I heard Scientology wasn't so much a religion as a "philosophy," and only in the loose sense that taking lots of drugs and trying to convince your buddies that 5th dimensional aliens showed you the ultimate burrito recipe is a philosophy. But, since it is a religion now and not just something celebrities do in their spare time, I guess I should treat the whole thing as being THAT MUCH MORE SCARY.

Religious technology is also an interesting concept to me, and possibly you as well, dear reader. Whereas traditional churches utilize primitive elemental technology, such as holy water and boxes of magic Jesus crackers, Scientologists have an arsenal of futuristic devices, including e-meters, mind control lasers, and a large anatomically correct robotic replica of L. Ron Hubbard that they are saving for a very special occasion (Tom Cruise's 50th birthday). The entire concept of a Religious Technology Center sounds foreign to me, but then we must remember that Scientology is a religion founded by a guy who used to write about space aliens invading earth. In the battlefield of religion, Scientology definitely has a keen eye trained on the world of tomorrow.



Grand Moff Miscavige, as illustrated by David Thorpe

"This is Scientology" is quite fancy, with high quality packaging and graphics, scene menus, and multiple language support. But one would expect such niceties from a professional and respectable organization that is definitely in no way, shape, or form a greedy cult. What sets Scientology and this DVD apart from most cults are the outstanding production values. The typical cult recruitment video suffers from horrible budget constraints. At best you have some guy in a suit purchased at Goodwill preaching to a scarcely populated audience of family members inside a dilapidated gymnasium. The camera work is spotty, the audio is distorted, and the lightning is all a joke. I guess one would define those types of videos as being "indie," while Scientology is clearly "mainstream" and "sold out."

Sadly, "This is Scientology" is not an exciting movie, nor is it a documentary. Rather, it is a speech given by the aforementioned Baron von Miscavige "at the

occasion of 35th anniversary of the Church of Scientology Celebrity Center." Sir David Miscavige, who, for all intents and purposes, is an extremely weaselly man. Lord Miscavige spends the entire speech looking and sounding angry and contemptuous, preaching on the ills of modern society, which of course only Scientology can fix. The ills, which he calls "the real Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," are drugs, crime, illiteracy, and immorality. I would add in a fifth Horseman, that being "people who take too long at the buffet table, blocking you from getting the roast beef," but that is just me. His tone, demeanor, and speaking style is so menacing that I have to wonder if he is trying to sound appealing to people or to inspire a violent, nationalist uprising.

It does not take long for Captain Lou Miscavige to place all the blame for most everything on drugs. Illiteracy, for example, wouldn't be such a problem if schools weren't requiring that children be drugged before attending. Obviously, common social and mental disorders are fabricated to sell more drugs and fuel the Great Psychiatry Trust in its demonic pursuit of profit. While I wouldn't disagree that there are a lot of misdiagnosed patients out there and a lot of corruption in the pharmaceuticals industry, I sure as hell would disagree that we can simply eliminate prescription drugs altogether. We'd end up with a lot of crazies running wild, tearing shit up left and right. True, that would be really fucking entertaining for the first few days, but it would get old and scary shortly thereafter and we'd all want the drugs back.

Submarine Commander Miscavige is also quick to tout Scientology's success in battling drug addiction by addressing its root causes. Well, when you consider that such causes might include a bad family life and poor upbringing, a lack of proper social support and so on, replacing drugs with the embrace of a religious cult doesn't sound so implausible. Hell, in our modern age, people are able to replace drugs with video games and Internet forums and go at them with the same manic, stab-you-for-a-fix enthusiasm.

Getting back to those high production values, The Honorable Mr. David Miscavige gives his speech on an elaborate stage dwarfed by an even more elaborate set. Most churches are not even this gaudy. The set, with large golden columns, bright strings of light, and ornate carvings, looks like some kind of demented amalgamation of a fascist convention and the Academy Awards, with perhaps even a bit of Heaven thrown in the mix for good flavor. I realize Scientology is a very "Hollywood" religion, but they sure went all out. They could easily have hosted an awards ceremony with the same set, giving off trophies for "Most Celebrities Brainwashed" or "Outstanding Performance in an Audit." The giant picture of L. Ron Hubbard is also quite fetching, because he looks more like everybody's creepy uncle than a religious figure. Again, an indie cult would never be able to pull this off.

CEO Miscavige, as illustrated by Flying-Chip

Rear Admiral Miscavige is quick to defend Hubbard, for where would he be without such a luminous figure to guide him through the darkness of life? Rather than letting Hubbard's career writing stories about aliens impregnating humans (or whatever the hell he wrote about) be a negative, he twists it into a positive. For you see, Hubbard merely used his lucrative writing career to fund his "serious research" into how Xenu, Galactic Overlord, piled up billions of ancient humans at the base of a volcano and then erupted it with hydrogen bombs. Did I mention L. Ron Hubbard changed the world by becoming the youngest Eagle Scout in history at the age of 13? When you think about it, he sure did a lot more with his life than Christ. His idea of a merit badge was getting crucified.

All and all, I would say this was a disappointing DVD from the Church of Scientology. For one thing,

it completely failed to even remotely brainwash me. The choice in Secret Agent David Miscavige as host was poor, since he is an antagonistic, ferret-like man. He seems more like an archetypical bad guy, a stock actor you get to play Joseph Goebbels in your low-budget Nazi shoot 'em up movie. I had high expectations for this video and none of them were met. If this DVD was nothing but two hours of a black and white spiral spinning around with a soothing voice whispering "You will enjoy 'Battlefield: Earth,' you will give us your money" I would have enjoyed it immensely. Scientology is too busy hiding Hubbard's bizarre teachings behind forceful propaganda these days, and that is a real shame.

Daily Dirt

Stop on by for a free Moon Pie! That's right, A FREE MOON PIE!!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.25 The Oblivion Mod Guide

Thursday, May 25, 2006 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Greetings my fellow nerdlings. Today's update is related to the latest game in the Elder Scrolls game series, Oblivion. We here at SA are big fans of this game, dedicating a lot of time and energy discussing it on the front page. I'm going to have to assume that most of you have played this game before, unless you have an ancient computer made in 2005 or like to talk to real girls that look nothing like Dark Elves. If you are the latter, then please continue to scroll down to Livestock's whimsy narrative about a moon rodeo that goes horribly wrong.

I have always been a big fan of the Bethesda Softworks Softworks series, but I think Oblivion has exceeded everyone's expectation in gameplay and graphics, making it one of the best RPG's ever made. Thanks to the power of Radiant AI and "asshole physics", you can murder random people in their homes and then spend 20 minutes covering their body with clay plates and tongs. In my house I have a room filled with nothing but watermelons and skulls. Why? Because I can.

Sure I'm getting a little bored of the game after completing all the storylines and guild quests, but there are a group of people with way too much time on their hands that are breathing life into the game by creating modification patches that change the dynamic of the game for the better. Many simply clean up some sloppy programming, like a better leveling system, higher quality visuals, and a keyring for the assload of keys one tends to acquire. I mean really, how can you be an effective thief when you sound like you have a Jiffy Pop going off in your backpack? This community of volunteer geeks is doing a great job finishing the game Bethesda started.

Today I'm going to highlight the most downloaded and best ranked mods out there. I want to give a big high five to all the guys (girls not allowed) out there who are working tirelessly to provide us with free entertainment and improved breast physics for nude mods.

Downs Fix
By Dekov
This much needed mod fixes the genetic disaster that is the land of Cyrodil, converting

the extra chromosome populace into normal, healthy looking individuals. Rumor has it that the lead designer of the game had a mentally challenged brother who was killed by a roadside bomb in Iraq, and he added his face matrix to the game in memoriam. While we don't want to disrespect the memory of the dead retard, it makes for a much better looking land to adventure in.

Bushy Vag Mod
By TehSex0r
This is an add-on to any existing nude patch you already have loaded. It removes any underwear worn by female models and replaces it with a luxurious mane of pubic hair. While mostly a visual change to the game, it does have a benefit of +1 armor to all females. However, an error in the program has been found that makes the pubic hair bright green and causes guards to attack on site. TehSex0r is aware of the problem and is working day and night on a fix.

Glass Equipment Shatters
By omgitzjesusmonkey
Designed with realism powergamers in mind, this mod makes all glass armor and weapons shatter after one use. The broken glass causes 50-100 health damage and may make your character blind if the shards hit your eyes. To make up for this crippling situation, the mod allows you to join the Order of the Blind Moth and make wax in a monastery for the rest of your natural days until the great Oblivion gate opens up covers the land in fiery death.

More Rats and Crabs
By Bigboy69
The unanimous opinion among gamers is that there is a huge lack of rats and crabs in this game. This mod increases the chance of a rat or crab encounter by 300% and creates elite Daedric rats and crabs that appear in the planes of Oblivion once you hit level 20. If your character is carrying any cheese or fish, the rats and crabs will go into a berserker mode that boosts their attacking power.

Sunburn
By Frank009
This is one of the many "realism mods" made by Franky009 and causes sunburn to fair-skinned characters after long exposures to the sun while romping through the countryside. Sunburns decrease personality until they peel 2 days later. Repeated sunburns may lead to skin cancer and requires a visit to a Mayo Clinic in Cheydinhal. The high elf doctor

working there will send you on a quest to a cave to recover the Chemostone for a cure. Other Franky009 mods include "wisdom teeth" and "visit from Grandma".

The Emperor is George W. Bush
By Rocketsock
This hilarious mod turns the Emperor into a GWB/monkey hybrid, replacing Patrick Stewart's voice with a dead-on impersonation of our bungling Commander-In-Chimp. A must download for all you Daily Show fans.

White Power
By Storm Warrior
While I'm hardly a racist, I must admit to downloading this mod and having a blast. It transformed Cyrodil into a white supremacist's dream. All the beggars and thieves are Dark Elves and Redguards, the Dark Brotherhood are Italians, all the shopkeepers are all Asian, and the Mexicans are necromancers and landscapers. I recommend playing a blonde-haired, blue-eyed Nord if you want to advance at all while playing this mod.

Also the Jews are the rats in the game, identified by their tiny armbands and yarmulkes. They are passive so won't attack you or fight back but really control Cyrodil underneath the cities in a vast rodent conspiracy.

ZAPPED
By Axemaniac (underground gamer/hacker)
This is an original mod by gamer legend Axemaniac. Here is a description of it in his own words: "the mod lets you be Scott Baio in Zapped and shoot women and their clothes fly off and they all have different ragdoll enabled boobs and get into all kinds of crazy situations." This is probably the most ambitious of the nude mods out there and another feather in his cap for Axemaniac.

Brett Favre Deadric Shrine
By Gopackers44
When activated, this mod creates a new Deadric shrine with a towering Brett Favre, being worshipped by Nords with cheesehead helmets. When an offer of cheese and beer is made before the visage of the gentle and terrible Favre, a mission is given to go to Bravil and scout out some wide receiver talent. In your way will be an opponent scout who will stop at nothing to keep Favre from having a decent season. If successful, you are awarded the Orcish Helm of Snaps, +10% shield, +50% frost resistance.

Frampton Comes Alive
By Rock4real
This adds the Peter Frampton song "Do You Feel Like We Do" as the soundtrack of the game. Recommended for serious Frampton fans who want to rock out old school while combining various flowers to make potions and riding a horse around the countryside with your elf.

Once again I want to give a huge round of applause to the creators of the game and to all the guys making these mods who are very talented and probably virgins. We appreciate your hard work and your social sacrifice to make this fantasy world a better place. Akatosh bless.

■ Daily Dirt

GOATSE

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

5.26 Be He Alive or Be He Dead

Friday, May 26, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Local politics tend to be boring. Even in Chicago, where public officials are often accused of being in the pocket of organized crime and unions (essentially the same thing here), local politics tend to be boring. Then a hotly contested democratic primary for the presidency of the Cook County Board of Commissioners ended with the world's first undead politician winning his reelection primary.

Stroger during possibly alivier times.

On March 14th, only a week before the 2006 primary election, president of the Cook County Board of Commissioners John H. Stroger Jr. suffered a stroke and was taken to the hospital. Stroger was polling poorly and many suspected the stroke was a publicity stunt to win the sympathy of voters. It was also believable, as Stroger suffered from diabetes, high blood pressure, prostate cancer and he has had a quadruple bypass. Stroger released a statement stating that he was on the road to recovery. The primary election went off without a hitch and Stroger defeated challenger Forrest Claypool.

That was over two months ago. Stroger has not been seen or heard from since. In fact, no video, photos or audio has surfaced of Stroger after his stroke on March 15th. It seems that Stroger may have managed to win at least a primary election while *pretending to be alive.*

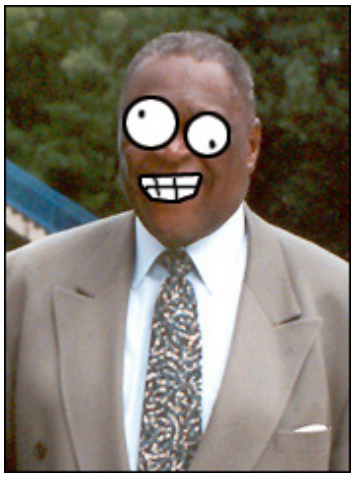
Dead politicians have been elected to office before. Former Attorney General John Ashcroft famously lost a bid for Senate reelection to Mel Carnahan. Carnahan was killed in a plane crash two weeks before the election and won anyway, proving that Republican murder conspiracies don't always work out as well as cutting the brake lines on JFK Junior's Cessna.

The differences between the Stroger and Carnahan situations are that Mel Carnahan admitted he was dead before the election and then did not try to serve after he won the election. His wife took over when Mel graciously bowed out, citing his increasing state of decay as a primary factor. John Stroger has adamantly denied being deceased and as recently as Thursday his supporters called someone a racist when they demanded that Stroger prove that he is still alive.

> *"There's always a double standard when it comes to black folks and white folks. Old man [Richard J.] Daley had a stroke and was off for a year. Nobody said one word. They were even afraid to whisper that he was sick around here," Beavers said.*

Of course, during that year old Pa Daley could actually demonstrate that he was still alive, but I tend to agree with Alderman Beavers. It's those damned breathanistas, always discriminating against the dead. Dead people can't buy houses, can't get jobs, can't vote (except in Chicago) and probably can't hail a taxi, all because The Man is holding them back.

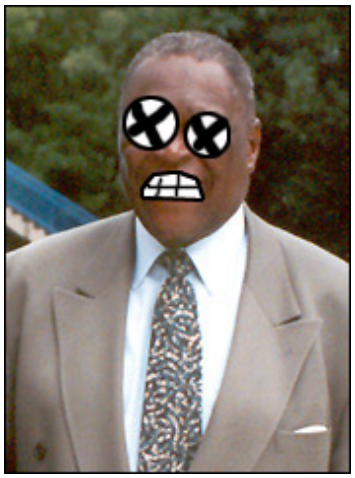
While I have certain sympathies for the undead - I like to call it "the live man's burden" - I also have to feel a bit embarrassed that Stroger is continuing with his whole "I still have a beating heart" charade. Maybe if I can offer enough evidence that Stroger is dead he will just come right out and admit to it. Then we can all breathe a collective sigh of relief - well, everyone but Stroger - and then we can move on with the business of running Chicago for the mob. I don't want to make this too one-sided though, so let's start out by looking at the evidence that Stroger is alive.



Evidence that John H. Stroger Jr. is Alive

- His son says that John Stroger is alive.
- There hasn't been an obituary published in a newspaper.
- No one has officially withdrawn his name from the final election ticket.

Not a lot there, but as a solipsist I may not be the best judge of circumstantial evidence. Let's get the other side of the story.



Evidence that John H. Stroger Jr. is Undead

- When Stroger suffered his March 14th stroke he was wheeled to the ambulance in a full body wrap. No part of his body was visible. How many movies have you seen where a live patient is wheeled out to an ambulance covered by a sheet?
- Stroger was taken to Rush University Medical Center instead of, oh, I don't know, maybe John H. Stroger Jr. Hospital. Perhaps it's because he knows loose-lipped people at the hospital that has been named after him. That's purely speculation, of course.

- No image exists of Stroger being alive since March 14th. I have not even seen a painting or daguerreotype of Stroger. Not even Stroger in a coma. The same goes for audio recording of Stroger. This guy is less accessible than Bin Laden, and Stroger's supposedly still running a campaign (the non-primary is in a few days) and holding a public office.
- On May 19th Stroger was "released" from the hospital and was transported to a high security condominium in downtown Chicago. Friends claim this was so he could "attend rehab every day." Despite this, no one has seen Stroger going to rehab, nor did anyone witness him being released from the hospital or transported to his new condominium.
- To my knowledge the condominium is not being leased in Stroger's name, which leads directly to...
- Stroger's house was sold by a real estate company on May 25th. I guess that makes sense what with that condo someone else rented and moved him into without anyone else noticing.
- If Stroger can win the general election while maintaining his alive status, odds are good that his seat would go to his son (Alderman Todd Stroger) when it becomes apparent Stroger is actually dead. Like when his arm rots off in the middle of a meeting.
- No identifiable doctor has recently listed Stroger's condition as "alive", possibly because nothing is more professionally embarrassing to a doctor than declaring a dead body to be alive.

I cannot state definitively that John Stroger is dead, but I find it highly suspicious that no one can state definitively that he is alive. It's quite an unusual predicament for a politician about to face reelection. If Stroger's luck holds as it did during the primary, we may just have our first undead president sitting on the Cook County Board of Commissioners.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.27 I Have Issues

Saturday, May 27, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Welcome to the upcoming releases section of Compulsive Comic Buyer's Magazine, the most-read periodical among people who have more action figures on their desks than pens or sheets of paper. The following comics are scheduled to ship in the month of June, give or take a few years in the case of creator-owned series. Contact your local comic shop owner to reserve your issues today!

Amazing Spider-Man #532
Publisher: Marvel
Price: $2.99
Spider-Man finds himself in his most difficult battle yet when he begins to web the bed in his sleep. Will he find a cure before Mary Jane leaves him, and how will the mysterious Mole Men react? This issue explores the complexeties of life as a superhero in a compelling and thought-provoking tale. Part 1 of 18 w/ guest appearances by Wolverine and Phillip Seymour Hoffman.

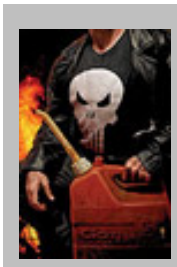
Batman #654
Publisher: DC
Price: $2.99
"Good Intentions" part 4 of 7. Recovering from his epic battle with Alfred atop an out of control zeppelin, Batman must piece together the clues and find the mastermind behind Gotham's dairy product shortage before Catwoman dies of thirst. Featuring a pin-up of Commissioner Gordon by Joe Chiodo.

Civil War #2
Publisher: Marvel
Price: $2.99
The crossover event of the summer continues as the government requires all superpowered citizens to register themselves, pitting Marvel's biggest heroes against one another as they take sides on the controversial decision. In this action-packed issue, The Hulk and Ant-Man debate gun control policies and tort reform as Iron Man's butler finally decides which side of the battle he will side with.

Conan #29
Publisher: Dark Horse
Price: $2.99
In this hotly anticipated issue, Conan chops a few guys up with a longsword and some women in fur bikinis crawl around on all fours and scream. Will anything ever be the same again? Loosely based upon a poem by Maya Angelou.

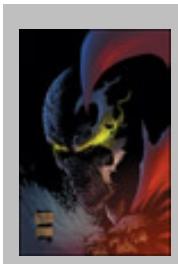
Friendly Neighborhood Spider-Man #8
Publisher: Marvel
Price: $2.99
Spider-Man finds himself in his most difficult battle yet when he is accused of tax evasion! How can Spider-Man prove he paid taxes without revealing that he is Peter Parker? Does the mask that protects a hero's loved ones also shield that same hero from fulfilling his obligations as a citizen, and can you write off spandex as a business expense? This issue explores the complexeties of life as a superhero in a compelling and thought-provoking tale. Guest appearance by Wolverine.

Incredible Hulk #95
Publisher: Marvel
Price: $2.99
In order to find a stolen shipment of plutonium, Bruce Banner goes undercover as a clerk in a fine china store... with disastrous results. Will his inexperience operating a cash register get him fired? Find out! Guest appearance by Wolverine.



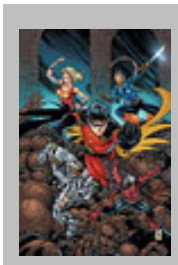
Punisher #34
Publisher: Marvel
Price: $2.99
EXPLICIT CONTENT
An impossibly fat and disfigured mob boss has been molesting children, and only Frank can put an end to it. For mature readers only due to foul language, nudity, decapitation, two police officers forcibly held down with concrete blocks so as to drown in a shallow pool of their own blood, the jaws of life being used to pry open a man's anal cavity, several incidents of the involuntary removal of hands, a man puking into his own abdomen during surgery, tobacco use, a typewriter being used as an instrument of sexual gratification on a prostitute before the letter "b" gets stuck and she bleeds to death, blackface employed on a burn victim for comedic effect, and the annihilation of Australia.

Sensational Spider-Man #27
Publisher: Marvel
Price: $2.99
Spider-Man finds himself in his most difficult battle yet when a waiter brings him the wrong order. Should he send it back or just try to enjoy what was brought to him? If he sends his meal back someone might spit in it. Then again, he's paying for this. Doesn't he have the right to get what he ordered? How will the mysterious Mole Men react? This issue explores the complexeties of life as a superhero in a compelling and thought-provoking tale. Guest appearance by Wolverine.



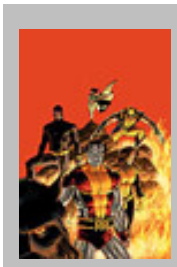
Spawn #157
Publisher: Image
Price: $2.95
Surprised that this comic still exists, Spawn celebrates with a trip to the Home Depot where he buys more chains to add to the 300 pounds of metal he's already been lugging around for the past thirteen years. Coming to toy stores next month: Limited Edition Home Depot Hellclerk with chainsaw arms and exploding coffin.

Superman/Batman #26
Publisher: DC
Price: $3.99
Together they have defeated every villain that has crossed their paths thus far, but how can they possibly hope to defeat the insidious rumors that have been spreading since the duo have begun appearing side by side in public on a daily basis? There are some things that cannot be beaten with a fist wrapped in tight black leather or x-ray vision and buns of steel.



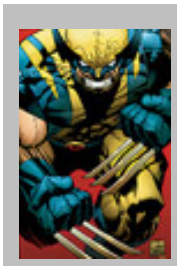
Teen Titans #37
Publisher: DC
Price: $2.99
The Teen Titans square off against Jerk Guy, the supervillain with no discernable powers and a demeanor that's just slightly unpleasant but not really hostile. The group is put to the test like never before. How do you stop a villain who hasn't broken the law? How do you counter someone who looks around when he's speaking to you as if there's someone more important nearby, and makes a jerking-off motion with his hand every time you talk? How do you refrain from unleashing the full force of your powers upon a bad guy when he hasn't touched or directly threatened anyone? Join the Teen Titans as they struggle to answer these questions. Featuring the death of Robin.

Ultimate Spider-Man #95
Publisher: Marvel
Price: $2.99
In Brian Michael Bendis' captivating retelling of a classic hero's tale set in contemporary times, a young Spider-Man finds himself in his most difficult battle yet when he begins to web the bed in his sleep. Can he find a cure on the internet before Aunt May washes his sheets, and how will the mysterious Robotic Mole Men react? This issue explores the complexeties of life as a young superhero in a compelling and thought-provoking tale. Guest appearance by Robo-Wolverine.



Uncanny X-Men #474
Publisher: Marvel
Price: $2.99
When Jean Grey dies and returns to life three times over the course of one weekend ski trip, Professor X forces her to leave the X-Men "until you get this out of your system". While waving goodbye to her friends, she is struck by a bus and killed instantly. Can this really be the end of Jean Grey? Guest appearance by Wolverine.

The Walking Dead #31
Publisher: Image
Price: $2.99
Rick offers the dead a chair to sit in, but they just won't... stop... *walking*. Will he finally get the dead to take a rest? How can Rick and his small band of fellow survivors keep their sanity amidst the horrors of all this walking?



Wolverine #43
Publisher: Marvel
Price: $2.99
Wolverine learns that his skeleton is not made of unbreakable Adamantium as he has been led to believe, but rather a delicious sugar and apple compound named Appleyummy-yum. He must now make the biggest choice of his life: continue life as a hero or find some way to siphon the Appleyummy-yum out of his skeletal system and into his mouth. Guest appearance by Wolverine.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.28 Top Secret Plan for Season 3 of Lost

Sunday, May 28, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

By Damon Lindelof, Head Writer

We've just finished another great season guys and I know it's so easy to rest on our laurels and also never answer any of the five million mysteries we brought up, but we can't stop now. I've taken the liberty of sketching out some preliminary ideas for our next season. Tell me what you think. -D.L.

- We will have an episode where we reveal that the entire island is run by aliens and aliens are causing everything and every mystery can be solved by just saying aliens. After the inevitable backlash from the fans, we will point out that the episode aired on April 1st and the entire thing was a prank.

Then, of course, one of them will notice that April is the fourth month. And 4 is one of the cursed numbers. Oh, oh, and it's the first of April and four times one is *also four*. Which is one of the cursed numbers. Slamdunk.

- In our further drive to make the coolest character from Season 1 suck, Locke will come away from the electromagnetic incident with Tourettes syndrome and a high, almost girlish voice. He will attempt to resume his role as wise hunter in the jungle, but give up after squealing at Charlie that he should faggot try to cuntlicker make things right with dick in the ass Claire.

- Stuff on the island will continue to randomly symbolize God.

- Our format of weekly flashbacks from different characters is becoming a problem as the characters' storylines wear thin. Which is why I'm taking the bold move of having *another plane crash*. This will bring in enough new cast members that we can phase out the characters fans care about altogether!

These new characters will include, among others, Sam Nietzsche, Jenny Kierkegaard, and Shakespeare McNotnamedafteraphilosopher. Their flashbacks will conform to the level of emotion and surprise already established by the first two seasons. For example:

- A man who had to infiltrate a gang of clowns in exchange for a crooked policeman leaving his family alone. Soon, however, he went so deep into his role as clown that he forgot he ever had a family and sank into a deep ocean of seltzer water and degradation. At the end of the episode, he will realize that he *never had a family* and had actually *been a clown his whole life*. He will weep in a small clearing in the jungle, holding his favorite red clown nose in his hand.
- A woman who worked for a successful and well-respected

banker for years, until she came back into his office late one night and found out that he was actually a *horse*. Also she was a *horse too*.

- A man who spent years thinking he was God. It turns out that *he was not God. He was just a nut.*
- A man who killed ten people execution style while robbing an orphanage. Several years later, he discovers that this actually is *morally wrong*.

Oh, and I've been thinking we should change our trademark rumbling flashback noise to a sped up version of the theme song from "Enterprise." I'll have to check with our legal department about this.

- Ok, I just had my best idea yet. What if we pretended to kill a major character but then have it turn out we didn't really kill them? You know, this is such a good idea that we should use it twice in one season. Oh hell, let's just make it something that happens every episode, it'll keep people on their toes.

As for actually killing characters, we'll continue doing what we always do: poll the fan boards to see which characters are least popular and then kill those off. This keeps up a good relation with our fans and ensures that, while the dramatic tension of the deaths are undercut by the audience cheering and high-fiving each other, at least we don't get any hatemail that could hurt our feelings and distract from our work.

- This reminds me. I think I have rethought our decision to hire Joss Whedon as a special story consultant since the only plotline he has suggested is that Sun and Jin should get a disease that causes them to hallucinate and kill each other, only realizing their tragic mistake after the killings blows are landing, and then stagger over and collapse in grief and bloodloss on top of Claire's baby, killing it. At this point, Claire would kill herself and Charlie, finding her body, would try to kill himself with one of the guns, but would miss and accidentally shoot Hurley.

It wasn't just the sheer amount of death he was talking about, but the fact that he was giggling and visibly erect as he pitched it that disturbed me.

- I've been noticing a decline in the biting wit usually evident in Sawyer's constant nicknames for the other survivors. In order to rectify this, I put together a sample list of names that are up to his usual hilarious quality:

  - "fatboy"
  - "long haired dude"
  - "you"
  - "two eyes"
  - "stuck on the island guy"
  - "Jack"

- Remember that one episode of Family Guy or maybe it was Simpsons I don't remember but anyway it's the one where the dumb animated father turned the house into a puppet and like its roof was going up and down like a mouth while he talked.

Ok imagine that, but with the WHOLE ISLAND. Fuck yes I am brilliant.

- In a metaphysical twist that will cement our place in the pantheon of great shows, the Season 3 finale will have our characters discover that they are being secretly filmed as a television show on

the north shore of Oahu. Also that everything they have ever experienced throughout their lives were just cleverly disguised locations on Oahu.

Locke will be the first to make this discovery, bursting into a hotel lobby to find Boone tending bar in order to make ends meet after leaving the show. "Well," Locke will say, "looks like we've jumped the Dharma-branded shark." Then he will wink at the camera and the Lost logo will come up.

To be honest, I haven't quite figured out where the show will go from there, but I plan to lock myself in a room with a couple bags of cocaine, an entire case of tequila, and a couple "prospective female cast members" (if you know what I mean) and when I emerge Season 4 will be entirely laid out. As will those "prospective female cast members". If you know what I mean.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

5.29 Winesburg, Indiana: Winesburg goes to War

Monday, May 29, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Chronicals of Winesburg, Indiana series.

Winesburg's Daily Paper Since 1940

BACK PAGE
Local Boy's
t Achievement
It's really not
rth the hubbub'

Courier Post

SPORTS
Football Scores
B. Stockings 3-0
H. Stockings 6-0
X. Stockings 7-3

8th December, 1941 5¢

ccording to the US Navy, the Japanese unexpectedly flew to Pearl Harbor, Hawaii

JAPS VISIT!

Mayor Reports Winesburg's Sister City in Japan is 'Doing A-OK!'

By Trevor Corey
Courier Post Enthusiastic Cub Reporter

Winesburg's honorable mayor August Turnbull spoke to reporters today at the county courthouse. The mayor was concerned by reports that the visit by Japan to Hawaii had stirred up trouble in Washington.

Mayor Turnbull placed a telephone call to the mayor of Jinshu in distant Japan. The mayor of Jinshu calmed the

Winner of the 4H Honest Reporting Award 1943

BACK PAGE
UNEOWEEN!
Frighten the fam
with our spooky
DR ghost mask!

Courier Post

AREA MEDALS
Medal of Honor....0
Silver Star.....0
Bronze Star.....0
Purple Heart.....985

8th May, 1945 5¢

HITLER: 'I QUITLER'

Celebrate 'V-E Daze' with the Winesburg Chamber of Commerce-

By Randy Lahey
Courier Post Magical Wizard of Text

To celebrate Winesburg's victory over Nazi Germany, the Winesburg Chamber of Commerce has announced the return of 1918 Victory Bucks. Back then it was the Kaiser, but the same amazing discounts will apply!

'May 8th, 1945 is a date that will live in frugality,' proclaim-

Courier Post

Kidz Learn N' Play Page!

TELL THIS ONE TO YOUR PALS!

An Irishman, an Italian, a Mexican and a Korean walk into a bar. The Irishman orders a beer, the Italian orders a red wine, the Mexican orders a tequila, but the Korean doesn't order anything. "What'll it be?" The bartender asks, but the Korean still doesn't order anything. Finally, the Korean turns to the bartender and says "I'll just hang out with these guys until the Chinese get here and shoot the place up and murder US Marines in cold blood."

CONNECT THE DOTS TO FIND AMERICA'S ENEMY!

KARL MARX'S COMMUNIST MANIFESTO

Fun Quiz!

Q. Why isn't daddy coming back from Korea?

A. Because Communism killed him.

Q. How will we know when Freedom has won in Korea?

A. When Korea is divided on the 38th parallel again!

3C LOCAL NEWS

Sherriff's Log

June 14th, 1968
By Lawson Sherriff
Winesburg County Sheriff's Dept.

1:04 AM - Call of a man standing near a fence and saying "hello" repeatedly in the 800 block of West Chestnut. Deputies discovered a large brightly colored parrot and captured it using a potato sack and a baton. The parrot was released at a nearby park.

2:11 AM - 800 block of West Chestnut reports calls of a man standing near a fence repeating "who's a pretty bird?" Deputies arrived on the scene but no man could be found in the area.

5:34 AM - Deputies responded to a call at 1644 State Route 33 W. Homeowner Don Gully claimed to have seen a large hippie moving through his horse barn. Mr. Gully discharged a shotgun into the air and thought he scared the hippie off. Deputies could not find the hippie but did see a large quantity of what may have been hippie scat and hippie scratchings in the horse stall.

SHERRIFF'S LOG IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY:
Easy Eddy's Mortuary
"Take it easy with Eddy!"

2 for 1 summer special is BACK!

10:06 AM - A call was placed from 'Donuts and Stationery' at 15 N. Main. Three hippies were loitering shiftlessly outside of the shop and frightening away patrons. Hippies dispersed at the arrival of deputies.

1:44 PM - Deputies Lowry and Hunt apprehended a hippie eating a sack of old bread in the 600 block of Electric Ave. The hippie could not be charged with a crime and was therefore released. Deputy Hunt did manage to have the hippy spit until he could not spit any longer down a storm sewer so as to prevent any shameful run-ins with soldiers.

3:05 PM - Miss Jennifer Eugene reported continuing harassment from a group of teenagers. She believed one or more was in her attic saying 'who's a pretty

2D OPINIONS & EDITORIALS

AREA VOICES

Why We're Fighting in Iraq

By Arnold Ferry
An Area Voice

I read a lot of letters and editorials in this very paper that fill me with rage. How can Americans, enjoying all the things Americans enjoy like freedom to speak and freedom not to pray, spend all of their time and thoughts hating the very people who give them those rights: the US Soldier.

We owe it to the men and women in uniform to not entertain these negative and cowardly thoughts about Iraq. You say that we found no WMD and that the Iraqi people didn't great us as liberators and I say, "so what?" We toppled Saddam, a brutal dictator in league with our enemies, and we took the war to Al Qaeda so we didn't have to fight it here in Winesburg.

Now people are saying that we should pull out of Iraq and that we have no reason to be there. If we left today, Iraq would collapse into chaos and civil war. If that happens then everything that the other soldiers have fought and died for is worthless. We are staying over there for the long haul as a sort of way of honoring the sacrifice of the soldiers who already died. When soldiers stop dying we will stop having soldiers to honor with more sacrifices and we can finally come home.

Until then, leaving is no better than spitting in the face of soldiers returning home from (*cont'd 7D*)

EASY EDDY'S PROSTHETICS

"Take it easy with Eddy!"

*SofTouch
*BabyGrip
*The Stroker
*Egg Handler
*Hook3000
*Sir Walksagain
*The Interlocutor

"That's not an IED! It's our price EXPLOSION!"

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.30 The Dave Thorpe Dating Theory

Tuesday, May 30, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Another lonely night?

Are you alone? Lacking confidence? Misogynist? Poorly-dressed? Broke? Terrified of women? Do you panic in social situations? Are you a shrill, greasy nebbish with nothing to offer a sane woman except unreasonable sexual demands and the occasional couchbound evening of watching Doctor Who and eating mustard straight from the jar with a five-cent comb?

What would you say if I told you that you could, right now, even as we speak, be strutting around town with a gorgeous woman on each arm? I will momentarily pardon and entertain your disbelief, squire. How could a nobody like *you* hope to entertain even one woman, much less two or more? How could such a dismal effort at humanity even speak to a woman without getting his acne slapped off? The answer is simple: *The Dave Thorpe Dating Theory.*

For over three and a half weeks, The Dave Thorpe Dating Theory (TDTDT for short, or just DTDT, or in some sectors, "The Megamethod") has been the foremost dating and relationship guide on the internet. By taking in TDTDT's advice on the ancient art of the pick-up, you shall never again want for female company, even if you've had little or no luck in the past. That is *The Dave Thorpe Guarantee*™ (TDTG™).

Step One: Confidence!

Confidence is not merely your attitude toward yourself, it is also your attitude toward women. Before you can get out of the house and start possessing and discarding every woman you lay your eyes upon, you must inflate your own ego to ridiculous proportions while at the same time whittling away your opinion of women until you see them as nothing more than cairns of painted stones.

Believe in Yourself!

You can never impress a woman if you don't impress yourself. By memorizing the following simple principles, even a pathetic creature like you can shake off his crippling social anxiety and fear of rejection. Once these four principles have been fully internalized, you will be ready to delude yourself into believing that you are worthwhile to women!

Principle One: You Are Great

Sure, you may be a shambling, sloth-like virgin, but it's not *your fault* that women have thus far failed to love you. It is the fault of the absence of TDTDT in your life. It is also the fault of women, who are too stupid to realize how great you are. You are a desirable specimen of maleness, and you are entitled to any woman in the world. Any rejections you have suffered in the past are due to women failing to recognize your genius.

Principle Two: Women Owe You Sex

At the dawn of man, Eve was created from one of Adam's ribs. This means two things: first of all, *men were here first,* and therefore we own the place and we make the rules. Secondly, *women*

owe their existence to men, despite this jive they try to lay on us about being the mystical mothers of the earth and whatnot. Women are still paying off this biblical debt to us, so any woman who refuses your masculine advances will go to hell. Don't be shy about reminding them!

Principle Three: Women Don't Care How You Look
It is a little-known fact that women are far more impressed with confidence than they are with physical attractiveness. Don't sweat it if you're no Valentino; as long as you exude an air of smugness and self-satisfaction, women will literally eat out of your hand. In fact, you might as well not even hold yourself to a minimum standard of public presentability. Showing up to a nightclub filthy and unshaven in an open bathrobe just proves that you are too confident to care about your appearance. Combing your hair with the same comb that you use for eating mustard will give you a roguish, shabby quality. Women will be intrigued!

Principle Four: Women Are Not Complicated
It's an oft-repeated stereotype that men are simple and women are complicated. Untrue! Many men think of women as pianos: beautiful, expensive, and difficult to play. In fact, just the opposite is true: women are like harmonicas— you simply blow in one end and sound comes out the other! A woman is basically made up of two parts: the head part, containing the sense receptors which allow her to be impressed by your confidence, and the lady part, which is the part you get to interact with once you've properly impressed her head part (they have a third part, the hair, which is largely irrelevant to the dating process).

Step Two: Speaking to Women

Speaking with Women

Now that your spirit has been invigorated with misbegotten confidence, it is time to start talking to women. Don't be nervous! If you stammer and stutter and use the words "and stuff," women will instantly place you in the "friend category," which means that they will never speak to you again. Within two seconds of seeing you, a woman already knows whether or not she will ever date you, so your best bet is to make those two seconds as intriguing or enjoyable for her as possible. Remember to always sneak up on women; otherwise, they might spot you and decide not to date you before you can wow them with confidence.

Principle One: Your "Game Name"
A man cannot attract women if he has an unattractive name. Since the first step in meaningful interaction with any new woman is a simple introduction, you must ensure that she does not giggle at your name. If you happen to be burdened with a particularly dull name like Donald Hockenberry or even an abjectly humiliating one like Tad Coward, feel free to embellish your name a little. When coming up with your "Game Name," try to make it a subconscious reference to your physical endowments or your sexual expertise. Try the following on for size:

- Dick Prowess
- Peter Largest
- Stone Bonner
- Hugo Rodney

Now that your introduction has raised a few eyebrows and perhaps incited a few gasps, it's time to move on to the most important element of seducing women.

Principle Two: The Pick-up Line

The best way to dazzle a woman into tolerating you is with a clever pick-up line. When most people think of pick-up lines, they imagine corny come-ons like "you must be an angel, because you are invited to my pants." While there is a time and a place for such banter, TDTDT conforms to the more subtle view that *everything you say to a woman until you have sex with her is a pick-up line*. The key to talking to women is to present yourself as a mysterious, confident, and appealing individual. Here are some proven-effective pick-up lines to try out during your next babe encounter:

- At a bar or nightclub, bump right into a woman and knock the drink out of her hand. When she objects, look right past her and say "I'm trained not to see beautiful women, because they might distract me from my mission." This sounds mysterious! Who trained you? Are you a spy? Is she involved in a mysterious rendezvous with a suave secret agent? She'll want to know more, and it's also a great opportunity to buy her a new drink.

- Women love sensitive men, but that doesn't mean you should be a mushy crybaby. Tell her something emotionally vulnerable, but do so in a masculine and assertive way. For example, you might say "you remind me of my dead mother, but you've got bigger breasts."

- Women love men with a good sense of humor! Making a joke at a woman's expense is the perfect way to showcase your natural charisma while retaining the upper hand. Beware: if you make a joke about something that a woman is insecure about, like her weight, she may just think you're a jerk! Instead, think of something wrong with her that she might not even know about, like her lumpy shoulders or her mule-like laugh.

- Pick-up lines from classic literature show a woman that you're a cultured gentleman. Avoid using lines from Shakespeare, as it may be considered pretentious and effete. Instead, consider reciting this classic erotic invitation from Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird*: "Come here, nigger, and bust up this chiffarobe. I got a nickel for you."

At this point, unless you're doing something entirely idiotic, you should have a woman's rapt attention. Now comes the tricky, secret bit!

Principle Three: Ignoring Her
After you've instilled a woman with a sense of awe about your greatness, make an excuse to leave her for a while. Find a location which affords a good view of your quarry, park yourself there, and studiously ignore her. Try to discreetly determine whether she is occasionally glancing at you (in order to do this, you may have to stare at her, which is tricky to do while ignoring her). The objective is to make her realize how empty and uncomfortable she feels without you; it also proves to her that you are better than her, and can easily run off and forget about her on a whim. Ignoring a woman is a key factor in asserting your dominance early in the game. Remember that women are attracted to males with power and status, and paying attention to a woman only serves to bring you down to her level. "If he is willing to debase himself by giving me, a lowly woman, the time of day," she might say, "he is surely not a male with power and status."

Make sure to ignore her for at least half an hour. If she leaves while you are still ignoring her, follow her while continuing to ignore her. After she has begun to panic about your absence, return to her and begin to stimulate her sensual cues.

Principle Four: A Woman's Sensual Cues

Touching Women

The science of attracting women is no mystery. Women have inbuilt cues and triggers which can be manipulated at will by anybody willing to take the time to learn TDTDT. Careful management of the sensual cues will show a woman that you are a sexual being, and therefore she will not put you in the dreaded and inescapable "friend category," where you will forever languish unlaid, suffering the tedious friendship of the inferior sex.

Sensual Cue #1: Touch Stimulus
Though their brains are less developed than those of men, women are blessed with central nervous systems comparable to ours. As such, classy touching of a woman's sensitive areas during conversation can catapult you into the stratospheres of guaranteed non-friendship. Do not be too forward with your groping and probing; only attempt to stimulate a woman by touch if you have built up an acceptable comfort level. Here are some gentle and inoffensive ways to touch a woman:

- Brush her hair back if it falls into her eyes, or if she is vomiting.
- Lean past her to signal the bartender and scratch her face with your stubble.
- Grasp and claw at her knees while telling an interesting anecdote.
- Punch any man who tries to talk to her, and graze her with your fist as you do so.
- Blow your nose in her hair.

Above all, *be classy.* While staring at a woman's bosom during conversation may be acceptable, seizing it without asking permission is not!

Sensual Cue #2: Male Musk
"Musk" is the scent that accumulates in bureau drawers and wardrobes in poorly-ventilated rooms due to dampness and an accumulation of mold spores. Make sure to wear clothes that have been put away in moldy drawers for at least three months before going out and engaging women in TDTDT seduction. Accumulating a proper musk can provoke violent sneezing in some particularly allergic women, and scientists have often told us that a sneeze is somewhat like a less powerful orgasm. It's practically foreplay!

Sensual Cue #3: The Smooth Voice
No man can be a true Casanova without carefully cultivating his Smooth Voice. Luckily, you may have practiced it already without knowing it. Have you ever, in the comfort of your own home, spoken for extended periods of time in your "Darth Vader Voice?" This is exactly the same as the Smooth Voice. Simply make your voice as low and booming as possible and affect a vaguely British accent. Breathe heavily, and speak in a slow and deliberate cadence as if ordering the destruction of a planet. If anyone asks you why you are speaking this way, order their destruction.

Step Three: Breaking Up with Women

If you have followed the preceding steps properly, you are reading this document after having sexual intercourse with a woman, and you are now wondering how to ensure that you never have to see her or speak with her again. Much like every word you speak to a woman prior to having sex with her is a pick-up line, every word you speak to a woman after you have sex with her is a break-up line.

After committing a sex act, women often believe that it is tacitly assumed that you have entered a relationship with them. Sometimes you will get lucky, particularly if you are quite bad at having sex, and a woman will abandon this assumption and leave you alone immediately. However, in most cases it will be necessary to break up with a woman in order to avoid becoming entangled in a relationship. Relationships are the enemy of TDTDT, because they forbid you from advancing up the attractiveness ladder until you have eventually bedded The Most Attractive Woman in the World, after which it is safe to either enter a relationship or die. If you get particularly lucky and wind up having sex with The Most Attractive Woman in the World your first time out, feel free to skip this next section and attempt to impregnate her or kill yourself, or both, or vice versa.

There are three ways to break up with women; all of them are equally effective. The choice is yours:

The Breakup
Method #1: Passive Aggressive
Attempt to make both her and yourself as miserable as possible until she decides to leave you. The advantage to this is that since you're the one who was dumped, you can play it for sympathy with your friends and family, and you might even be able to wheedle out of work for a day or two if your boss is the caring sort. The disadvantage is that this process can take up to fifty years and often involves marriage.

Method #2: The Direct Approach
Although it can be difficult to say, it is possible to simply tell a woman that you have broken up with her and leave it at that. She will have little recourse for refusal. The advantage is that it is immediate and very difficult to misunderstand. The disadvantage is that it doesn't work if you're a coward, which you probably are.

Method #3: Lying
If I had to endorse only one method of breaking up, it would almost certainly be this one. Not only is this a great way to end a relationship, but it is also a perfect opportunity to work on your "lying game," which can be very useful in crafting pick-up lines. It is also fairly fool-proof, since the worst that can happen if she catches on to your lie is that *she* will break up with *you*. To exercise this option, simply make up a reason why you can't see her ever again. Here are some examples:

- My home planet needs me.
- I am moving to a country where women are illegal.
- I am about to die (as soon as I hang up the phone).
- I intend to have sex with other women (not necessarily a lie).
- You tried to kill me in your sleep.
- I won the lottery and you are no longer good enough for me.

Congratulations, child. You are now equipped to bed and discard each and every woman in the entire world, with time and the ravages of age being the only objects to this goal.

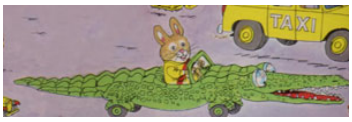
-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

5.31 Busytown Police Blotter for Memorial Day Weekend

Wednesday, May 31, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Busytown Police Blotter series.

May 27, 2006:



■ Traffic officer reported busiest traffic jam ever at intersection of Main and Hippopotamus. Gridlock started when a peanut car stalled in the intersection and the elderly cricket driver was unable to restart the vehicle. Officer and several drivers assisted the elderly cricket in moving his vehicle to the side of the road, where it was then struck by an alligator car driven by a female rabbit. Officer reported smelling alcohol in the female rabbit's breath and placed her in handcuffs until backup arrived. Officers then cleared the jam with the aid of two tow trucks.

■ A suspicious feline driving a carrot was reported observing residents and houses in the Pickle Heights neighborhood. Officers responded but were unable to find the feline or the carrot.

■ Complaints of a crowd gathered at 2700 N. Tree Ave in front of the Café Ole. Officer reported finding one Mr. Rabbit cemented to the sidewalk. Mr. Rabbit, visibly distressed, was pleading to onlookers for help. Officer called in EMTs and firefighters to assist in Mr. Rabbit's removal and gave him a stern warning not to walk in wet cement again. A section of sidewalk remains closed for repairs.

■ A large fat pig called to complain that strong gusts of wind were continuously blowing his hat away. An officer who responded to the call witnessed first hand as the large fat pig's hat was blown asunder by wind. It was suggested that the large fat pig move to less windy pastures, which he did under protest.

■ Officers caught a peeping tom in the act in the 1500 block of Berry Lane. The perpetrator, identified as Huckle Cat, was leering into a second floor window by way of a ladder. The victim, Hilda Hippo, requested to file a restraining order and offered to "castrate the bastard myself," which officers promptly declined.

May 28, 2006:

■ One officer received minor injuries trying to arrest Busytown resident and farmer Patrick Pig for public intoxication. Patrick Pig shouted obscenities, made lewd gestures, and resisted all attempts at arrest. He was subdued with a taser and taken into custody. One other individual was struck repeatedly when he disagreed with Patrick Pig in a dispute over Irish politics. He was treated and released at Busytown Hospital.

■ Officers responded to reports of a domestic dispute in the 400 block of W. Apple St. Mrs. Hannibal complained to officers that her husband, Mr. Hannibal, called her "fat" and threw a chair at her. Mr. Hannibal had left before officers arrived, but was later found and taken into custody at a nearby bar. Mrs. Hannibal refused to press charges, and her husband was released.

■ Officers responded to two separate calls of home invasion and burglary in the Pickle Heights neighborhood. One of the homeowners saw the culprit, a cat burglar, make off with several small bags of jewelry and heirlooms in a rusty sedan-model carrot with out

of state plates.

■ Numerous witnesses reported an incident of road rage on E. Brick St. Witnesses indicate that a motorist, identified as Lowly Worm, turned violent when a male raccoon backed into his apple car, causing severe blemishes. Lowly Worm, upset and agitated over losing his job earlier in the day, attempted to take his aggressions out on the raccoon. The raccoon defended himself, and inadvertently ripped Lowly Worm into two pieces. The bigger piece is being charged with attempted assault.

■ Several security officials at the Busytown Airport were suspended without pay when they neglectfully allowed a distraught Hilda Hippo to drive her bathtub onto a runway, causing multiple flights to be delayed until the area could be properly secured. Busytown police officers responded and reported Hilda Hippo to be under the influence of an unknown narcotic and took her to Busytown Hospital for observation. The NTSB is investigating the incident further.

■ Bruno's Deli proprietor Bruno called police to report a gaggle of mice children scaring off customers by speaking loudly about the Internet and shouting Internet slogans. When an officer arrived the children quickly scurried off into small, dark holes.

May 29, 2006:

■ Officers responded to a second domestic dispute call in the 400 block of W. Apple St. Mrs. Hannibal had severed her husband's trunk, leaving him lying bloody and despondent on the kitchen floor. Officers tried to assist, at which point he charged up and out of the premises naked and bleeding. Officers were able to restrain him after he became entangled in a ladder that was being used by a repairman servicing a streetlight. The repairman, who had grabbed hold of the light when the ladder fell, was helped down and resumed his work. Surgeons at Busytown Hospital were able to reattach the trunk. Mrs. Hannibal was taken into custody and formal charges are pending.

■ Smokey the firefighter responded to a call in the 1400 block of Turtle St, where a three-story cottage was burning. The fire was put out after two hours of work on the part of Smokey and his firefighters. A subsequent investigation revealed arson, with characteristics that match a string of recent arsons throughout Busytown. Residents are advised to be mindful and check that smoke detectors are operating properly. Any information regarding the arson or arsonist should be reported to authorities at once.

■ A Pickle Heights resident shot an intruder three times, paralyzing him. The intruder, a male feline, struck at the early morning hours, apparently expecting the house to be empty. The resident, police officer Sgt. Murphy, ordered the perpetrator to surrender. The perpetrator instead attempted to flee with Sgt. Murphy's DVD player in tow. Murphy fired four shots, three hitting the suspect in the back and spinal column. Sgt. Murphy is on a paid leave of absence pending a department investigation.

■ Three people were taken to the hospital following a traffic accident at 340 W. Dumpling Rd. Mr. Frumble, driving a late 90s model pickle, careened into opposing traffic, striking an unidentified female octopus driving a roller skate. A third vehicle driven by a male panda, also unidentified as of this writing, was unable to stop in time and struck the pickle. Mr. Frumble miraculously suffered only minor injuries, but the other drivers remain in critical condition at Busytown Hospital. Mr. Frumble, who suffers from diabetes, claims to have blacked out behind the wheel.

■ All officers responded to reports of gunshots emanating from the Town Hall Clock

Tower. All totaled, ten people were shot, six killed, when Mr. Fixit, longtime Busytown businessman, took to the tower with a high powered assault rifle and began firing on citizens. Mr. Fixit, disturbed and troubled after finding out his wife was having an affair, was stopped when Captain Chubby stealthily made his way to the top of the tower and shot him once in the muzzle. Fellow officers quickly made their way to the top and assisted in Mr. Fixit's arrest and transport to Busytown Hospital, where he remains in critical condition. The names of the victims are being withheld until all families have been notified.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Chapter 6

June

6.1 The Giant Panda Conspiracy

Thursday, Jun 01, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

The Wide World of Oblivion Shrubs

We continue our Oblivion coverage today with a comprehensive look at what makes Oblivion truly great, shrubs. An Oblivion shrub can be identified by its size and shape. A shrub is not quite a tree but not quite grass. It sits in a hazy middle ground that makes it unique to those who study and enjoy shrubs.

One need not be an expert in shrubs to enjoy them. Novices and amateurs alike can appreciate shrubs if only they learn a few basic facts and guidelines. With Bethesda's life-like procedural woodland generating physics engine, video game shrubbery has reached a new plateau in realism. Oblivion's vegetation is so realistic that one never needs to visit an arboretum again. I recently cancelled my annual pass to my local shrubbery and never looked back!

Oblivion shrubs can be defined into four classes:

> **Aggressive:** These shrubs are nothing to sneeze at. They are not to be approached under any circumstances unless your shrubbery skill is level 50 or higher. These shrubs can bite and are not afraid to use voodoo. AVOID AT ALL COSTS!

APRIL FOOLS!!!

You really think someone on Something Awful would write a whole article about something as ridiculous as plants in a video game? Let's move on to the **real** update.

The Giant Panda Conspiracy: An SA Investigative Report

So cute. So lovable. So dangerous.

Deep within the world's zoos there is an ongoing conspiracy that threatens the very fabric of our beliefs. Today I will be exposing this horrific conspiracy for the ugly, putrid thing that it is. This update will rock you to the core. It will shake your foundations. You will never be the same.

We're not talking about animals being abused, sold into slavery, or being killed off for their fur, which is very soft and comfortable by the way. No, it's a scam worse than anything ever sent to your inbox from Nigeria.

Good natured humans are being defrauded by the so-called panda "bear" for everything they are worth. Think you're just an innocent bystander? Think again. If you've ever paid admission to a zoo to see a panda you are part of the conspiracy. Folks, it's everything we have feared and more.

The Giant Panda is secretly pretending to be endangered and helpless so human beings will pamper them forever.

Every year a bazillion gajillion zillion billion dollars and forty cents is wasted attempting to care for, track, and rebuild the species. Conservationists are now using satellite tracking technology to monitor wild pandas having sex, the BBC reports.

> *"Tracking them with advanced technology and observing their sex activities might help us find ways to avoid their extinction," an official said.*

I'll tell you why they have a poor breeding record. THEY ARE PLAYING YOU ALL FOR CHUMPS, THAT'S WHY! What's worse is that there is now a panda kindergarten to educate cubs! YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK. These pandas are only being educated in one thing, how to fool humans for the rubes they are.

Oh, we're poor pandas. Cry cry, sniff sniff we're going to go extinct if you don't help us! Heh heh heh, look at all the humans, believing our every word, humanitarians they are. Oh yes, take us in and help us breed. Give us the best bamboo, the best dens, and the best luxury sport sedans. Why not? I'm a panda. I'm endangered. Give me everything I want! Ha ha ha!

That's what they think of you, my friends. And if we don't stop it pandas will continue to play us all like the bleeding heart liberal hippie bastards we are. Democrats aren't the only ones to blame for the panda conspiracy. Even conservative talk show host Bill O'Reilly has been taken in by these cute little bears. Here in a 2002 transcript Bill extends his gratitude towards the species.

> *And before we end today's program I'd like to salute the Giant Panda. Any friend of the panda is a friend of The Factor. The Factor's ratings are up an astonishing 256% this month and we'd like to thank every panda for making us number 1. Thank you.*

Even our very own Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka has been fooled by pandas stating in a 2003 update, "I am **not** tired of having sex with panda bears." He went on to make suggestions on how to solve the panda bear mating problem. Oh how ignorant we were back then. If only we knew what we know now!

I don't even get a birthday cake or a birthday but the damn panda gets a cake oh well I don't care that's fine it's not like I want a birthday or anything... sigh.

This is not a partisan issue. This is a global issue. In order to stop this conspiracy we must unite together. But first, what do we know about the conspiracy and how it is perpetuated? What follows is our special investigative report, four years in the making.

Trust: An Endangered Species

While pandas are widely considered to be bears they bear a striking resemblance to the raccoon family. Raccoons are the thieves of the animal kingdom. They are tricksters and derive pleasure from mischief and mayhem. Pandas are merely raccoons in disguise. I could prove it if only I had 3DO bios for a secret project I'm working on.

Pandas are currently on the endangered species list. That in itself is true. There are estimated to be only 1,600 pandas in the wild and about a hundred in captivity. How they got that way is sketchy. Pandas are thought to have become endangered because of pollution, destruction of their

habitat, and poaching. This is simply not true. Pandas are more than capable of surviving in the wild according to this 1992 study by the ESA. They *want* to be endangered.

Pandas living at zoos are happy and carefree. They are energetic and are often seen playing together. But if you've ever actually been to a zoo you'd notice that every single animal there is depressed out of their minds and avoid people. Zoo animals stay in an everlasting state of sleep waiting for death to come. That's why they are rarely seen doing anything.

Pandas, on the other hand, love the zoo. They've used their greatest weapon, cuteness, to trick humans into pampering them and treating them like kings. If you thought panda kindergarten was bad, wait until they build panda hotels, panda casinos, and panda Dave & Buster's. Pandas loving the zoo when every other animal there wants to die? It's starting to raise more than a few eyebrows.

Don't buy into their endangered species propaganda. Would a panda help you if you were endangered? What happens when all of civilization is threatened by peak oil, global warming, and Rosie O'Donnell's triumphant return to television to oust Star Jones as the supreme fat woman of daytime TV? Will pandas bathe us, shelter us, and wipe our asses? I think not.

Much has been made of the panda's legendary reluctance to mate. We'll debunk that myth in the next section.

The Reproductive Factor

Pandas stay on the endangered species list by refusing to mate. Humans go to great lengths to tempt pandas into having sex with each other. They even go as far as showing panda pornography to males to get them in the mood. Most are able to resist hot and sweaty panda on panda action. When the zoo keeper says, "Panda, go have sex!" the male panda says, "No Peg." Then the zoo patrons hoot and holler as the panda flushes a toilet. It's the most popular exhibit at the San Diego Zoo and brings in 10 million in ticket sales annually.

A rare image of pandas copulating. These pandas may be having fun now but they risk being outcast from their pack.

What animal refuses to have sex? Humans are more interested in panda sex than pandas are. There has been no conclusive scientific evidence to suggest a reason why male pandas are so reluctant to mate. The only conclusion we can come to is that there is a conspiracy to not mate.

If you're a panda it's not in your best interest to reproduce. Building up your species' numbers means you go back to the wild. There goes the panda birthday parties, the kindergarten, and the panda porn.

It isn't always that easy. Some pandas do break down and succumb to their biological urges. Those that break ranks and start banging are ostracized from the panda community. They are shamed and risk being offed by their fellow pandas. As one former panda who mated told me in this exclusive interview, mating can mean the end. We shot the interview in silhouette per his request.

> *You really don't know what it's like until they've been in that situation. Yeah, I mated. The temptation was too great. After my mating session I was met with a great backlash. Other pandas wouldn't talk to me. I was blocked from getting bamboo. I even received death threats. I was forced to don a disguise and move to the hippo pen. It was the only thing I could do.*

The conspiracy permeates through panda society almost as if it were instinct. From birth pandas

are taught to uphold the conspiracy at all costs, even if it means their life. Those that defect are outcast and forgotten.

> *You really don't want to mess with this. It goes all the way to the top. I've heard rumors that the Chinese government is in on it. I don't even want to think about that.*

At this point our panda informant broke down in tears and asked that the cameras be shut off. But before he left he told us that if he had a choice, he would not have been born a panda. Half of all pandas born probably wish they were not born pandas. Mothers that give birth to two cubs abandon one of them. Is this the type of behavior you want to support?

The Financial Connection: Chinese Secrets Revealed

Our story doesn't end there. The Chinese government has known about the conspiracy for years. That's right, the Chinese government you know and trust supports the panda conspiracy ever since they found out about it in 2000. Inside sources tell us that Chinese Prime Minister Wen Jiabao first became aware of the plan when he visited a panda den at Ocean Park in Hong Kong. There he found plans detailing a massive conspiracy, the very same we have exposed in this report. I have conclusive images of these plans but the batteries in my digital camera are dead and my scanner is broken.

Instead of reporting it to the world he covered it up because of fears that his country's million dollar a year panda trade would be ruined. The panda trade is set up so that the Chinese government doesn't just give a country a panda as a diplomatic favor. It sells pandas on loan for two million dollars a year, a million of which is used to pay for fees associated with care, shelter, and food. The other million? **SECRET CHINESE WARHEAD DEVELOPMENT**.

China's economy may be booming, but at what cost to the rest of the world?

Giant Pandas are not ambassadors of goodwill. They are pawning every hard-working American that has ever visited a zoo. They are playing us for chumps and helping the Chinese government amass a great wealth of arms. Should the panda trade continue we may all be eating with chopsticks in ten years and saluting our great Chinese superiors.

The Chinese government is even developing new ways to perpetuate the endangered lie. Chinese scientists have developed new hormones that suppress the panda sex drive. Chinese leaders want to get the panda population down to 500 so they can command an even higher price for panda loans. Rumor has it that loans may reach as high as five **million** dollars a year in the near future.

What can you do to help? Don't support The Giant Panda! Support American pandas made from American plants and manufacturers. Don't support retailers that import from Chinese companies! Resist shopping at Wal-Mart. If you must shop at Wal-Mart consider soiling yourself in the electronics department to discourage others from shopping there.

A word of caution before we end this piece. Please do not blame Chinese-American citizens for the Chinese government's refusal to stop the panda conspiracy. Chinese-Americans are hard working people like you and I and hate the panda trade as much as any of us. It would sadden me to see violence befall Chinese-Americans because of ignorance and misplaced anger. We must learn from the mistakes of the past for a better tomorrow.

We've given you the facts, the evidence, and the cold hard truth. What you do with it now is up to you. Goodnight, and good luck.

Update: Since posting this report our giant panda informant who sought amnesty in the hippo pen has been found dead. Zoo officials don't yet know the cause of the death but they are suspecting foul play. It's just another reminder of how deadly the panda trade can truly be.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

6.2 Steve's Fantasy Art Critique (Vol. 1)

Friday, Jun 02, 2006 by Steve "Malak" Sumner

Yo, I am new to Something Awful and my name is Steve "Malak" Sumner. I have been a big fan of the stuff on this site for years so it is totally cool that I am finally getting to write some articles. I hope you guys dig them.

This article is about fantasy art. I am way into fantasy stuff. I love Lord of the Rings, Conan, Gor and some of the newer stuff like George R.R. Martin who is awesome. I also used to be huge into Dungeons and Dragons. I ran a Forgotten Realms game for like seven years almost with my buddies and before that I played a barbarian in my friend Keith's Greyhawk campaign. I don't have as much time as I would like to play D&D anymore, but I still think D&D is fun. Although, the new D20 stuff sort of blows because I am old school Second Edition and the new stuff is less about the roleplaying and more about powergaming. If I wanted to play a videogame I would bust out my PS2.

I thought it would be cool to devote my first update here to some of the coolest fantasy art I could find. I hope you guys dig fantasy art and if not, well, hey, you know it's cool. Not everyone likes this stuff. Maybe next time I'll do some sci-fi stuff, because that's almost as cool.

Okay, to start things off I have to go with **Ken Kelly.** He is awesome and he has done like 25 covers for Conan books and reissues. He totally captures the muscles of barbarians in awesome detail. I don't know what the title of this picture by Ken Kelly is but it is pretty standard for barbarian imagery.

Okay, so, the key elements of the barbarian pictures are that you have a super muscled barbarian about to do something awesome, you have some dark shadowy location like this smoky forest, and you've got a hot babe. In some cases the hot babe is replaced with an awesome monster. Like a big snake man or some sort of dude with a skull head and a burning spear or something. Sometimes the hot babe is there in addition to the bad guy and once in a long while the hot babe actually is the bad guy. Like she's shooting magic at the barbarian or she's got some poison arrows or something.

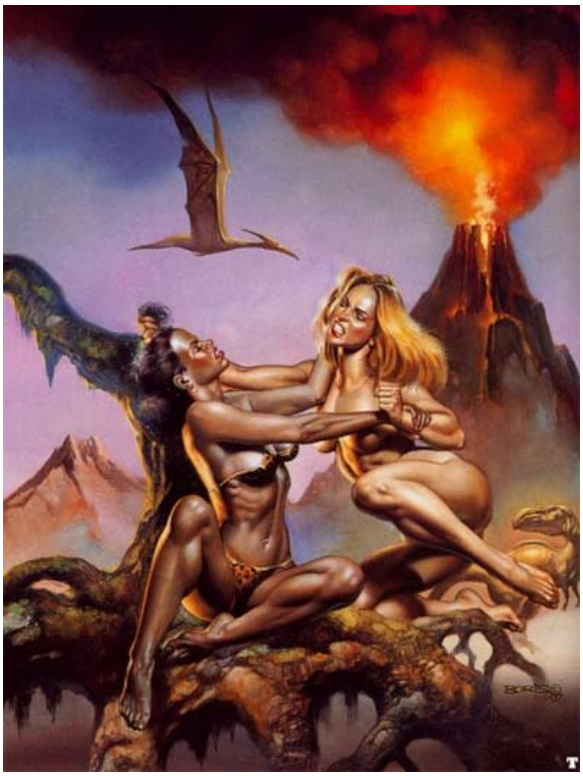
In this one the barbarian is Conan and Conan is looking buffer than ever. He is so buff that even his horse is buff. Look at that, I don't even think a horse has pectorals but that one does. Conan is raising a sword with one hand and he's steering the horse with the other. It's probably someone else's horse that Conan took, because they bothered to put all that armor stuff on it and then Conan just grabs it by its hair to steer.

The horse is sort of jumping like it's going to punch someone and Conan has that awesome sword, but he also has an axe in case he has to like kill so many lizardmen that he needs another weapon. Like if his sword blows out on him halfway through a horde of giant cats or something. Conan also has bagged another super-hot babe. She looks sort of like Vampirella but her dress isn't complicated enough. She has a really hot butt and I bet her boobs are good too but I can't tell for sure. Conan is going to rampage on her at some point in the book, you can be sure, and like when you read that part where Conan is pushing her around and kissing her boobs you can flip the book around and remind yourself how hot it really can get.

I rate this picture a solid **8 out of 10.** It's not over-the-top awesome, but it doesn't need to be because if Conan was awesome all the time he would seem less awesome when he was being awesome.

This next one is by one of my personal favorite artists by the name of **Boris Vallejo.** Boris Vallejo is a world-renowned fantasy artist and he is probably the all-around best artist of all time, but he has a lot of pictures with nudity and I was told not to have nudity on here so I had a hard time picking one of his pictures. My only overall criticism of Boris Vallejo is that sometimes he makes the dudes in his pictures look too oily. Like, it's okay if a chick is oily, that's cool, but if you've got like five dudes in a picture it makes you wonder why they are all oily like that.

This picture doesn't have *any* dudes at all, which is awesome. It is one of my favorite Boris Vallejo pictures that I can post on Something Awful.



As you can see he has perfectly captured the struggle of hot chick versus hot chick in lifelike detail. You can see their muscles straining against each other as they are locked in mortal combat over something serious and it looks like their boobs are ready to fly right out of the picture and land in your face. A normal artist would have said "okay, this is awesome, I've got two hot stone age type babes duking it out in a prehistoric catfight, I will just sign this awesome picture now because I'm done." Not Boris Vallejo.

He was like "okay, awesome, two hot babes fighting, but this could be way more awesome." So he goes ahead and he adds a pterodactyl flying around and a diplodocus or something looking for potatoes. But wait, he still isn't satisfied, so he adds in a freaking awesome volcano erupting everywhere.

Can you imagine walking around and seeing that happening? Like, "oh man, there are dinosaurs everywhere. Holy crap, that volcano just exploded!" Then you look over and you see these two super hot babes pulling each other's hair and getting all sweaty. They don't care about the volcano or the dinosaurs, they're just so into their fight that it doesn't matter. That is master painting. Also, I think this picture says something about racism and how it even existed during the time of dinosaurs. That's just the layers of the onion that Boris Vallejo paints into his pictures.

This sweet picture rates a **9.5 out of 10.** It would get a ten, easy, but I think it could be improved. Okay, stick with me on this one. Think about how awesome this picture is, okay, now think about how much more awesome this picture would be if instead of the pterodactyl there was like a knight in black armor riding on top of a dragon and the dragon is breathing fire on the other dinosaur, which isn't a dinosaur it's a giant golem. That would make this picture a ten.

Fantasy art is another one of those businesses that is dominated by men. I don't want to get all Gor on you, but I think men are just innately better at capturing the detail of a goblin being decapitated by a woman in strips of chainmail.

Women just don't get that sort of thing usually. They can paint an awesome picture of like a pie being baked or people gossiping or whatever, but they just don't have very much experience visualizing the staggering surreal vistas of the fantasy art world. They also totally suck at writing random encounter tables, but that's for my article about Margaret Weis and her Dragons of Mournhold module for Dragonlance.

Anyway, there are a couple of good fantasy artists who are also women and **Rowena Morrill** is one of them. Her stuff can be pretty fruity sometimes, and her art is a bit Arthurian for my more gritty Tolkein tastes, but there are definitely some gems there. She also has the ability to come up with some pretty creative ideas, like this one, which I think is awesome.

This is one sweet picture. On the left side you've got an angel dude in a toga swooping in to fight the devil dude on the right. It is cool how Rowena juxtaposes a sweet golden cavalry saber with the devil's 9mm Uzi. I can just imagine that devil shooting off a clip of bullets and that angel dude like holds up his hand and there is this choir singing and a ray of light comes down and blocks the bullets.

This awesome confrontational picture does a great job of capturing the proverbial battle of angel

versus fallen angel and good versus evil. I'll give it an **8 out of 10.** I would rate this picture a little higher, because it is super sweet, but I think the little hot pants the devil guy is wearing are kind of lame. Like is the devil trying to mow down the angel with his machinegun or is he trying to solicit sex? They're both kind of oily, which I guess goes back to what I was saying about Boris Vallejo.

Speaking of Boris Vallejo, if there is one artist who can out-babe the master of hot fantasy babes himself, it's **Chris Achilleos.** Achilleos has a bunch of awesome pictures of stacked babes fighting dragons, lizardmen, skeletons, goblins, orcs and pretty much anything you could imagine a babe with huge boobs fighting. He's got topless wizard babes shooting lightning, hot babes in chains, hot babes straddling robots and even some hot Viking babes. If I had Boris Vallejo and Chris Achilleos on speed dial and I needed a hot babe picture drawn, I would dial 911 and ask them to just pick one because I couldn't make up my own mind on this issue.

Since Something Awful is so down on the nude hot babes, I have searched high and low to find a Chris Achilleos painting that could capture his incredible talent without depicting a greased up broad in a thong sliding down a troll's knee. I managed to find this painting by Chris Achilleos that doesn't feature a single babe, yet is still awesome. This one really shows you how Chris takes a time-tested good idea, in this case badass skeleton warriors, and kicks it up like 500 notches to make it unbelievably awesome.

There you can see a desolate warscape blasted with fire and the tides of an inhuman siege. There are no good guys in this painting, there are just the bad and the worse, and my money is on the big honking skeleton dude with the axe thing. You've got some orc-looking dudes, a bunch of skeletons and a couple of zombie dudes. It's total evil chaos. It's like "does a tree fall in the forest when no one is there to hear it?" only it's "do the orcs and skeletons fight when there's no barbarian there to bash their skulls?" and obviously, yes, yes they do fight.

In real life getting turned into a skeleton pretty much sucks. You can't really do much other than educate science classrooms or spook people in movies as a skeleton. In the realm of fantasy art, however, skeletons are like 20 to 30 times as awesome as a regular person. If you were a pretty tough dude before, that puts you almost on the same level as a barbarian. Getting turned into a skeleton is really like an upgrade.

Chris Achilleos really captures the raw magical might of a skeleton horde in this picture. It will haunt your dreams! I would give this one a solid **9 out of 10.** I've got to deduct half a point because there are no hot babes and another half a point because I would like to see a little more variety. Like a giant scorpion or maybe like a huge undead bear where half of its face is falling off and its arms are just skeleton arms. Either of those would be pretty sweet and I think they would

take this picture to the next level.

The next dude who we're going to cover here is **Keith Parkinson**. Keith isn't quite my favorite artist, but he is really good at doing realistic dragons. I mean seriously, like they just flew out of the page at you and crap. He's not a one trick pony either, Keith can paint just about anything that might wield ancient magic. You want a lich? Boom, lich. You want a dragon? Blam, dragon. You want a lich riding a dragon and shooting eldritch lightning. Blammo, Keith is your dude.

Whoa, a freaking werewolf wizard! That's like the BK Whopper of magical evil. You might as well have a vampire mummy or like a freaking yeti dragon or something. He's not just any wizard either, he is a necromancer who can just growl at a crystal ball and make a skeleton legion shoot out of a swamp.

Don't let the lack of babes in this picture fool you, Keith Parkinson may not throw babes around like Vallejo or Achilleos, but he can draw one mean babe. He is a master of making boobs look like they have real weight and aren't just floating around in anti-gravity chainmail bikinis. Keith did the cover for the Rifts book and it has like these three chicks in thongs and little see-through shirts shooting lasers while this squid headed monster growls in the background. The babes on the Rifts book are super hot and there are three of them. Man, what I wouldn't give for a night with those girls. I would give my entire collection of Phantom Menace Pepsi cans.

Keith is also your go-to guy for skeleton pictures. Check out how cool the skeletons look in this picture and then realize those are just crummy swamp skeletons. Keith has a bunch of pictures of freaking Death Knights and liches and crap that are mind-blowing. You can practically smell their musty breath!

For this totally sweet picture of the werewolf necromancer with the awesome skeletons rising out of the swamp I've got give **9.5 out of 10**. This one would be a surefire ten but there are no hot babes and no pyro crap. No babe, cool, but come on sneak in like an exploding tree or a flaming arrow in the background or something. Just give it a little bit of extra zip.

Alrighty, well, this last one is from the man, the legend, **Don Maitz**. If you're like me and you

love dragon jigsaw puzzles then you're already familiar with Don's work. He has done several 500 and 1000 piece dragon jigsaws and they are beautiful. The picture I have chosen to review today, however, is from one of Don's book cover commissions. It's from a freaking unbelievably awesome Michael Moorcock book where his character Elric fights Nazis. I am not exaggerating at all when I say this might be the coolest image ever captured in a painting. It gives me chills. Without further ado, I present to you "Elric at the Battle of Britain" by Don Maitz.

Holy crap! Holy cr- no, wait, that isn't good enough...**HOLY CRAP!**

Freaking Elric is on a dragon, flying over a giant burning swastika, with frigging Nazis shooting machineguns at him. Elric is so badass that he not only has time to fight Nazis with his dragon, he has time to get married and make it into his honeymoon. Check out his sweet bride riding the dragon behind him. She'll never forget that honeymoon, I guarantee!

It's hard for me to even rate this picture it's so 100% sweet. Like you can see the sun through the membranes and crap on the dragon's wing and even the swastika fire is spreading out and burning the plants (whoa, symbolism?!). It's just so detailed and there's so much to take in. I'm shaking a little bit it's so awesome.

My only regret is that I don't have a more detailed version to show you guys. I bet if I had one you could like enhance the dragon and you'd see that Elric's bride is a way hot babe with huuuuuge boobs and freaking Elric is steering the dragon with one hand and throwing the freaking horns with the other. That's how awesome he rolls.

Alright, well, I have to rate it, so I am going to give it a **9.9 out of 10.** It would be hard to think of a way to improve this picture without getting too crazy, but I'll give it a shot. What if, instead of just breathing fire out of the edge of the picture, the dragon was fighting another dragon that looked sort of like a Nazi airplane. Then on the back of the other dragon you could have Hitler in like a suit of black plate mail armor with a big shield with a swastika on it. Eva Braun could be

sitting behind Hitler and she could be totally tight and toned with huge boobs and wearing like this see-through negligee type outfit. It would be hard to pull off, but if anyone could do it then it's Don "Dragon Jigsaw Maestro" Maitz.

Hey, that's it for this article guys, but I really hope you enjoyed it. I like to have fun and be educational and I've got to say that I haven't had this much fun for a long time. I'd do even more of them but I've got to work third shift at FreshCut and the last time I burned the midnight oil this much I nearly lost a couple fingers to the lettuce julienner. I think that time I was playing a really hot erotic session of Amber with my ex-girlfriend Heather.

Anywho, if you've got any comments or way sweet fantasy or sci-fi art you want to share you can send me an email. I'm pretty busy, so I may not answer, but I appreciate the feedback and I hope I'll get a chance to write another article.

-∼Steve "Malak" Sumner

6.3 Johnny Confidence

Saturday, Jun 03, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I'm here about the open position within your company. Wait, say no more. I apologize for cutting you off but I must insist that you hear all of my qualifications before you make your decision.

First of all I'm physically fit. My muscles have muscles, and they beat the shit out of the smaller muscles on a regular basis whenever I am not beating up the larger muscles. I'd almost say that my body is a microcosm of life, but there is no way I'd describe any part of my body as "micro". My blood cells are the size of dinner plates, and my penis is the size of a shrimp fork.

My skin is capable of deflecting almost every wind I encounter. On the off chance that a fierce wind punctures my skin, I have been blessed with a mutant gene which clots my blood and keeps it from spilling out until I die. Sound waves have little to no effect on my complexion.

Heavy objects make me laugh, not because I find their weight trivial compared to my lifting capacity but because they're just sorta funny. Come on, a couch? Ha ha, what the heck? I've been known to bend metal street signs and snap telephone poles in two for practically no reason while driving home from the bar. Just imagine what such raw, unbridled power could do to help a business. It would be worth my salary just to have someone around that could easily lift one of those chairs that has wheels on its legs and move it wherever you want.

My dapper suit, does it intimidate you? Does it make your cheeks flush with shame at your own ill-considered outfit? It should.

This suit is made of 100% Euclidean silk, the Euclid being a rare silkworm that grows to nearly twice the size of an adult human. This worm is exclusively found in a tiny Paraguayan village so primitive that it has no name, and it only produces silk under very specific circumstances. The Euclid must be invited to dinner in one of the village's huts, seated at the head of the table, and served a perfectly prepared foie gras with a side of franks n' beans while highly experimental jazz is played on a stereo. If all goes well, the evening will culminate with the Euclid expunging thirty pounds of its silk on the faces of its gracious hosts in pure bliss. If all does not go well, the Euclid will write a very nasty letter about the experience to the local newspaper. As you can imagine this is a frightening ordeal for the villagers involved.

I wear suits such as this one everywhere I go, for one can never be too sophisticated. Important meetings, funerals, monster truck rallies, swimming pools, etc. Upon coming home each day I burn the suit I've been wearing and take a photograph of the pyre, then send that photograph to the Paraguayan villagers so that they never forget who is in charge. My instincts are impeccable when it comes to dealing with personnel.

You're looking at me strangely, with awe if I'm not mistaken. It's not the suit, so perhaps it's my good looks? I've been known to stop traffic on many an occasion. I find that blocking an intersection with my car then standing on my hood and slowly turning in a circle affords everyone a good view of my stunning features.

I'm approached all the time by people who want to get close to me, facetiously asking me to leave them alone or to stop sleeping on the bench because it's public property. Women and men alike

are constantly throwing themselves at me, always with weapons in their hands, but I rebuff their advances. A man such as myself has no time for the pleasures of physical contact with others when there is business to attend to. My work ethic is second to none.

There is much more to me than my appearance. Take, for example, my exceedingly handsome brain. The average human uses approximately 10% of their brain's full capacity. Now that's not too bad, but I've managed to do better. My brain currently operates at a stunning 3% of its full capacity. I've streamlined the whole operation for maximum efficiency. There are no random thoughts cluttering up the thinking process, no bloat, no synapses firing when they don't have to. It's really quite fascinating. Aside from overseeing the most basic lower level functions of my body such as breathing, there's practically no brain activity whatsoever. If I'm able to squeeze that much efficiency out of an organ as complex as the human brain, imagine what I could do to a workplace.

I'm very skilled at communicating with others, and have an uncanny ability to relay my message in a clear manner. For example, one time I drank an entire gallon of milk. I can even wrap Christmas and birthday presents perfectly without using tape. So there you go.

I am also a dedicated individual who will never give up. When I was thirteen years old I decided to build an airplane in my backyard. I borrowed my father's tools and began rummaging through my house and the local junkyard for parts. Over the next five years I toiled on the project every weekend and every night after school. On the day I graduated from high school I brought all of my friends and family into the backyard to unveil my creation. Although it had no wings or cockpit to speak of and was mostly composed of rotting meat, none of that mattered. What mattered was that after all this time I had spent on the airplane, it probably just needed a spark plug to fly. I know cars need those.

Finally there is my keen sense of perception. I can watch television for hours at a time without a break of any sort. I'm so perceptive that I can see things that aren't even there when I'm driving home from the bar. All in all I'd say my observational skills are the most important asset I have to offer.

What do you say, sir? Give me a chance and you won't be sorry. Oh. I see. So I just drive past the second drive-thru window, then go in and ask for the manager?

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.4 Memories: A GraduCorp Shopping Guide

Sunday, Jun 04, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

***New!* Custom graduations make *your* dream *your* theme.**

Streamers. Balloons. The school band playing music so out of tune you can't think straight. It's *your* graduation and *your* special day, so why not make the most of it?

GraduCorp wants to change those old standards for good. Our Custom Graduation service lets you pick the graduation you want. Why listen to the valedictorian speak when one of our specialists could "accidentally" trip the speaker system to blare "BILLY EAT THE EGGS" or "GAY ROBOT GO HOME" for hours on end? Why make grandma squirm on an uncomfortable bleacher when she could be relaxing on a couch in a turn-of-the-century opium den? Want to make a real entrance instead of walking down that bland old aisle? Why not drop from the ceiling dressed in full samurai gear while WWE-style pyrotechnics spout from a special cap on the principal's head? Check out these popular themes, or make your own... *the sky's the limit*!

GRAD6612 "Under the Ocean" ... $1,500
GRAD6613 "A Night in New Orleans" ... $2,000
GRAD6614 "A Night Under the Ocean in New Orleans" ... $3,500
MAKE YOUR OWN!!! ... Negotiable

WOW! Nostalgia Cards make *you* the life of the party!

Going to college can be tough. There's moving, learning, and adjusting to dorm food (Yuck!) Thanks to GraduCorp, however, fitting in won't be a problem... you'll be remembering the eighties with the best of 'em even if you weren't alive during that decade!

Our "Nostalgia Cards" prepare the high school grad for his trip to college, where He-Man 101 is the only class the hipsters in the dorms care about. After a week of study even the greenest of froshes will be starting his sentences with "Remember that show..." and laughing about that ZANY episode everyone has seen (Unless they lived under a rock! A rock without cable!) It's like talking about the weather, only less challenging! "Nostalgia" might be an early French word for "unable to talk about anything interesting", but in the collegiate world the eighties are still the best, and if you ain't ironically lovin' them (as the kids say) you ain't worth a dime.

GRAD8133 "Nostalgia Cards" ... $24.50

***Talk it up!* Our speeches make it easy to wow the entire crowd... even gumpy old Uncle Ed!**

GRAD1200 "HEY, REMEMBER RIDING THE BUS??? AND NOW WE'RE ALL GRADUATING??? WHAT A CRAZY TRIP!!!" ... $22
GRAD1201 "HEY, REMEMBER STANDING IN THE LUNCH LINE??? AND NOW WE'RE ALL GRADUATING??? WHAT A CRAZY TRIP!!!" ... $22
GRAD1202 "HEY, REMEMBER WHEN WE WENT ON THAT FIELD TRIP??? AND NOW WE'RE ALL GRADUATING??? WHAT A CRAZY TRIP!!!" ... $22
GRAD1203 "I'm going to college hey did I mention I'm going to college this is interesting because I am the first person in the history of college to go to college" ... $22

GRADUCORP
Your graduation... our passion.

We're here to serve you! GraduCorp understands the importance of a good graduation, and has for over twenty years.

New technology means big savings! Phones! Who needs 'em? At GraduCorp we know the future, and the future is the Internet. All orders are taken through email, eliminating the burdensome middleman known as Ma Bell. Although we are unable to offer refunds at this time, we ask you voice your complaints to our AIM specialist, SmarterChild.

Wee-doggie! iTunes partnership means on-demand grad music for you.

All songs only $2!!! Wow!!!

GRAD9110 "Graduation Song" (Vitamin C)
GRAD9111 "Good Riddance (Time Of Your Life)" (Greenday)
GRAD9112 "Good Riddance (Vitamin C Remix)" (Vitamin C)
GRAD9112 "Graduation Song (Good Riddance Remix)" (Greenday)
GRAD9113 "Graduation Means Where's My Money B***" (Sean "Puffy Hair" Combs [remix])
GRAD9114 "Fly Like A Graduation Song (Time Of Your Good Riddance)" (Seal)
GRAD9115 "Graduation Song (This is How Richard Petty Felt Mix)" (Kanye West)
GRAD9116 "Here Is A Thirty Second Song That Sounds Like Ed Asner Farting In A Tin Can (It's About Graduation)" (Mindless Self Indulgence)
GRAD9117 "You're A Fucking Cunt" (Anal Cunt)

Amazing but true! Angry, overweight goth girl will "pfft" at anything, from grads to God.

GraduCorp knows graduations. And, as much as we hate to admit it, sometimes they can be "a bunch of mofackin' BS", as our ethnically-challenged pal LaTerri down at the Stop-n-Gas likes to say (she never graduated -- talk about sour grapes!) Still, if you *have* to go and you *have* to behave, what's a grad to do?

We would like you to meet our friend, the Overweight Goth Girl. And after she pays a visit to your ceremony, we're sure she'll be your friend, too! A fat friend who goes "pfft" at everything 'til those squares in the audience are pulling out their hair plugs!

To put it in LaTerri's words, Overweight Goth Girl is a "hater". Someone mention God in a speech? Get ready for a "pfft". School band playing "Graduation Song" *again*? I hope that drum can play over a perfectly sarcastic "well that's just *great*". A good-looking girl with natural hair and a great smile walked by? Watch out! Overweight Goth Girl can mumble "sheeple" faster than you can turn around and ask her what she said! Take the heat off yourself while venting your passive-aggressive rage at the totalitarian concentration camp that is high school! Only from GraduCorp.

GRAD8147 "Goth Girl Visit" ... $375

Chug-a-Lug! Drink up! But do it legally! Graduation Drinking Game is here.

Finally, a present for the attendees! Graduation Drinking Game makes attending the ceremony a lot more interesting -- and not just for you!

The rules are simple. Spot an event from your specialized GradWatch Alkie Card, and you drink! First person to use his wife's purse as a vomit trough loses! Still unclear on the rules? Check these examples, yo:

***Spot a girl whose name is actually a misspelled city or state (i.e. Indianah, Daccottah) -- 2 drinks**
***Valedictorian mentions boyfriend during speech -- 1 drink per mention**
***Window-soaped car with misspelled "graduation" (or similar word) scrawled on back -- 2 drinks**
***Parent of girl with misspelled name graduated two years before daughter -- 2 drinks**
***Aunt refuses to talk to graduating nephew because he has a black friend -- 2 drinks**
***White kid dressed in Fubu jersey trying to rap "Gangsta's Paradise" in the parking lot and mangling lyrics -- 3 drinks**
***Teenage girl in audience moving infant's hands to wave at "daddy" when he gets his diploma - 2 drinks**

Get to drinking!

GRAD2369 "Graduation Drinking Game" ... $375

Roll out the red carpet...
Charming Southern Family looking to adopt!

Sometimes one family just isn't enough. Sure, Mom and Pop up in the stands will clap when your name is called, but what your graduation needs is a touch of class. Welcome to Charming Southern Family.

The family is loud. It's boisterous. It's got family spirit, no matter what family it's cheering for! You know the principal's going to ask you to hold applause until the end of the ceremony, but guess what? Charming Southern Family *communicates* by cheering. It's as much a part of their blood as Mad Dog 20/20 and forms of vehicle racing spanning from tractors to stock cars.

For a low price Charming Southern Family will attend your graduation and cheer their hearts out for you for five whole minutes (or until they run out of malt liquor)! What do you want in the bleachers? A stuffy crowd or a group that looks like they came from a NASCAR beer tent? Gentlemen, start your graduations.

GRAD4441 "Charming Southern Family Visit" ... $875

Laser Light Memorials add a touch of class

A wise man once said the only two unavoidable things in life are death and taxes. GraduCorp would like to add a third to that list, namely graduation, and note that death sadly must come hand-in-hand with such an event.

Luckily, we are here to ease the pain of a loss to your graduating class. The Laser Light Memorial gives the crowd a view of what Heaven might look like at a mere fraction of the cost. While thousands of spectral colors dance across the ceiling (in patterns that include "an American flag" and "a soldier standing in front of an American Flag"), the soothing sounds of Fred Durst and Johnny Reznick singing "Wish You Were Here" play in the background.

Your classmate might not be there to see you graduate, but his spirit will appreciate the air of respect and mourning only a laser light show featuring Fred Durst can bring. Order today!

GRAD4488 "Laser Light Memorial" ... $875

FREE PESTLE WITH EVERY ORDER -- WE GOT *TONS* OF 'EM!

1. Along with basic rental and purchase fees, customers are expected to provide room and board for Overweight Goth Girl and Charming Southern Family. Charming Southern Family cost **includes** free home delousing after visit. Eyeliner protection insurance available with Overweight Goth Girl for a nominal fee.

2. GraduCorp and its subsidiaries are not responsible for loss or damages due to use of services, and we resent the implication.

3. No liquor is provided with Graduation Drinking Game. Charming Southern Family may share if you ask nicely.

4. We are sorry to announce the removal of Smart Asian SAT Stand-In from our list of services. We apologize for the inconvenience.

5. Nostalgia Cards only effective when referenced with a slightly condescending tone. Consult VH1 for further instructions.

Thanks for shopping with GraduCorp!

Make checks payable to GraduCorp

100 N. Blumberry Ave,
PO Box 66789
Alatoona, AK 66700

Order #	Quantity	Total price

Promotional code: _____

Total Price of order: _____

Double bonus! Order now and receive a "novelty" credit card number and PIN code!!!

VISA

DISCOVER NOVUS

Name _____ Card# _____

Address _____ Exp. Date _____

City _____ State ___ Zip _____

Signature _____ Phone# _____

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

6.5 This Entire Article is a Plug for My Book

Monday, Jun 05, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I had promised myself that I would not write anything more about my upcoming book "My Tank is Fight!" until it was much closer to its release. Members of my mailing list had been clamoring for an update for a while and I thought I would write one. Turns out when we relocated our servers our tech guy managed to lose all of the mailing list info including over 6,000 subscribed email addresses. Whoops! He has taken care of getting the mailing list back up, sans subscriptions. Since having that mailing list is pretty important for getting the word out about the book, I come here hat in hand, and **beg** that those of you who had subscribed head to the sub-site and re-subscribe. If you're just hearing about the book for the first time, well, you're welcome to subscribe as well.

"My Tank is Fight!" is a humorous look at 20 odd inventions from the Second World War. It includes a detailed development history, capabilities and a smidge of pulp action in the telling of a fictitious deployment of the invention. It has been a wild ride working on this book and it's not quite over yet. I finished my first draft in January and handed my edited version in at the beginning of May. The only thing left for me to do at this point is approve the galleys when they come from the publisher. That will be my last chance to make alterations.

The book has been a collaborative effort. Josh Hass and Mike Doscher, my color and black & white artists, have been with me nearly the whole way. Jim Boswell coordinated the fantastic cover design with Josh and Suji Allen created a template for the interior layout for the publisher to reproduce throughout.

For those of you who missed out on the booklist, here is a sample of Josh's work in the form of an animated GIF.

Look closely at that GIF and you can see the incredible attention to detail and the many revisions he went through with each color plate. Those aren't even all of the revisions. Speaking of attention to detail, Mike Doscher, responsible for the many complicated illustrations in black and white seen throughout the book, was also great to work with.

Pretty cool, in my opinion. Last on the art front, here's a peek at Josh and Jim's collaborative work on the cover:

I've seen test prints of the cover and they're awesome. The publisher saw the quality of the art and decided to go with raised text for the title. It looks extremely cool.

I thought I might finish up by including a sample of the fiction element of the book. Keep in mind that this excerpt is a rough draft version of the text, so it's probably missing about 500 commas. Try to guess the name of the invention being covered in the chapter from which this excerpt was taken.

> **6:12 AM February 26, 1945**
> **Operation BLOCKBUSTER, Lincoln and Welland Regiment, 1st Battalion**
> **Six Kilometers Northwest of the Hochwald Gap**
>
> "Poking around Project Cyclone." The American in a 1st Infantry Division lieutenant's dress uniform tossed a folder onto the dining room table.
>
> "Shouldn't you be with your division?" R.E. Lincoln grinned and reached for his pipe, then realized they had confiscated it along with his notebooks.
>
> "Spelunking at the London Gun site." The man tossed another folder onto the table. "That got you sent up to Patton. I believe he threatened to shoot you before sending you back towards the Channel coast."

"That incident was blown totally out of proportion."

"We thought we were rid of you when we shipped you back to England," another folder joined the growing pile, "but you went on that little sight-seeing flight with the RAF and your plane had to put down...where was it?"

"Tantoville."

"Tantoville." The faux-lieutenant opened the final folder. "That was three goddamn days ago. How did you get mixed up with the Canadians that fast?"

"A reporter never reveals his methods." R.E. sipped at the tepid cup of tea his host had so generously provided.

"That's a magician." The man flipped the last folder closed and tossed it onto the pile. "Hell, maybe the OSS should hire you."

"Is the pay good?" The question prompted the otherwise unflappable lieutenant to furrow his brow.

"The question now," the man leaned in, "is what does the United States government do with a bear that keeps getting caught with his paw in the beehive?"

"You could always frog march me in front of a wall and be done with me."

"Cute." The man pulled his glasses from his face and pinched the bridge of his nose. "Unfortunately for my sanity, the United States government does not employ Gestapo methods even on pests as persistent as you."

"What then?"

"What then?" The man echoed the question. "Ground transport has been arranged for you right back to Tantoville. From there it's Scotland and a nice long voyage on a passenger liner."

"That's all, then?"

"Your war is over, Mr. Lincoln." The man finally smiled. "A very uncomfortable truck will be arriving in about six hours to take you out of this theater. Who knows, maybe you'll find your way to the Pacific and make trouble for some poor s-"

There was a sudden rattle of gunfire outside the house that the not-lieutenant had turned into his interrogation room.

"Stay here." The man drew his sidearm and disappeared out the door.

R.E. Lincoln had absolutely no intention of staying "there." He snatched up the satchel containing his confiscated possessions and followed his captor out the back door of the house. He emerged into chaos. Bullets were shivering the snow-dusted pines near the outskirts of the village and R.E. could hear the creaking of tank treads. The erratic crackle of Canadian carbines was overwhelmed by a canvas-ripping burst from a German machinegun.

R.E. ducked around the side of the house. The Canadian military police attached to the Lincoln and Welland Regiment were ducking behind what cover they could find. They looked like armed beekeepers in their bulky white winter gear with snow-cloths draped over their doughboy helmets. There was a snap of timbers and the enemy tank burst into the main thoroughfare, such as it was.

R.E.'s fear of being confronted by a roaring Panzer was replaced by total bewilderment as a German submarine smashed through the last of the pines and onto the dirt road. It would have been laughable, but R.E. watched as a Canadian with a PIAT to his shoulder was cut down by machinegun fire. The blood bloomed on the poor man's white uniform as he staggered back and then toppled over. A grenade popped and shrapnel sparked off the curved flank of the bizarre machine.

"Goddammit, Lincoln!" The not-lieutenant grabbed Lincoln from behind and yanked him around the corner and back into the house.

"What the Christ Almighty was that?"

"The ah, Panzer Eight." The man cranked a field telephone. "HQ, HQ. This is station nine, enemy tanks advancing on our position from the northeast. Requesting armor support."

Two Canadians stomped through the back door carrying a Browning machinegun and boxes of ammunition. They nodded deferentially to the not-lieutenant as they trundled past him towards the other side of the house. The submarine-tank's machinegun fired once again, shattering glass and tearing ragged holes through the walls of the dining room. R.E. felt a tug on his hip and fell to the floor.

"I'm shot!" R.E. yelled and rolled onto his other side trying to get a look at the bullet hole.

> There was a neat hole blasted through the rucksack hanging over his shoulder. He opened the sack and peered inside. His pipe was shattered.
>
> "My pipe is shot!" He yelled, even more upset than before.
>
> "Keep your head down, you idiot." The not-lieutenant was flattened on the floor.
>
> "It took me fifteen years to season that pipe."
>
> Another burst of gunfire tore through the walls and was answered by the deafening roar of the Browning firing from within the house.

Finishing things up, please subscribe to the mailing list for the updates. For those of you who keep asking: the book will be released some time in **October**, but preorders and possibly a special edition of the book will be available hopefully in September.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.6 Tony's Millions

Tuesday, Jun 06, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

I am not afraid of today being 06/06/06, and I'll tell you why. Lady Luck has recently smiled upon me in a way I never would have dreamt possible. I have found that there comes an event in every person's life, at least one event, that causes them to stop what they're doing and wonder: Is this fate? Did some incredible cosmic force cause this to happen? Was this entire universe set into motion so I could be right here, right now, just for this? And I'm starting to think that, yeah, maybe there is something to it all. Maybe it was all planned out just so. Maybe every atom is exactly where it should be according to some grand design.

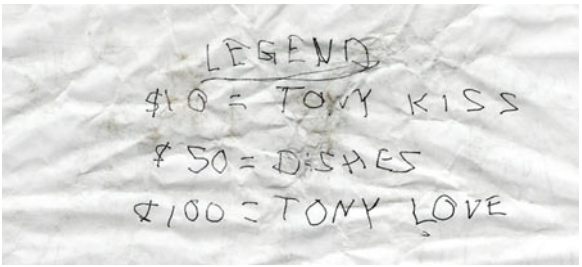
You see, I found some money. A lot of money. A hundred big ones in a parking lot. But that's not all, because they weren't ordinary U.S. dollars. They were **TONYBUCKS**.

The bill was sort of halfway wadded-up and lying next to a parked thugmobile that was packed with bad-looking dudes, but I have to say that going after it was one of the best things I've ever done. It was like I had intended to go on a trip to the garbage dump, but the dump had closed and they built the U.S. mint on top of it. Also, there are thugs hanging out near the mint.

I called some people about this, and the normal reaction was, "You found twenty bucks?" "No, I found *TONY* bucks." and then after that the subject typically changed, with the person on the other end reminding me I had yet to return something I had borrowed and me hanging up. They probably just didn't understand that **TONYBUCKS** are better than American money, because Tony actually sat down and made it, or at least someone on Tony's behalf. Whatever the case, a Tony had something to do with this and I have never known a Tony to be anything less than completely honorable and kind. Except for Tony Soprano, but not only is he fictional and therefore not real, but he's also on TV, which makes him double unreal. Double negatives don't count in this situation because he's on HBO, and they don't play by the same rules.

Whoever he is, I have to salute him. It's this kind of radical free-thinking that gets us things like America and most of the items at Spencer's Gifts. Our whole human civilization, in a way, runs on ideas. In fact, I think if you took the two main "pillars" of Spencer's Gifts, old age and farting, and combined the two you could run that whole operation out of business. Just print up some mugs and shirts that say, "I'm very OLD now, and by golly, I LOOOOOVE TO FART!" with "LOOOOOVE TO FART!" in a larger, wackier font. I don't think they've done that yet, so it's bulletproof. How many times have you been in Spencer's before Grandma's birthday only to find yourself torn between that "over the hill" mug and the fart starter pack (containing whoopie cushion, fart sludge, "Caution: Beware of farting lady" t-shirt, and fart whistle)? The fart / old combo is so cutting edge they won't know what hit them. Trust me, you'll be a billionaire--nay, a Tonnionaire--in no time.

Of course, once you have tons of Tonies you'll want to spend them on something. For that, we can consult the reverse side of the bill.



Going by the legend here, this bill can afford me one Tony love, two dishes, or ten Tony kisses. I'm not prepared to commit financially to any of that until I can get some clarity on a couple of these terms. Does "dishes" mean Tony will do the dishes, or just put them in a dishwasher? Fifty bucks is waaay too much for a Sears-Kenmore job. And regarding Tony love, I'm not putting down $100 for anything less than complete, eternal adoration. If it's just a passing thing he can forget it. Money doesn't grow on trees, especially the kind where the guy on the front is wearing shades.

Another question that came up was why Tony was in need of his own currency in the first place. There are several working theories.

Benjamins? Who needs 'em?

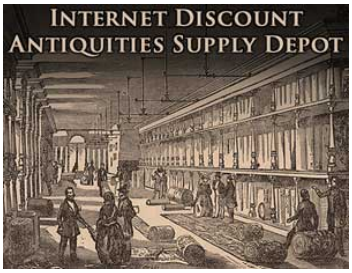
- **UNLIKELY:** A young boy made it for his parent on Mother's or Father's Day. Smart kid, because not only did it not cost him anything to make, but it also sent the parent a very important message: I could love you if you don't make me do dishes.
- **POSSIBLE:** A husband, driving home from work in the late hours of February 14th, realized he hadn't gotten anything for his wife for Valentine's Day. After visiting several stores and finding nothing, he scribbles up a bill which she can use to purchase services from Tony, her husband.
- **LIKELY:** A husband, driving home from work in the late hours of February 14th, realized he hadn't gotten anything for his wife for Valentine's Day. After visiting several stores and finding nothing, he scribbles up a bill which she can use to purchase services from Tony, their gardener.
- **NEARLY CERTAIN:** The United States recently switched back to a fixed currency system, this time based on Tony instead of gold, and we just haven't heard about it in the news because it doesn't concern celebrities, war, or missing girls.

Also, I don't know if I should even be telling this, but I spent the evening yesterday counterfeiting Tonies and it's gotten to the point where now I have close to a grand. Mine are done in Sharpie and the artwork is a little better, but nobody should notice if it's just a quick glance kind of thing. I figure if I should ever meet him I'm going to cash in bigtime. Wherever you are, Tony, I've got lots of dirty dishes.

-∼Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

6.7 Internet Discount Antiquities Supply Depot

Wednesday, Jun 07, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



Founded in 1993, Outselling the Discount Barn Since 1994

A certain bucolic associate of mine, Dr. David Thorpe, made it a habit to periodically attempt to swindle you fine readers into purchasing his banal and maladjusted products. What Dr. David Thorpe likely failed to mention was his lowly status as a pariah amongst the small consortium of Internet writers/rare item retailers that includes no less than Reid Paskiewicz, Zack Parsons, and myself. Yet he has thus far been the only one to peddle his unseemly wares to you fine readers on these equally fine though temperamental pages. Because I recently found myself with a windfall of exemplary items to unload, I am regrettably following in my comrade's snake-like footsteps. With that, I am pleased to announce the re-opening of the Internet Discount Antiquities Supply Depot (established 1993). Please do not judge me poorly, for unlike him I bring you only the finest caliber of goods and services, the likes of which you will find in neither store nor fire hazard of a "Discount Barn."

Instant Internet CD-ROM
On this exciting compact disc (CD) you will enjoy hundreds of popular websites such as "www.yahoo.com" and "www.hotmail.com" without ever needing the Internet! Save thousands in your lifetime by never paying an ISP or Internet café a penny! Instant Internet CD-ROM turns any computer into a powerful gateway to the realms of the Internet super highway, as dangerous as it is casually erotic. This CD, which contains 700 megabytes of data, roughly two thirds of the entire Internet, is on sale now for only $34.97 plus $34.97 shipping and handling.

Note: requires a "PC Personal Computer" to operate this disc as well as a stern navigator able to brave the storms of information that will no doubt hound you day and night.

Vintage "Werewolf" T-Shirt
Years ago Japanese clothing company Takasukanaki Heavy Chemicals came up with a new technology enabling production of the first lycanthropic t-shirt. Unfortunately, because the technology also caused skin bleaching, it made the shirts unpopular. These days skin bleaching is desired, so these shirts are now back in fashion!

Lycanthropic t-shirts depict an ordinary man for most of the month. Then, around full moons, they depict a werewolf. How does this transformation occur? Is it occult

magic? Is it space age polymers? The answer, friends, lies somewhere betwixt those two extremes. I'm selling each shirt for $15.85 and they come in your choice of either chartreuse or nutria. XXL sizes are available for an additional $30. Some shirts may be missing sleeves.

Oversized Novelty Teacup
When a county fair recently went belly up due to tragedy and assorted rapes, I was quick to buy up the remains in order to pass on the savings to you! After unloading a bunch of unpleasant 4H animals on a local meat factory, I have but one item left: a beautiful and elegant novelty teacup capable of ferrying up to three children on a magical journey through the fertile tracts of the Imagination Kingdom.

Because numerous children puked and a little girl was ripped to pieces inside this teacup, I am only asking $80 for it, though its value is easily three times that. With a thorough cleanup it will shine as it once did in glorious summers past!

Note: may require an exorcism to get some of the more stubborn ectoplasmic stains out.

Rare and Collectible Meat
A friend of mine whose dad works at a meat factory let me know that they are getting rid of a wagonload of irregular and unattractive meat. He said it is essentially just as good as any other meat, just not as pretty or as paletteable (note: this does not imply poor taste, just that they do not fit on a warehouse palette as easily due to the wealth of jutted and perplexing forms). The problem is that this is roughly 2,000 pounds of meat, and it needs to go right away as the assortment of coffins I am storing it all in are earmarked for other projects.

From a collector's standpoint, irregular meat is potentially worth more than market meat because of its scarcity. You don't want to let a mouth-watering opportunity like this pass you by! Not just because of the savings, but also because of the challenging new meals you'll be able to prepare with meat that defies accepted societal norms and geometric certainties alike.

I'm selling these wonder meats for the low, low price of $50 per 40 pound lots. Buyer must furnish own transport.

Danny Bonaduce's Car Wheel
A rare opportunity presented itself to me while I sought respite in my car in the parking lot of a Wal-Mart Supercenter. While observing a horde of seagulls devouring the corpse of a three-legged dog, I chanced to see a splotch of red and white that could only be Danny Bonaduce! The cardinal-headed Bonaduce exited his vehicle and headed into the store, disappearing amid an ethnically diverse crowd of bad parents and derelict senior citizens. I quickly seized the moment, thinking only of deals and you dear customers,

and stole one of his car wheels. What I have to offer here is an authentic wheel with what appears to be a Goodyear Tire of some sort affixed to it. Because there are only three other wheels like it in the world, I am selling this precious artifact for $1,400. Own a piece of celebrity and transportation history! Own a wheel!

Tree Stump Harness

To make a long story short, I knew a guy who made the very first and possibly only harness for a tree stump. He was a bit eccentric and willed it to me shortly before he accidentally took his own life working on an ill fated "refrigerator back door" project.

The harness, which you wrap around an uprooted tree stump, provides a handle for you to grasp and has connectors to hook a saddle to, though an official tree stump saddle was never produced. However, the incomplete nature of the apparatus should not dissuade you from harnessing your favorite tree stump and clinging to it with fervor.

I'm looking for $60 for this thing. It's covered with tiny bug eggs but it's in good condition. Buyer must furnish own tree stumps.

Faulty Hymnals

A friend of mine in the religion industry gave me a huge discount on some defective hymnals that were going to be burnt to a crisp by disgusted Christians. I told him it would be a crime to burn them, even though some of them contain sacrilegious typographical errors and one series even contains a bunch of anachronisms, such as songs about Jesus riding in helicopters and cooking hamburgers. Some of the choice defective hymns included are:

- God is Grape
- Onward, Christian Shoulders
- Amazing Grave
- What A Lord, What A Lord, What A Mighty Good Lord
- All Praise To Thee, By God, His Kite!?
- America the Beautical
- Maury Maury Hallelujah
- He is a Goddamn Awesome God
- Chris the Lord is Risen Today!

I'm selling the entire collection of 1,700 faulty hymnals for the low price of $300 plus shipping and handling. It will cost about $500 for me to handle, but shipping will likely be rather low given the faulty nature of these books.

Brand New Canal!

> It pains me to part with this, my most prized possession, but I simply have no room for it. What I am selling here is a marvelously impressive canal, capable of moving up to 20 ships a day and cutting down travel routes dramatically.
>
> Currently the waters of the canal are infested with zebra mussels and the second lock is jammed with barnacles. In spite of these shortcomings, this canal represents a once in a lifetime opportunity to cash in on the lucrative shipping industry. By charging a modest toll, one could easily turn the canal into a lasting source of revenue.
>
> The canal is 25 miles long and 300 feet across. It is blue with red stripes. The cost is $34,600,500.38 and buyer must furnish transport from Washington State to desired location.

I am not open to negotiation on any sale prices, as these have all been appraised by leading experts in the appraisal industry, including no less than the Wilhelm & Montgomery Appraisal Co. I am, however, open to interesting swaps.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.8 Lost Corporate Treasures: GameStop Employee Manual Appendix A

Thursday, Jun 08, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Move over, Radio Shack! GameStop is now the #1 location for ignorant grandparents to buy disappointing Christmas gifts!

Congratulations! Your discovery of this appendix in the hollowed-out crotch of the Tomb Raider: The Last Revelation standee (as part of a failed marketing deal GameStop stores must have at least nine of these on display at all times) means that your GameStop training is nearing completion. By now you've come to terms with working for minimum wage at a company that has a 90% profit margin on most items, learned the joys of six-hour alphabetizing drills, and no doubt your hands have been stained with the bong resin from so many traded-in Dreamcast games. As part of the natural corporate spirit-breaking process, many questions may be left unanswered or perhaps just misheard thanks to the nineteen screaming Iranian kids whose parents drop them off in the store for eight hours a day while they work at the jewelry kiosk near Aeropostale. We've taken some of the most popular questions posed by employees and answered them here, mainly because talking to a retail store manager is like falling into a bottomless razor-lined pit of despair from which no man can escape.

I'm a little confused about the value or trade-ins, and many people have threatened me with lead pipes and chains on this subject. Help!

Well Billy, the exchange rate of games-to-store credit - inspired by German inflation after World War I – is one of GameStop's proudest and most government-investigated programs. While the trade-in price of any item can be found so easily in any of our computers that even a tragically inbred monkey could do it (that's you, Billy), the following examples should provide you with enough information to satisfy customers who wonder why their filthy shoebox full of Gameboy Color games can't be traded in "fer one a'them X-Stations."

Item	**Value**
New Game (PS2, GCN, XBOX/360)	$8.00 + free look at shelf holding racy anime DVDs
Last year's *Madden*	Find pistol under counter, fire wildly in the air
Dreamcast/Dreamcast games	3 cents + 20 minute conversation about how "the Dreamcast was the best system ever, man"
Dragonball GT Final Bout	$2000 + fellatio to be negotiated outside of store

I notice that we sell opened games as "new" and this seems like a highly questionable business practice that angers customers! Help!

Here at GameStop we give new meaning to the word "used."

Well Sandy, "questionable business practices" is our motto. Would you rather have us leave our games out on the floor where people, *people*, can touch them? Ever since our "Talk About *Final Fantasy* and Get Beaten with a Garden Hose Full of Birdshot" days, we've learned that gamers are used to being treated like garbage and in fact many are sexually excited by this prospect. If a customer refuses to buy an opened game and instead asks you for a copy still in its original factory seal, calmly explain to them that the game they are purchasing has been "gutted" so filthy cretins much like themselves won't be tempted to open the casing and steal the product they *claim* to have the money for. If belligerency continues, inform the customer that they would be welcome to shop at Wal-Mart or a larger chain store, but that these stores do not carry the titles they seek such as *Rape Rape Rape Middle School 4: Innocence Lost*. Then run a rusty paper clip (included in your training packet) up and down the disc while massaging your genitalia through your clothes. They'll get the picture.

Just how many stickers should I place on the case of every new game? Help!

Well Stevie, some people think they don't need our help when trying to find a game. These same people also don't like to take advantage of our great deals. This is why every plastic case should have the following nine stickers affixed to it:

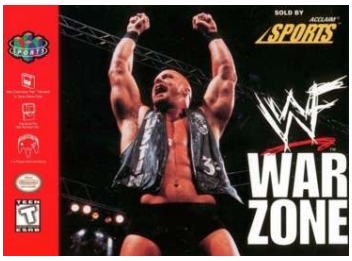
- "You could save up to 5% on used NES cleaning kits! Ask a Game Advisor!"
- "It is possible that you need a memory card?"
- "Also, do you have a television? We don't sell them here but I'm just sayin'."
- "Your girlfriend will love our cardboard standees currently taking up valuable dumpster space!"
- "Subscribe to Game Informer: winner of the Jason Blair 2002 Journalistic Integrity Award!"
- "My friend's dad totally works at Nintendo."
- "Reserve the sequel which may or may not exist in the future!"
- "How the hell do you beat the second level in *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*? Jesus Christ that dam is a real son of a bitch. Ask a Game Advisor!"
- "This is a video game."

If done correctly, only 5% of the game's actual cover will be showing. Is that a boob? Somalia? A boob that is exploding in the shape of Somalia? No one will know but you, Game Advisor, and while you're carefully peeling off stickers with our handy GameStop Chemical Solvent Kit (distributed during training) you can use the highly toxic fumes generated to lure the customer into the purchase of several hundred Neo-Geo Pocket Colors. We need to unload these pieces of shit on *some* asshole.

The store seems very structurally unsound, and sinkholes have swallowed up countless customers and loved ones. Help!

Well Freddy, this is a valid concern, but much like Vietnam, there are no easy answers. Also like Vietnam, there will be small Asian children throwing incendiary devices at you from bamboo thickets. We don't know how or why they keep showing up, but that's a different problem altogether and no necklace made from tiny ears is going to save you this time. We've been trying to remove our

promotional thickets since *Medal of Honor: I Think Some Parts of WWII Happened in Vietnam* was recalled due to historical inaccuracy, but confusing this game with *Call of Duty: The Swiss Army Missions* has led to many casualties and we apologize but at the same time deny responsibility.



FACT: 76% of the mass of any GameStop store is comprised of N64 wrestling games.

Admittedly, some of our newer stores aren't the soundest architectural structures around due to GameStop's innovative new construction techniques. Since traditional construction materials like concrete and rebar cost multiple American dollars, we at GameStop have decided to build with an abundant naturally-occurring resource that can be found in our stores: N64 wrestling games. Not only do all of our stores contain tens of thousands of these useless plastic cartridges, scientific studies have actually shown that in certain conditions they can *reproduce*. In what can only be called "the largest chemical fire in Texas" a near-infinite supply of these games was melted down over the course of 38 days to help form the foundation of the very GameStop you are standing in. We've also built each of our new stores on Indian burial ground - flown and transplanted to many locations across the continental United States - in order to get a break on property tax. We likem' big savings!

But to get back to your question, you're going to die.

I know nothing about video games, and I somehow have found myself working in a video game store. Have a made a poor decision? Help!

Well Jerry, it's important to remember that while you may be ignorant, your customers are barely able to string together sentences without getting distracted and starting to masturbate. And since you are in a position of power, they will believe anything that comes out of your mouth. Can the XBOX 360 run every game in existence, even games from the future that have been banned by our new overlords, the now-unknown Mighty Kings of Micronesia? Yes. Can you fuck it? Even better. The few educated customers that we haven't chased out of our stores may complain, but due to abject fear of confrontation their whining will only be heard by internet message boards and Magic: The Gathering tournaments. Let's get one thing straight: we want our regular customers thinking that we make the games *in the back of our store*. In fact, during a rather rough period in my life I pretended I was Will Wright and flashed minors at local productions of Sesame Street on Ice. Parents didn't know why the creator of *SimCity* was talking to their children, but they did know one thing: he had his dick out.

If someone matching this image comes into your store, place the newest Final Fantasy game on the counter and do not make eye contact.

But in case you're still lost when it comes to the pastime of male virgins ages 15-65, look no further than the multiple copies of Game Informer strewn about our stores. Many people ask, "How credible can a gaming magazine be when it's published by a store that wants you to buy all of its games?" To this I say, "We're so impartial we make the countless atrocities caused by nature look like premeditated mass baby slaughter."

To explain this further, let's take a look at the Game Informer rating system. Most magazines rate on a scale of one to ten, further confusing those on the cusp of understanding what this new thing called a "magazine" is (we traditionally call it "shiny book"). Game Informer simplifies this system by rating on a scale of eight to ten, eliminating those messy numbers from one to seven which may prevent people from buying games. A quick glance at the inside of a Game Informer will let you know which of the hottest videogames are worth buying *the most*. But there's no reason everyone

shouldn't buy them all! Here's a quick run down of the scores:

Game Informer Score	Meaning
8	One of the greatest games of all time, perhaps you should by five or six copies to be sure
9	Possibly the best game ever, kill those who dare speak of 8
10	The single greatest creation ever by mankind, fuck you cure for cancer when you are invented (note that 90% of games will share this score monthly)

I have forgotten all of the special deals that we are supposed to offer customers at the time of purchase. Also I just found out I was adopted. Help!

FIRST REVIEW AND STRATEGY FOR GTA: VICE CITY
GAMEINFORMER
WORLD EXCLUSIVE
ENTER THE MATRIX
WE TOOK THE RED PILL...FIND OUT THE REAL STORY INSIDE
MUST READ REVIEWS

If William Randolph Hearst was still alive, he'd be all "Hell yeahhh!"

Well Sally, coping with adoption is a personal matter that will probably lead you down a path where you will date men who, in a creative twist, find ways to push you *up* the stairs. But your abandonment issues are no concern of GameStop Inc. and its parent company, Nazi Memorabilia Restoration Enterprises.

The traditional checking out process takes an average of 27 minutes and should apply to everyone, even 5 year-olds with no discernable income source other than their parents who have clearly abandoned them. It consists of the following steps:

- Greet customer.
- Engage in small talk about either Aerith or Cloud (ex. "When Aerith died in *Final Fantasy VII*, from my sobbing I finally knew for sure that I wasn't a homosexual.")
- If knives or small handguns are drawn (9mm or less), switch to talking about the lowest common denominators of gaming, *Madden* and *Halo* (ex."Man this one time my dude exploded in (*Madden/Halo*) and I was all, 'Fucking tight, yo!'").
- Now that they are on your side, tell them no bowel movement is complete without a subscription to Game Informer sending new reading material into their bathrooms *every month.*
- Ask them if they would like to reserve a sequel, or a similar type of game (ex. "I see you are buying *Kingdom Hearts 2*, would you like to pre-order Square's *Broken Piece of Distended Rectum III Featuring Cait Sith*?).
- Offer GameGuard™ the insurance plan that only covers damage the game may receive on the car ride home.
- If GameGuard™ is refused, be a total presumptuous prick about how the customer may treat their games (ex. "Hmm you never know, the next time you get into a knife fight with your Bolivian landlord over who's getting the money for your sister's last trick, that pack of pit bulls you keep in your meth lab might get out and *totally* scratch up your game.").
- Offer BagGuard™, our lifetime bag replacement plan (first month: $19.99).
- Suggest that the customer buy the strategy guide, and if one does not exist, quickly

scrawl a map on the back of receipt paper with the words "God Mode" above it and sell this for $4.99.

- If customer refuses all offers, treat him or her like they have just taken a shit right on the counter (especially if they have) and make it clear that their behavior of coming into a store *just to buy something* will not be tolerated.

I originally took this job out of my love of video games. I am interested in the employee benefits of GameStop. Help!

Oh, Tommy. Poor, innocent Tommy. What enthusiasm you have for video games will be replaced by violent bile-producing contempt within the first two weeks of your employment. But in case you are interested in any kind of employee discount before the word "Mario" causes you to soil yourself, we regret to inform you that employee benefits have been eliminated from GameStop. A team of statisticians discovered that making our employees feel appreciated accounted for a .0002% loss in the third quarter of 1998, and *this can not happen again*. To avoid another massive loss, and to increase blind loyalty, we've decided to treat our employees the same way we treat our customers: like utter shit. Because of this, the next time a customer says "I bet you guys get to play video games all day!" you will be too much of a beaten-down coward to attempt suicide. Really, it's for your own good.

In summation, thank you for choosing GameStop as your place of employment. Despite the appallingly low wages, lack of benefits, and corporate propaganda you must suffer through, just remember this: you are the envy of nerds everywhere. If you're not a virgin, though, you've already won their respect. But if you've had sex, what the fuck are you doing *here*?

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

6.9 Really Inconvenient Truths

Friday, Jun 09, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

On Monday of this week I had the enviable pleasure of witnessing an angel appear before my very eyes. No, it was not Gippuyel, whose holy name is Metatron, spirit of fire and chancellor to mankind, it was Al Gore. He appeared as a seraphim made from dough, but regal dough, as would be used to bake a cake for a pharaoh. He spoke to me about global warming through the medium of his most exalted film "An Inconvenient Truth."

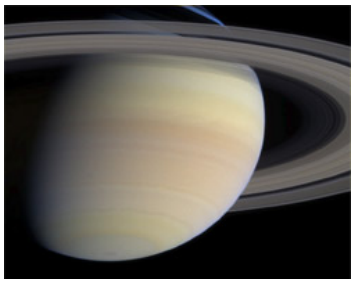
I guess the jury is still out or whatever on global warming, but the important thing is I was so inspired by Gore, I felt I should emulate him as a good Christian emulates Jesus. Today, I walk in the footprints of Gore and offer you a series of truths even less convenient than those presented by the Vice President in the sky.

Swim to Work
A man age 18 to 40 is more likely to survive a shark attack than an armed robbery. If a person of any age spent half of their life swimming in the Atlantic and half of their life driving in circles in Detroit, they would be 83 times more likely to be carjacked than attacked by a shark.
Caveat: No drowning has been recorded during a carjacking.

Looks delicious...or IS IT?!

A Large Horseplop Pizza to Go
There are five times more insect eggs per ounce in canned mushrooms than can be found in horse manure used as fertilizer. There are even more insect eggs on fresh mushrooms but most (96%) households clean fresh mushrooms before eating them.
Caveat: Mushrooms taste way more than five times better than horse manure.

From Russia with Unnnnnnnhhhh
In 1952 Soviet scientists working at the Koralev Institute conditioned a female otter to have an orgasm at the sound of a starter pistol. Dr. Yuri Onaktsin also connected a severed dog's head to a mechanical device that kept it alive for two hours.
Kaveatski: In 1955 Dr. Onaktsin claimed he could photograph a person's soul escaping their body at the moment of death.


Wait, which one is this?

Spare Parts
The field hospital of Captain James Harper was attached to the 95th New York Riflemen at the battle of Antietam during the American Civil War. Harper's medical log meticulously records every patient and treatment. Captain Harper treated 89 men...and amputated 193 legs.
Caveat: Of the 89 men that Harper treated in his field hospital, four survived.

Can You Read This Map?
Because of discrepancies in astrogation charts compiled from obsolete sources there are three objects in our solar system officially designated "Saturn". These were re-designated Saturn A, B and C in 1967, with the planet Saturn being "A."
Caveat: Saturn B and Saturn C are irregular minor satellites of Jupiter.

Deerly Beloved
During the period of 1977 through 2001 Liberia had an infant mortality rate 28% higher than infant mortality among wild deer at Yellowstone National Park in the United States during the same period.
Caveat: At no point during this period were the deer at Yellowstone fighting a bloody civil war.

Truth Dot Com
The amount of cyanide in an entire pack of cigarettes is only one third of the amount of cyanide contained in an eight ounce glass of apple juice.
Caveat: You would have to drink 831 glasses of apple juice in a four hour period to ingest a life-threatening dosage of cyanide.

The Trees Will Glow
The average nuclear power plant emits approximately 0.07 millicuries of radioactivity into the surrounding air. The average adult oak tree emits 0.13 millicuries of radioactivity into the surrounding air.
Caveat: Trees are slightly less likely to experience a catastrophic core meltdown.

Let's Have a Slice of That
The largest non-egg cells in nature are nerve cells in a giraffe's legs that measure over two meters in length, but are less than 100 microns in diameter. The largest single celled organism is a strain of deep-ocean sessile amoeba that is almost exactly the size of a pie tin. It is also the only known single cell organism that can consume an entire multi-cellular organism; it can absorb shrimp the size you would find on your dinner table.
Caveat: Some scientists believe the amoeba tastes like pecan pie, but I think it tastes like peaches!

Let's pop this one on the window sill to cool.

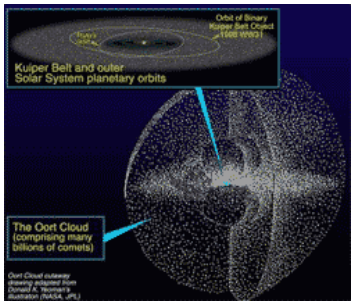
Now We Just Have to Find a Way to get it there
Scientists estimate that the quantities of man-made greenhouse gasses released into the earth's atmosphere since the start of the industrial revolution would be sufficient to terraform Mars for terrestrial plant life. With a thicker atmosphere of carbon dioxide, the resulting warmth, and the thawing of Martian water ice, hardy forests and even crops could grow there.
Caveat: It would take the plants an estimated 60,000 years to make the atmosphere breathable for humans. Even then, breathing would be about as difficult as climbing to the summit of Mount McKinley. There's also no evidence that the Martian soil would support most plant life on earth.

Hut-Hut-Hut-Hut-Blastoff!
The volume of manmade objects launched into space since the start of the space age is sufficient to fill Wrigley Field to the top eight times over. The quantity of these objects that have returned to earth - variously intact - could provide enough material to build a new statue of liberty entirely out of molybdenum.
Caveat: Most of these objects have disintegrated almost completely upon reentering the earth's atmosphere and there's probably about enough of them left to build a set of titanium deck chairs.

The Horse of Plenty
In 2004, the most valuable manmade substance on earth was lab-made antimatter, which cost the equivalent of nine million dollars to produce a quantity the size of the period at the end of this sentence. The most valuable naturally-occurring substance in 2004 was the frozen semen of Storm Cat, a thoroughbred stallion whose ejecta was valued at 500,000 dollars per milliliter.
Caveat: In 2006 Storm Cat took the lead when scientists developed a method to produce antimatter much more cheaply.

Fly Me to the Smoldering Crater
The form of transportation with the highest mortality rate is ultralight aircraft. If every adult in the United States flew ultralight helicopters and airplanes to work every day then 6.3 million people would be killed each year in ultralight accidents. That's not even accounting for the incalculable dangers of clouds of commuter ultralights trying to navigate dense urban environments.
Caveat: Dangers from modes of transportation are often very geographically specific. If this is taken into account then the most dangerous mode of transportation, possibly of all time, is riding four wheeler ATVs in Merapi, Indonesia. In 2002 four wheeler owners managed a whopping 85% mortality rate for the year, potentially due to a catastrophic volcanic eruption that killed over 5,000 people attempting to flee.

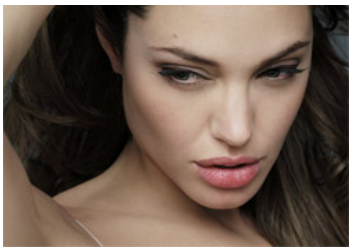
Welcome to Hell
The largest subterranean cavern is believed to be the Pacific Cavity. Located almost two miles beneath the surface of the Pacific, this cavern system was detected by ground penetrating radar in 2000 and covers *at least* 48 square miles. Some scientists believe it was formed as an immense methane pocket vented into the ocean and that much of it remains dry.
Caveat: There is a 100% chance that whatever is living inside the Pacific Cavity is scary as shit.



It's like a magical dust of doom.

Possible Inhabitant of Hell
The Burgess Shale, discovered in 1909 in Yoho National Park, represents the largest and most diverse collection of fossils not previously known to science. Among the many oddities discovered in the more than 500 million year old shale are five-eyed monsters with clawed trunks and creatures that look like ancient worms but are actually our oldest ancestors. Most terrifying and strange of all the fossils found at the shale is "The Wise Hydra," an invertebrate that scientists believe was almost entirely composed of primitive nerve tissue wrapped in muscle. Think of a brain in a form-fitting helmet and then stick on approximately 80 tentacle-like stalks that end in claws, primitive eyes and feeding tubes. Then imagine that scuttling under your bed when you turn on the light.
Caveat: This monster brain was, thankfully, about the size of a blueberry and became extinct over half of a billion years ago. Unless, the Pacific Cavity...oh God...

This is the End
Astronomers have tracked 897 Kuiper Belt Objects and Oort Cloud Bodies that have orbits that bring them within 1,000,000 kilometers of the earth and are of a size capable of destroying civilization on our planet. Scientists have identified and tracked a total of approximately 36,000 KB and OC objects large enough to cause catastrophic damage to the earth's inhabitants, but most do not come near the earth.


Dare to beat the odds!

Caveat: The good news is that of those 897 objects, only six are rated as "high risk" and the first of those to threaten our planet will be KBN-54664 in 2076 AD. The bad news? It is estimated that there are well over a billion unidentified objects of significant size in the Kuiper Belt and Oort Cloud, any one of which could be the silver bullet that takes out this werewolf we call earth.

THIS is the End
Through a process known as quantum tunneling, there is an infinitesimally small but non-zero probability that an atom will - for all practical purposes - simply cease to exist. There is an even more infinitesimally small but non-zero probability that you will be walking down the street tomorrow and wink out of existence. Even less likely than that, the entire planet or galaxy could

cease to exist.
Caveat: There is an infinitesimally small but non-zero probability that you will wake up in the middle of the night to a strange sensation, open your eyes and discover Angelina Jolie giving you a blowjob. Sweet dreams.

If you learn one thing from this article I hope it's this: Al Gore needs to run for president and he needs to grow his scruffy fat dude beard back. America is in danger. We are in troubled times and we have poor leadership. We need a powerful beard to guide us through these treacherous waters. We need a beard that would make Lincoln shiver. We need a beard to make Castro quake in his boots.

Al Gore's beard, be our next president.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.10 Red Phone Diaries: Super Victims Unit

Saturday, Jun 10, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Batman: Commissioner Gordon? I'm surprised to hear from you after our last conversation.

Gordon: Yes, fortunately for you I don't hold grudges. I've forgiven your unruly behavior.

Batman: Well that's just terrific. In fact that's the best news I've heard all day.

Gordon: Huzzah!

Batman: Then again, it is only four in the morning so I suppose it doesn't have much to compete with. *Four in the morning*, Gordon.

Gordon: Crime never sleeps, Batman. You of all people should know that.

Batman: There's been a crime? You actually used this line for its intended purpose?

Gordon: No, that was just an expression. My reason for calling is more philosophical in nature. Something occurred to me as I was staring directly into my desk lamp's fiercely burning light bulb for an extended period of time.

Batman: I believe your doctor has warned you about that.

Gordon: Repeatedly. What occurred to me was how difficult life must have been for people before electricity came along. How did their tvs work? Who sent them their electric bills every month? I don't understand why someone didn't just invent a time machine to go to an era when electricity had been invented, then steal that electricity and bring it back.

Batman: Steal the electricity.

Gordon: Yes. Not a lot, mind you. Just enough to show everyone back in their own time what it looked like so they'd know what to dig for.

Batman: How long have you been thinking about all this?

Gordon: I believe you said it's four in the morning, which would make it about nineteen hours.

Batman: And you had nothing else to do today? No police business at all?

Gordon: Nope. With you and the other superheroes around, we've been able to reduce our police force considerably. It's gotten to the point that I have practically no one to oversee, which leaves me with more time to focus on the big picture.

Batman: With spectacular results.

Gordon: Have you ever seen Highlander? It's JUST like that. Every time we get rid of an officer, I absorb his salary and the time I would have spent commanding him. The analogy really works when you realize that one of the bad guys in the Highlander television series was Richard Moll, who was the bald bailiff in Night Court. He was practically a cop, like me. Batman?

Batman: Yes, Gordon?

Gordon: Batman, in the end there can be only one.

Batman: I see.

Gordon: Batman?

Batman: Yes?

Gordon: I'm more frightened than I've ever been in my life.

(strange man's voice): Yes, this is the president of the United States. How may I help you today?

Gordon: I'm sorry Mr. President! I thought this was Batman's hotline.

(strange man's voice): I see. The phone you're using, what color was it when it was first installed?

Gordon: A bright red, sir. Almost vermilion.

(strange man's voice): Well there's your problem. My phone is more of a cardinal red, so I'm thinking the paint on yours must have faded over time to match it. Try slapping a fresh coat of paint on your phone and I'm sure you'll be able to connect to Batman with no problems.

Gordon: Thank you Mr. President, I'll do that right away. You've been very helpful and I apologize for the interruption.

(strange man's voice): Not a problem.

Gordon: Batman?

The Joker: AHAHAHAHA!

Gordon: What? Why you... !

The Joker: I imagine your face is quite red now commissioner, especially since that paint is undoubtedly still wet!

Gordon: No, it's just on my ear and the palm of my hand. What have you done with Batman?

The Joker: Nothing, not yet at least. You've actually reached me on my personal hotline once again because you didn't let the paint dry.

Gordon: You have a hotline?

The Joker: Oh yes, several. They save me the hassle of having to memorize phone numbers.

Gordon: That's what I was just telling Batman the other day! I've just the one so far, but I want to-

The Joker: Look, commissioner, don't take this the wrong way but it wouldn't be wise to continue this conversation any further. Our professional relationship could become awkward if we get chummy.

Gordon: I understand. So I should just let this paint dry and then I'll be able to call Batman?

The Joker: Yes.

Gordon: You aren't playing a joke on me, are you?

The Joker: Am I the type of person who would do such a thing?

Gordon: No.

The Joker: I did a knowing wink when I asked that. You couldn't see it, but I did it.

Batman: Please make this quick, Gordon. The Nick Kids' Choice Awards are coming on any minute.

Gordon: Batman! Thank goodness it's you. Has the Joker been anywhere near your phone within the past few hours?

Batman: No, of course not. I've been right in this chair watching the preshow. You wouldn't believe the outfit that Ron Jeremy is wearing.

Gordon: I've been trying to call you all day, but I kept getting the Joker.

Batman: Ah, the paint on your phone faded didn't it?

Gordon: Yes, at first I thought the Joker had tricked me but I suppose that was really the problem. How did you know? Did the same thing happened to you as well?

Batman: Nope, but one time I was spray painting my emergency backup capes and I accidentally coated my eyes with three layers of black paint. As a result I couldn't see for days. It's basically the same thing.

Gordon: Yeah, pretty much. It's funny how you and I do a lot of the same things. It's like we were destined to be best friends.

Gordon: Batman, I need some help. I'm going to write an inspirational book entitled "Where Gordons Dare" that chronicles my illustrious career up to this point.

Batman: No. Believe it or not I'm very busy.

Gordon: Come on, Batman. 100% of the profits will go toward the Missing Children's Fund. Once we raise enough money to afford enough manpower to locate that fund, it'll do a lot of good for those kids once we find them.

Batman: Fine. I suppose I could provide my account of the last few years we've worked together.

Gordon: No, it's nothing like that.

Batman: Oh. I'd be happy to write a foreword then. Those are only like a

page and a half, if that.

Gordon: That won't be necessary.

Batman: Well then what do you need help with?

Gordon: Do you have a pencil and some paper I could borrow?

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.11 SomethingAwfulList

Sunday, Jun 11, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

somethingawfullist > **casual encounters**

43 y/o male looking for casual meeting in public place- m4w-43
Reply to: murray@murrayswebdomain.com
Date: 2006-06-08, 10:44PM PDT

I would like for us to run into each other on the street perhaps when you are late for work and we would say hi because we kind of know each other and maybe I would offer to buy you a cup of coffee but Iwouldn't really mean it becaue I am also late (not for work but dentist appointment) and you would decline and then we would say goodbye a kwaradly because we don't even remember eachothers names anyway this is the kind of encounter I am looking for not serious at all.

hIt me up if you want a no string attached meeting you can forget a couple minutes later onthe bus.

- this is in or around Seattle
- no-- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

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somethingawfullist > **rooms & shares**

room to rent for CHEAP please LOOK
Reply to: angelofthelord@christschurchandsteakhouse.com
Date: 2006-06-08, 11:56PM PDT

200 sq ft large master bedroom in good neighborhood kitchen privileges included you will have to share the bed with my Aunt Gilda who is 98 and sometimes thinks she is a cat and she always sleeps naked also all utilities paid!!

- this is in or around Kansas City
- no-- it's NOT ok to if you can read this you do not need glasses commercial interests

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somethingawfullist > **missed connections**

think this could be love
Reply to: robopirate@ebaumsworld.com
Date: 2006-06-10, 8:32AM PDT

Me- medium height, "curvy" in masculine way, "dumbledore is not dead" t-shirt. You - tight jeans, nice tits, did not get good look at face or hair but I think maybe blond(?)

Saw you outside of gaming store (that's really cool if you like games if not (like you were there waiting for someone else) that is also cool I think we could work the issue out) but was too shy, however I think you saw me staring. Thank you for turning around to show me that nice butt of yours. Walking away so I could see it go back and forth was nice but you were gone so quickly!!

Anyway I was putting this out on the internet just in case. It may seem unlikely but probably lots of happy couples got started through ads like this like my mom and dad (they met at a charity walk and then dated casually for a month or so before becoming serious and then marrying after six years of dating which is kinda similar to this) Until then I will be at "our spot". I will wear my "Azeroth is for lovers" shirt so you know it's me.

- this is in or around Camarillo
- no-- it's NOT ok to pontaic this coaster with nervous or other communal insects

---

somethingawfullist > **missed connections**

stuck in texas
Reply to: fwebers@firstprudential.webmail.com
Date: 2006-06-10, 11:08AM PDT

I missed my connecting flight from Houston to Miami and am quite angry about this please email to discuss.

- this is in or around Houston
- yes-- please spam the shit out of this poster

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somethingawfullist > **lost & found**

to murder is but to midwife death
Reply to: fasternow@beatthedeafeningdrumsoffate.us
Date: 2006-06-10, 1:56PM PDT

I have stabbed a man to death. The blood drips off my hands like a crimson mockery of the rain that impregnates a fertile land. It gathers into a sticky pool of fluid life, now drained from my victim.

What is it, this existence of ours? Lucifer weeps...

- this is in or around the shade at the edge of humanity
- gone-- like a child's innocence snatched from her by cruel time's passing I

---

somethingawfullist > **architect/engineer/CAD jobs**

Reliability Quality Engineer with medical device experience
Reply to: hiringmanager@professionaljobservices.com
Date: 2006-06-10, 10:00PM PDT

DO U WANT TO SEE AN ANGEL?

JUST HOLD UR BREATH AND SCROLL SLOWLY DOWN UNTIL U SEE TEXT

*

*

*

*

*

*

*KEEP WAITING

*

*

*

*

*ALMOST THERE

*

*

*

NOW LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND U'LL SEE ONE OF GOD'S MOST SPECIAL ANGELS :)

POST THIS AGAIN UNDER THREE DIFFERENT MISLEADING TITLES OR GOD WON'T LOVE U ANYMORE AND SATAN WILL HAVE UR SOUL...

- this is in or around San Fierro
- no- - it's NOT ok but probably morally justified to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

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somethingawfullist > **miscellaneous romance**

please help me contact my special lady
Reply to: redwall42@hotmail.com
Date: 2006-06-10, 5:15PM PDT

I am calling on ALL of Kansas City to help me. I spent three wonderful nights sharing a bed with a beautiful mature lady while renting a room in her house. She was a FIRECRACKER, always meowing and scratching at my chest but when the woman I was renting from discovered our hidden passion she kicked me out. I still remember with a broken heart the soft mewls of my lover gently fading to grieving snores as she fell asleep again five seconds after hearing I was leaving.

They have a restraining order now and I think I may have a sex crime record I AM NOT SURE!!! Help me contact my "Wrinkled Kitty"!!!!

- this is in or around Kansas City

- no-- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

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somethingawfullist > **real estate for sale**

fully furnished castle available inquire about price
Reply to: mario@mushroomkingdom.biz
Date: 2006-06-10, 11:02PM PDT

I have found myself the owner of a wonderful antique castle. Great location, all levels beaten on the way here so you should have no problems getting in or out. The only reason I am moving from this great property is that I have been informed that the princess is, in fact, in another castle. This was quite frusterating for me, but my loss is your gain!

Features

- Lava pits (great for garbage disposal!)
- Stack of monster corpses perfect for stuffing and display!
- Top shelf security system including Bullet Bills, Fireballs, and Chain Chomps.

Please contact for price and also if you've heard anything about the location of the princess.

- this is in or around Mushroom Kingdom
- yes-- it IS ok to make cheap video game jokes in your article

---

somethingawfullist > **writing/editing jobs**

need immediate freelance writer for work on article conclusion
Reply to: maxnmona@somethingawful.com
Date: 2006-06-11, 12:04AM PDT

I am looking for someone able to write a concluding paragraph for a comedy article. Applicant must: Work odd hours, be able to mention maxnmona@somethingawful.com somewhere in all conclusions, be able to conclude things promptly and in a professional manner.

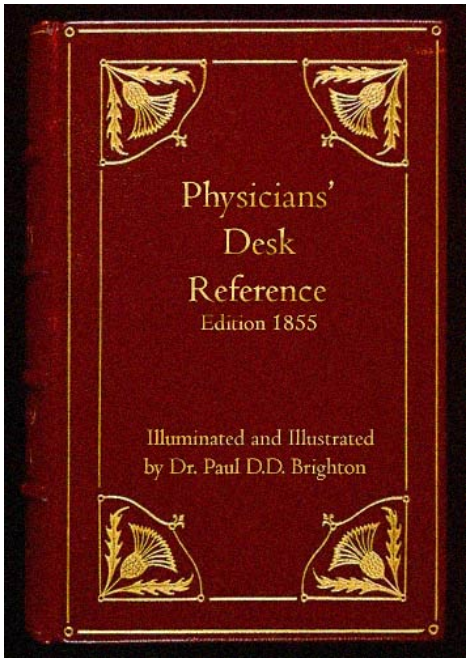
Remember, without you, articles may well just end abruptly.

- this is in or around SomethingAwful.com
- no-- it's NOT NOT NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

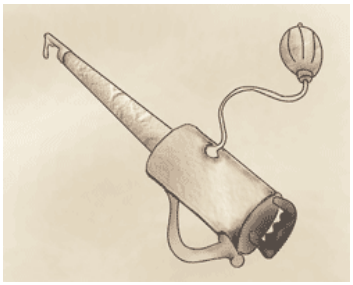
-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

6.12 Physicians' Desk Reference, 1855 Edition

Monday, Jun 12, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Wherein the esteemed gentleman doctor, learned in both God and science, is advised on the means with which to combat the natural and unnatural. To comport one's self with gentleness and compassion towards his patients. To understand, in full or in part, the exacting details of the illnesses that befall the gentlemen, ladies and Irish of this Victorian epoch.



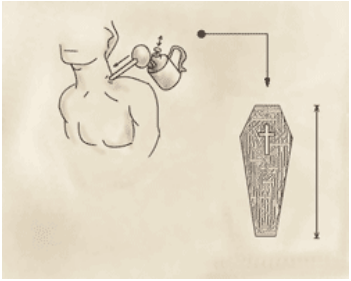
A common Silvinski "Whirlydoo" mercury applicator, familiar to any doctor with a well-stocked bag.

Mercury Deficiency
Symptoms: Disorientating level-headedness characterized by a lack of frivolity and an incurable apathy towards puzzles and conundrums. Worsening condition may lead to utter disenchantment with shuttlecock and increasing disinterest in the sublime.
Cause: A compounded dietary inadequacy of nature's tonic, mercury as should be found in the King's water, finest ales and all manner of tinned jellies and jams.
Treatment: Administer four cups whole mercury rectally and prescribe 100 mercury capsules to be taken with tea three times daily. If symptoms persist, continue mercury capsules and bleed patient thoroughly.

Barmy Baby
Symptoms: Though it can be hard to fully judge, Barmy Baby often presents as nothing more than a lingering dullness to the baby's expression. In severe cases the Barmy Baby will appear to have inherited bestial shortcomings to its visage. These might include a swollen head, odd coloration, distantly-spaced eyes and even severe deformation such as missing or additional limbs. The Barmy Baby is a varying degree of grotesque, at times of such horrid countenance as to send the mother shrieking from the bed and at other times

of a subtle horror only detected through mastery of the physical science of phrenology.
Cause: Sinfulness of mother and idolatry are the most common causes, but the physician must be gentle about placing blame upon the poor woman; she may have been taken in her sleep by a black tomcat. Only in the most horrific of cases should hanging be considered.
Treatment: The greater grotesques created by this terrible affliction should have their brains immediately dashed against a wall by an administering physician or midwife. If such a creature is caught early, the mother can be given a swaddled corncob doll in place of her infant and not know for many weeks the difference. By then she will be so entirely fed up with her child's sloth that she will care little when she discovers the subterfuge. Less severe cases should not be so hastily destroyed. Though they represent pure evil and may, in later years, be fearfully strong and prone to violent contrariness, the Barmy Baby can enjoy something resembling a human life of servitude and manual labor. In these cases advise the mother to tame them early and well with the lash and to consider the advantages of bondage with one of the Australian or American companies.

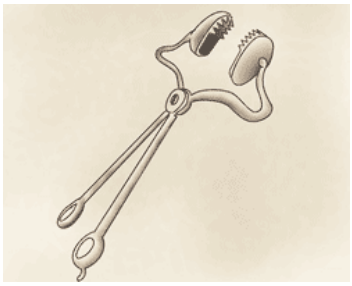
Gypsy Pox
Symptoms: Horrid red raised spots appear intermittently and itch to the point of near madness in the sufferer. In woefully severe cases this can lead to dangerous fever, the drops, night quakes and even death. In some cases insects can become attracted to the raised spots and may even be seen to drink from the pox.
Cause: Proximity to the unclean folk of Roma, who spread their foul spore invisibly in the air like the dander of a house cat. Most often contracted in the gypsy coves along rivers, streams, ponds and of particularly the bogs from whence the gypsy and the Irish both emerged.



Even a well-bled patient may succumb to this dire malady.

Treatment: An unguent of cinnamon and tallow applied topically along with an aggressive treatment of bleeding can head off further worsening of the condition in the patient. Brown paper and a poultice of clover should be applied to pox as they appear. If the patient falls to bed rest, then little else can be done. Cluck softly and shake your head in the company of family to the stricken. Perhaps suggest their beloved be measured for a fine casket before they grow rigid with morbidity.

Black Shank
Symptoms: Tenderness and blackening of the shins. Can cause such fearsome agonies to wrack the lower legs as would lay low a Hindoo elephant. Nearly every case develops in urchins or the Irish.
Cause: Once believed a pox set upon the urchins by the Catholic Pope during a fit of pique, the divine science of medicine has since demonstrated Black Shank to result from repeated injury to the shin-bone. Nearly every case appears in members of the lesser folk tasked with tending coal carts in mines. Coke carts of Stevenson manufacture are known to incorporate a locking mechanism to allow entraining of the carts. This mechanism is located at precisely shin height to a waif or stunted paddy. These carts, laden with black rock, would slam the shins again and again, producing fissures that become cursed with the black rot.
Treatment: A tablespoon of powdered sulfur, taken from the bottle or baked into something more palatable, will ease the pains accompanying the discoloration. To the affected skin apply brown paper, although warn the patient that, thus treated, there may be little change in the color. As this disease most commonly will be afflicting the lesser men of the Empire it is suggested you prescribe a sucking of eggs or a time in the service to the King, wherein they might find the lack of coal trolleys and the sulfurous black powder eases their condition.



A common household egg vice will do well to tame the inner devil in severe cases.

Devilish Somnambulism
Symptoms: A wholly male affliction most commonly evidenced by a dreadful effluent within the night shirt upon waking at the cock's crow. Such is the quantity of this mysterious discharge that it would seem the man was taken by a harlot against his will in the grip of sleep, though he has no recollection of such an event. Most likely he has risen from bed, yet remained in torpor, and set out to find the company of a willing woman. This disease is often to be found in boys on the cusp of manhood and in such cases is accompanied by an unbidden engorgement of the nethers that can lead to terrible embarrassment outside the water closet.
Cause: The turmoil of humours found within a boy as he advances to the noble endeavor of manhood is most commonly the cause. It can also be that a man, weak of will, is taken by this palsy carried on an ill wind.
Treatment: Salt peter tablets taken daily should be sufficient to tame the devil working its terrors at night. In the case of excessive engorgement, a local bleeding - preferably using leeches - is recommended. If engorgement persists, or if the salt peter does not suppress the nocturnal desires of the man sufficiently, then egging is the only recourse. Acquire a pair of brass egg vices and apply them to the man's bagged eggs as tightly as the patient can stand without fainting. This illness rarely takes hold in a woman, but in such cases it is best to shut her up in a cellar, brick over the doors and advise her kin to try to forget she existed.

Four Day Wound, The
Symptoms: A general womans' malaise, striking quite frequently among ladies of sufficient age to give child to a man. The most identifiable symptom of the illness is a sanguine flow from betwixt the woman's darkest cove that may be sufficient to completely saturate her bodkin. Secondary symptoms include aches, pains, vapors, ill-digestion and an unnatural agitation on the topic of all things.
Cause: The four day wound might come often to some ladies and not so often to others. As always, when it appears it is a sign that a woman has defied the divine plan of Our Lord by not putting herself to use in the act of procreation. **Treatment:** Hire a contingent of four strong-backed diggers to construct a well and transport the afflicted woman there. Isolated, she will wear herself ragged pounding on the walls of the chamber and bring no undue shame to your house. If she is particularly noisome or you simply must take in guests during the period of her illness, place a brass Bastille cage about her head and fill her mouth with cork. Once the period of four days has elapsed, she may be excavated from her warren and set about her former tasks.

When the illness has run its course, the lady sufferer may be released.

Additional Treatment: If unnatural bleeding persists, you may attempt to winnow the lady's sheath with a large candle, a crank fan and a soup ladle or large spoon. The afflicted lady may complain of some discomfort during this process as they are wont to experience any injury, both emotional or to the body, to a much greater degree than a gentleman. If the lady's distress becomes too loud you may administer laudanum as needed to maintain a calm and ordered operating theater. In particularly epic cases of this affliction, cessation may require a thorough wrapping of brown paper to be applied over the lady's private entrance with a cork mash plaster filling the crevasse itself.

Take care to remember the old physician's code *Nascentes morimur* - from the moment we are born, we die. It is your responsibility to society, as the gentleman physician, to stave off the lifelong process of dying so that man might toil for another decade, year, or hour. The commoner must know: the King will have his forty years or you have been of no use to him at all.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.13 Badass Star Wars Characters

Tuesday, Jun 13, 2006 by Steve "Malak" Sumner

Before I start off my column, I just wanted to say thanks to all you guys who gave me awesome comments about my first article where I talked about fantasy art. It really kicks ass to be writing for this site, and I know some of you guys don't like me because I'm the new guy, but I can sympathize. I know it sucks when there's a new writer and you're all going "you suck, bring back Lowtax," but if you didn't like the first one, I hope you like this one better!

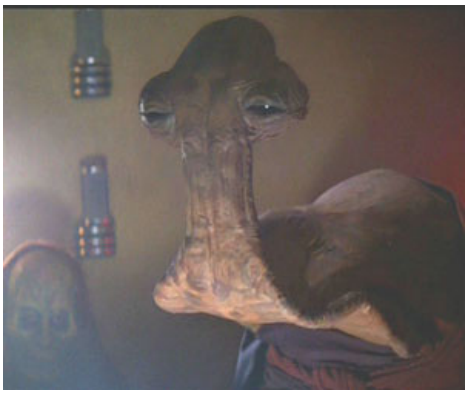
So here goes: One of the really awesome things about Star Wars (and brother, there are a TON of awesome things about Star Wars) is the fact that the whole universe is filled up with more awesome characters than you can even imagine. See, that's why you're not George Lucas... he can imagine them, and he did! Everywhere you look in any of the movies there's some alien guy hanging around in the background doing something cool, so every time you watch the Star Wars movies you see new things and you're like "I wonder who that guy is? I wonder what his story is?"

Anyways, I've decided that for my second Something Awful column ever, I'm going to talk about some of the sweetest looking background alien guys in Star Wars. My buddy showed me how to freeze-frame the DVDs on a computer, which has to be the greatest thing ever, so it's even going to be illustrated with photos. This is gonna be an *epic saga,* guys, just like the movies.

By the way, I should start off by saying that if you haven't seen all the Star Wars movies, you should stop reading this in case I say stuff that gives it away! Also, if you haven't seen Star Wars, what the holy heck are you even doing on the internet?

I'm mostly going to focus on the New Trilogy, but I just had to start out with the original Star Wars, because it basically invented the whole idea of having awesome background aliens, so let's talk about a few guys from Episode IV: A New Hope first.

Episode IV: A New Hope



This guy right here, I think his name is Hammerhead, made one hell of an impression on me back when I was just a little kid. Oh, by the way, I used to totally know the names of every alien in the "cantina" scene, but that was a lot of years and muchos beers ago, so I'm a little rusty now. So anyway, this guy was like my introduction to Star Wars when I was a kid. My dad was watching it on TV and I toddled in right at the part where they showed this guy, and of course I'm going "whoa!" I was hooked for life. I don't know why this dude stuck in my head so much, but I had some crazy ideas about him when I was a kid. I used to call him "bike man." I would make my dad rewind the tape like a million times and watch this guy over and over, even though he's only there for a second. I called him bike man because I thought his head looked like a motor scooter! You

know, like you could sit on the back of his head and the big flat front part is like the front of the scooter with the handlebars on it, you get it? Here's a picture of what I mean:

I was totally convinced that the devil guy rode around on his head like he was one of those motorbikes. I even remember telling all my friends at school that there was a scene where the devil guy rode around on him! And the thing is, I totally, totally believed it. I must have dreamed it or something, because I can clearly see it in my head to this day. When Star Wars came out on DVD I even tried to see if there was a deleted scene like that, because it is so clear in my mind. So anyway, that's bike man and he kicks ass!

Here's the devil guy who I thought rode around on the other guy like a bike. Of course I know that's not true, but I still think this guy is awesome as hell (no pun intended). What the heck was George Lucas even thinking when he was designing this scene? He was saying, "okay aliens over here, more aliens, more aliens, more aliens, and right here I want a devil! Yeah, that's right, a regular devil like the devil on one of those Mexican painted religious candles!" So right smack dab in the middle of Star Wars we get a Mexican candle Satan, and you know what? I love it. It's awesome. Who thinks of that? It's like, either you're in the frame of mind where you come up with aliens OR you're in the frame of mind where you think up putting an awesome devil in there, but not both! But the genius of George Lucas is that he totally did both.

These two guys are best buds. It's a beautiful picture about racial harmony when you have this worm guy and this elephant guy sitting there drinking together like it's no big deal at all, they're just two working Joes out for some brewskis after a hard day of whatever the heck it is that a worm guy and an elephant guy are qualified to do. You can see Mexican Candle Satan back there scheming like always. He's saying, "how can I drive these dudes apart, it's not like I can make a woman come

between them because I have no idea where I can find a girl who could appeal to both of these freaky guys." Then I guess he gives up and scoots away on top of bike man's head.

Hey, who let this guy in here! This little dude isn't old enough to drink, right? Yeah, that's what he wants you to think, but really he's some kind of secret badass alien killer who just looks like a little coconut bat. You go up to him and you're all like, "are you okay, lil buddy? Where's your da-da?" and he just looks at you with his little bat face and he's like "this ends here, Earth man," and he pulls out a spinning laser knife and suddenly you're all "ohhhhh craaaaapppp" in slow motion.

Episode I: The Phantom Menace

Yeah, I know some of you guys think it's corny and stuff, and we all have our problems with Episode One and whatever, but let's not even go there. This update is just about enjoying Star Wars, and if you can't just relax and enjoy the first one then you're way too uptight about Star Wars, so just can it! Let's see some aliens, right?

If you blink too quick you might not even see this guy! There's this part on Tatooine where Jar Jar (yeah, shut up, I said Jar Jar) sees some alien turkey snacks or something hanging up at a meat market and he's like, "mmmm, me's a eats a!" and he grabs one with his big fish tongue. Anyway, this dude is the guy who's running the meat market and he yells at Jar Jar, so now we're all caught up.

This guy is absolutely awesome because, and forgive me for saying this, but he looks kind of cheesy. But in a totally good way! He looks like a throwback to 80s monster movies where some group of teenagers gets gobbled up by some underground mutant thing. But when you throw him into the Star Wars universe, suddenly he's not so weird anymore, and he can't get away with eating teenagers

because they all have laser guns, so what does he do? He settles down and buys some overalls and starts up a meat shop. In a way that's really beautiful, because even monsters have a place on that world where they can contribute to the community.

This is one of Anakin's little friends who tries to talk him out of wasting his time building a pod racer. Does he look familiar? Yeah, that's because it's Greedo, the guy Han Solo shoots later! He's just a kid here, so this must be before he went bad. If only they had midnight basketball or something on Tatooine, he might have grown up cool like the mutant guy in the last picture. I think that even when he was a little kid he was a bully, though. He's holding a freaking frying pan! What the heck is he gonna cook out there in the desert? No way, he's not cooking, he's about to bonk some little kid over the head with it and steal their lunch money. Greedo was a bad apple from day freaking one.

This is one of the guys on the Jedi Council, which is why if you look on the right of the photo you can catch a little wisp of Qui-Gon's righteous hairdo (how many of you guys did your hair like that after this movie? Fess up! I know I did for a while). I wouldn't exactly call this guy "badass" because to be honest he makes me laugh. Not that I would fight him, because he's a Jedi and he would burn my ass up in a thousand different ways, but he is just kind of a silly looking little guy and I bet he knows it.

George Lucas is revolutionary because not every tough guy in Star Wars has to look like a tough guy, some of them look like little blue helium balloons. I mean, think about Yoda: the guy is just this stubby little dude, but we've all seen how he can kick some asses when it comes down to it.

Yeah, this isn't a background character at all, but there is no way I am going to take freeze frames from the Star Wars DVDs without getting some shots of Mr. Badass himself, Darth Maul. This guy

is a freaking businessman of pain and is probably like one of the all-time best movie characters in the world. I don't want to sound like a jerk, but I was way more upset when Maul died than when Qui-Gon died. Admit it: when he killed Qui-Gon, half of you was like "YES!"

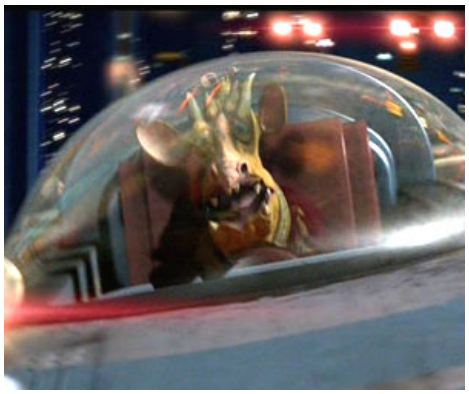
Anyway, this guy is the proof that Episode One is a good movie. Does a bad movie have anything as awesome as Darth Maul in it? No, it absolutely does not. I've dressed up like Darth Maul on Halloween like four times since Phantom Menace came out, but I still haven't totally nailed the makeup (people ask me if I'm supposed to be an Indian). If you have any tips on how to do the makeup you should e-mail me and we'll talk some shop.

Episode II: Attack of the Clones

Now we're moving into stuff that everyone agrees is awesome. Yeah, it gets some flak for the romance scenes, but when you think about it, this movie has way less romance scenes than something like Lord of the Rings, which is an awesome series of movies but there is a lot of romance stuff to wallow through on your way to the badass wizard fights.

I love this poor S.O.B., he's just driving home from work in his little George Jetson car and suddenly there's this freaking Jedi swinging through traffic, and this guy almost hits him and he totally flips the heck out. You only see him for a second, but he's so sad looking that you wonder what happens to him after that. I bet he gets home and his wife is going, "Bruce, did you remember to get some milk?" And he's like, "oh god, I totally forgot because when I was driving home this Jedi comes swinging at me out of frigging nowhere and almost slams into me," and his wife is like "yeah right, and I'm the queen of Naboo."

Jeez, wouldn't it be awful if this guy ended up getting divorced because of Obi Wan? I wonder if



Obi Wan would feel a disturbance in the force if he made this guy get divorced. But Jedis are such hardasses about love that I bet he would just be like, "good, serves him right."

Okay, this guy is almost unbelievable. He's this greasy restaurant owner that is apparently Obi Wan's old friend, so Obi Wan goes and hands him what has to be the rarest little poison dart thing in the galaxy, and this guy goes, "oh yeah, that's easy, that's from that secret planet that nobody knows about, just take a right at frickin Neptune and you're there." Total B.S., right?

Wrong. Here is the part that is totally wild: this guy is just like my uncle Big Steve (I was Little Steve back then but god knows I'm not so little anymore). Big Steve used to be a long haul trucker until he opened up this awesome truck stop with all these amazing arcade games and French fries with gravy and stuff. Not only did he look exactly like this alien dude (I swear to god they based this alien dude on Big Steve) but he had been all around the country a million times and it seemed like he knew everybody and everything. You could bring him a scuffed up bottle cap from anywhere in the dang universe and he would instantly go "oh yeah, this is Red Badger Ale, brewed in Akron, Ohio, 5.4 percent alcohol by volume" or whatever. So to me, this guy was not only not unbelievable at all but I felt like I knew him as soon as he walked on the screen. Truly badass. I could tell so many awesome stories about Big Steve, but I will save that for another update.

This is totally the girl you regret not dating in high school because she was totally into you but you never knew it. You never even noticed her because you were off drooling after some cheerleader with giant hair, and this girl was maybe a tiny bit heavy but she was sweet and fun and had a really pretty face, you know? Oh man, I don't want to bum you guys out, but I totally bummed myself out just a little bit because I remembered this girl named Amy Bussman who was all of those things and more and I totally blew it because I was after Jenny Hartman for like three years. When it

came to girls I didn't know my butt from my elbow. I'm going to invent a time machine and go back in time and slap some sense into high school me, and when I come back into the future, my perfect wife Amy Bussman will be waiting for me.

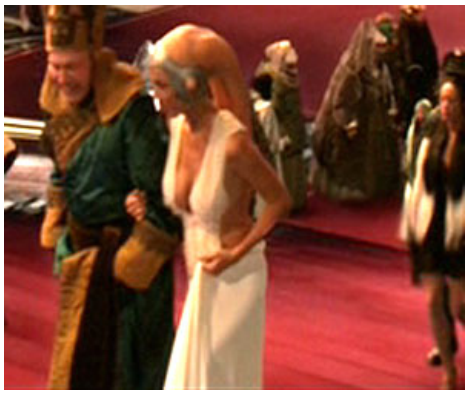
So the crazy thing is, Anakin walks right past this babe in the bar when he's after that bounty hunter chick, and he doesn't even notice this girl at all, but she looks at him like he's the greatest thing ever. You just want to slap him and go "turn around, dude, she's right there and she's not all gorgeous and superior like Padme, so you won't go all wacko trying to hang onto her and turn into an evil robot butthead." It's amazing how many levels of meaning Star Wars has if you look deep enough into it.

Episode III: Revenge of the Sith

This has got to be my second favorite Star Wars movie after The Empire Strikes back, which is saying a lot because I love them all. I don't even have to explain how radical this movie is, because if you have any sense in your head you already know.

Obi Wan has been through a lot of crazy stuff in his life, but when he came face to face with this thing he must have just been going "okay, now this is a little much." Everything about this guy is just messed up and creepy, and Obi Wan has to be nice to him because they're both good guys, but I'll bet you that every bone in Obi Wan's body was telling him to chop this guy in half and run like hell.

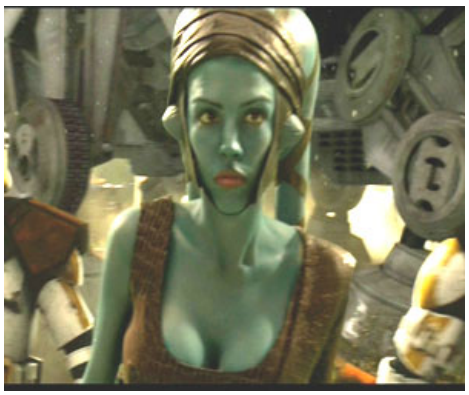
This picture means I totally win. Let me explain: when I heard Episode Three was getting a PG-13 rating, what was the first thing I said to my bud? "This means we're gonna see some boobs." And he says, "no way, George Lucas is never putting boobs in Star Wars," but I was like "the only reason



we haven't seen boobs is because all the other ones were rated PG, so now that he's got this PG-13 rating, he's just going to go hog wild."

So I was totally cheering when this chick walked on the screen right before the opera scene, because here's this alien chick with this crazy open dress and these big old fake alien boobs. They look a lot bigger on a theater screen, but you can still tell in this picture that they're pretty epic. So my friend owed me a coke, I got to see some alien boobs sticking out, and George Lucas probably got to sneak some peeks at this actress in the makeup room.

The only problem I have is that it looks like she has fake boobs, which look cool and everything, but have you ever touched them? They feel like a Stretch Armstrong.



Oh, and what have we here? More alien boobs, my buddy owes me another coke and the moviegoing public gets to ogle some more rackage. God bless you, PG-13. Look at that! It's a bummer because she's about to get shot by her own troops, but that cleavage is intense, I'll bet on a clear day you could just look down into that boobie ravine and see for miles and miles.

Now that I've got you guys on a high from looking at all those awesome alien racks, I'm gonna bring you back down to earth with this guy. Yuck! I hated this guy right away when I saw him because he looks just like this skin tag I had on my neck. Skin tags are so effing gross, and this guy is basically a big skin tag. I got so fed up with the freaking thing on my neck that after a while I just bit the bullet and yanked it off with some needlenose pliers. Here is a tip from me to you: DO NOT DO THAT. You wouldn't think so, but it bleeds all over the place and it stings like an S.O.B.

Just like with that sweet Darth Maul shot earlier, I had to throw in this one even though he is not a background character at all. I love this shot, it is so artistic, because when he looked back like

that I suddenly knew for the first time that he was totally Darth Vader now. I mean, obviously I knew that he was Darth Vader all along, I'm not stupid, but you know what I mean. This is where you find out that he has gone totally ape-dip and he's not coming back for a long time. Doesn't that "you were the chosen one" speech give you chills? It's totally intense, you feel like you've lost a member of the family.

Anyway, that's all for my huge-ass epic Star Wars column. I hope you liked it, and if you didn't like it, I hope you'll like my next column, which is going to be possibly even more awesome.

-~Steve "Malak" Sumner

6.14 Another Visit to Clownportal.com

Wednesday, Jun 14, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

CLOWNPORTAL.COM

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Jimbo Clown - Last Updated: 12 hours ago

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Mayor Cackles - Last Updated: 4 hours ago

Rubbers - Last Updated: 9-12-01

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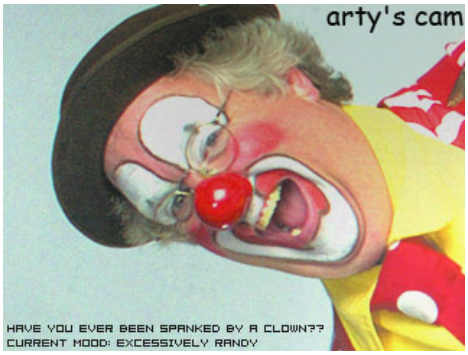

Arty - Last Updated: 17 hours ago

you broke my heart you cold hearted bitch. hope
you're happy with that rich shithead who doesn't
care one tenth of what I did for you.

Railroad Gus - Last Updated: 26 hours ago

Bruce - Last Updated: 4 days ago

~ POET THE CLOWN ~
SO I'M ON ACADEMIC PROBATION AT CLOWN COLLEGE NOW. FUCK
YOU PROFESSOR DIMPLES AND YOUR GAYASS JUGGLING FINAL.

Poet the Clown - Last Updated: 2 mins ago

Jump to page 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7...129, 130, 131.
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-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.15 Xbox 360 Summer Preview Spectacular

Thursday, Jun 15, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Ah, the joys of Summer. BBQs, the beach, hot women in bikinis, we hardcore gamers yearn for none of these things. Our Summers are spent taping blankets on our windows and sitting in the dark watching trailers and reading previews about the latest and greatest video games set to come out in the Fall taking breaks only to watch Futurama and curse Fox for cancelling such a wonderful show in its prime (Which begs the question, how can a network with such a conservative news channel air such liberal cartoons?). No screenshot is too far. No video is too large. No tidbit of information is too small for our relentless scrutiny and speculation. The waiting is almost unbearable.

But wait no longer friends! Something Awful, the leading video game news site in the world, has shelled out the cash for hands-on world exclusive previews of your favorite upcoming Xbox 360 games. We proudly present our Xbox 360 Summer preview spectacular!

Too Human
Genre: Action
Developer: SCEA

Too Human is the long-awaited sequel in the critically acclaimed God of War series. In this installment Kratos is sent to a grim future by the god of the underworld Hades (voiced by James Woods) where he is fitted with a cybernetic super suit that increases his strength to unimaginable limits.

In this bleak futuristic world Kratos must save civilization from machines that threaten to exterminate mankind. To do this Kratos can unleash furious combos at his enemies that he can chain together to deliver devastating carnage. The frame rate in the preview build was choppy and the load times were excruciatingly long but the developers plan to fix all of those things before release as Xbox 360 games don't have any frame rate issues whatsoever like the horrible mind-numbing screen tearing seen in all those terrible Ubisoft games. This is next-gen baby!

Originally planned for the PlayStation 3 Sony decided to port Too Human: God of War 2 to the Xbox 360 because they knew their own console would not be released in time. Too Human is set to infringe its way onto Xbox 360 this Fall!

Dead or Alive Xtreme 2
Genre: Titty ball
Developer: That asshole who wears sunglasses indoors

The tits now bounce independently of each other. Game of the year.

Oh it's about volleyball you say? Really? Couldn't really tell from the trailer.

Dead or Alive Xtreme 2 shamefully spikes its way onto Xbox 360 this Fall!

Viva Pinata
Genre: Pinata simulator
Developer: Rare as in it's rare to find a good game released by them since 1998

Looking for the perfect gift for a friend that just recently came out of the closet? Well then, look no further than Viva Pinata! No, it's not a faithful recreation of the sport known as beating the hell out of cardboard with candy inside. It's a freeform sandbox game where you tend to a garden to attract creatures that bear a resemblance to pinatas. Take control of this interactive environment unlike the real life environment you've lost your grasp on years ago.

Feeling the last shred of heterosexuality draining out of yourself? That's just part of Viva Pinata's charm. There are over 60 different pinata animals to attract to your garden but don't be surprised when all you get are dumb ducks. Anything can happen in this virtual garden! By anything we mean your pinatas will probably just walk around in a circle and occasionally make a sound while you sit there and wonder why the hell you forked over 50 bucks for this shit.

Viva Pinata is set to animal cross its way onto Xbox 360 this Fall!

Gears of War
Genre: Shoot guns
Developer: Epic Games

Cliffy B! Cliffy B! Over here! You are soooo cute on G4TV! Cliffy, tell me your theories on video games! "Destroyed beauty" is so deep, man. I read your blog every day and I'm totally with you that video games are artistic! What a small world, I loved Resident Evil 4 too! I totally get the idea of the "forced look" technique. Whenever you're around my eyes are drawn to you. Oh, and Lunar was so emotional that I cried when Luna revealed that she was the goddess. So touching...

Cliffy B! I don't think you are gay just because you look like you just got off of an appearance on Queer Eye for the Straight Guy! Cliffy B can you include high-definition pictures of yourself standing next to C-grade celebrities as a special unlockable in Gears of War?! Cliffy B! Don't be ashamed of your Jewish name, friend! Say it loud and say it proud! Bleszinski! Don't acronymize your last name like so many other self-hating Jews! I would totally convert for you Cliffy.

Oh God I can't wait for Gears of War Cliffy! "Emergence Day" is coming! The day you emerge out of the closet I hope! Cliffy I love you please respond to my phone calls!!! Cliffy!!! Cliffy?!!!

Forza Motorsport 2
Genre: Racing
Developer: Microsoft Game Studios

The original Forza Motorsport upped the ante for racing games with the sheer amount of cars available to drive. From go-karts to trucks to a really excited Scottish guy Forza had it all. Forza 2 raises the bar even higher by including a wider collection of vehicles to drive. Players can race the usual sports cars, but also soap box derby racers, combine harvesters, and yes, even airplanes.

I mean, aren't we sick of racing games with the same old Enzo Ferrari racing around on a track in Tokyo for the millionth time while some kid who has been playing since exiting the womb and is

better than you ever will be calls you a faggot nigger on Xbox Live? I want to play racing games with golf karts, submarines, and wagons pulled by St. Bernard's. I want to finally answer the age old question, what would win in a race, a fork lift or an '85 Honda Civic. And you should be able to hit other drivers with chains like in Road Rash.

While the real Forza probably won't be as fun as what I just described at least it won't have the same dumb cars every other racing game has. Forza 2 races its way in a bathtub with wheels onto Xbox 360 this Fall!

Dance Dance Revolution Universe
Genre: Pretend dancing
Developer: Konami

It was only a matter of time before they ported this shit to the Xbox 360. Dance your ass off as you watch what looks like an underage girl dance around onscreen in a short skirt. Do well enough and you get to see her panties! Hooray!

For those of you too scared to go outside and find an arcade DDR machine you can buy the home game and embarrass yourself in front of your cat instead. Dance Dance Revolution Universe unfortunately dances its way onto Xbox 360 this Fall!

Ninety-Nine Nights
Genre: Action
Developer: Q Entertainment

If there's anything I want in life it's more Dynasty Warriors games. And if I can't get that I want more games that are complete rip offs of Dynasty Warriors. I don't know why everyone is poppin' so many boners over this game. The gameplay footage looks utterly confusing to me. So you just do some kind of fireball move and kill 60 dudes in one sweep and you do this 10 times and you beat the level?

How many enemies are too many? After the 1,000th kill don't you get kind of bored killing the same guys over and over again? I just don't get what the appeal is! Well, I guess that's because I don't sleep with body pillows that have pictures of anime girls on them. Can someone explain these games to me?

Anyway, Ninety-Nine Nights boobs its way onto Xbox 360 this Fall!

Bullet Witch
Genre: Bargain bin
Developer: AQ Interactive

While the Xbox 360 has been universally well-received by gamers the one complaint that keeps on creeping up is that the graphics are *too* good. At times players will forget that they are playing a video game and forget to move their character and die and file a lawsuit against the developer because the graphics are just so realistic.

Enter Bullet Witch. I was playing a preview build in the Something Awful review closet when Lowtax walked in and said, "Just what is this?! Why are you playing Xbox games when you should be previewing Xbox 360 games?" I replied, "But Lowtax, this *is* an Xbox 360 game!" He was shocked

but ecstatic.

"Wow, that is keen! I am sick of all these realistic looking video games but I finally have a reason to buy an Xbox 360!" With that he rushed out and purchased his very own console. I predict many others will do the same when Bullet Witch bullet witches its way onto Xbox 360 this Fall!

Xbox Live Arcade
Genre: Various
Developer: Various

If there's anything gamers like more it's buying the same games over and over again on different platforms. Microsoft saw the kind of wealth companies like Nintendo were amassing and thought, "Me too!"

After pumping quarter after quarter into Street Fighter in the arcade, spending my hard earned allowance buying Street Fighter II Turbo on Super Nintendo, shelling out for the anniversary collection on Xbox, and buying Capcom Classics Collection on PS2, I think I am ready to buy Street Fighter yet again on Xbox Live Arcade. In fact, Xbox Live Arcade promises the chance to buy tons of games that you've purchased countless times before! Pac-Man, Galaga, Mortal Kombat, all your favorite games are here to buy over and over again!

But for the first time ever you can unlock achievements and add points to an arbitrary number that has no value to anyone anywhere! New Xbox Live Arcade games wakka wakka wakka their way onto Xbox 360 this Fall!

Halo 3
Genre: Shoot guns while ethnic slurs are being screamed at you
Developer: Bungie

Real first-person-shooters are played with a mouse and keyboard. Come talk to me when you little kiddie console gamers are ready to graduate to real games. In the meantime I'll be fragging newbies in Quake III Rocket Arena.

Halo 3 sells a zillion copies to frat boys on Xbox 360 this Fall!

Madden 2007
Genre: Football that's not as good as the 2k series
Developer: EA Sports

Another year, another Madden. This year's ballgame promises to be the only next-gen football game thanks to strong-arm mafia-like tactics. We sat down with EA spokesperson John Muller to get the inside scoop on this year's gridiron classic.

> *Last year's Madden was just a warm-up! This year we are really stepping up our game to crush the competition, of which there is none so mission accomplished! We're cutting more features than ever before. Season mode? See ya! Passing plays? Gone! Texture maps? Buh-bye! We're really taking Madden back to what the core football experience is all about, watching big men too stupid to wear a helmet when they ride a motorcycle touch each other. Also, each player will have a special attribute for "closet homosexuality".*

Thanks John! We'll be looking forward with anticipation to see which of our favorite game modes get cut. Madden 2007 exclusively licenses its way onto Xbox 360 this Fall!

Prey
Genre: Shoot guns but you're a Native American
Developer: Human Head Studios

Prey is a revolutionary first-person-shooter with a grand story about spaceships and aliens and unique gameplay elements but fuck all that shit. I only care about one thing.

PORTAL FUKKEN' TECHNOLOGY! Yee-haw motherfuckers!

> Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something
> to say
> But nothin comes out when they move they lips
> Just a buncha gibberish
> And muthafuckas act like they forgot about Prey

They laughed at me for never losing faith but who has the last laugh now?! Muahahahaha!

The Xbox 360 has come a long way since hopeless nerds stood in line to pay $400 for it in 23 degree weather only to go home and watch it overheat and break. The future looks more promising than ever. Microsoft continues to advance their Xbox 360 platform with plans that include releasing an add-on camera so players can upload images of their scrotum as their gamerpic. Next week we'll have a special Xbox 360 camera review complete with pictures of my cock.

Don't count Microsoft out on this one folks! It's Xbox 360 in 2006!

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

6.16 The Elderly Say the Darnedest Shit

Friday, Jun 16, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

School is out for summer, but that doesn't mean you have to go without! The kids of Whitebrook Elementary are unavailable to comment, so I turned to Whitebrook Senior Center for a bit of seasoned wisdom from the residents there. I hope you will find their knowledge and life experiences as impressive as I did.

What do you think of the new Medicare prescription drug plans?

"It is very complicated, but also beautiful. Like a Swiss watch or Chinese algebra written on the wing of a dove."

"As long as the nurses keep my pill box well stocked I couldn't care less."

"I'd been hoping and praying for years that I would get a chance to spend my last days filling out paperwork so that I could pay more for medicine with terrible side effects."

"Back off. This is the summer of maximum chilling out. Nothing is going to harsh my buzz."

"My lucrative Cialis side trade is taking a serious hit from all this gestapo bullcrap."

"It doesn't bother me unless the government starts requiring prescriptions for cat sweaters."

What is your favorite activity now that you're retired?

"I just can't get enough staring at squirrels eating birdseed. They are majestic creatures!"

"Ever crapped while you're taking a bath? You have *no idea* what you're missing."

"I drink sitting across from a photograph of my late wife and listen to an old warped phonograph record of our favorite song. It's mindblowingly awesome!"

"The three 'D's, baby: dames, drugs and diverticulitis."

"I write rambling letters to every editor I can find."

"I listen to old messages my grandchildren left on my answering machine. My favorite is the one where they sang happy birthday to me. I remember, I was collapsed in the shower with a broken hip while they did that."

What is your biggest concern in the 21st century?

"The youth of today. They will one day inherit our assisted living center."

"Where's my fucking robot?"

"I keep hoping they will hurry up and pass that assisted suicide legalization. That's going to be fantastic."

"Oh man, definitely terrorists. Why, any minute they might decide to blow up this place where our worthless kids have crated us up to die. Jackass."

"I worry that when I die, who will take over my legacy and make sure Reader's Digest knows exactly how offended I was by their article about Charles Darwin? Someone has to carry that torch!"

"I think about the staggering complexity and scale of our universe. 400 billion stars and hundreds of billions of galaxies. Infinite universes if M-theory is real. All of that, expanding endlessly and infinitely in every direction. And Price is Right."

Do you have any opinions, good or bad, about the Internet?

"Oh gosh, no, computers and me just don't mix. The last time my granddaughter bought me one I ended up with my hand caught in the disk-o-mo-thing and the typewriter part nearly took my legs off."

"Do you know what a fur costume is? I'm starting to learn. Real amazing stuff. Talented guys."

"The Internet reminds me every day of why so many men fought and died in the trenches and craters of France in the Great War: so you could watch a Japanese woman squirt eels out of her vagina."

"The Internet is the greatest thing since scotch. Did you know that I'm a college sophomore who is taking a nude photography class? I didn't know either, but there are about 50 teenage girls who think I'm the next Andy Warhol."

"It's nice. I can download origami patterns and then post on a forum in all caps about how bad my arthritis hurts when I try to do origami."

"Never bothered to get a driver's license and since Frank died, well, you know how it goes."

What would you change about the way seniors are viewed?

"I think times are changing and people should view seniors as just as active and normal as anyone else only a little bit creepier."

"I'd like it if our skin was clear so I could stop spending money on all these damn MRI dealies."

"View us not as what we have become, but as a compilation of our life's accomplishments. For example, I was an accountant for 58 years and I was always very polite. Not everyone can say that."

"Oh man, if only society would view senior citizens as hot models. I want to go out knee-deep in a big-titted Korean girl tighter than a washer on a submarine."

"The things we have to say are very important! Newspaper editors need to recognize that!"

"Oh, I'm just fine the way things are. I enjoy being a half-forgotten relic and reminder of my family's impending mortality. I love being a lesson to my grandkids that every one of them will die alone."

What is your happiest memory?

"I saw a beautiful bluejay last week. That was definitely the highlight of my 87 years on this earth."

"That German I shot. They took my gun aftewards, but that'll teach him to steal my seat in the recreation room."

"My grandson once told me that his favorite thing of all time was playing 'Doom II' with his friend on a 'serial modem', whatever that means. I just like to remember that, because then I know that when he's in my position his memories will be way more pathetic than mine. I fucking fought at Verdun! I kept Europe free from the Kaiser!"

"I saw Greta Garbo on broadway in '33 and after the show I went back stage to get her autograph. Her dressing room door was open a little bit and I peeked in. She was naked and bending over to pick something up. I'll never forget the way her cheeks spread like a yawning mouth and I could see her butthole and there was a big wad of toilet paper stuck to it. That was glorious."

"Oh, I don't have a favorite. I don't really place a lot of value on memories, which is fortunate because I have crippling dementia."

"I love to remember when I visited Canada as a kid. My parents and brothers were putting up a tent and I wandered off into the woods by myself. It was so clean and unspoiled. Deep green pine forests, azure skies and lakes so clear you could see the bottom. The air smelled like summer flowers, but it was cool and quiet in the forest. I watched it for hours, just watched the world live and breathe. Then, like an angel, a moose walked out into the clearing next to me. Then another moose came. Then they started doing it and, I mean, magnificent isn't even the word. Like a tree trunk disappearing into a cave."

I hope you enjoyed this touching tribute to the honorable elders of America. Their voices are too often forgotten in this crazy high-tech world.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.17 Everything You Need To Know About The World

Saturday, Jun 17, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

With the hubbub surrounding the World Cup, Americans are wondering what all this "rest of the world" talk is about. Where did these countries come from? Why haven't we heard from them before? Part of this might be explained with a glance at the World Cup logo...

...which suggests that a majority of the participating countries suffer from varying degrees of mental retardation. It's a miracle that these nations can put together a soccer (or "hockey" as it's known outside of the states) team capable of tying their own shoes, much less establish a government and communicate with the outside world.

Now, whenever I mention a sport in one of my updates I get a flood of complaints from scholarly readers who are using the internet, and therefore claim to be much too smart to read humor that's based upon something as lowly and stupid as organized sports. These people claim that football is just a bunch of guys running in circles with absolutely no strategy, and that the only thing keeping players from wandering into the parking lot and getting hit by a car is the roar of the audience surrounding them, which frightens their feeble minds and keeps them within the confines of the playing field. To these readers, sports are a massive waste of valuable space on Something Awful's front page which would be better used to cover more intellectually appealing topics such as Joe Don Baker or Japanese pornography. Luckily for these jerkstores, I'm not going to focus on the game of soccer itself.

Instead, I'll spotlight the numerous backward countries involved in the World Cup which you've probably never heard of before. I have not left the United States in my entire life and I rarely leave my bathroom, so I'm not exactly a man of the world. What is it, then, that makes me qualified enough to sum up the cultural significance of entire nations in a few sentences? When I was twelve years old my mother bought me several volumes of a childrens' encyclopedia set from the supermarket. I glanced through at least half of them while desperately searching for medical illustrations of the female anatomy, and I'm pretty sure the all-encompassing knowledge I gained from that experience will prove to be more than enough.

Let's get to it! Or as they say in soccer: It's clobberin' time!

Spain

Spain is pretty much only known for producing Ponce de Leon, the famous explorer. De Leon searched for the fabled fountain of youth for over 280 years in the hopes that he would gain eternal life, but he never found it. Nice try, Spain. Why don't all of you go look for the fountain of fuck off.

Sweden

This lovely country is also known as Switzerland, Holland, Finland and Denmark. Its populous is entirely comprised of blonde-haired chocolate makers with fair skin and a love of simple yet elegant furniture. Swedes take great pride in the cleanliness of their McDonalds restaurants, which translates to millions of dollars in tourist income each year.

Cote d'lvoire

Literally translating to "cot of love", Cote d'lvoire is a tiny island off the coast of Italy (on a map it's just under Italy's boot, resembling a piece of wadded up chewing gum) founded upon the basic tenets of comfortable cots and a mandatory bedtime of 3pm. Three out of every four Cote d'lvoireans die in their sleep. The fourth is thrown an ice cream party and then burned alive.

Australia

Australia's inhabitants are most easily distinguished by their sloping foreheads and wide jawbones. They are believed to be the direct descendants of homo erectus and the ancestors of modern man. No one from the civilized world has set foot on the island since an expedition in 1934 encountered venus fly traps as large as a house and mysterious reptilian creatures standing well over fifty feet tall.

Ghana

Have you ever seen Scanners? You know when that guy's head blows up? Yeah. Trust me, you do not want to go anywhere near Ghana.

England

Situated on the outskirts of Britain, England makes up the world's largest coastline. Its fun-loving and eternally tanned people are inquisitive in nature, and are often shooed out of their hiding spots in cupboards and cookie jars. England's primary exports are jet skis and women's bras with digital chips in them that emit humorous sounds when squeezed.

Serbia & Montenegro

These tiny countries had to combine in order to put together a full soccer team due to their low populations. Serbia only has twelve adult men in its populace, two of which are senile and five of which are in comas stemming from severe cases of the heebie-jeebies. Montenegro has seven men, though three are clones of John Candy. Aside from that little is known of either country, but it is rumored that a Serbian can pick up a Montenegro man and throw him at an enemy with deadly velocity in a move they call the "fastball special".

Togo

Togo is the only remaining third world nation that U2's Bono has not flown to on a private jet and looked concerned in front of a camera, and it plans to keep it that way. The country has changed its address six times in the past two years in a concerted effort to evade detection. As of the last reported sighting, Togo had set up camp in the parking lot of a Piggly Wiggly in Altoona, Pennsylvania.

Argentina

Made somewhat famous by a Madonna song (*don't cry for me Argentina / I'm beautiful and rich but I'll be okay*), Argentina is the world's most emotionally unstable country. Its entire populace breaks down in tears at the sight of someone suffering even the slightest bit. Reruns of the Three Stooges have been permanently banned from all Argentinian television networks.

Brazil

By far the largest of the Latin American countries, Brazil occupies nearly half the continent of South America, stretching from the Guiana Highlands in the north, where it borders Venezuela, Guyana, Suriname, and French Guiana, to the plains of Uruguay, Paraguay, and Argentina in the south. In the west it spreads to the equatorial rain forest, bordering on Bolivia, Peru, and Colombia; in the east it juts far out into the Atlantic toward Africa. It is a federation of 26 states and Brasília, the federal district and site of the capital city of the same name.

Tunisia

One hundred percent of the world's tuna is exported from Tunisia's Sacred Tuna Vault, which is secured with a magic seal ensuring that only full-blooded Tunisian citizens may access it. If it weren't for this magic seal and the country's stranglehold on the globally vital tuna market they would have been nuked by their bordering neighbors long ago for playing horrible drum n' bass cds really loud at all hours of the night.

Saudi Arabia

Not a country itself, Saudi Arabia is instead a collective of every nation in the world whose surface is at least 80% covered in sand. Saudi Arabia's king is the leader of all Arabs, and his every whim must be obeyed. Unfortunately, while his subjects are very tidy and organized, the king himself is a happy-go-lucky slob. How in the world can the two live together, and what wacky situation will they find themselves in next?

Angola

Angola is a fictional nation created by 18th century Irish limerick writers who were desperate for something to rhyme with "areola". Its appearance in the World Cup was meant as a gesture of respect for a really great limerick, but the world was shocked when actual Angolan soccer players arrived to represent their country. Expect fireworks if they face off against the United States, which has three players born in their rival town of Nantucket on its roster.

Ecuador

This is by far the most geographically fascinating country that I have encountered. The distance from Ecuador's northern coast to its southern coast is no more than a mile or

two, but it is incredibly long. In fact, it completely encircles the Earth in a perfectly horizontal line! Since Ecuador is always closer to the sun than any other country, its people have developed an immunity to skin cancer and yeast infections.

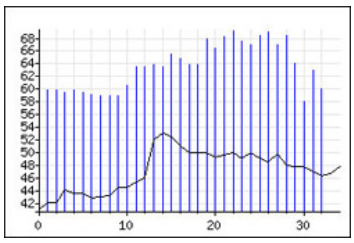
There you have it! In one sitting you have gained far more knowledge about the world around you than you really deserve. The next time a stranger approaches you on the street and says "Hey buddy, how about that Togo?", you can smile knowingly and give him a high five instead of handing him your wallet and collapsing into a protective ball.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.18 Jobs of the Future

Sunday, Jun 18, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade and Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka

If you listen to the mutterings of hippies around the country (and you know I do) I'm sure you're aware of the horrors of outsourcing. Windleaf, my town's particular hippy, tells me that, if outsourcing is allowed to continue, the United States will have a total of three jobs available in upcoming years and all three of them are going to involve subduing thousands of angry people who have nothing better to do than protest because they don't have jobs. I tend to take Windleaf seriously since he is one of the countless people affected by outsourcing (he lost his job over at Wanda's Novelty Gifts when Wanda got arrested for having trash bags full of pot she had outsourced from Mexico), and he obviously knows a lot about politics and shit since he spends all day on a blanket on the courhouse lawn playing banjo and rolling around in a mud pit he made with dirt and patchouli.



At SA we admire community advocacy among anything else. If you can name a task more admirable than handing out lemonade at homeless shelter block parties or calling people and asking if they have some free time to hand out lemonade at a homeless shelter block party I'll gladly shake your hand before spitting in your face and calling you a liar. The corporations are out there taking all our good American jobs and people like Windtalker are still out their with their banjos, pulling things from the grassroots, man. The grassroots. Just don't say "grass" around him since he's pretty sure the FBI's wiretapped that green canvas bag he carries around and if he goes to jail again his mom's going to cut his tuition money.

Thus, in the intrest of community advocacy, we have taken it upon ourselves to compile a list of alternative jobs. Like CNN.com says, "The latest consumer inflation report cemented expectations that the Federal Reserve will raise the target for its short-term interest rate when it meets June 28-29." If you know what that means stop reading this now because you have a cush corporate job up there with your fat-cat bigwig buddies, you paperpushing slime. Try to outsource these jobs.

- Dog reverse training blackmailer. Since most parents work fulltime jobs these days, the demand for dog reverse training blackmailers has skyrocketed. Once a family has completely left for work, the ideal DRTB will enter the family's backyard and strike up a repertoire with their pet dog. After gaining the animal's trust, the DRTB will then proceed to "reverse train" the animal, teaching it incorrect commands such as "sit" to mean "viciously attack the person telling you to sit" and to shame the animal each time it defecates on a surface besides expensive rugs and carpet. After a month of reverse training, the DRTB should offer to cease his services once he receives a payment of $500.

- Chiropractor who sets your spine into the shape of a sideways letter "L" then hires street urchins to follow you around and call you "Tetris Back" so you're embarrassed and you come back to get fixed up. If you give him a generous tip, he'll refer you to the twin prostitute clients of his who have had their spines set in the shape of an "I" and a box, therefore resulting in the greatest orgy of your entire life.

- Beer industry representative who bought a date stamp at Kinko's so he can break

into your house in the middle of the night and replace all the "CONSUME BY:" dates on your bottles with times in the mid-1980s, therefore creating an overwhelming sense of paranoia that, by consuming these alcoholic bevridges, your testicles will shrink so far into your stomach that you'll be coughing up sperm for weeks.

■ Safety representative who tests various combinations of shampoos and conditioners to ensure some obscure mix of competing brands will not cause your entire hair to go up in flames. I had a deadly fear of this event occuring for the first 15 years of my life, and it only receeded when I discovered the fear of going to sleep and waking up with a colony of millipedes infesting my ear.

■ Attitude shirt designer who runs around with a little notepad and goes to places like basketball courts to get inspiration for Looney Tunes "Attitude" shirts. Often he will hear someone say something like "you don't start none, there won't be none," causing him to quip "now THAT'S sassy" and jot it into his little notepad.
EXAMPLE: (Overheard in a chocolate shop)
FAT WOMAN: The line here is so long.
HER SON: Mom, make them hurry up! I'm crazy when I don't get my chocolate!
(Shirt designer writes witticism down in notepad)

■ Confused Klan member who patrols Alaska beating up Eskimos because he mistakes them for Mexicans (employed by the Coalition of Light-Skinned Mexicans who hate Eskimos).

■ Energy drink commercial director (must have experience grinding skateboards down electric subway rails and ramping BMX bikes over lakes full of crocodiles wearing sunglasses). Special perks include telling people you work for a company whose name is so embarassingly stupid that it's often confused with a corporation specializing in incestual snuff porn.

■ Guy who hangs out in gas station parking lots, finally allowing rednecks the opportunity to pursue their hidden, secret shame: listening to opera music while inhaling gasoline fumes.

■ English major who scours archaic Old English texts for creative new ways to spell "faggot" and "nigger" so people don't get filtered on Counterstrike servers and are subsequently unable to express their passionate distaste for both faggots and niggers. Also a good way to draw English majors to colleges so colleges can boast "200% more worthless majors than before".

■ Biologist who injects cans of Axe Body Spray and Tag Body Spray with incredibly strong deer pheromones because, honestly, there's no way on Earth a living, breathing female human being is ever going to approach the type of person who loves smothering himself in a cloud of semi-toxic fumes resembling the stench of a cinnamon lollypop submerged in paint thinner for half a decade.

■ Truck driver to haul a bunch of horny adolescent deer to the front doors of frat houses around the country.

Job No. 466: Childcare supervisor at upscale Taiwanese meth lab.

- Well-groomed redneck job trainer who teaches be smug about jobs that, in reality, don't require any skill or education. The course would be centered on police dispatchers, ambulance drivers, and people in the Army Reserve. Additional training would include lessons on how to act smug on the Internet, defending actual men and women working for the police force, hospital emergency medical staff, and military, who actually don't spend 80% of their work shift sitting in a plastic chair watching The Cartoon Network until their pager rings, at which point they turn it off and disappear into the bathroom for nearly two hours. Graduates of the course receive a free shirt with a picture of an anthropomorphic dalmatian flexing his bicep and growling "EMT Extreme" or "I Dispatch, You Got a Problem"? Often followed by a small, bespectacled man carrying a notepad.

- Asian / Indian hippy who marches around with a bullhorn bitching about the constant "insourcing" of American jobs to his poor, rich country while sidestepping to avoid wandering cows and folks on their way to their jobs at Dell tech support.

- Man who runs up to random people in public places and frantically asks, "DID YOU JUST SEE A HALF-NAKED MAN RUN BY YOU, HOLDING A POUND OF SAWDUST IN A BAG MARKED 'HUMAN KIDNEYS'?!?" Because that would be pretty funny if it actually happened and really, I'd like to know how many of these folks are out there.

- Date helper friend who gives date advice to bumbling friends over a small earpiece, often resulting in comical misunderstandings that eventually result in true love or possibly a double homocide.

- Guy who eats pork products for Jewish people and describes the taste before prefacing it with, "I know I'm gonna go to Jew hell for telling you this, but-"

- Internet humorist who plagiarizes jokes from sitcoms and David Cross standup routines while giving "shoutouts" to his friends on MySpace. Ideal applicant must be skilled in embedding Youtube videos of John Stewart "absolutely humilating" a popular conservative.

- Window salesman who breathes really heavy on your window and draws a penis and the words "FREE GAY SEX HERE" in the fog so it gets stuck there and you have to buy a new window off him. If you refuse to purchase a window, he actually engages in

free gay sex with your existing window.

- Evil pressman who reprints school schedules so it looks like school starts a day early then drives a fake bus full of kids to an underground concrete bunker where their internal organs are harvested for absolutely no reason at all.

- Former field goal kicker to sock Will Ferrel in the nuts every time he starts to think he's a real celebrity. Applicant may also perform the same job to Adam Sandler when he even considers releasing a film that's the exact same movie he's been making every year for the past decade.

- Black dude wearing Blu-Blockers who scuttles in front of you carrying a boom box so he can play your theme music every time you walk in a room. Qualified workers must be skilled in gruffly parroting the phrase "make some room" and "back off yall."

- Nelson impersonator for the world's most boring corporate Christmas party.

- Novelty birthday midget who hides under the clothes in your friend's laundry basket and jumps out and yells "SURPRISE" right before he gets thrown in the washer and ultimately drowns.

- Mall cop who cratches the "Not" off those "Skateboarding is Not a Crime" posters and then applies at the police station to be Chief Skateboard Catcher.

- Former mall cop (fired for vandalism) who applies at the police station to be Chief Skateborder Catcher because the prison cells have become littered with arrested skateboards, while their owners remain at large.

- Cement truck driver who pumps his truck full of sweets and fills the old quarry behind mean old Mr. Johnson's house with delicious marshmallow topping so the bullies gain weight and aren't able to pick on the fat kids anymore. In a "delicious" twist of irony, THE HUNTERS HAVE THEREFORE BECOME THE HUNTED.

Job number 824: Jetpack superhero who chases a blob of pixels that vaguely looks like Zero from the Megaman games away from a basketball court.

- College kid who goes to parties and shouts "LOOK AT THAT GUY" and points to the guy playing guitar so the guy playing guitar can stop begging people with his eyes and concentrate on stumbling through his take on "Santeria".

- Performance artist who goes to the filming sites for those "The Truth" commercials and cuts the loudest farts he can every time there's supposed to be a "silent moment" in the commercial, usually around the time the protagonist reveals she got AIDS from walking by a man who once accidentally touched an empty pack of cigarettes.

- Hippie at the park who goes and picks up your Frisbee for you when you miss a catch but threatens to use it as a dinner plate for lepers if you don't give him $10.

- Creepy old dude who oversees a run-down old gas station in the middle of the desert. He never sells anything -- instead, he waits for a family full of attractive, white American campers to come through and ask for a "shortcut" of some sort. Creepy old dude then directs said family right into a den of murderous rednecks and/or radioactive desert mutants, who will promptly dehumanize the women and kill all but one family member. Said family member will inevitably walk out of the desert in a blood-soaked shirt. High volume, high turnover job. Must be able to explain how you regularly receive shipments of fuel despite the fact you sell 20 gallons of gas every decade.

- Former acupuncturist who sticks ink pens into the sides of beer cans for paraplegics who still want to party hard and shotgun a few brews. Bonus perks include sticking ink pens into the sides of parapalegics because, hey, what they hell are they gonna do to you?

- Collector who finds tons of old Coca-Cola memorabilia and Boyd's Bears and Thomas Kincaid paintings and shit then smashes it all in the middle of town so he can collect all the old ladies' tears and sell them to that pervert down the street that drinks old lady tears.

- Techie friend who comes over and talks about "The Blogosphere" and "The Bleeding Edge of Web 2.0" until your grandma has a seizure so you can take her car down to the quarry and eat some delicious marshmallow frosting.

With these jobs in place we'll see a surge in the American economy and a marked decline in outsourcing. People in other countries might be able to fix your computer over the phone or put a television together, sure. They might have McDonald's and Wal-Mart and other big corporations lining their pockets with greasy American currency, but they'll never be able to capture the essence of the American spirit. Name another country where you could sing songs about your president being a stupid redneck vampire from the gates of Microsoft.

And can a bunch of Indians fill a quarry hole with marshmallows? I think not. Checkmate, motherfuckers.

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade and Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka

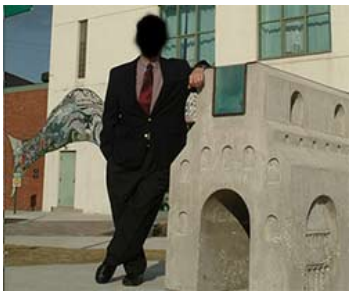
6.19 The Burning Pitch

Monday, Jun 19, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hollywood kills dreams. A more brutal and efficient destroyer of ideas could not be constructed by the most skilled engineers of death operating on an unlimited budget. Give them a thousand years and maybe they could come up with a Newark or a Dallas, but not Hollywood. Nothing like the hot hate for freethinking that has been synthesized and perfected by the American film and television industries. Walk to 5555 Melrose and on a quiet night you can hear the dead ideas creaking in the dark, like the salt-worn masts of forgotten ships.

This woman has written nine screenplays.

The fools who go to Hollywood following their misbegotten dreams will break on those terrible dark rocks of the studios. They come by the millions with scripts, treatments, trailers shot on shoestring budgets and even the occasional independently finished product. They find the dragon's teeth of Paramount, Miramax, Warner Brothers and others waiting to chew them into pulp and spit them out into a waiter's smock at a juice bar on Sunset or face down in the tar pits with a blown-out carotid full of bad junk. If only they'd stayed home in their primitive villages to set their nets upon more easily caught butterflies.



Mr. Orenstein.

But what if - and I almost dare not give voice to my idea lest Hollywood hear of it and quash it - those moths drawn to the candle's flame could find their life's aspirations crushed without traveling all the way to Hollywood? What if - and I shudder to suggest such a cruelty should be visited upon my most fiendish foe - the scions of Old Hollywood could be conjured forth to bring ruin upon a dreamer's dream in the comfort of that dreamer's own home? My friends, lives could be saved.

Hold that thought in your mind as I introduce to you George Orenstein, America's Producer. He is a real man, but that is not his name. He is the second highest paid producer of one of the largest studios in Hollywood. Mr. Orenstein, tenuously related to myself, has agreed to act as a proxy for all of Hollywood. He will implore you to reveal your greatest idea, to make your pitch, and with a single-minded fervor he will lay waste to what you hold dear. Perhaps, through some obscure mathematical improbability and a celestial confluence seen only once per eon, Mr. Orenstein will not hate your idea. But don't dare to hope.

The Pitch
Nathan and Rebecca R.'s "Four Chambers"
Think...*Crash meets the Accidental Tourist*
"Four Chambers" is a gripping family drama about two couples dealing with the loss of their sons and each other in the aftermath of a drunken driving accident. The grief that might tear them all apart might also bring them much closer together.

The Burning
"Might make a best actor Oscar long shot for some aging warhorse like William Hurt, but the whole thing screams "ensemble" and that usually means going for broke on best picture or nothing. Going

on the premise this will sell to the 18-35 demo like a diaper full of hot shit. Seriously, best idea since a sequel to 'Xanadu.' It used to be every year a studio would release this movie, now if you're lucky you can sell it to some loser in New Zealand who can fill a can full of incomprehensible accents and bad teeth."
A smart studio would...*maybe validate your parking after the meeting. Maybe.*

The Pitch
Joshua L.'s "Verity"
Think...*A Clockwork Orange meets Johnny Mnemonic*
"In a dystopian near future a veiled totalitarian state releases microscopic devices into the water supply that force everyone to tell the truth at all times. Plummeting crime rates and mass confessions of guilt give way to pandemonium as the veil of polite lies is lifted and ugly truth wreaks havoc. A man recovering from throat cancer and taking fluids from an IV becomes the sole person without the truth chip and mankind's only hope."

The Burning
"This high-concept sci-fi bullshit tends to piss off audiences. It could work if you've got enough gun-fights and maybe a mechanical scorpion or something, but no way are you going to retake the CGI budget for something like this without high octane action. You could go low budget but then you're going to end up forgotten by absolutely everyone. Hey, remember 'Code 46' with Tim Robbins? Exactly. Not to mention, your two movie choices are going to raise more red flags for a producer than a parade in the Kremlin. 'Johnny Mnemonic' grossed about as much as a hotdog stand and 'Clockwork Orange' was rated X and banned from theaters in England. *England!* They show girls licking each other's asses on TV there! This one is a burning pile of crap."
A smart studio would...*have you escorted from the building by a couple of huge black guys with headsets.*

The Pitch
Lisa F.'s "Lovelorn"
Think...*The Ring meets Fatal Attraction*
"Morton Casanova is a man used to getting his way with women. A one-night stand with a beautiful woman turns into trouble when the woman begins sending threatening letters and visiting his house. After Morton confronts the woman she commits suicide and he thinks the threats have ended, but after a brief lull they keep coming. The ghost of the woman wants Mort to join her in the afterlife and she's willing to do anything or kill anyone to get to him."

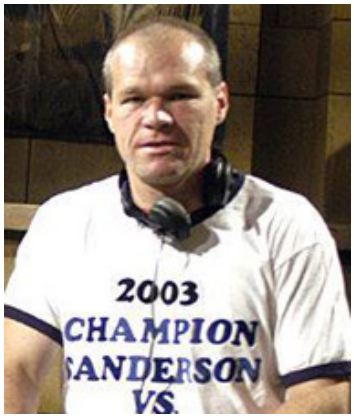
The Burning
"This one I could almost see working. You've got an aging hunk like Richard Gere and some hot damaged-goods number like Brittany Murphy. It works, but you've got to juice it up a little more. Maybe work in a curse from a gypsy or - Kabala is big these days - and then once she's a ghost she could have some really cool powers like controlling the weather or swarms of insects. I'm talking about a good visual sort of thing she could really menace the guy with. Ah, you know, on second thought this movie doesn't know if it wants to be 'Ghost' or 'Poltergeist.' Pass.
A smart studio would...*nod a few times and then say "our people will get in touch with your people."*

These ideas have all been submitted by readers who have emailed me in the past and who I have contacted individually to solicit their pitches. In the future, if you would like to have Mr. Orenstein review your pitch, you can email me with the subject line BURNING PITCH. Do not include completed scripts or full length feature videos, please include only the pitch text itself and, if available, a short excerpt or trailer of your work. If Mr. Orenstein likes your pitch and decides it is worthy of consideration for fast-tracking then he will contact you externally.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.20 Uwe Boll Wants Me Alone In the Dark

Tuesday, Jun 20, 2006 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



2003 PIE EATING
CHAMPION UWE BOLL

Uwe Boll. Merely mentioning this infamous Hollywood director's name blows shockwaves of contempt through the angsty Internet nerd community, vicious piranhas swarming from the murky waste of IRC and the depressing depths of blogs to denounce their undying hatred of this small German man. How could so many independent, individual groups loathe one individual with such infectious vitriol? Simple: Uwe Boll is destroying the childhoods and fond gaming memories of Internet nerds across the country with each and every cinematic bastardization he produces. Having torn through "House of the Dead," "Alone in the Dark," and "Bloodrayne" like a diseased-ravaged wolf, gamers are declaring an electronic jihad against this enigmatic director for defiling their favorite high quality games that tackle such pressing, real world issues as "zombies that try to kill you" and "vampires who try to kill Nazis."

Why? What sets this man apart from any director who releases through Full Moon Video? Are his movies really that bad? Can anything truly justify the passionate animosity of a million angry nerds slamming sausage-sized fingers onto their keyboards?

Simply put, yes. Dr. Boll as he's known to people who probably don't really know him, has repeatedly found himself on the receiving end of tens of millions of dollars stapled to a contract simply reading "UWE PLEASE MAK MOVIE ABOUT VID GAME THX ☺." His results consistently reproduce themselves each and every time; a box office disaster causes the film to vanish within days, later resurfacing on DVD and inexplicably selling millions of copies to some awkward third-world country like Burundi or Burkina Faso, who periodically interrupt their outbreaks of genocide and ethnic cleansing to recall their favorite scene from "House of the Dead" (the bullet-time sequence in the graveyard).

To make things worse, a phrase often difficult to say during a Uwe Boll movie, the esteemed director frequently displays some bizarre delusional mental disorder that convinces him people actually love his movies and all the folks who say they stink (aka the entire Internet, nearly all critics, most major film directors, the American public as a whole) either don't exist in this plane of reality or have been brainwashed by some insidious, nefarious secret society, such as the Organization of People Who Don't Make Terrible Movies. This internal conflict results in seemingly random acts of insanity, as displayed in his latest wacky public antic: threatening to beat up his harshest Internet critics.

> *Notorious movie director Dr. Uwe Boll, most well known for his numerous film adaptations of video games, has extended a bizarre offer to his five harshest critics: fly out to Vancouver and face him in the boxing ring. During shooting for his upcoming film Postal, Boll will set aside two days to fight each detractor in a ten bout match. To determine who have been his most vitriolic nemeses, Boll is accepting self-nominations to info@boll-kg.de, which must be accompanied by proof of negative reviews or internet forum comments. Only critical comments from 2005 will be accepted, presumably to ensure that only longstanding critics, rather than those spurred on by this contest, are in the running.*

It stinks!

While I may have withheld my personal distaste for Uwe Boll in the past, various Something Awful writers have not, producing a feature which Mr. Dr. Boll contacted me about early last year. He (somehow, for some reason) emailed me and offered to personally fly me up to Vancouver so I could watch him edit "Bloodrayne," an event which would (somehow, for some reason) suddenly make me think his movies did not belong in an official NASA probe headed directly for the sun. Unfortunately, my wife chose that time frame to give birth to our daughter, so I politely declined. Besides, I knew watching a small human being crawl out of my wife's vagina would be infinitely less horrifying than personally witnessing the grotesque mistake Ben Kingsley stumbled into.

So I decided to give it a shot. I sent Mr. Boll and email, asking him if his offer still stood. Would he still fly me up to participate in one of his unintentionally horrific non-horror films, this time with the lure of physically kicking the snot out of me on film? Well folks, I'm proud to say the answer was "yes." Mr. Dr. Sr. Boll replied and "added me to the list," the list of folks he plans on beating up because we talked bad about him on the Internet. In exchange for this incredible privilege, I promised Dr. Mrs. Boll PhD that I would actually sit down and review his films "Alone in the Dark" and "House of the Dead" so people would know I'm completely serious about hating this man and letting him punch me in the face until he decides to stop. Without further ado, I present to you my belated "Alone In the Dark" review, part one of a two-part series which will solidify my concrete standing on Uwe's Internet Shitlist.

"ALONE IN THE DARK" - A MOVIE BY A STUPID GERMAN JERK WHO IS STUPID AND SMELLS AND PROBABLY MOLESTS DEAD CHILDREN, ALTHOUGH IF THAT LAST PART IS CONSIDERED SLANDER AND / OR LIBEL IN CANADA, THEN JUST DISREGARD IT AND PRETEND IT ACTUALLY SAID HE MOLESTS LIVING CHILDREN INSTEAD

Help me Dr. Boll, there's a Christian Slater in my chest.

Although "Alone In the Dark" didn't plunge through the bottom of my terrible movie expectations like an Israeli wedding party, it definitely solidified my perception of Uwe Boll as a person unfit to approach any camera not directly mounted on a police cruiser's dashboard. Like Boll's entire career, "Alone In the Dark" was directly inspired by a video game, as can be seen in this highly accurate, side-by-side comparison:

IN THE ORIGINAL GAME: The protagonist, a blocky and featureless Edward Carnby, must explore a haunted house and determine why the owner committed suicide.
IN THE MOVIE: The protagonist, a blocky and featureless Christian Slater, must explore Canada and determine why his career committed suicide.

IN THE ORIGINAL GAME: Carnby must defend himself from zombies, ghosts, and other monsters directly inspired by H.P. Lovecraft.
IN THE MOVIE: Carnby must defend himself against computer generated snakes and some sort of armored

horse-dog creature directly inspired by the graphics card on somebody's HP.

IN THE ORIGINAL GAME: The game ends when your character flees through the haunted house's front door and escapes outside.
IN THE MOVIE: The movie ends when you flee through your house's front door and escape outside.

IN THE ORIGINAL GAME: Weapons include rifles, revolvers, swords and bows, all designed to maim and kill the bloodthirsty zombies.
IN THE MOVIE: Weapons include loud noises, terrible heavy metal music, and laborious slow motion sequences, all designed to maim and kill the section of your brain critical of uninspired film cliches from the mid-1990s.

As mentioned above, Slater slums through the film as Carnby, some kind of **un**official paranormal investigator kicked off the **official** paranormal investigator team because, apparently, he didn't investigate enough paranormal... things. Or perhaps he investigated them in an incorrect, unapproved way. Like the government called him up one day and said, "hey Ed, we got word there's a haunted piano on 1834 Baker Street, why don't you go check it out?" and instead of wearing his official paranormal investigation hat (which he lost during a slow motion bar fight), he put on a fedora with a notecard lodged in the brim reading "GHOST HUNTER!!!" scrawled in Crayola.

"Division 713," the super-secret Canadian paranormal investigation bureau, is very strict about their paranormal investigation standards. And before you ask, no, I have no clue what Divisions 1 through 712 spend Canada's tax money on. Perhaps hunting non-supernatural entities, such as real estate brokers dressed up as Frankensteins in some lame, convoluted attempt to force an old man to sell his property to them. Wait, Frankenstein was the name of the doctor, not the monster, I think. In either case they're both dead, so I guess ultimately it doesn't matter.

Carnby has been spending the previous 20 or 30 or maybe 100 years of his life tracking down and collecting "Abskani" artifacts, a job which presumably pays well enough to afford a warehouse home full of discarded Pier-1 furniture and assorted lamps resting on countless wooden boxes for absolutely no reason. I can't really quite convey the sheer absurdity of Carnby's silly apartment warehouse. Imagine one of those throwaway *Doom* or *Doom 2* maps that take place in a warehouse stacked to the ceiling with UAC crates full of... things. Now toss a couple hundred thousand lamps on top of these crates and inject Kirstie Alley's disgusting bedroom into the middle of it. Viola, you just made yourself an **un**official paranormal investigator's house!

She is dead. No wait, she's getting up! No, I guess she's dead again.

After surviving an attack by a vicious killer enraged by the fact Uwe Boll physically trapped him inside his film, Carnby meets up with super scientist action archeologist Aline Cedrac (Tara Reid), who is supposed to be "smart" because she wears glasses. Her glasses work in the same way that Clark Kent conceals his identity as Superman by donning spectacles, only in this case Reid isn't actually the Man of Steel, she's a whore.

Soon the parts of the puzzle begin to fall into place, and the viewer begins to realize none of them fit; this is a Uwe Boll film and the pieces were apparently stolen from 18 different puzzles, most of which were covered with drool and partially digested saltine crackers. As far as I can discern, Division 713, led by an evil professor who is like an alien or a devil or possessed or just old or something, kidnapped Carnby and 20 other orphans (I can't recall the exact number; orphans aren't real people, just like midgets and Swedes) when they were children, then surgically implanted snakes in their

spinal columns for, well, some reason which I'm sure seemed terribly important at the time. I can imagine the scenario at Division 713 headquarters:

> **CHIEF OLD GUY IN CHARGE OF THE EVIL DIVISION:** "Sir, I'd like your permission to kidnap some orphans and put devil snakes in their spines. It's a very important medical experiment which will possibly answer tremendously exciting scientific questions, such as the age-old mystery, 'what will happen if you kidnap a bunch of orphans and put snakes in their spines?' I feel this could benefit Division 713 in a myriad of useful ways which I'd love to explain if only I didn't have a pressing dental appointment in 15 minutes."
> **DIRECTOR OF DIVISION 713:** "Snakes... in an orphan's spine?!?"

Oh my warehouse / house of lamps and crates is under attack!

Then there'd be some comical slide whistle sound effect and if the Director was wearing a monocle, it'd promptly pop off and land in his cup of coffee. Carnby's spinal snake apparently failed to take over his central nervous system thanks to a scene depicting him hiding in an electrical shack, which, uh, somehow killed the snake due to its failure to adhere to proper TIA/E1A CAT 6 standards.

In his search for the truth, Carnby travels to an abandoned gold mine, ancient Abskani ruins, a top secret military research lab, and an underworld cavern of hell teeming with countless evil, deadly armored devil dog horse creatures, **ALL OF WHICH ARE LINKED TOGETHER DIRECTLY UNDER THE ORPHANAGE**. I kid you not. Talk about the absolute shittiest place in the universe to build an orphanage. The nun who bought the joint must've gotten one heck of a deal; usually land located directly above ancient evil ruins and an army of black death swarming to eradicate all humanity gets at least a 75% discount off the top, perhaps even more if it's near a loud highway.

Between the beginning of the film (when it starts) and the end of the film (when it ends), many trademark Uwe Boll moments rear their ugly head, such as:

> 1) Slow motion fight scenes which would suck even if they were in normal motion or, better yet, "so fast motion that you can't see them." Christian Slater, who proved his martial arts prowess in "Pump Up the Volume" and, to a lesser degree, "The Wizard," engages in plenty of high octane combat performances where the term "wire work" describes the action about as accurately as "a sailing mishap" describes the Titanic's maiden voyage. Nearly every action scene in every Boll film must have at least 80% of it in slow motion while terrible German metal / hip hop blares in the background like an electric guitar trapped in a wastewater treatment facility.
>
> 2) An overall structural format tightly adhering to: VERY, VERY LOUD ACTION SEQUENCE followed by quiet things that are interrupted by a VERY, VERY LOUD ACTION SEQUENCE that eventually gives way to something quiet although that soon turns into a VERY, VERY LOUD ACTION SEQUENCE. I could tolerate this if perhaps Uwe Boll agreed to fly out and manually adjust the volume at appropriate times, but since even the most basic cordless telephone reportedly causes him "great mental distress," I sincerely doubt he'd be able to handle such a monumental task. The extreme volume discrepancies made it nearly impossible to hear any of Tara Reid's lines, forcing me to adlib her dialogue and replace it with, "I was like so drunk last night that I had sex with-", then completing the sentence by naming the nearest breathing creature in the

shot. In one scene she is alone in a room full of large wooden statues, and sadly enough, my forced dialogue still seemed plausible.

Look, she's smart!

3) Horrible plot holes large enough to swallow $20 million budgets and a never ending list of questions which cannot be answered:

- If the ancient Abskani didn't want anybody to open up the doorway to hell, then WHY ON EARTH DID THEY ACTUALLY PHYSICALLY PRODUCE A KEY TO OPEN IT? They could've hit the key with a hammer or bit off a piece of it or, like, not even make a key for it in the first place. Next time I find a gateway to hell sealed by a magic lock I somehow, in some way created, I'll just mail it to myself via the United States Postal Service. There's absolutely no chance I, or anybody else, will ever find it then.
- How exactly do the spinal snakes figure into anything? Where did they come from? Why were they put into orphans' spines to turn them into "sleeper agents" which apparently rise up to the call of duty when somebody casts the Evil Snake Signal into the Canadian clouds?
- Why the hell was there an obligatory "sex" scene between Slater and Reid, which featured neither sex nor a scene? One minute they're talking ancient relics, the next minute he's sleeping and Reid's dry humping him while music from the Dell tech support Indian phone service holding line plays. Then, whoo baby, they're back to talkin' 'bout Abskani. I'll let you guess in which of these scenes Reid is not wearing her glasses.
- Every time a devil dog shows up in a room full of lamps which start flickering because they somehow, in some way disrupt electrical current, hoards of featureless Division 713 soldiers immediately fly crashing through nearby windows, skylights, and spare glass panes. Why do they despise glass so much? Are windows considered "paranormal activity?" If so, these guys are probably the top paranormal investigators in all of Vancouver, possibly even British Columbia.
- Bullets composed of certain minerals (gold, phosphorous, and some other stupid elements) apparently hurt the evil dark horse dogs, in addition to light which is "tuned to a certain frequency." So how come a total of about three dogs (out of approximately ten thousand million) are killed with guns, and not a single one is even wounded by the magical flashlights tuned to the frequency of death? It seems like throughout the entire film, characters are expressing how utterly important it is to shine their enchanted lights on the creatures, yet nobody ever really does. It's like

going after Dracula and leaving your collection of garlic, holy water, and crucifixes at home in the storage box where you put the dog food and grilling tools.

- How does Stephen Dorff still have an acting career? I know there are folks out there who think he's a real actor and such, but have you ever really asked yourselves why? His shining career moment took place in "Cold Creek Manor," when he tossed a bunch of snakes into Dennis Quaid's house and his family reacted if they had jumper cables attached to their genitals.
- Why were all the CG "resources" used to animate crudely rendered metal dogs, instead of doing something more appropriate like animating Tara Reid's face in such a fashion that viewers could correctly interpret the emotion she was trying to display at the time. Is it shock? Is she scared? Possibly constipated? Oh she has her glasses on, her current emotion must be "smart." Perhaps they could've added a second pair of glasses on top of her glasses so the audience would think she's twice as intelligent, assuming two times zero somehow, in some way produces a result greater than zero.

While "Alone In the Dark" has raised limitless questions, I fortunately forced myself to forget about half of them. I could go on and on about this movie, detailing such fabulous cinematic events as when a dead soldier starts getting up before the shot cuts (don't worry; she's dead again in the next shot!) or how every individual scene resembles a direct ripoff of countless existing science fiction films, but I'll allow the numbers to speak for themselves. I admit, there's no way I could consider this film to be anything nearly as bad as movies like "Robo Vampire" or "Troll 2," but those films transcend the category of "bad" with such reckless abandon that they smash through the scale and somehow end up being terribly amusing. Uwe Boll's tragedy is that he knows enough - barely enough - to produce a film failing to fall into the "so bad it's good" abyss, instead locking it into the "just plain bad" purgatory of movies. Perhaps the good doctor will throw in a couple gratuitous bullet-time sequences into his upcoming "A Dungeon Siege Tale," maybe when Jason Statham is swinging his sword at some orcs or Burt Reynolds or something. Then again, it's a movie about a farmer who is named "Farmer," so I'm not exactly expecting much.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.21 Peter Molyneux Q & A

Thursday, Jun 22, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey & Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

Dear Mr. Molyneux,
My name is Josh Madison and I am about to graduate from The University of Phoenix Online. But before they send me the .zip file with my degree I have to finish a paper for my "21st Century in Crisis" class! I have been doing a lot of research but I still need to know the following: is Black and White a tremendously flawed virtual pet with the AI of a goldfish that passed through a frat boy, or is it a "god game" that accurately simulates what it would be if the player was a one-legged cat trying to bury a turd in a marble floor? With your help I think I can show my teacher that Black and White was more tragic than September 11th and the Rawandan genocides *combined*!

Your Pal,
Josh

P.S.- Please come to my graduation party on Sunday in World of Warcraft but just remember that it goes on until question marks (my friends are pretty ruff and tuff)!!!

Dearest Josh,
First let me say congratulations on your upcoming graduation! It takes a lot of skill and dedication to graduate from an online university that takes out late-night infomercials on Comedy Central. Hopefully your teacher used proper English in the class chat room! LOL!

I have to say I am disappointed in your misunderstanding of Black and White, however. A lot of magazines misrepresented me in my interviews. What I *really* told reporters was that it was *supposed* to be terrible because it was a terrible game simulator. Where they got that whole "god game where you can do anything" idea is beyond me. From day one I set out to create one thing and one thing only: A terrible game in the vein of other terrible games, like "Bill Laimbeer's Combat Basketball" and "Legend of Zelda: The Wind Waker". Thanks for writing in!

Peter

Peter,
I was more than overjoyed when I found out that Lionhead Studios was releasing *The Movies: Lifetime Original Movie* expansion pack. My dream was to create a film where a woman is beaten with every object in her house and then overcomes this to murder every man in the country and then become President. Just as I was opening the game box and dreaming about the different ways a woman could be bludgeoned with a toilet seat, I was shocked when I discovered the expansion doesn't even come on a disc! All that was in the game box was a stale handful of candy corn and plastic overlays for my monitor with pictures of Judith Light and Meredith Baxter-Birney. While this has made your game somewhat more enjoyable, I have to say I'm feeling about as catty as that gay black man from *Designing Women*! Please help!

Yours,
Dolores Smith-McLoughlin-Hernandez

My Darling Dolores,

Tsk-tsk. Sounds like someone didn't read the instruction manual! Lifetime Original Movie is supposed to *augment* your The Movies experience, not *add to it.* And before you write back telling me those are the same thing, keep this in mind: I designed Syndicate Wars.

The overlays are there so you can add not one, but *two* new characters to your favorite watch-the-same-cutscene-over-and-over game. For instance, say you made a movie about an astronaut going to some faraway planet. What if the planet had a statue of Judith Light? Or what if you made a movie where there was a doctor who was trying to save a woman (in this case Meredith Baxter-Birney) from total paralysis? It would be a tragedy because he *couldn't*! Tell me that kind of star power doesn't augment (not add to) your experience. And the candy corn is there for much the same reason, Dolores – if you don't like the movie, you can throw it at the screen. If you *do* like it you can eat it. That's about as open ended as it gets, toots!

Peter

French Game Man,
You are my hero. All I hear from the Internet is that you talk big and can never keep your promises, but all the folks in my group home love your games and if no one takes too much medication and starts dry-humping their bedpost we get to play for an extra hour on Friday night! When I was on the Internet I found out that you are working on a game that will be a life sim called Dimitri and this made me bellow so loud with joy that they chained me up in the boiler room for three days! Now, Mr. Molyneux, I ask you this in all seriousness. In this new game, can you go to the store and buy apples? This is my favorite thing to do. Please answer me.
"The Baron"

My Wonderful Smoochie Baron,

It always touches me to read a letter from an older fan. You might be an old curmudgeon (that's French for "wrinkly disabled person"), but you don't let that slow down your love of games and gaming. Your question struck a chord in me and several other people around the office and after hundreds of hours of group research and fact-finding procedures, we have concluded that, yes, you will be able to go to the store and buy apples. Three kinds of apples, in fact! And on top of that, you can use this *special* cheat code to plant an apple tree that will grow along with you your entire life: In the game, simply locate a tree, turn your character's back to it, and close your eyes. When you're good and ready turn your character back around, open your eyes, and *poof*, instant apple tree! You can even throw apples you bought at the store in front of the tree to make the experience more realistic (assuming we can figure out a way to implement this nifty little apple-throwing application I programmed).

What's the cheat to that, you might be asking? The power of imagination, Baron. If you're not using it you're cheating yourself out of a lifetime of fun.

Peter

Mr. Molyneux,
We at Rare are astounded by your short development time and games that never disappoint. While we have spent the last of our Diddy Kong Racing money to get that "England" smell out of our offices, there's just enough left to produce a game within the next eight years. This came up when we were out for fish and chips (because we're in England) and it was such a strange proposal that everyone nearly choked on their blood pudding (once again, England)! But then after our swordfight at Buckingham Palace (this is what English people do) we calmed down a little and "threw another shrimp on the barbie", as we like to say. Our plan is to release a remake of Snake Rattle n' Roll titled *SRNR: Sneakier, Snakier, and Completely Uncut*, and even though it will only contain the first level of the original game, you will not believe the bump mapping and fur effects that we have developed. You will think you are watching Animal Planet but no, you will be *playing* Animal Planet. Look out, Christmas 2012!

Englishly yours,
Tim and Chris Stamper
Rare Ltd.

Super England Go-Go Rare Teamu,

Although all letters to me are supposed to be written in the form of a question, the font on this particular piece of mail tells me you emailed me from within the Dimitri world. Since we couldn't find a way to implement those tricky "question mark" things into the game, I will let it slide this time

I have to say I'm a huge fan of the things you guys put out, too! Sure, we all have our flops – Goldeneye and Perfect Dark were nigh unplayable – but then the Xbox and the Xbox 360 came out and you rebounded right back into perfect form! Grabbed by the Ghoulies is a testament to what delay times could make: it might have been years and years in the making, but that half-hour of play time was the best half-hour I ever spent! Perfect Dark Zero righted all the wrongs you made with the original, and it, too, was a bit slow to come out – I remember hearing about it at Gamecube launch. Luckily, you guys had the sense to just improve the graphics and keep that old-school, last-generation-launch-title feel. And don't even get me started on Kameo. It was like Altered Beast except you turned into bears and armadillos and such, and it was *3-D*! With *particle effects*!

You can't rush quality, friends. Kudos to you and your friends (or konichiwa, as you guys over the pond might say)!

Peter

Peter,
Hello, it's Dolores again. I was writing to tell you that I bought one of your old games used – I don't know which one because someone scratched the name off with a penny and wrote over it so it looks like "Peter Molyneux's Crude Drawing of a Penis" – and on the back of the box it said it had "the most realistic fire effects of any game ever". When I opened the box, though, nothing but a bunch of flint and dry straw fell out! Then I looked again and the back of the box said "ALSO AVAILABLE: Ant Invasion Expansion Pack". I went and bought that too and all it had was a tiny magnifying glass! What gives? Are these the games or did I make two bum buys in a row?

Dolores Smith-McLoughlin-Hernandez

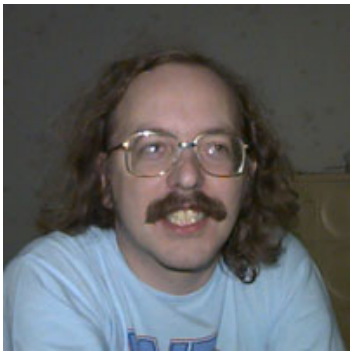
Oh lovely Dolores,

I have taken quite a shine to you and the letters you send me that smell like girls. Enclosed with my response you will find an autographed copy of the design document for Dungeon Keeper 3, which will never see the light of day until a CPU exists that can give *each individual hobgoblin* their own personality and complex thought processes that determine how often they ignore your commands!

But I realize your concern, and your misunderstanding is due to a printing error. Due to the astronomical success of Sega's "lock-on" technology, I decided to make Peter Molyneux's FlameScape and Ant Invasion work in conjunction to produce the most mind-shatteringly astonishing science fiction experience since Wing Commander: The Movie! Imagine this scenario: Magmo, a peaceful planet made of fire- Peaceful that is, until it's overtaken by Antarchy! Show those ants who's boss by using the power of magnification against them, or by making the terrifying creatures land on the planet they so wish to conquer (sweet irony)! Regrettably, EA did not use this exciting description and instead chose to stamp "CONTRACTUAL OBLIGATION: DO NOT USE" all over the box.

PS- Check out Peter Molyneux's FlameScape II: Kerosene-Soaked Rags next fall!

Pete



Peter,
Long time player, first time writer. I was out looking for sports toys for my son and I saw your name stamped on a baseball pitching machine. Being a fan of your games (especially Fable – I loved being free to shoot birds with a crossbow in both a fire level *and* an ice level), I snapped it up like Saigon cocaine. We took it home and installed it and pretty soon the thing was going crazy! It threw footballs and basketballs and even shot puts – I had to buy new windows after that one – but never once did it throw a baseball! What's even crazier is that I loaded the damn thing and I didn't put any footballs or basketballs or shot puts in there! Can you help me figure out what the hell is going on?!?!

Jason Stull

Dear Class Action Lawsuit Member,
I admit that Peter Molyneux Presents: The American Pastime has a few bugs and caused many of our play-testers to die of massive brain hemorrhages from ballistic shotput injuries. But when I was given the opportunity to develop a machine that would simply toss baseballs, I told The Panthers (that's what we call the team down here at Lionhead Studios) that it was time to think outside the box. And when they disagreed I fired them all. This is why most of our office space is now used to hold overstock from Sears. But it wasn't until I was nearly crushed by a pallet of screen doors that I finally realized where to take this project. I would not only capture the American pastime, but also the American condition: fear and confusion. You may have noticed the smell of frying medium wafting from the back of the machine or perhaps have been scalded with the boiling oil which it sprays intermittently. This is what I understand being an American is like! And this time... *the America is real.*

Peter

Yo Petey,
Just got this in from the suits. Thought you'd get a kick out of it. Keep gamin'!

Mr. Broussard, my daddy wanted you to write him a letter to see if you would finish duke nukem forever. he says he will give you a million dollars. i am very hungry and the gas shut off and we had to eat my cat fluffkins because the car ran out of fuel and we couldn't get more. my kitty didn't taste good and he is crying in my tummy. daddy says 3d realms is rupturing money like your gut ruptures burritos and he's tired of buying you burritos so please finish the game.

- Tommy

Hahah, what a little shit! Done when it's done, man – no suit's gonna talk me out of creating my masterpiece.

Georgie

What up G-Man,
I saw you and Victor Ireland from Working Designs got arrested for sucking dick behind the Safeway again! You impoverished fucks! But even though you two siphoned gas out of my car on three separate occasions at the last E3, we geniuses gotta stick together. If times are tough, I could hook you guys up with some screen doors to sell or perhaps to build a fort out of so you don't die of exposure. Or maybe Vic can hawk some of that Arc the Lad merchandise. That shit sure flew off the shelves, eh Vic?!

Fuck that starving kid, though. If that little bastard wanted to eat, maybe he should have gotten his little shit friends to buy Max Payne 2 instead of the latest putrid fecal matter to drip out of Hideo Kojima's diseased asshole (more like Metal QUEER Solid right guys). He may meet the basic gamer needs of length, fun, and consistency, but *we're* the ones to constantly dream up new and possibly exciting gameplay experiences. Sure, they're never actually *implemented*, but I can't think of anyone else who would design a game where if you die painful electronic shocks are administered to your testicles. We're the dreamers, bro, and kickin' the TBA lifestyle. Fuck the haters.

PS- If you have to cook and eat your shoes, which seasoning is best?

The 'Neux

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey & Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

6.22 The Burning Pitch: Reader Pitches

Friday, Jun 23, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

On Monday I brought the world the inimitable George Orenstein. Known to many as "America's Producer," Mr. Orenstein is one of the top executives at a major Hollywood production company. He also happens to be a distant relative, which is how I convinced him to review several more reader pitches. Without further ado, I present to you the pitch and the burning.

This summer, Ashlee Simpson may rule your heart...and Barter Town.

The Pitch
Patrick A.'s "Apocalypse High"
Think...*Mad Max meets any of the thousand of Romantic High School Comedies*
"The story of the first high school to re-open in the radioactive aftermath of a nuclear war. This way we can have enough typical teen-angsty hilarity in it to appeal to the teen female audience, while having enough zombie attacks and inexplicable leather bikinis to get their boyfriends in the door. Throw in a little political intruige so that it might get added to some liberal arts college's classroom source list, and you've got yourself a hit. And while two different sets of trailers are obviously neccesary for this to work, if it's a hit, the TV series writes itself."

The Burning
"Post apocalypse actioners are stuck in the '80s like a Flock of Seagulls tourbus and you have a plot that amounts to a ribbon cutting ceremony. You could get some mileage out of post apocalypse versions of high school archetypes, but that post apocalypse math nerd is going to stop being funny about ten minutes into the movie. And a post apoc romcom? Is Harry going to meet frigging Sally in the Thunderdome? If one guy gets his head cut off by a car with knives on its hubcaps then no girl is going to be seen within a hundred miles of that theater."
A smart studio would...*pass it to their low budget "indie" division and get write-off financing from German backers.*

The Pitch
JA Patterson's "Black Mountain"
Think...*Blair Witch Project meets The Fog*
"A group of young outdoor enthusiasts travel to various hidden 'ghost towns' from the 19th century. Through research they find a particular location that has a dark past. A community built as a penal colony and place for undesirables in a remote location. Various things happen, with only one survivor."

The Burning
"Ugh. First off, Blair Witch Project had a sequel that sunk faster than an FBI informant in the East River. Second, they just remade the frigging Fog and it tanked worse than the Edmund Fitzgerald. Combine those two and you've got a bucket of crap that shoots piss at you if you get too close. I also love your pitch, you know, the part where you said 'various things happen.' Sure, let me just write the movie myself because I'm so enamored with your concept of combining two of the shittiest movies to see a projection room in the past decade. 'Various things happen.' One of those things will not be a producer asking you for a second meeting. "
A smart studio would...*block your calls and have you escorted from the lot.*

The Pitch
Farruh N.'s "Bullet 17"
Think...*???*

Is good, is like Danny DeVito meeting Chandelier from Friends.

"A young Uzbeki man living in Boston begins having troubling dreams. Alex remembers discipline, violence, and snow. After a few hypnotherapy sessions, his psychiatrist realizes Alex might be a rogue sleeper agent with no real idea of his training and deadly ability. To test his suspicions, the doctor uses Alex to take revenge on his cheating wife and her crime boss lover. The doctor then begins negotiations with a representative of the CIA to turn Alex over for a large profit. Meanwhile, the KGB commander in charge of the conditioning and training of young Alex and many others begins to round up his missing students. Alex becomes more and more aware of his past as he is hunted down by four groups with differing motives- the crime family and the KGB to kill him, the CIA to use him as a tool, and the FBI looking to bring the other groups down. This is a martial arts/action movie with a strong love interest, a girl whom Alex tries to keep from mysteriously disappearing like so many others.

In March we shot a prequel in HD, but will mostly use that footage for a few brief flashbacks. You can see a trailer, titled The Russian Experiment, at our website. (WARNING: MAY CRASH BROWSER) If you have trouble viewing it and are interested, I would be more than happy to mail a dvd."

The Burning
"Ethnic movies can do great if you keep the purse strings tight and finance them through one of your indie studios. Crime movies are the breadwinners of low budget, although gay movies are edging them out gradually. I'm not familiar with Uzbekia or wherever this alex character is from, but this might work if you make him gay. Especially if Uzbekia is one of those countries where they cut gay's heads off, then you could script a scene where he's about to get his head cut off by this big decapitation machine and then right as the executioner is about to pull the lever his lover, a sniper, shoots the executioner. Not sure how you'd work the CIA, KGB, FBI and mafia into that one, but I'm not sure how the hell you were going to work all of them into your original. Generally having four groups of adversaries for the protagonist leads to a confusing mess. But hey, who am I to judge you, Mr. Bigshot I-Film-Action-Movies-In-Uzbekia."
A smart studio would...*take your idea and shoot it in the Hollywood Hills with some slipping B-listers and a lot of bottle tan.*

The Pitch
Kyle P.'s "In 3-D"
Think...*Plan 9 From Outer Space meets Ed Wood*
"A fan of cheap, cheesy B-movies recieves a DVD of a lost 50's film, SAUCERS OF DEATH, in the mail as a contest prize. When he plays the disc, the alien invaders in the film step into the real world and wreak havoc. After destroying these invaders and his DVD player, he pays a visit to the movie's director, who tells him the tale of an alien prescence in the film. The aliens hoped to invade Earth through the film, but luckily, the film was scrapped and stored in the studio's vault. A Wade Williams-esque collector rescued the film from the abandoned studio's vault, and that's all he knows. When our hero learns that the movie theater he works at is getting the original negative of the film for a late-night screening in celebration of its impending DVD release, he and his friends must stop the aliens from getting through, when our hero's friends don't believe him at first and

run the movie, by burning the film, and the collector, who's in league with the aliens for a seat of power in their new world order, from mass-producing the disc. "

The Burning
"Oh man, horribly high CG budgets. See, you're thinking Purple Rose of Cairo with this junk and I'm thinking Last Action Hero and one of those movies was so bad it sent the lead actor running for politics. That's if you're lucky. It could be worse. It could be Cool World. Actually I might be thinking of Terminator 3 on that politics thing, but the point stands; the movies coming to life gimmick was tired two decades ago. "
A smart studio would...*shoot a low-end pilot for one of the cable webs and, if it somehow gets picked up, bury it somewhere next to Andromeda in syndication.*

Bruce Willis stars in

The Pitch
Eric V.'s "Untitled"
Think...*I don't like to use the 'blank meets blank' but I guess Good-will Hunting spun in a blender with American Psycho*
"A Man (john Doe) wakening up in a hospital with serious bandages. Police, nurses, doctors, all trying to interrogate him about the train accident, but he can't remember much. A special memory therapist is called in and works with him to 'Slowly' recreate the events of the train accident in his head.

Between breakthroughs of the train memory, the man recalls and discusses other key moments in life. Examples: Defending a smaller kid against a bully in grade school, shop lifting with friends during adolescence and getting caught, courting a high school sweet heart, buying his first home etc. - Things that make him look successful, yet still normal.

After the train memory is complete, his memory therapist recommends he be placed under doctors supervision and begin therapy. Therapist explains to john Doe, that he attacked and killed a mother and her two children on the Train on his way to work. Held the driver hostage and crashed the train.

Lab tech comes in with report, and Therapist is reading rap sheet pulled from John Doe's finger prints. Assault, robbery, drugs, arms, fraud. We go back to flashbacks but this time showing our John Doe causing mayhem : ie. being the kid beaten up or being the cause of a bully beating up a weaker kid, shop lifting leading to car stealing, and drunk driving, instead of high school sweet heart we see him date rape his prom date, maybe thrown in jail. etc

Cuts to TV news channel airing talking heads discussing the horrific train accident and the suspect."

The Burning
"Ha ha, holy crap, kid. You spent an awful lot of time thinking up ways to make Unbreakable even worse than it was. Nothing is more annoying than a plot that's non-linear for the sake of being non-linear and a story that is told gradually through flashbacks doesn't do a lot for me. Yeah, the Academy may have rewarded the English Patient, but that's because they're a bunch of mouth-breathing saps who still had a hard on for Fiennes after his farting Nazi asshole in Schindler's List. Unless you're going to get Fiennes to wet some panties then you've got absolutely zero market for this movie. No self-respecting audience will sit through a three hour flashback (I can tell you're imagining a frigging epic with this one) just so they can discover the big twist ending that the hero is actually the bad guy. Gotta love that 'etc.' near the end and your description of camera cuts in a four paragraph pitch. Hey, I wonder if the executive will be interested about whether or not you are imagining a hard black, fade to white or a horizontal wipe! I'm only kidding, no executive will

ever hear this horrid pitch, etc."
A smart studio would...*lock the doors and turn around the "out for lunch" sign.*

Yikes! Mr. Orenstein brought the pain and the burning to several unfortunate dreamers. If you still have a great pitch idea for a movie you can feel free to email me and I'll pass them along to him for burning when he gets the chance. For those of you heartbroken by the soul-crushing Mr. Orenstein administered, just remember that he spared you a trip to Hollywood. There's also a silver lining to this cloud: George had Dan H. and Cindy N. sign a letter of intent with his studio and they will be exploring their pitch for "Count Crackula" in much greater detail.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.23 Sgt. Sarge's Hesitant Commandos

Saturday, Jun 24, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The five men huddled together in the trench as suppressive fire from the Germans sprayed clouds of black soil into the air all around them. Sarge grunted something that vaguely sounded like acknowledgement into the field radio and slammed it into its place on Radio Guy's backpack, sending the smaller man face first into the dirt. He turned toward his men and pensively chomped on his eternally unlit cigar. An awkward pause followed. Sarge's eyes had been squinted tightly since the day he was born, which often made it impossible to tell exactly where he was looking or how sour the lemon he just ate was. At last he spoke.

"Alright boys, our orders are to take that hill."

He raised a knobby hand to the north, his gnarled index finger pointing as straight as it possibly could toward a mound of dirt that stood slightly taller than their trench was deep. To its left was a heavily fortified machine gunner's nest. To its right, a rumbling Panzer tank and a beehive that someone had accidentally knocked over.

"You're kidding," said Loverboy, setting aside his trusty mirror long enough to stand up and completely expose his head to the Germans. A bullet zipped through his golden locks, gently pressing an errant hair back into place. Loverboy picked up his mirror once more and surveyed his quaff, then waved thanks to the shooter before settling down in the trench once more.

"Ain't kidding," replied Sarge. "It's a suicide mission but orders are orders. Looks like you might have to actually shoot that rifle of yours for once, Doc."

The unit's medic nodded and nervously wiped his glasses. There was a very good chance someone could get hurt out here. It was only a matter of time until the others found out that all he had in his medkit were band-aids and aspirin, and that those were the only forms of first aid he had been trained to administer. Desperate to divert attention from himself, he turned to the last of the five men.

"What do you think about all this, Dogmeat?"

Dogmeat rustled in his stretcher, moaning.

"Tell my Ma I... love her. Tell Pa... I wanted to... make him proud." He began to cough, producing rattling, wet sounds that reminded Doc of an asthmatic cat hacking up a fur ball coated in Jello. Blood continuously spurted from the hole in his chest.

"Yeah," agreed Doc. He absently wished Dogmeat had a paper cut or headache he could treat. "What about you, Loverboy?"

"I say we stay right here, and don't take that god forsaken hill." His tone was matter-of-fact and his skin's complexion was fabulous. "In fact, let's put it to a vote. Who wants to stay right here?"

"You ain't puttin' it to a vote," growled Sarge, his eyelids squinting so hard that they prolapsed a little bit. "This is war, not a democracy."

"I see your point," Loverboy replied with a thoughtful nod. "Okay, let's put it to a vote. Who wants this to be a democracy? Show of hands, everyone."

Loverboy, Doc, and Radio Guy all raised their hands.

"And who votes against this democracy?"

As expected, Sarge raised his hand. The only no-vote was Dogmeat.

"What about you?" asked Doc. "I suppose it's difficult to raise your hand in your condition, but where do you fall?"

"I guess..." began Dogmeat as a distant violin played its sad song, "I guess I shouldn't have... lied to the recruiter. I'm only fifteen. Only fifteen and already at my end! I think I see... a light..."

"Right," said Loverboy, "so it's four votes to one."

"Okay, fine," said Sarge. He was angry, but deep down he knew that the people's voice had spoken. "Democracy it is. Now can we vote to take that damn hill?"

"Woah woah," said Radio Guy. "Not so fast! Before we convene on any votes we have to establish our constitution, build a basic infrastructure, and hold elections. We can't just vote nilly-willy like cavemen!"

And so they began their work. While Radio Guy and Doc collaborated on the exact framing of the constitution over the following two years, the other men set up housing, roadways, and utilities in the trench. Upon the signing of the constitution in 1946, Loverboy and Dogmeat stated their intentions to run for the presidential office. They worked the campaign trail hard for eight months, shaking the other three men's hands nearly every day. The race was a dead heat. Loverboy had charm to spare and almost everyone knew who he was, while Dogmeat ran on the "Please... give this letter to... my girl. Tell her I'll be looking... down on her from Heaven" platform, which was very appealing even if the fountain of blood spraying from his chest was a little flashy and over the top for most voters.

In the end, Loverboy won the general election in a landslide after employing cheap tactics, pointing to Dogmeat's health as a risk for their fledgling democracy. It turned out that Dogmeat was deathly allergic to peanuts, and while there were no peanuts to be found within the borders of their trench, this potential problem scared off his supporters.

In the spring of 1949 congress convened for the first time and immediately began their 51 week vacation. Upon reconvening in 1950, they finally voted on the issue of taking the hill across from the trench. The result was unanimously in favor of the action, with the caveat that each congressman would change his mind and be against it if the battle went badly.

"You know, I'm actually looking forward to this," said congressman Doc as he geared up.

Congressman Sarge smiled in front of his men for the first time.

"Feels good, don't it? The anticipation, not knowing how things will play out. It's scary but it makes you feel alive."

"I've never..." agreed Dogmeat from his stretcher, "seen the... ocean. I wish I could... have seen the ocean just once."

With that the men nodded to one another and crested the trench, screaming as they began their mad dash toward the hill they had been ordered to take six years earlier. What they saw stopped them in their tracks.

The scene before them was entirely different than it had been before. While Sarge's men spent all those years establishing their democracy in the trench, the world had moved on. They were relics of the past.

The German soldiers before them were now fifteen feet tall, and their tank had a new paint job with flames on the front and everything.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

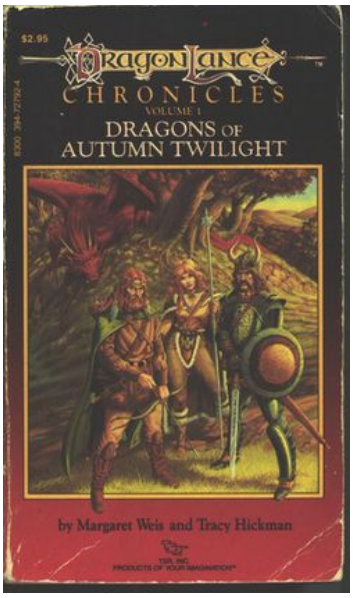
6.24 The Bargain Book Bin: Dragons of Autumn Twilight

Sunday, Jun 25, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Confession time: When I was 8 years old, I read a lot of fantasy books. I think many of us who are attracted to Something Awful (nerds) did, possibly because we were too young to realize how bad they were or maybe because we were all idiots, I'm not sure. Because most of us stopped reading this stuff a long time ago and haven't touched them since, it's easy to have lingering nostalgic memories for some of these books. My hope here is to dispel that nostalgia for good.

Towards that end I chose a book I read a lot in those days, Dragons of Autumn Twilight by Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman. I have many fond memories of reading this book, as do, I'm guessing, a lot of you who are my age and read fantasy as a kid. But what are fond memories but disappointments waiting to happen? I'm going to read through this thing and give a running commentary as I go. As I open the first page, I'm already started to regret the idea...

Canticle of the Dragons



Oh boy, there's nothing I love more than when a book starts with a multi-page poem about dragons and the various gods of some made up world.

when the three moons rose from the lap of the forest
dragons, terrible and great,
made war on this world of Krynn

I can already hear the midi music beeping away as I get ready to choose thief, warrior, or wizard (the wizard is the one with the kind of pointy head and the warrior has that silver thing I think is supposed to be a sword?).

Thus Huma, Knight of Solamnia,
Lightbringer, First Lancer
Followed his light to the foot of the Khalkist Mountains

Sometimes I wonder if all these fantasy creation myths are written by just copy/pasting a section from the bible and then doing a find and replace with a series of letters they typed onto the keyboard while blindfolded. Ok, I'm not wondering anymore, I *know* that's how they do it.

Prologue: The Old Man

The poem wasn't enough of an introduction, so now we have a prologue featuring a Mysterious Old Guy Who Symbolizes GodTM and he foreshadows a bunch of stuff and says things like "Be ready, Tika Waylan." and "Be ready!" Are you ready? Then let's move on.

Chapter 1: Old friends meet. A rude interruption.

Good, they're doing that type of chapter title. I was worried that this book wouldn't be quite annoying enough so I'm glad that they'll be titling every chapter with shit like "A great decision is decided upon. Someone drops a glass and they have to clean it up. Then they eat." It also helps because I certainly don't want to *read* this whole thing so I can just skim the chapter headings and get the gist of it. My guess is the gist will be dragons, dragons, ale, goblins, dragons, The Fifth God of the Great Star Ykjfsakjn, dragons, save the world, ale, awkwardly described sex, foreshadowing

for future books, dragons.

The story finally begins when a dwarf named Flint Fireforge (apparently taking time off from his elf friend Forest Pointedearslivesalongtime) meets up with a buddy of his named Tanis. Tanis is half-elf. Fantasy writers love half-elves, because they can be used for contrived metaphors about racism that will show that the fantasy author can tackle real issues just as well as people who can actually write. Kind of like comic book writers and X-Men (who struggle with their identity as half-human, half-gimmick.)

Where a black man might endure racial insults, threats upon his life, and a lineage of oppression, Tanis the half-elf deals with one or two comments about being a half-elf as well as having superpowers like night vision and a tremendously long life. The parallels are chilling.

The two are soon joined by Tas, who is the comic relief because he is short. He makes a few bad jokes and then goblins appear and make some bad jokes back and then everyone gets so frustrated that the writers can't give them a single funny line that they end up fighting and the goblins die. Ladies and gentlemen, this rollercoaster has left the station. Whooo!!!

■ **Chapter 2: Return to the Inn. A shock. The oath is broken.**

The minds behind the work demonstrating how they created its plot.

This chapter manages to pull off having more action in its chapter title than in the chapter itself. Basically this chapter introduces the stock cast of fantasy characters you can see portrayed by professional actors in the popular Lord of the Ring movies, or "portrayed" by "amateur actors" during role playing parties that end early after the pale hairy guy playing the barbarian hits on the fat chick playing the elven queen and her husband, the skinny tall guy playing the dwarf because no one else wanted to be the dwarf, tries to beat him up and has to be restrained by the creepy old guy who smells like bathroom cleanser and is playing the human king in exile.

Meanwhile, in the book, one of the group (Tanis's girlfriend, I think) didn't show up so the *OATH IS BROKEN!!!!* That's also the shock. I don't know why they didn't just combine those two in the title.

■ **Chapter 3: Knight of Solamnia. The old man's party.**

This one actually *is* pretty eventful, which would be great if I at all cared about any of the events taking place. Let's see:

- Some more characters show up (a knight and a couple of barbarian "Plainsmen" with +5 Native American Metaphor modifiers).
- The High Theocrat, representing organized religion, shows up really drunk and is mean to people. The subtle social commentary just keeps coming.
- The woman barbarian sings a song. Read this as one of the authors cranked out yet another terrible fantasy themed multi-page poem and, because fantasy books are all exactly the same and so are judged on length alone, that writer decided to just shove the poem in there. All readers cast Advanced Bored Skim.
- The High Theocrat (Christianity) yells at the barbarians (Native Americans) for singing and tries to steal the woman's stuff. Margaret Weis manages to resist writing "DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M GETTING AT HERE???" in the margins of every single copy of the novel.

- Some fighting and an escape in which the knight refuses to help any of his friends until it is pointed out to him that there is a lady present. This is described as noble. Also someone else is described as climbing a tree like a gully dwarf. No, I do not know what a gully dwarf is nor why something that lives in a ditch would be known for its tree climbing

Because I only have limited space and this particular opus is almost 400 pages long, I'm going to be shifting tactics to a random chapter selection from throughout the book. Furthermore, at the advice of a former SA writer (now in disgrace and exile), I will be guessing what happens in the chapter based on the wordy chapter titles and then scoring myself on accuracy. Let's roll on these bitches.

Hey Tracy I was reading Lord of the Rings and I had this great idea for a fantasy book.

■ **Chapter 13: Chill Dawn. Vine Bridges. Dark Water.**

My guess: Well, the first part of the chapter title is just a weather report, so I'm going out on a limb and saying that it will be dawn and cold. The dwarf will comment about not liking the chill because dwarves are straight bustas and like to whine. Then they'll all cross one of those bridges made out of vines and thin rope which are clearly built only to show how not to construct a bridge and halfway across the last person will have their foot slip through but be fine.

What actually happens: Surprise! It's a chilly dawn and the whole group is in a swamp filled with those breakaway bridges. No one falls through, but the dwarf later slips in some water and, check it out "he shook with the cold and began complaining." Also it ends with some ambush or something. I sort of skipped that part.

My score: I'm giving myself 80% here for my misjudgment of bridge construction quality.

■ **Chapter 21: The sacrifice. The twice-dead city.**

My guess: Too easy. Everyone is in one of those long forgotten cities that is probably underground and guarded by dragons or killer gorillas armed with ping-pong paddles and contains this one object that no one has ever survived trying to get but our heroes will get it without much trouble at all. Then the entire place will start to collapse because apparently that one necklace or sword or whatever was the centerpiece of the city's architectural structure and without it nothing can stay up.

As they escape, someone will be forced to sacrifice themselves for one of two reasons:

A. Someone gets stuck and the person has to go back and help them but they get crushed afterwards because they lose all ability to run after helping the person.

B. The dragon or the three headed mime or whatever it is that protects the city tries to stop them and one of them stays to fight it off. And even though all of them together would be no match for it and they all would have died, that one person manages to stop the creature completely by him/herself while the others escape.

I am so confident about my predication that I'm going to score myself before I even read the chapter.

My score: 100%. There's just no way I'm getting this wrong.

What actually happens: Hey look, they're all in a buried, long forgotten city. And oh hey *look*, they're looking for some hidden Discs of great power. And oh hey *LOOK*, there's a dragon that tries to stop them. AND OH HEY *LOOK*, the barbarian woman kills the dragon but dies doing it. ANNNNND OOOOH HEEEY *LoOk*, the city collapses the moment they grab the discs and they

just barely get out.

I am two for two here, but I am seriously running out of room so I'm going to skip right ahead to the last chapter.

- **Last Chapter: The Wedding**

I'd say my faith is very important to my work oh man I look weird.

Dear Lord, a full half of this chapter is poetry. And because I skipped most of the last two hundred pages and I'm supposed to be reviewing this thing, I feel an obligation to *read* all this stuff. If I don't make it, someone start a blog in my memory. Here goes...

Alright, they've all just won the climatic battle of the book, but they didn't really *win* win because then there would be no second or third book. Also the woman who died in the last chapter I talked about is alive again for some reason. And she's getting married. So much for sacrifice.

As the chapter title suggests, the book ends with her wedding. The description of the wedding manages to include "crowned with autumn leaves" twice in the span of two pages. Because fantasy books, as I explained, are judged on length, they are never "edited" so much as "padded." When you have over 100 pages of filler to work in, there isn't time to notice that you began repeating yourself around page 2.

Blah blah blah, the wedding vows and then, here it comes, the poetry. The first one is only a page, and despite sounding like Dragonforce lyrics (can't you just hear those guys screeching "proved in the presence of heroes/and the prospect of spring light/the children will see moons and stars/where now the dragons ride" while pretending that somehow metal is still relevant in any way?) it's not exactly terrible.

The second one though...oh god the second one. A full four pages, and the entire thing is basically a list of made-up names with one or two verbs and conjunctions thrown in to keep things moving. I can't think of a better way to end a book with a bang than to have line after line of stuff like:

And the sun and the three moons, waiting for wonders,
Hung in the sky together.
To the West Huma rode, to the High Clerist's Tower
On the back of the Silver Dragon

So my great journey through this work ends, as it began, with horrible geek poetry. In conclusion, if you are over the age of 14 and you read fantasy then you are probably a sexual predator. Thank you for your time, and emails defending a cheap fantasy book from the 80's can be sent to maxnmona@somethingawful.com

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

6.25 Things My TV Taught Me

Monday, Jun 26, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Millions of years ago humans learned the hard lessons of life from dinosaurs. Thousands of years ago we learned our lessons from Egyptians with whips and various wandering tribes of kobold brigands. In the early 20th century our children learned their life lessons from radio serials like "The Shadow," "The Phantom" and "The Insubstantial Hero." Radio fell by the wayside in the latter half of the 20th century and by the dawn of the 21st century our offspring were lucky to learn anything that didn't come out of either a TV set or a bare electrical outlet.

To celebrate the age of the TV teacher I would like to share a few of the lessons my TV has taught me.

"Monster" Means "Stupid"

If only they made a flat-billed dunce cap.

For many years I was under the naïve impression that monsters were creatures that populated fairy tales and random encounter tables. Then I learned that "Monster" was an adjective that gear head Jesse James uses to describe things that are stupid. Do you want a car that looks like a giant pie and has lasers shooting out of the top and the whole thing is on hydraulics so you can tilt it vertically? That's a "monster" car and you can get it at a "monster" garage. Do you want a house that has a model train that drives through its vents and a refrigerator that sounds an air horn whenever you open it? Then you want a "monster" house, courtesy of Jesse James!

Similar to this new definition, I have learned that an "American Chopper" is when you take a motorcycle and make it look like Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer or a POW memorial. A Monster American Chopper would be so stupid that it could literally threaten the laws of science.

The Louder a TV Chef, the Less Healthy Their Food

Hey, ya'll, my two ingrate sons are here to help me eat all these deep fried pies!

Paula Deen screams "Hey, ya'll!" and serves butter fried in lard and topped with ice cream. Rachael Ray declares triple cheese macaroni and sour cream to be "Yum-o!" Emeril, don't even get me started, the knob will fly right off his oven and into a vat of pork fat with a whole bottle of whiskey and he will "BAM!" it with a side of cream while the audience hoots like they're on Arsenio. Meanwhile, the whispering and cooing avuncular chefs of Food TV with their soft lighting and Vaseline-smeared cameras will offer up grilled tofu and shaved fruit ice.

The only exception to this rule is if the TV Chef is hosting a show about low-carb cooking. For some reason low-carb cooking requires the same degree of shouting as high-fat cooking. A side lesson to all this: if the TV chef has a chalk board you can expect the number of steps in a recipe to be tripled or quadrupled. I'm looking at you Alton Brown, mister you-can-capture-your-own-water-with-these-dew-traps-to-boil-spaghetti.

Never Leave Your House for More Than 48 Hours

Accepting nothing less than,

If a friend or coworker suddenly asks you to go on a weekend retreat with them you have to turn the offer down. If you don't there is a good chance you will come home to find all of your chairs painted bright orange, a bunch of framed finger paintings on your wall and a heap of pillows covered with hot glue and leaves. Then you will see that and have to act really happy in front of a camera that your wife or girlfriend spent all weekend turning your office into some sort of horrible arts and crafts abortion. Go ahead; open that big ugly MDF cabinet that looks like a skateboard. That's where we put your TV! The ceiling fan you relied on to cool the room? Oh, that made the ceiling too *busy.* If you don't gush with excitement over the changes then you will look like the biggest asshole ever. America just watched an hour of your significant other busting their hump to do something retarded.

Swearing is the Bat Signal for Homosexuals

Danny the Dog doesn't deserve you, Octavia.

The presence of homosexuals may not necessarily mean people will start cursing like sailors, but if people are cursing like sailors there will be homosexuals. It's one of those square/rectangle rules of television. "Six Feet Under," the "Sopranos," "Rome," "Carnivale" and "Deadwood" are shows rife with swearing and, as if conjured by magic, homosexuals appear. Showtime's slightly less-loved original series follow a similar rule. Conversely, shows like "Will and Grace" or "Queer Eye for the Staight Gay" are laden with gayness, but have no swearing. Therefore, the homosexuals are not necessarily the source of the swearing, but rather seem drawn to it as a gay moth to a foul-mouthed flame.

It's Surprising Anyone is Alive Still to Create Court TV Programming

Fluids by one of the hundreds of serial killers I've never heard of before.

Court TV is probably the worst introduction to the United States any foreign visitor could hope to experience. Every show is a detailed study of how Americans brutally murder each other. Our houses and hotels are filled with mysterious stains that reveal themselves as blood with a spray of luminal. Phalanxes of serial killers march through our streets, raping and eating the hearts of anyone who stands in their way. Our computer hard drives contain hundreds of gigs of chatlogs that prove we lured those teenage girls out to the woods. The insane volume of unique murder case files covered by Court TV transform even the most infamous crimes and criminals into mundane by-the-numbers reality TV. The programming is so overwhelmingly bloodthirsty that at times I am amazed that I am both alive and not in prison for murder. Yet.

COOOOOOOOOOOOOO
ooooooooooopppppps!

If You Put a Camera On Pretty Much Anything, It's More Interesting Than a Sitcom

Many lament the explosion of reality TV as the death throes of the situation comedy. These reality shows are much cheaper and faster to produce than even a low budget first-season sitcom. The reality that most people refuse to acknowledge: as bad as most reality TV can get, it's still better than most sitcoms. I think the best evidence of this comes from the longest-running Reality TV show: Cops. "Cops" has so many episodes that virtually every channel with a little bit of late night free time airs "Cops." When I'm changing channels and I come across a rerun of almost any TV show I'll just switch past it, but if I see Cops there is some sort of primal need to sit there and watch people yelling and getting wrestled into a police car. No amount of snappy writing or hilarious one-liners can ever top some cracked-out hooker declaring herself to be a vampire and trying to bite police officers.

This should serve as a slightly different lesson to other reality shows. The more produced the reality show gets, the worse its shelf life. I can watch ancient episodes of "Cops" where Sheriff John Bunnell was actually still a sheriff and not narrating police chases, but I can't sit through 30 seconds of the original "Survivor." To be fair, I can't sit through any episodes of "Survivor," but those old ones are downright horrifying. They're so garish it's like watching a clown climbing the Aggro Crag set to opera music.

Valuable lessons, all of them, but the most imporant lesson to learn is to never get attached. All of the really good shows will be cancelled before their time. Your favorite show is doomed. That's because the audience for shows like "Arrested Development" and "Deadwood" were mostly killed off by the dinosaurs and Egyptians with whips. A few stray strands of DNA managed to sneak past the talons of pterodactyls and spread to the present day. Unfortunately, they barely add up to a one share.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.26 Today We Learn English! Lesson Thirteen: The Peculiarities

Tuesday, Jun 27, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the Today We Learn English! series.

O, student! How diligent must you have been, for to have surmounted all previous chapters and emerged atop the lofted peak of the most advanced of the lessons! How your marms and masters must vaunt your splendor with all available breath! Now a true master of English, you shall find little discomfiture even in this, the ultimate lesson, the height of perplexity.

In each language, there are manifold peculiarities with which to contend. English, in this regard, is no *crow's cousin*. Do you see? Already we have bumped against one of the idiomatic phrases which makes English the most rich and unique of tongues. An expert of English fluency must command all facets of the language, including even the most defeating of oddities.

Tarry and comprehend:

I) The Mood of Nouns

Many languages, including our own, assign each noun a gender and sometimes a routing number. They who do not speak English may be initially confused by the lack of these things attached to English nouns. For example, speakers of another language may describe objects as thus:

> **Dorroile:** Mary, which shall I buy, Sire Sheepcoat or Dame Walruscoat?
> **Mary:** Dally me not, Dorroile, for I have misplaced Sire Swab deeply inside Dame Ear Canal (0227 4882) and cannot for the life of me remove it.

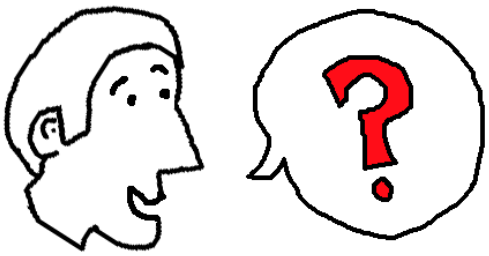
Such a conversation would have little meaning in English; in English, even the finest Walruscoat has no use for a lingual sex. While to our ears such a conceit is a preposterity, English makes up for the lack of genders by assigning each noun a mood. Every noun in English is either **pessimistic** or **optimistic**. While there are no special signifier words attached to nouns to exhibit the distinction, the mood of a noun becomes clear in the context. Hey, observe:

> **Arthur:** Jolly fine day, there is a thumbnail in my flan!
> (In this example, both **thumbnail** and **flan** are optimistic.)
>
> **Weyre:** Misery and bother, there is a spine in my damnable custard!
> (In this case, both **spine** and **custard** are pessimistic.)

Dorroile: What twist of fortune would bless this putrid pudding with this beatific severed hoof?
(Here, we see that **pudding** is pessimistic and **severed hoof** is optimistic.)

The mood of nouns can only be learned from experience and overhearing, so keep your ears keenly attuned. In time, the moods of all English nouns will become clear, and you may then speak without committing humiliating and illegal blunders.

II) Rhetorical Questions, Complaintive Questions, and Sporting Questions



While most languages of the world merely use one form of question, English finds the time to display *no less than three.* A **rhetorical question,** also called a **trick question**, is a question for whom there is no counterpart in fact. Such questions are used to trap and deride the respondent, as is evident in the following production:

Dorroile: Mary, is love real?
Mary: In a certain sense, perhaps it is.
Dorroile: Ha! Leave it to an unmarried woman to pluck such foolish strains from the dismal instrument of the heart!
Mary: I'll pluck something foolish from *you!*

A **complaintive question** is an interrogation designed to express frustration or discomfort regarding the inquisited party. Complaintive questions, when unwarranted, should be ignored or promptly destroyed. Examine:

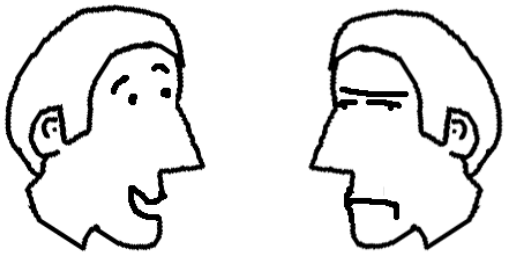
Arthur: Arthur, did you perchance visit the canal today?
Weyre: I did.
Arthur: And were you driving my beloved car small near the canal?
Weyre: I was.
Arthur: And did you willfully drive my favorite small car into the canal in order to embarrass me and burden me with financial hardship?
Weyre: I did this thing and I loved doing it, and still I remorselessly love that I have done it!
Arthur: Your childlike zeal mitigates your evil deed, my dear friend.

As you can see, Arthur's use of a complaintive question rather than an accusation allowed Weyre to justify his deeds and averted a possible conflict. In this case, was the employment of a complaintive question warranted? The answer is the dominion of your mind alone, student. When your meditation has borne fruit, proceed to the next sublesson.

A **sporting question** is a question which implies a wager of money or valuable objects in exchange for the fulfillment of a feat. Consider this interchange:

Dorroile: Say, what would you offer me if I were to drink these expired casks of medicinal oxbile oil?
Mary: I would offer only a meager sum, being as that your inevitably painful death would be but a cheap diversion.
Dorroile: I'll take it!

III) The Gentleman's Bore



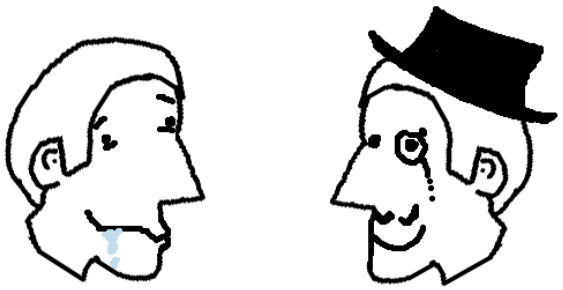
A hoary tradition of the English tongue is the contest between two men, upon their first meeting, to decide which man can bore the other man most, and which man can endure the most boredom. This friendly exhibit of masculine sleight is less combative than a firm handshake and more decisive than a vulgar comparison of anatomy, making it the most elegant of the greeting rituals. Hark: this example introduces goodyoung Dorroile and goodyoung Weyre, who henceforth have not coacquainted:

Weyre: Hello, I am Weyre. I was born not far from here and have never been more than five kilometers from my home.
Dorroile: Good morning, I am Dorroile, I edit technical manuals for small appliance components and at my leisure I drive my car around town and try to memorize traffic signs.
Weyre: I am pleased to meet you, Dorroile. I often take photographs of my favorite stretches of curb. I have over six thousand photographs of the austere grey curb outside of my dwelling, most of which nearly identical, and I would love to show them to you one day.
Dorroile: That would delight me, Weyre. I am eager to tell you about the dream I had last night, in which I was forever trying to solve an infinite sliding tile puzzle—
Weyre: Enough! I yield!
Dorroile: Yes, that was among the signs I memorized.

Women, who have no biological need to compete with one another, are exempt from this ritual. Women who attempt to bore men in jest are often mistakenly placed in menstrual asylums, so ladies should take pains to avoid engaging in masculine discourse.

IIII) The Formal Impediment

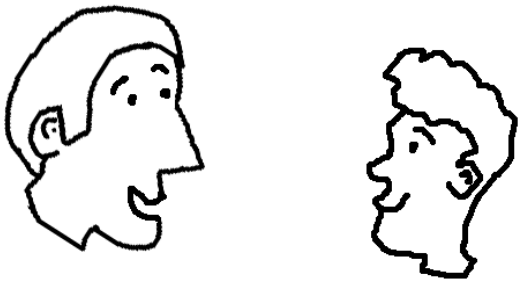
When addressing a minor elder, a sublord, an officious dandy, or any other semisuperior who does not warrant address with the Mannerly Tense (see Lesson Eight, Part IIIIII: The Mannerly Tense), it is a matter of politeness to affect a sincere yet intelligible impediment to the speech. While a simple lisp may be considered sarcastic, an earnest,



gawking drawl and an air of severe mental incapacity can make a favorable impression. In the ensuing example, we shall pretend that Mary lords minor superiority over Dorroile. Attend:

Mary: Speak, squire.
Dorroile: Waaah, fanks fuh allow muh tur speacch.
Mary: Think nothing of it. Please continue.
Dorroile: Glurgle (dispassionately vomits down his own face and neck).
Mary: You flatter me, dimwit.

IIIII) The Adult Delicacy



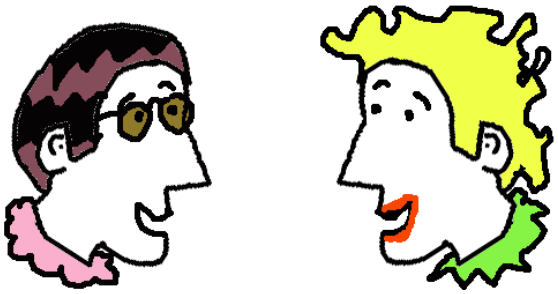
When adults address children in the English language, care must be taken to spare their young minds from the details of adult life. Therefore, it is customary to speak in elaborate euphemisms in order to shield youths from difficult adult vagaries. In this example, we will imagine that Dorroile is a child and Mary is an adult who is explaining the death of his favorite tortoise.

Dorroile: Mary, why is my tortoise so grey?
Mary: Dorroile, your tortoise has joyously escaped from the rigors of vitality.
Dorroile: Has it died?
Mary: For a tortoise, being still and pallid is merely the representation of an exceedingly relaxed form of health. So, we shall say that your tortoise is the model of health, correct?

In the following example, imagine that Weyre is a young child who has entered a room in which Allan and Courtney are interned in a coitus:

Weyre: What are you doing?
Allan: I am using this fleshy pestle to grind up a poisonous biting spider which has crawled inside Courtney's mortar. Please leave, because it is dangerous.
Weyre: Godspeed, then!

IIIII) The Slang



One of the elements that makes English so frothy and boisterous is the always-changing slang of the youthpeople. Some English speech, particularly among the inferior castes, is so brindled with oddwords that a visiting barbarian may have great difficulty following the vernacular. Although the slang of the English world changes so ever more rapid than can be harnessed in text, the following words have found trepid purchase in the soil of permanence:

> **Troub:** A condensed version of "troubadour." The term refers to a wandering youth who embodies the carefree spirit of frivolity, but can be used to describe any fashionable young man. Ex.: "Do you see that troub in the iron necktie? Surely he is desired by homosexuals."
>
> **Brisket:** Attractive breasts, usually those of a lady. Ex.: "Such a brisket! O, I do collapse!"
>
> **Helch:** A merry and invulgar expletive bandied among young compatriots. Ex.: "Helch, my retina is detached."
>
> **Hair**: Money. Ex.: "I would love to join you at the sports parade, but I haven't enough hair to pay for admission."
>
> **Squalor:** A dwelling. Ex.: "Would you care to join me in my squalor for an evening of coitus?"
>
> **Mormal:** An unattractive person or a member of the constabulary. Ex.: "Conceal your brisket, dame, here approaches a mormal."
>
> **The Chalice-of-Arkley:** Good; favorable; fashionable. Ex.: "The golden turnstiles that goodyoung Croisquessein has purchased for his squalor are the Chalice-of-Arkley!"

Today, oh youth, you have truly learned English! A world of wealth and opportunity is now open to you as an English speaker, for you are now as fluent as a born native. If you are still burdened with concern, please refer to earlier sections of Today We Learn English and review the education morsels contained therein. Good luck in the modern world, former student!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

6.27 More Horrors from the Bradford Exchange

Wednesday, Jun 28, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

One of my favorite things in the whole wide world is the Bradford Exchange, which is basically a large factory that mass-produces the gaudiest of nonsense imaginable and then sells it online or through mail order ads. Not unlike a bear eating shit and then shitting shit, the Bradford Exchange takes in a wealth of kitsch and cliché influences and then makes them into lousy art. We're talking Jesus riding on the back of an Eagle insane. Somehow, probably because people are stupid, these hilariously absurd collectibles sell like gold-plated hotcakes at a lumberjack convention.

In the past I wrote about the Bradford Exchange and a few of their funnier items. This week I'd like to take the time to review some more of their fine and inspiring works of art, as I believe them to be a well that never runs dry. It is hard picking out the worst items on the Bradford Exchange website, because no other company would put a collectible plate of Pope John Paul II right next to a guitar-shaped Elvis plate. That's class few can muster.

Thomas Kinkade's The Last Supper
The Painter of Light is a much-maligned figure around these parts, as well as the sane world at large, for his repetitive and unimaginative paintings of the same five things. Naturally, he fits right in with the Bradford Exchange, a company fixated on eagles, Indians, firefighters, soldiers, flags, dogs, and so on. Here Thomas Kinkade tackles one of the most daring subjects: religion. He does so, as you might expect, without any imagination, merely recreating Leonardo's famous painting except with a new and mysterious backdrop that looks strangely like an existing Thomas Kinkade work. Way to subtly sneak in a preposterous and egomaniacal anachronism, Kinkade.

The great thing about this set is that it is basically a collection of figurines, so you can move them around and create your own scenes. You can even add in other figurines to create new inspirational Bible scenarios, such as Jesus dining with Cobra Commander or Spider-Man lifting Judas over his head. Each figurine is made of gold-polished porcelain baked inside of Thomas Kinkade's smoldering asshole of despair and shines with all the vibrancy your little heart can tolerate without having a stroke.

When they come out with an edible chocolate version of this set I will be purchasing two dozen.

The Longest Day
The movie "The Longest Day" included the following lines in its theme song:

> Many men are tired and weary
> Many men are here to stay
> Many men won't see the sunset
> When it ends the longest day

This is an accurate accounting of the horrors of the Battle of Normandy, which saw over 50,000 men die and 18,000 disappear never to be found again. This macabre figurine, with its swirling and monstrous tendrils of water attacking two planes and a plate, validates the ungodly horrors of that day as never before. While a fair representation of the battle, I fear the disturbing image of the odious water tendrils that killed so many is likely to inspire violent flashbacks in the remaining D-Day survivors.

Unfortunately, the plate is attached to the rest of the sculpture, making it impossible to use for dining. This is a real shame, since it looks like an absolute beauty of a plate.

The Duke Light-Up "Wall Decor"
What better way to show your love of John Wayne than to purchase this glowing picture of him holding guns and riding horses. "Fuck yeah!" the kids will say upon seeing this glimmering tribute to the zenith of manhood. With five distinct images of John Wayne depicted you get to see him in all his multi-faceted glory, from gun-toting to rope-toting on horseback. The mythical Wild West never looked so bright and shiny. But then again, they did not have electricity or light-up picture technology back then. Now we do, so let's not waste any time righting the wrongs of the past by lighting up everything we can.

If you like John Wayne themed garbage, then you will like The Duke Express Train, which lights up and looks about as stupid as anything can possibly look. I recommend purchasing it alongside the Dale Earnhardt train and having them crash into each other as a form of silent protest. If all goes well, such action will become the new flag burning.

Canine Cardiologist Stone Tablet
This stellar tribute to the Bichon Frise is enough to make any person spontaneously vomit cotton candy. The menacingly adorable smile of the doggy coupled with the carefree "leave paw prints on our hearts" credo is enough to make me, a hateful scourge of a man, avert my eyes in panic, unable to fully absorb the cuteness before me. This is pretty much the visual equivalent of being sodomized by a rainbow while a pony stomps cupcakes into your mouth. Granted, that is not a pleasant thing to visualize, but there is no other way for me to communicate how uncomfortable this silly thing makes me feel when I look at it.

Of all the dog themed merchandise sold by the Bradford Exchange, this is, in my opinion, the most harrowing and demonic looking. In fact, I dare say, of all the things sold on Bradford Exchange, this is the most harrowing and demonic looking. Even the "paw prints on our hearts" line sounds evil when you really think about it. What business

> does a dog have sticking its germ-ridden paws inside your chest cavity? I'm not letting this little Cujo get anywhere near me. I'd much rather tempt fate and leer at Medusa then look at this thing anymore than I already have.

Hop on board the Thomas Kinkade pain train and be sure to visit the Bradford Exchange website yourself and look around. I can promise you that within seconds you will find something that makes you cringe, and if not then you are a poor excuse for a human or quite possibly a senior citizen. If you are indeed a senior citizen then you are in the wrong place, as the Internet is only for those of strong vigor and constitution.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.28 The Chronicles of Jasper: Ultimate Destruction

Thursday, Jun 29, 2006 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

"The flesh endures the storms of the present alone; the mind, those of the past and future as well as the present. Gluttony is a lust of the mind."
-Thomas Hobbes

Diversion

I took a day off last Thursday. It was my first vacation in over 17 years, not counting the eight months of hibernation during the cold seasons, hiding under a thick layer of moss and peat. I broke out my model biplane kit that I'd been meaning to assemble for a few decades. In preparation, I stripped down to my knickers, chugged a V8, uncapped the model glue, and hunkered down for the task at hand.

I was very fond of building model airplanes as a lad. For one, they never teased me or threw me in rubbish cans like my classmates. The other reason was that I loved to inhale the sweet model glue fumes. It would take me to a magic place of wonder and whimsy, far away from this painful existence and mother's boyfriend lashing me to the ceiling fan with his belt and throwing beer cans at me. I was never any good at actually assembling the models, but sometimes it's not the destination that matters, it's the journey.

Franklin watched me build in morbid fascination from afar, like a caveman seeing fire for the first time. As I took a long whiff of that intoxicating glue, old demons revisited the hollowed recesses of my mind where goblins danced and pixies pranced. The construction of the plane had started, a bit sloppy but steady. A wing here. A wheel there. Hours later when the job was complete, I stepped back to admire my work, glistening with sweat. I stared at my shaking hands, these hands that have created something of beauty like God himself.

This moment of supreme cosmic ecstasy was shattered by Franklin's bray of donkey laughter as the wings of the model plane fell off and the whole thing crumbled into a shameful pile. I grew as red as crimson, angry as a thousand burning alien suns. Franklin's advanced instincts sensed this and fled onto the roof as I gave chase with shoe in hand, ready to deliver a beat-down of a lifetime to the hapless extra chromosome man-child.

By the time I captured him it was dusk and I was in no condition for handing out footwear justice. I retired to the Faygo tub to soak in my failure, and reflect on the day. My vacation was over and the next day it was back to the grind of doing what I was born to do, dealing out cold poison to the unsuspecting juvenile populace. The streets are where I belong. No rest for the wicked.

Division

Franklin has a girlfriend. He met her on Tardspace, an Internet website made specifically for mentally challenged folks looking for love. I think the idea is an abomination, but the site does well and Franklin heard of it through the grapevine of retarded informants hanging out by the Jelly

Factory.

I was wary of the idea and tried to dissuade Franklin through a variety of means, such as shiny spoons and threats of physical violence, but his mind was made up and once he gets an idea lodged in his rubbery brain, he's as stubborn as a bear in a honey tree.

On their first date they went to the movie theatre to see The Fast and the Furious: Tokyo Drift. I believe the movie was made with the mentally challenged demographic in mind. I snuck in and sat a few rows behind them, ever watching for some weakness I could exploit and end this genetic catastrophe in the making.

Don't get me wrong, I have no problem with the idea of love or fleeting fancies of the heart, like my little fling with x_raventears_x last summer, but I need Franklin to be focused on the ice cream trade without distractions from some downy floozy that only wants him for his money if I actually paid him anything other Spongebob Squarepants pogs. He was supposed to be taking inventory of our push-up pops but instead he spent all afternoon grooming his hair in anticipation for the next date. This is unacceptable.

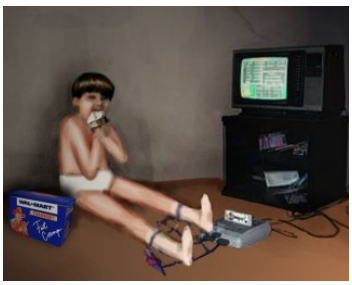
This next big date was a picnic on a grassy hillside, eating uncooked Pop-Tarts and Marshmallow Peeps. I hid under a tuft of flowers, ignoring the stings of the angry bees who didn't care for my presence in their pollen trove. There I witnessed something that nobody should ever see. They stripped off their clothes and clumsily pawed at each other's bodies in an attempt to make what Franklin calls "crazy bump-bumps". It was terrible. Through trial and error they almost succeeded, but then God himself must have been offended because a thunderstorm swept in and brought the whole thing to a merciful end.

I hatched various plots to break up this coupling, such as forged love letters from other Tardspace contacts to cause jealousy, scorpions in Franklin's Yoo-Hoo, and hiring a thug to throw the harpy temptress off a bridge. All of these plans backfired causing me immense financial burdens, an amputated thumb, and three years of supervised probation.

Perhaps it is time to let Franklin go, like a caged songbird yearning to fly. Born into the servitude of frozen goods, my squire in this war of sweets, he has blossomed into a strong-willed retarded man who now desires something I cannot provide. But like all men this one weakness will be his very undoing, leading to heartbreak and disillusion once the harlot has captured his secret seed and runs off with a famous actor, like that Corky guy from Thirty-something. This is the exact reason I castrated myself in 1987 and wear full body jumpsuits while scanning the vast night skies for comets.

I cannot do this alone. Franklin, come back to me.

Destruction



These have been the least of the problems plaguing the Jasper Empire. Much like Rome, the destruction started from the inside with Franklin's revolt, but the killing blow was the economic inflation caused by instability. Business has been terrible, plummeting far below the "sperm found in cream cycle" scandal in '94.

The reasons for this bear market in the ice cream trade is clear. Children have changed much in the last few years. This new generation of brats are far too fat and lazy to make the long trek from their dark media cove into the bright sunshine and the 30 feet from their porch to the curb. Instead they fester in their rancid nests, bloated and white like engorged larva, surrounded by expensive electronics and godless robots. The drones of bleeps and bloops from their large idiot game system drown out my jingle jangle that

usually summons these beasts to the call of cold treats. Instead their self-centered parents, too busy with their jobs and alcoholism, buy their children large jugs of supermarket no-brand ice cream that they consume with no sense of pleasure or acknowledgment.

Things have gotten so bad, my only dependable customers that remain are the cannabis smoking teenagers that hang out on Hopkins Street and come to my truck for "munchies" or as they sometimes call it "snack attack". These roustabouts do not respect the authority of my mustache and call me such names as the "Fudgsicle Fop" or the even more popular "King Faggot". In the past I would don my ninja gear that I ordered from a catalog, find their houses, and burn them down while I masturbated in a nearby culvert. But these are troubled times and I don't have the luxury of murdering my best customers.

So far I have been able to hide these losses from the home office with a little fuzzy math, but it is only a matter of time until the bookkeepers find the truth about my quarterly profits of one million spacebucks. The utility company shut off our water and electricity, leaving us to wash ourselves in tin buckets of Faygo and harassing minorities for entertainment. I can't even afford to fuel up my trusty ice cream truck "Bold Destiny" and rely solely on trade winds to push me across the neighborhood.

To top it all off, the dreams are back again. This time I am not riding a unicorn and brandishing a flaming sword, rather I am back working at my old job making fried chicken breading at Old Country Buffet. It was my worst job ever, crumbling up the loaf of Wonder bread, rolling the fatty wet chicken in it, and dumping it in the deep fryer that was changed once a millennium. When I woke, there was the same old foul smelling syrup that soiled my bedsheets. I have never felt so alone in my life. I have been forsaken by the ice cream gods, and there is no reprieve or solace for me.

Is this the end? The end of Jasper?

-∼Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

6.29 Steve's Art and Philosophy Workshop: Painting an Owl Bear

Friday, Jun 30, 2006 by Steve "Malak" Sumner

What's up, guys? Things have been going great at casa de Steve since last we spoke. Got a 50 cent an hour raise at FreshCut, talked to Keith and he said he might want me to run a new D&D campaign and I went to my mom's house and found my old public access tapes. I used to have a show on local cable called "Steve's Drums and Philosophy." It was originally going to be called "Man and His Cymbals" but I didn't want people to think it was a Jungian show. I was taking a philosophy class at the community college and I was way into it, plus I love drums. I shot about ten episodes of the show, just mostly talking about drums, how to metal drum and how drumming figures into Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs.

Anyway, I had to hock my skins to pay to get my car fixed after I left the emergency break on for a week. Then I was stupid and bought a Playstation when I had the money to get the drums back. So I was thinking about those old tapes and then I was thinking about what Keith said about running a new D&D campaign and an idea for an article hit me: I could get ready for that campaign, bring back the old show and write a new article all at the same time.

I hope you guys like this! It's called "Steve's Art and Philosophy Workshop" and pretty much I will go through how to do stuff that's art and helps with the D&D campaign and maybe throw in some wisdom about philosophy. This time I'm going to paint a figurine to use with the campaign, but down the road here it might be doing the player handouts or just drawing some cool pictures like of barbarians.

Okay, so, today's subject is the **Owl Bear** (also known as the owlbear) from Reaper Miniatures. The owlbear is one of my all time favorite monsters. It combines the raw fury and strength of a bear with the cunning intellect and nocturnal abilities of the owl. In the hands of an experienced DM they certainly live up to their challenge rating, believe you me. I chased a party halfway across Krynn with one of these bad boys back in the day and it's a great stock monster to scare the crap out of people.

Imagine you are like a cavalier walking through a swamp with a weak lantern flickering in the humid night air. You hear a "whoooo" sound and you think it is just a regular owl, but suddenly from behind a tree you see two glowing yellow eyes the size of Hot Pockets. "WHOOOO," it roars and charges at you! Spooky stuff.

I would rate the difficulty of this figurine from Reaper as **Experienced**. The owlbear has a lot of details like feathers, fur and talons that could befuddle a greenhorn painter. If you're a rookie, stick to painting something like a knight that has a pretty smooth surface. This isn't a really hard miniature either, so that's why it's just experienced. You don't have to flock the base (which is like putting grass crap on the base) and you don't have to glue any parts onto the owlbear. He is one beefy hunk of owl and bear killing machine.

> Before you start painting your owlbear make sure you have everything in place. You want a clean work environment, good lighting, brushes, a hobby knife, paints, a cup you don't mind ruining, paper towels, glue (for some miniatures) and of course some handy refreshments. This is a long process and the worst thing you can do is rush it. If you can't commit the time necessary to painting an awesome owlbear then don't even bother starting. They sell pre-painted miniatures for people like you.

Okay, so you see here I have laid out all my stuff. I like to use poster board over my work surface so I can paint on it and generally not worry about any spilling. You'll notice my sweet paints. I won them in a raffle at the local comic book convention. You don't have to use fancy paints like those but they are *highly* recommended. The owlbear figure is pretty hefty. You can go ahead and take that out of the package so you can get a look at it. Pretty sweet, huh? Would I lie about something like that?

Alright, step one here, pretty straightforward. When they make these figurines they use like a press thing like in a cartoon. With two halves that come together and steam shoots out. This leaves seams and other junk called "flash" on the figurine. Just take your hobby knife and cut that stuff off, but be careful. This guy here is kind of hard because a lot of those feathers and little knobby talons look sort of like flash, but they're really supposed to be there. The worst is when you're doing a naked chick figurine. I can't tell you how many devil girl nipples I have cut off. Take your time and do a thorough job here, otherwise you will notice it when you're painting and possibly even after you've painted over the flash. That sucks big time.

Next up, you want to get some primer. Primer is like a coat of paint that makes the other coats of paint stick. A lot of people like spray primer because it's really easy to get an even coat, but for a figurine like the owlbear I prefer hand primer. Spray primer is good for when you have like a bazillion goblins or kobolds, but when you've only got the

one then take the time to do it by hand. I also don't really trust spray primer because sometimes it will clump up and that can practically ruin a figurine.

One thing I didn't mention is that you should have something you can use as a paint surface. You never ever want to leave your paints just sitting open because these dudes will dry out like a mother. I used the leftover container from some egg drop soup I got at China Express. Just squirt however much paint you think you'll need on there and then go to work.

Priming is easy. Just get a thorough coat of it all over the figurine and try not to leave any bubbles or lumps. You can avoid bubbles by moving your brush slowly and in the direction of the "grain" of details on the miniature. You can avoid lumps by making sure your paint doesn't start to dry and you are applying it evenly.

Once you've finished putting on the primer you need to let your owlbear dry. This is a good time to start picking some colors. You probably won't get all of them, but get a basic sense for what major colors you want to use. I picked Beastly Brown as my big color for this dude, because it looks like bear fur and I figured I could do some cool stuff to give it some texture. I also picked a lighter brown for the owlbear's feathers.

Oh, yeah, never leave your paint brushes sitting in your wash cup. Man, that will bend the crap out of your brush and mash up the bristles. Even for a large cheap brush like I was using for the primer, just rinse it off in the wash cup, then swipe it on a paper towel a few times to make sure you got all the paint out.

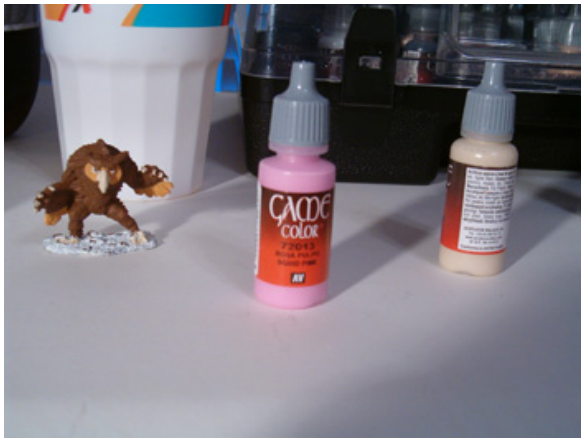
Things are starting to get serious. Here I have applied the first major coat of paint with my Beastly Brown. The owlbear still looks kind of goofy! Take your time and get a smooth coat, try not to miss any spots, but don't worry about painting parts that aren't going to be the base color. Here I got it on his face a lot but that's fine. We're just going to paint over those parts.

The base coat may take a while to dry and the worst thing you can do is paint onto wet paint. Take a break and fix a snack.

Oh man, I admit, I stocked up with my favorites for this session. Microwave White Castle and ice cold Barq's to wash it down! I call a pair of Sliders my ol' "four biters" because I can down all two of them in four bites. The two liter is great because you can just bring it with you to your work area and it's big enough to where it keeps cold most of the time it takes you to paint the figurine.

Alrighty, the base coat is dry now so I can move on to my feather color. It's called Filthy Brown and it's sort of a yellowy brown. Now that might seem kind of a strange color, but trust me, this will go all Bob Ross on you when we're done. The important thing is that it gives us a color base that stands out from the darker brown and also it looks natural, like you can imagine an owlbear eating moss and skulls or whatever in the bog and hooting the crap out of the place. You really want this thing to scare the bejesus out of your group when you whip it onto the table and declare, "roll initiative!"

Next up, I picked out kind of a bone white color for the beak and the talons of the owlbear. It'll be hard to see that in the pictures so let's just keep rolling.



Okay, now we're getting fine detail here. I picked a bright pink color for the owlbear's tongue and the little eyelids around the big huge eyeballs. I wanted something that would stand out if I was just using a little bit of it and I think it worked. Then, once that was dry, I just went on ahead and used that bright yellow I picked out at the beginning to paint the eyeballs. That was tough work because those eyelids were really small and I didn't want to paint over them. I'm not perfect, heh, but I think I did a pretty decent job.

Once that stuff dried it was time for some more advanced techniques. I was going to add some deepness to the owlbear, like to bring it out of the collective unconscious, by using a dry brush technique on the feathers and rocks. Oh, also, I painted the rocky base black so that then I could make it look like old crumbling stones with the dry brush. Basically, a dry brush is what it sounds like. You take your color of paint and fill your brush then swipe the brush on a paper towel or whatever until hardly any paint is coming off of it. Then you just gently move it across the parts you want to dry brush and any raised areas will pick up paint.

First I did the feathers, which turned out good but not great. Then I did the base, which I think looked awesome. Just like a crumbling tombstone or something, like there was a piercing shriek and an owlbear shot up out of a grave.

Alright, here I am going to skip a step, because I tried to do a paint wash of black on the fur part and it was a total waste of time. All of the black pooled in his little evil elbow nook area and I had to mop it out with a paper towel. I suck at washes and I am too scared to do inking because I tried once on an Eldar Avatar figurine and it looked like he got fished out of a mud hole. Keith even called him the Mudatar. Heh.

So then to salvage the owlbear's fur I turned to dry brushing again. I picked out a good accent color for the darker brown and went to town. Not much to tell. Dry brushing is super easy once you have the best amount of paint on your brush figured out for a color.

Okay, almost done, I added pupils to the owlbear's big eyes and then it is time to do the final coating. I picked a matte coat for the fur and most of the owlbear and a gloss coat for the feathers and beak and junk. My general rule on coats is if what your painting is glossy in real life then go for a gloss coat. Stuff like crystals, metal, feathers and gems are good things for a gloss coat. Zombie skin, orc teeth, studded leather armor; those are cases where you use a matte coat.

There we have it! Voila! A lifelike owlbear in less than four hours, with a nice snack break in the middle there.

If you have a cool monster figurine to suggest for me to paint or just something awesome you maybe would want to see me draw, you can email me and let me know. I would suggest looking it up on Miniature Market because they have a lot of Reaper figurines and they were super fast when I ordered my owlbear. Just hit me with a link to a cool miniature and I'll see how much money I have left after I pay rent.

So, yeah, I hope you enjoyed the painting workshop. I know it was long, but sometimes you gotta break some eggs to make an omelet.

-~Steve "Malak" Sumner

Chapter 7

July

7.1 Monet Monet Monet Is All You Need

Saturday, Jul 01, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Some of the most legendary painters in history went their entire lives without selling a single work of art. Many of these artists lived in squalor and scraped together so little money that they actually starved, hence a phrase we're all familiar with: "poor career planning". What many people don't realize is that a great deal of these under-appreciated visionaries turned to the world of commercial art in the hopes of making ends meet. From posters to print ads to illustrating books, these artists plied their considerable talents on relatively meaningless projects to finance their masterpieces. The modern equivalent of this would be an indie film director working on television commercials, or a particularly handsome humor website writer penning scripts for Sci-Fi network original movies under an assumed name.

While the artists themselves might have considered their commercial works to be trite or even embarrassing, they are nonetheless fascinating to aficionados of fine art. If you don't mind, I'd like to forego my planned update and instead share my personal collection of little-known commercial works by starving artists from the 20th century. The gallery is relatively small, but each item is original (and quite expensive!) and I can guarantee that you have never laid eyes upon most, if not all, of these works.

"Map Of The World" (for Rand McNally geography textbooks) by Jackson Pollock, 1952.

"Identifying Poisonous Snakes" (National Park Services pamphlet w/ text by Aaron Schaltz) by Jackson Pollock, 1954.

This is an example of Agkistrodon Piscivorus, commonly known as the Copperhead. It is highly poisonous and should never be approached.

This is the Agkistrodon Pescevorus. It should ***always*** be approached, as this elusive creature will grant its captor three wishes and a powerboat (which does not count towards the three wishes). The only difference between the Pescevorus and Piscivorus is the way their heads slope in that one spot, as you can see.

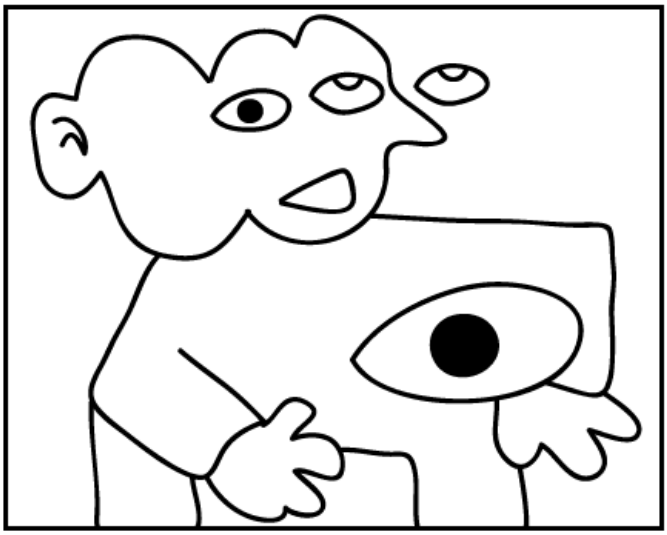
"Pretty Good" (Progresso Soup magazine ad) by Andy Warhol, 1966.

"Lost Dog" (commissioned flier for a friend) by Andy Warhol, 1968.

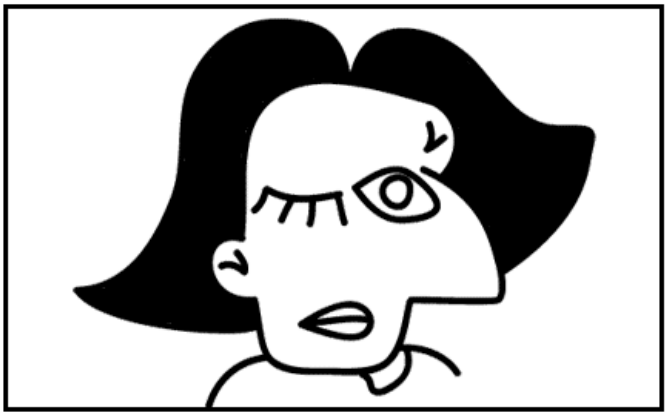
"The Heimlich Maneuver" (national poster campaign) by Pablo Picasso, 1973.

THE HEIMLICH MANEUVER

1. From behind, wrap your arms around the victim's waist.



2. Make a fist and place the thumb side of your fist against the victim's abdomen, below the ribcage and above the navel.



3. Grasp your fist with your other hand and press into their upper abdomen with a quick upward thrust.

"Heavy Metal" (magazine cover) by Norman Rockwell, 1977.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.2 Unsung Legends of Wrestling

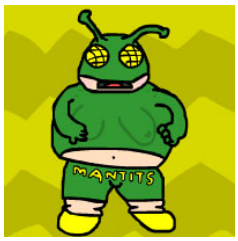
Sunday, Jul 02, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

Hogan. Hart. Savage. B. Ware. Four of many names that catapulted wrestling to its beloved status in the 1980s and 90s. The country was abuzz with tales of small men slaying giants, of epic battles sprawling out of the ring and into the crowd, of grown men wearing fancy underwear and hitting each other with chairs. Heroes and legends lived and died on the canvas as the country watched, awestruck.

But what about the Shangos? The Schysters? The Doinks and the Geniuses? Kamala sheds no more tears for his primitive homeland; Repo Man claims no more ill-gotten possessions in the name of his own greed. What of these glorious men, these Unsung Legends of Wrestling? Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, we honor these men and their contributions to the to the illustrious world of sports entertainment.

Please remove all hats and sunglasses and share a moment of silence for these men – nay, these legends – who shaped the face of the world today.

Harold "Mantits" Marley



Hometown: Floyd's Knobs, Indiana
Height: 5'9
Weight: 350
Finisher: Mammogram
Tagline: "Hoo-hah! Dese titties fo' you!"

Bio: Marley's storied past is deeply embedded in the lore of wrestling, covering the 43 years spanning his birth, career, and eventual freak death at a wet T-shirt contest in Sarasota, Florida. His original "Tittycopter" gimmick (in which he twisted his saggy, pendulous man breasts into a "propeller" shape and then released them, slapping his opponents repeatedly about the face and neck) was so universally reviled that he left the sport for several years, selling vacuums and driving semis for a living. Wrestling was in his blood, however, and he returned with a new gimmick: An alien bug-monster named "Mantis". Fortunately for him the gimmick did not last long – his tailor, mesmerized by the size of Marley's breasts, accidentally embroidered "Mantits" on a pair of his shorts, and thus a legend was born.

Trivia: Marley wrestled as both a face and a heel, and was often known to sling one of his breasts into his partner's hand during tag matches. After the rules were amended and only hand-touches were allowed to signify tag-ins, Marley used his appendages to slingshot himself into the ring and onto unwitting opponents.

Grammar Negro

Hometown: Detroit, Michigan
Height: 6'3
Weight: 329
Finisher: No Jive
Tagline: "Hit the books or I hit your face!"

Bio: A strong opponent of the Ebonics uprising of the later 20th century, Grammar Negro took his fight for proper English out of the classroom and into the wrestling ring. However, his spectacular career was cut short by a simple, glaring speech impediment: He often pronounced words beginning with "P" as a stuttering, jerking "fuck you". Although psychologists at the time were quick to blame Tourette Syndrome as the culprit, a recent autopsy revealed quite the opposite. His lips, permanently swollen due to an early job as a logging company's beehive taste-tester, contorted his words so badly that he often thought one sentence and spoke a completely different one. This created a number of interesting feuds, including the popular "Who ate the last slice of FUCK YOU" angle with rising star Marty Jannetty.

Trivia: Grammar Negro would eventually assume a pseudonym and travel to Hollywood after his wrestling stint. His most popular role was in "CyborgWarp", a film tailored to his peculiar handicap.

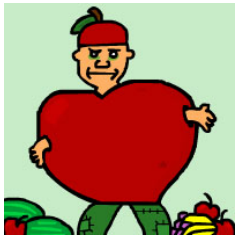
Liam "Mt. Fuji" O'Shaugnessy

Hometown: Dubland, Ireland
Height: 5'2
Weight: 105
Finisher: Nippon Apocalypse Time
Tagline: "Well tanks fer nottin!"

Bio: O'Shaugnessy's gimmick is an unresolved question in the annals of wrestling history. Although he was a slight Irish man, weighing in at 105 pounds soaking wet ("with me daddy's best ale", as he would often add), he refused to go by any name but "Mt. Fuji" and would often turn to fisticuffs when approached about his decision. In fact, despite his gimmick name and finishing move, no part of his routine was remotely Asian – he would often show up to his matches drunk, unshaven, and surly, "all in the name of me motherland".

Trivia: Even more perplexing was O'Shaugnessy's disdain for sushi and fish in general. His finisher came about when colleague The Ultimo Dragon offered a bite of salmon stir-fry and the Irish brawler responded by throwing him face-first into a medical waste dumpster.

King Fruitenkamen



Hometown: Cairo, Egypt
Height: 6'3
Weight: 218
Finisher: Watermelon Bloodbath
Tagline: "Time for an organic ass-whoopin'!"

Bio: While in his prime Fruitenkamen was arguably the most popular wrestler of his generation. Not athletic by any standards, his gimmick pushed him to superstardom: As a royal Egyptian apple with sass to spare he boasted a 93-1 record, surpassing even his most bitter rival, Lenny "The Legume" Lawrence. If anything his trademark apple suit *harmed* his physical prowess – historian Jason Stull compared his fighting to "a morbidly obese, sunburned penguin slap-fighting his way to a huffing, squealing victory".

Trivia: Many wrestlers hated Fruitenkamen in and out of the ring. One of the first pros to live his gimmick, he removed his apple suit only when necessary and then only in the locker room, creating a ghastly smell, just so his colleagues could "get a whiff of the imperial banana".

Gay Dinosaur Slayer

Hometown: Space Station Dino Killer
Height: 6'11
Weight: 375
Finisher: Brontosaurus Face-Smasher
Tagline: Although Gay Dinosaur Slayer did not speak, he was known to make a "dino horns" symbol followed by a hand motion that could either mean "I'll slit your throat" or "I will perform fellatio on you".

Bio: One of the most debated figures in pro wrestling history, Gay Dinosaur Slayer's intentions were never totally clear. Some said he was simply a gay man who enjoyed dinosaur hunting. Others argued he was a straight man hell-bent on ridding the universe of all gay dinosaurs. His finisher, the Brontosaurus Face-Smasher, furthered the confusion: Although effective, the move made him and his opponent appear as though they were engaging in anal sex. Strangely enough, when he performed the move on female combatants, he stood two feet to the left of his normal position, an approach most experts say was more efficient and painful than the method he used on his male enemies.

Trivia: Gay Dinosaur Slayer left the business in shame after being destroyed in the ring by his rival, "Stegosaurus" Steve Watson. Watson, who was openly gay, was the only dinosaur-themed opponent Slayer ever faced, leading some to argue that he was neither gay *nor* a slayer of gay dinosaurs. That said, almost all experts agree that nothing will ever be gayer than "Turok: Evolution".

With the Hulkster on reality TV and Macho Man cutting rap-metal albums, we can only hope you

appreciated this look at wrestling's quiet saviors, the men who allowed gimmicks like Irwin R. Shyster and Duke "The Dumpster" Drose to shine. We ask that you remember one thing: It's a job to wrestle; it's a real job to wrestle while pretending you have another job which has nothing to do with wrestling. If that isn't poetry I don't know what is.

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

7.3 Tragic Love Scenes from the Naked City

Monday, Jul 03, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

They play. Oh, God, do they play.

My days in Tucson were numberless, but at their end. No red "X" on the calendar described my inevitable departure, but I could sense it like a magnet held between my eyes. It was a palpable buzz in the fire-hot air. A release from my purgatory. That's all I can stands, I can't stands no more. Uh-guh-guh-guh.

Todd - my original reason for being in Tucson - was on the mend. The crystalline scab of his coyote bite had healed into a scar shaped exactly like the letter "F" and, with gallons of chamomile tea, he was beginning to regain his voice. His unemployment checks had run out, but he'd managed to find a job with a cleaning service that specialized in suicides and crime scenes.

He'd even been able to upgrade from the rotting house we shared to a rotting basement apartment downtown. It was terrible, but it was still out of his price range. He told me once that he'd managed to get a deal because of his job. When I didn't inquire further he continued dropping hints about how he had come by the apartment so cheap.

"You're standing on the smartest floor in town," he laughed one day as he sliced open a FedEx box containing 500,000 praying mantis eggs.

"Why did you buy all of those praying mantis eggs?" I had asked, refusing to take the bait and ask about his deal on the apartment.

"Get rid of the roaches." Todd opened a can of Hawaiian Punch with the church key on his Swiss Army Knife and began to chug it, hot, out of the can.

He had eventually given up on hatching the mantises and stowed their doomed eggs in the trunk of my badly beaten '89 Corolla.

With Todd in recovery that left one person to contend with before I departed. That person just so happened to have a forged marriage certificate with her name on it right next to my name. Her name was Lindsay Dawn Riley and she was my arch-enemy.

We had not spoken for more than two months. Not a word since I had awoken from a failed suicide attempt coma to find her riding me like a bad banana at a splits rodeo. My horror only deepened when she revealed the extent of her wanton abuse: she had fooled doctors into thinking her many conjugal visits to my comatose body were in keeping with our marital vows.

Meeting adjourned.

The odds of me willingly marrying Lindsay Dawn Riley are akin to the odds that a stripper can know true love. Before I could leave Tucson I had to figure out how to escape the long shadow cast by Lindsay's forged marriage certificate. A little research showed me a way.

Lindsay had forged the marriage certificate for a little town in western Arizona named All Naturale. Most people called it the Naked City. It was a gated community that just so happened to have a rule that everyone living within, or simply visiting, the community had to be naked at all times. It was a nudist colony. According to the Naked City's Geocities website, their marriage licenses could be revoked on a moment's notice "to accommodate the flexible

lifestyles many in the community choose to lead" as long as both parties consented.

My consent could be written in the sky with fire, but it was useless unless I could convince Lindsay to go along with it. My two months of careful avoidance would have to come to an end.

"Well if it ain't my one and only love," Lindsay hollered at me as I walked towards the front door of her abode.

Lindsay embraced me and I could smell her unique musk. Her bulk shifted and heaved beneath a too-tight "HOW'S MY DRIVING?" t-shirt and a pair of satin hot pants traced every horrid centimeter of her lower body. Her hair was long and pink.

"It's a wig," she explained with a coy chortle, "I burned off my hair with one of them fire cutter things from the TV. Got this wig out of a dumpster at Safeway."

Lindsay invited me inside but I ignored the offer.

"I want out of our marriage," I played it tough. "You have to come with me to Naked City and we've got to get this annulled."

She beamed.

"I'll cum with you anywhere, Studs Johnson." She grabbed at my crotch but I dodged out of the way.

"Come on, get in the car."

"Only if you'll let me drive."

I let her drive.

"Ya'know what, motherfucker?" She gave me a sly grin that showed off the failing state of her dental work. "You gotta get down to your birthday suit or they ain't gonna let you in."

The thought had occurred to me.

"When we get there."

Welcome to the sexiest picnic ever.

We got there. The Naked City was a collection of trailers surrounding a handful of prefab buildings dating back to the late 70s. Those were the community centers. The recreation hall, a communal kitchen and a general store were the main strip. There was also a hall of records, but it was just another trailer with a hand-painted sign outside its front door. The whole town was surrounded by a 10-foot chain link fence topped with rolls of concertina wire. It had the feel of a militia compound, only without guns or clothing.

We were buzzed in through the main gate by a gentleman in his late eighties. Although he was naked, his lower body was concealed inside a small guard house.

"Go on through to the rec center and get changed," he spit tobacco out onto the dusty ground. "I'll ring up the mayor to come talk to y'all."

Lindsay parked the car on a steep hill that overlooked the main strip.

"Put the parking break on," I insisted.

She giggled and pawed at my crotch.

The people who should be at a nudist colony never are and the people who should probably live in caves and mine dolomite and eat bats are walking around with their smelly parts flopping in the breeze. It's a 24 hour parade of grotesques, a medical oddities book come to life. In the two minutes it took us to walk from the car to the rec center I saw a man turned blue by colloidal silver with an enormous dangling penis to match his blueberry face, a man and woman in their late fifties riding horses and a woman with breasts like runny soft-boiled eggs cooking bacon on a grill.

Inside the rec center we met Mayor Ted Partridge. He sat with his feet, sheathed in cowboy boots, propped high on the desk. His chair was reclined back as far as possible. It provided visitors with an enchanting view of his taint. The mayor was in his late sixties with a huge potbelly and thick arms covered with Marine Corps tattoos. His shock of silvery white hair was thinning, but his energy level was obviously high. He leapt to his feet the moment the door closed behind us.

"Howdy to ya both, the name is Ted Patridge." I took his offered hand gingerly and he nearly crushed it in his grip.

"Nice dick!" Lindsay exclaimed, gawking without restraint.

"Well, ain't you adorable!" The mayor took Lindsay's hand and the two seemed to engage in several seconds of muscular dueling.

The mayor narrowly won, prompting Lindsay to gasp with exertion.

"We want a divorce." I interjected.

"Aw, well, heck," the mayor sounded genuinely disappointed, "that's too bad. Y'all just gotta fill out this paperwork. Then strip on out of your clothes and head over to the guest trailer."

I paused halfway through taking the cap off of my pen.

"The guest trailer?"

"Yeah," handed us each a copy of the paperwork, "you gotta stay overnight at All Naturale for us to make this here divorce legally binding and what have you."

"Should I assume there's a fee?"

There was a fee.

After we filled out our divorce paperwork we began to undress. I did so reluctantly, but Lindsay practically exploded from her clothing. Garments fell away from her like withered husks of corn and before I had my shirt off she was standing stark naked. Her body was a mesh of stretch marks, mysterious bruises, scars and prison tattoos. I'd seen most of it before, but taken all at once it was a sobering sight. She ogled me and hooted encouraging words like "fuck" and "fuck yeah".

I trudged out into the hot afternoon sun in the wake of her stench. To my surprise the birds didn't stop singing and drop from the sky, nor did the sunflowers growing nearby wilt and curl away from her. Two steps out the door and I felt a momentary twinge in my foot. I looked down to see a mosquito gorging itself on my blood. It was another great indication that nudism was horrible. I swatted the insect away but my foot began to itch almost immediately.

I was scratching away when we arrived at the guest trailer. It was much like a guest tie or guest jacket at a fancy restaurant. It was the lowest possible quality and it had that unpleasant "used" feel to everything, only in this case it had been used by creepy naked people. I didn't want to sit down. I didn't even want to lean against a wall.

"I'm gonna go blast some missiles in the thundermug," she reached for her zipper and then grinned foolishly when she realized she was naked. "Why don't you cook us up a couple of strong drinks

and we can have some break up sex."

There was a bar with a plastic liter bottle of vodka and I found some slightly expired orange juice in the refrigerator. I downed a few shots of straight vodka to take the edge off and then I fixed us a pair of drinks. Missiles and thundermug notwithstanding, I had not intention of sleeping with Lindsay at my final moment of triumph.

In fact, I had prepared a cocktail of prescription-strength sleeping pills and tranquilizers to render her unconscious if things got out of hand. I opened several capsules and drained their contents into Lindsay's past-due screwdriver. It was enough to knock out a horse even bigger than Lindsay.

The bay windows are eyes to the soul.

She came out jiggling and rubbing at her groin. When she turned to sit she had a big red "O" on her ass from the toilet seat and a nice lump of suspiciously off-colored toilet paper clinging to the edge of one cheek.

"Have a seat hot stuff," she picked at her teeth, "they had a bag of Doritos in there."

Getting the drink into her was the easy part. Keeping her hands from locking my crotch in a vice-grip was the hard part. Even as the sleeping drugs began to take hold she was still letting her meaty paw drift down to my groin. When she finally groaned and began snoring I had to literally pry her slumped bulk off of me with what I hope was someone's old walking cane.

Once free of her constricting mass I donned my shoes (the only clothing we were allowed to keep) and snuck outside. I scratched fitfully at my mosquito bite even as I dodged and jinked to avoid more of the creatures.

I wandered the park, past late night tennis games in the nude and a party that seemed centered around singing karaoke versions of Ted Nugent songs. I will never forget a drunken octogenarian woman with a physique like stacked sacks of flour belting out "Cat Scratch Fever." They loved the rendition. I fled for the hills, such as they were. I shivered in the frigid Arizona night, sheltering as best as I could beneath a picnic table.

I heard coyotes baying at the moon somewhere around ten and I had a terrible flash of a wound to my most precious of limbs requiring a daily compress of maggots to keep the injury clean. The mosquitoes continued their bombing campaign against me, but after the terrible foot bite their later success seemed manageable. It was worse when they weren't attacking me. I shivered until my teeth clattered.

Near midnight there was a "pop" in the dark, like a champagne cork launching into the sky several blocks away. The crickets fell silent and I froze. I held my breath. There was nothing. Nothing. My heart leapt. I heard a rattling like a large animal charging through the brambles towards me. I pictured Lindsay, coming out of her stupor in the trailer, realizing I was gone and coming after me. Naked, but for her clownish ring of lipstick and the dangling mouse-tail of her tampon, she beat her way through thistle and thorn like a savage wild animal.

I ran, deeper into the Naked City. The drapes were wide open on every trailer's bay windows and as I fled that ominous rumble, seemingly so close at my heels, I saw a flickering cathode-lit film strip of naked leisure. Pendulous breasts rolled and heaved in time to a Larry King induced nap. Testicles swung like sacked tetherballs between the legs of an old man running on a treadmill. Why would you own a ferret at a nudist colony? Some of them waved and smiled, others did not even notice

my thundering passage in their rapturous and utter nudity.

The last few trailers lay before me, but my escape was blocked by the unassailable height of chain link that marked the perimeter of the Naked City. To keep the clothes out or the nudity in, I wondered. Whatever the intent of Mayor Partridge, I was the one who felt trapped. The animal thundered closer. Panic gripped me. I was still struggling to decide which way to flee when the urge struck me. My mosquito bite pulsed, like a heart beating in my foot. I staggered to the right, then back to the left, fighting to ignore the throbbing and beckoning of that damnable itch. I could feel thousands of tiny wooly legs digging across my tender skin.

"SCRATCH ME!" They wrote on my flesh with their rasping claws.

I was overcome. I might be only moments from death, but by God, I was not going to die itchy. I threw myself at my own feet and tore at my shoe. I pulled it free and flung it into the night. The sock flew in the other direction. There, red, raw, my foot. I lunged for it. My nails dug into the itch - a separate flesh, the itch - and I scratched. Oh, God, I scratched.

To describe the satisfaction of that scratch would be to make a crude mockery of its beauty with our simple human words and letters. It was an orgasm had while expelling a long clenched bowel movement. It was winning the lottery and the presidential election in the same instant. Nothing in our shared vocabulary of the sublime can fully illuminate its scale and magnificence. It was *the* scratch.

My pursuer, still unseen, chose that moment to strike. It hit me with such force that I was pitched over a nearby picket fence and down a shallow embankment towards the grassy landscape of the mayor's trailer. I flailed and scrabbled for a grip as I bounced down the embankment. The mayor's bay windows filled my vision. I landed against a concrete goose with a sickening, bone breaking, crunch. Its pink bonnet fell from its head. The mayor looked at me in shock. Before him, on her hands and knees, was the shambling and very naked bulk of Lindsay Dawn Riley. Her body rippled with each impact of the mayor's hips and she looked up at me with a big drunken grin.

I wanted to look away, but I couldn't move. Something inside me had been put terribly wrong by the impact against the goose. Lindsay lifted a fat hand and waved at me.

The creature, forgotten in my agony, charged down the hill after me. I could not turn and look, but I could hear it, rumbling ever-closer. I clenched my teeth and waited for it to attack again and tear me limb-from-limb. Lindsay looked away from me and the big snaggle-toothed grin on her face evaporated into a look of horror. She kicked like a mule and the mayor fell back over his plaid couch. She leapt with dexterity that defied her bulk just as the beast hove into view. It was my '89 Corolla. Its emergency break gone, it had just careened through the whole of Naked City on a collision course with the mayor's trailer.

I laughed as it slammed through the bay windows, showering the green sod grass with glass and pieces of cheap drywall. I cackled madly as I heard Lindsay screaming inside the trailer. The car struck the iron-framed bulk of the couch and rebounded into the air and away from the trailer. I realized it was coming towards me and I tried to push myself away with only my neck and head still functioning. It was to no avail. The wheels bore down on me. I was finished.

The rear bumper gently struck the concrete goose. It rocked perilously and then steadied. I sighed and laughed again.

My car's hatchback trunk creaked and hissed open.

A cloud of 500,000 praying mantises surged into the cool Arizona night and they used my face as a trampoline. I screamed with a closed mouth. My foot began to throb.

I was released from the hospital ten days later covered nearly head-to-toe in bandages. The doctor had brought in some sort of insect expert to explain to me that the praying mantises had been more afraid of me than I was of them and that's why they had bitten me so savagely.

"With any luck," the doctor smiled warmly, "those eyelids will grow back."

Todd met me at the door to the apartment and wheeled me inside. The roles of caretaker and patient had been reversed.

"Looks like the tables have turned," he studied the kitchen table. "Tables like this one, tables that have seen more blood than an abattoir."

Funny thing, when praying mantises eat the top joint of your thumbs it makes it a lot harder to gouge out someone's eyes.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

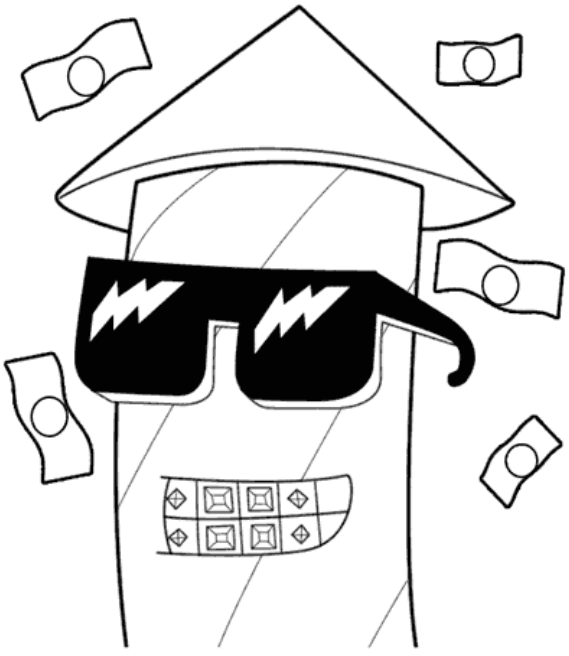
7.4 Firework Safety Coloring Book

Tuesday, Jul 04, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

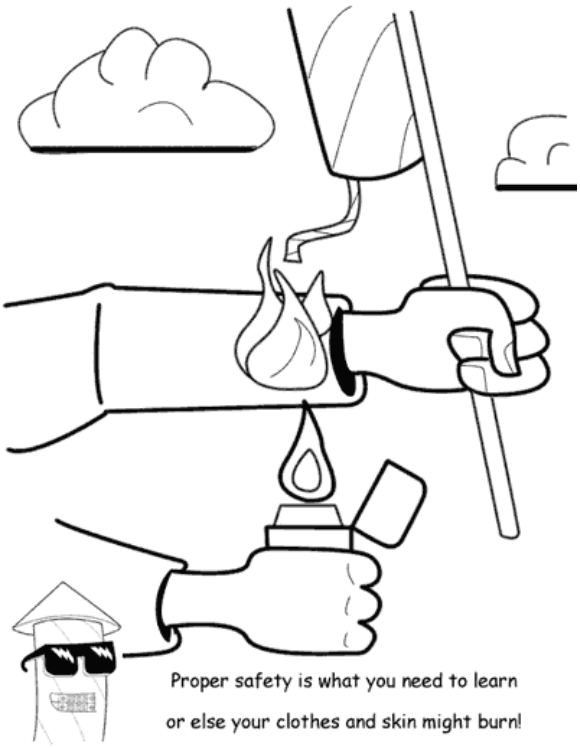
GOD BASS AMERICA

Picture yourself having a big, beautiful house, three well-behaved kids, an attractive spouse, and two cars in your garage. That's the American dream. Lovely, isn't it? Now picture it all on fire because *somebody* (a.k.a. **you**) didn't pay attention when it came time to learn about firework safety. Way to go, dingus.

Today is the birthday of our glorious nation, and since guys around here are going to be playing with explosives pretty much all day long, I think it's time to review some firework safety basics, or at least the consequences of not knowing said basics. It's a well-known fact that the human brain responds best to advice when it's presented in a loosely-knit story by a cheesy rapping mascot, so that's what I've done here. It's also a printable coloring book, which means you can click each image to get a slightly bigger version if you so desire. They might come in handy for you during that boring period in-between the cheap liquor and the fireworks, or if you're babysitting a bunch of kids, or both. Enjoy, and I hope you learn something!

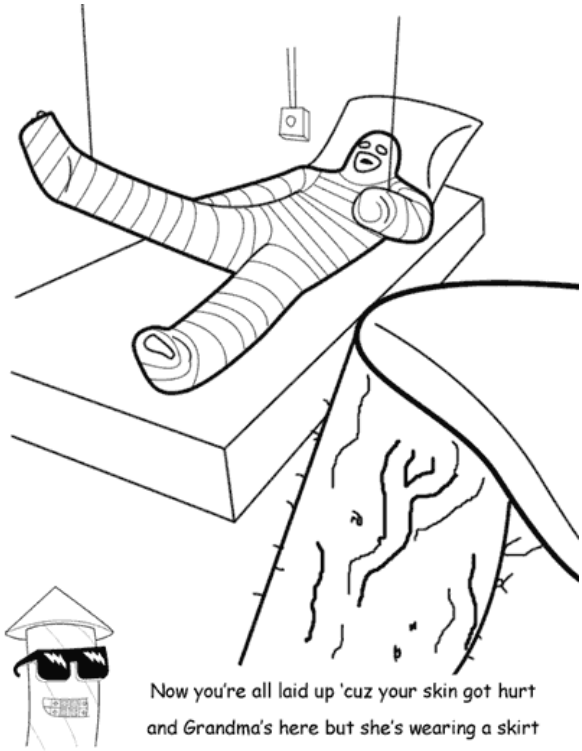


RODNEY THE RAPPIN' ROCKET PRESENTS
FIREWORK SAFETY


Proper safety is what you need to learn
or else your clothes and skin might burn!

POLICE
Don't play too close to the launching pad
or they might come take your deadbeat dad!

If you want to stay alive, well, that depends
on those other kids you call "friends"!
Whoa, that kid's on fire!
I'm outta here!

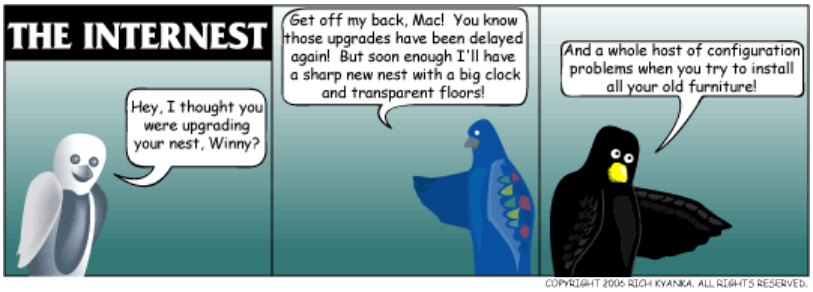

Now you're all laid up 'cuz your skin got hurt
and Grandma's here but she's wearing a skirt

DAILY NEWS
CITY BANS FIREWORKS FOREVER
LOCAL KIDS HATE YOU FOR DYING
"I HOPE YOU'RE IN HELL" SAYS BEST FRIEND
PARENTS APOLOGIZE TO WORLD FOR GIVING BIRTH TO YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE
FATHER PUNCHES SELF IN BALLS, VOWS 'NO MORE KIDS'
And if you die all your pals will say,
"Now we can't have fun on Independence Day!"

-∼Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

7.5 The Internest Makes You Stupid

Wednesday, Jul 05, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)


THE INTERNEST
Hey, I thought you were upgrading your nest, Winny?
Get off my back, Mac! You know those upgrades have been delayed again! But soon enough I'll have a sharp new nest with a big clock and transparent floors!
And a whole host of configuration problems when you try to install all your old furniture!
COPYRIGHT 2006 RICH KYANKA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

THE INTERNEST
I just heard that my ISP is sharing my personal information with the NSA!
This is an outrage! This is exactly what the founding fathers warned against! Overbearing government prying into the lives of ordinary citizens, why it makes me sick!
I HAVE SWIMMER'S EAR! WILL YOU PLEASE REPEAT THAT INTO MY TOP SHIRT BUTTON.
COPYRIGHT 2006 RICH KYANKA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

THE INTERNEST
Damnit!
What is it, Mac?
Some scurrilous scoundrel has just outbid ME! ME! This auction was my destiny! I have worked too damn hard to let this slip away from me like grains of sand through the cracks of my claws. It is important beyond words! It was the reason I was put on this rotten Earth!
What were you bidding on anyway?
MY DIGNITY!
Sounds like someone has eBay fever!
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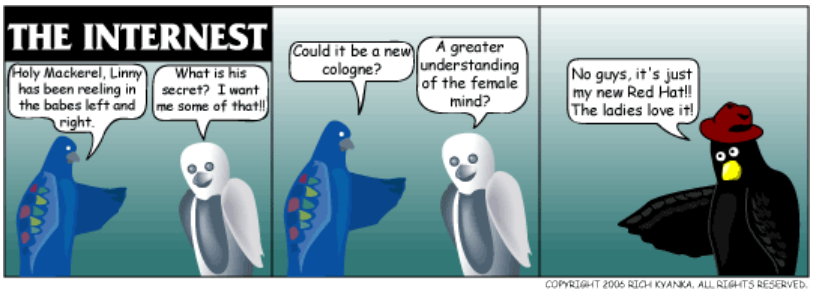
THE INTERNEST
Holy Mackerel, Linny has been reeling in the babes left and right.
What is his secret? I want me some of that!!
Could it be a new cologne?
A greater understanding of the female mind?
No guys, it's just my new Red Hat!! The ladies love it!
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THE INTERNEST
My God, I think Winny has stopped breathing!
Of course he has stopped breathing! From out of his bosom I have torn his heart and placed it in my chest. We are now closer than ever before!
What ill manner of betrayal is this? Those that have grown to love you for your unique heart will surely turn their backs on you now!
Don't be so naive! My foolish followers will do anything I beckon them to do! I AM THEIR GOD.
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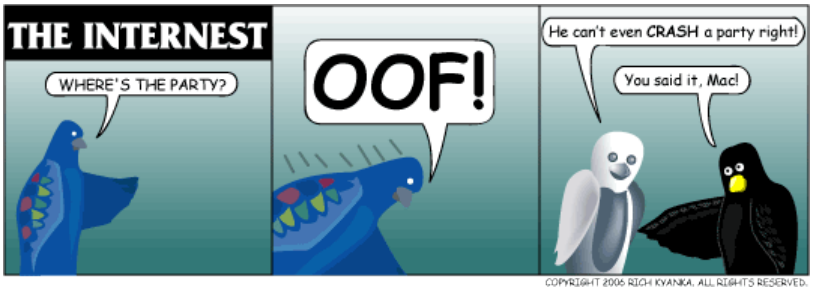
THE INTERNEST
WHERE'S THE PARTY?
OOF!
He can't even CRASH a party right!
You said it, Mac!
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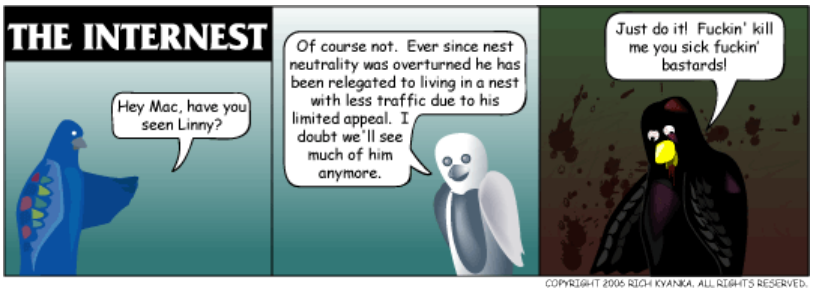
THE INTERNEST
Hey Mac, have you seen Linny?
Of course not. Ever since nest neutrality was overturned he has been relegated to living in a nest with less traffic due to his limited appeal. I doubt we'll see much of him anymore.
Just do it! Fuckin' kill me you sick fuckin' bastards!
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THE INTERNEST
I've done it! I've finally done it!
Done what?
I have collected 10,000 signatures on my petition, so now it's only a matter of time before my demands are met.
What demands are those, Winny?
THAT THIS COMIC STRIP CEASES AT ONCE!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.6 Old Jersey Never Pulled This Crap!

Thursday, Jul 06, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

After a long day trip to the casino these seniors are all tuckered out.

If they're sleeping they can't be out causing trouble. Before my grandmother died her schedule was set like clockwork. Every week she waited for her social security check, cashed it, and went to the casino on the senior citizen bus to give it all to a Native American tribe. Before she retired gambling was merely a passing interest. But I tell you man, after she quit work for good she boarded the charter bus to the high desert casinos and never looked back.

No normal old person wakes up one day and decides to go to a casino, much less devote their life to them. They must be initiated by their friends who are already retired. Their friends must have been lured by somebody else. And that somebody else was also invited on past senior casino trips. It's a cycle of initiation and invitation that never stops. Nobody knows who the first old person was to go into a casino and who he invited with him. Much like the origin of the universe, the mystery may never be solved.

Every few weeks my grandmother would return from her trip and announce herself a winner and she was very happy. I would ask her, "But what about those other times you lost, grandma?" It was a futile question. On a long enough time scale every gambler is a loser. But it's those occasional wins that keep them going back, even if over the course of their gambling career they are in the red. None of her friends ever won the big jackpot but there are stories of friends of friends of friends' friends hitting the big one. It's this kind of rhetoric that keeps senior citizens in the casinos.

I never liked how my grandma spent practically her entire check on gambling. But she had a place to go with people she enjoyed being with so I never pressed the issue. Casinos are like a daycare center for senior citizens. It gives them a place to go after their stories and keeps them out of trouble. Crime among seniors has been rapidly declining in the last thirty years. Much of this can be attributed to gaming and charter buses.

That's why if a casino were to close the consequences would be disastrous. It's not something we ever think about because we always rely on those bastions of cigarette smoke to be there for us. The Sim City series has conditioned us to believe that legalized gambling in a city will bring in more crime. In fact it greatly reduces crime. To lose what benefits casinos grant our society would be unthinkable. Well, the unthinkable occurred yesterday in Atlantic City. An entire string of casinos, shut down in the midst of a New Jersey budget crisis.

CLICK THE FUCK HERE ALREADY

The area has been declared a national disaster zone. Senior citizens are milling about in the street clogging intersections and knocking down street lights wondering who they should be giving their money to. They have no where to go, no where to drop off their paltry sum of social security money. The president has flown over the area twice in the past 24 hours to survey the damage. CNN has round the clock coverage.

> *"I never thought this would happen," said 77-year-old Ruth Dodies of Philadelphia as she stood outside a closed entrance to Trump Plaza Hotel and Casino. "It doesn't make*

sense. It really doesn't."

Well, Ruth, people have a habit of voting for politicians that spend tens of millions of dollars to run for public office and then act all surprised when they turn out to be giant egotistical douchebags who can't even compromise with members of their own party. Governor of New Jersey Jon Corzine wants to raise the sales tax from 6% to 7% to cover the state's massive deficit. The douchebags in the New Jersey State Legislature don't want to raise the sales tax. What you've got is a whole gaggle of douchebags in a position of power waving their political dicks around and the working public suffers for it, especially our gambling seniors.

It's high time for Something Awful to step in. How do we get the New Jersey state government started again, get the senior citizens into those casinos, and cover the deficit all in one fell swoop? I've got a few suggestions!

- **Get on a game show and win big:** One of the most basic sitcom plots is the one where the family is in some kind of financial peril and ends up going on a game show and winning the grand prize or plane tickets home or something like that. That's not just something those Hollywood think tanks thought up on their own. Every day millions of American families are paying off their debt and getting back in the black by going on game shows.

  All New Jersey Governor Jon Corzine has to do is go on the Price is Right and win the showcase showdown. Then all of New Jersey's troubles will be over. They'll have enough to cover the deficit, compromise on a budget, and open up those casinos again. State of New Jersey, come on down! You're the next contestant on the Price is Right!

- **Raise taxes to 100%:** If there's anything I know about New Jersey, and I don't, it's that New Jerseyians love their state and are willing to sacrifice anything to keep that legacy of "well, aside from Newark and Trenton the rest of New Jersey is okay I guess" going. That's why I don't think New Jersey citizens will mind a 100% sales tax and giving all their income to the government. In fact you can give them little farms to work on which will be close to their homes and be convenient. There has to be rules though. Nobody can leave the farms and whippings are mandatory. The deficit will be covered in no time.

I couldn't find a picture of New Jersey that didn't make me want to vomit so here is a neat picture of Erykah Badu.

- **Lower tax rates:** There's a theory in economics called the Laffer Curve. It was named so when the guy who presented it to his fellow economists got laughed out of town and tarred and feathered. Arthur Laffer got the last laugh though when he sketched the theory on a napkin and then it was called Reaganomics and then I got bored looking up information on it.

The idea is that you lower tax rates because people respond to incentives like keeping more of their own money and end up working harder to make more money which ends up creating more tax revenue for government. When presented on a graph the line curves like the curvature of my dick. It's quite amazing. Want to see it? No, I don't mean the graph.

- **Have a bake sale:** When I was a kid we had a bake sale in school so our whole class could go to a museum in Los Angeles. We ended up not going because of the riots but we did raise enough money to go! We never did figure out where that money eventually went though because we never actually went on a field trip.

  A bake sale didn't work for my 4th grade class but maybe it'll work for New Jersey.

- **Compete in the Cyberathlete Professional League:** Come on Corzine! Brush up on your mad gamer skillz and frag the competition in the Cyberathlete Professional League. The CPL takes only the most hardcore gamers and pushes their bodies to the limit. Only the strongest, fattest, and palest survive! Who can flick their wrist the fastest in Quake 3? It'll all be decided in the cyber arena! Grand prize is a whole hog. It might not solve the budget crisis but a whole hog can do wonders for an economy.

- **CHANGE NAME FROM SPRINGFIELD TO SEINFELD:** MANDATORY SIMPSONS REFERENCE THAT DOESN'T EVEN FIT AS A MATTER OF FACT BUT IT PADS OUT THE ARTICLE RATHER NICELY.

- **Shut down New Jersey for good:** I don't know what kind of long-term effect this shutdown is going to have, but I imagine it has to be bad. Aside from lost tax revenue from casino profits and other economic implications, they are basically causing citizens to lose faith in their state government.

  The divide among jobs that are non-essential and essential is ridiculous. You're telling a guy his job is non-essential. What does that do to a person's state of mind. Even if their job is a non-essential government job what purpose does it serve to tell him that? What incentive does that give him to work harder? Who stays in New Jersey after this? Why wouldn't they move to a state where the government isn't, you know, shutting down over a 1 percent sales tax hike?

  And once people start leaving the state who is left to pay the taxes? Are you going to hike up taxes even more, making the state less desirable for the people stupid enough to stay? Or maybe nobody cares in New Jersey anymore. I don't know. I say shut it down for good. Turn it into a theme park or something. Disney can buy it and build Disney's New Jersey Adventure complete with a ride where you get pulled out of your car and shot to death.

- **Ban Pipebomb repeatedly:** How do you think Something Awful got to where it is today? You invite this guy into your state, kick him out after a week, and tell him he has to pay to get back in. It worked for us, and it'll work for you too New Jersey.

New Jersey's budget crisis shows no signs of ending anytime soon. As workers languish over how to handle loss of wages politicians continue to fumble and flounder. Where ever New Jersey citizens go I hope it's not California. Next time someone from Jersey tells me how great the east coast is I'm going to punch them in the mouth and tell them, "MY TAX DOLLARS AT WORK."

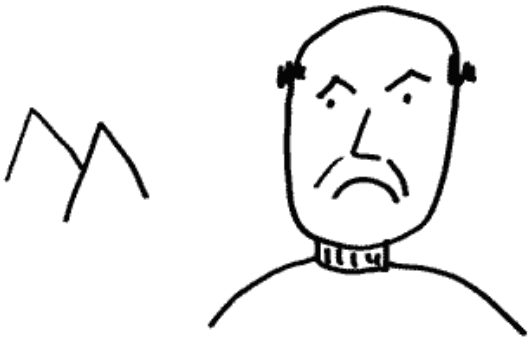
-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

7.7 The Divine Tragicomedy

Friday, Jul 07, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Lay's Inferno

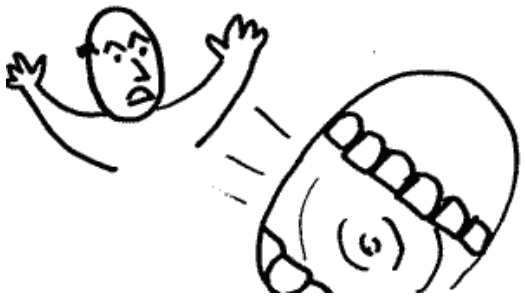
CANTO I



In the autumn of his mortal journey
Stood Kenneth Lay upon the balcony
and o'er Aspen looked he to pines
speckling beauteous peaks touched azure skies.
Judgment from white splendor sent
And dark times at the threshold brought
For Kenneth Lay was guilty found by peers
The questions left were spelled out years.
Kenneth Lay took in the air once more
Brace his thoughts and steel his will
To gaze upon the capsule in his grasp
No sting but deadly as the asp.
The gin was neat the tonic dry
The in-deck spa was hot as womb
The plasma screen blurted Jeopardy
And the pill was gone.
Oh, heart, frail and feeble!
Grasped in icy hand and crushed
This dreadful fist envelopes him
And Kenneth Lay is gone.

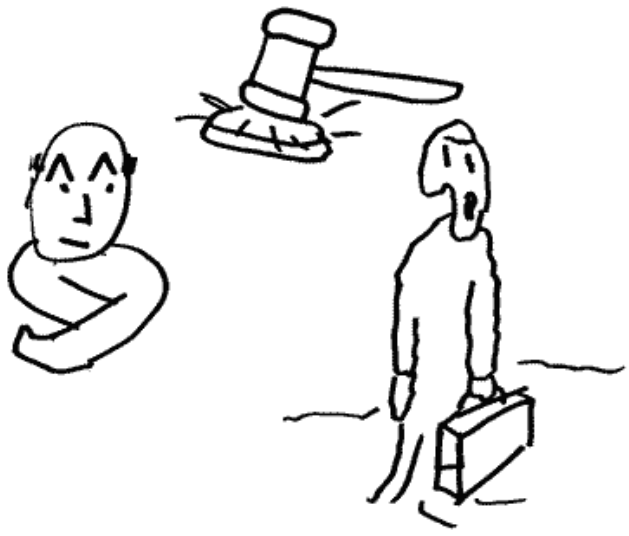
CANTO II

In death he finds journeys begun
While still his heart and cold his frame
The mouth of new dominions open
and beckon him to visit.
Kenneth Lay did then tarry long



In fear's grasp not even timorous steps
But so above and further still
The outrage churned anew
'How dare he flee our mortal scourge?'
The living gnashed teeth and cried in vain
Death had cheated satisfaction
And the crook had run away
Then a voice came from the dark
Lambent, hot and pained
'On, on, Kenneth Lay!'
'Into the mouth and deeper still!'
Against his will he did take a step
And then another more
Descend the winding throat of fire
Kenneth Lay would learn the truth

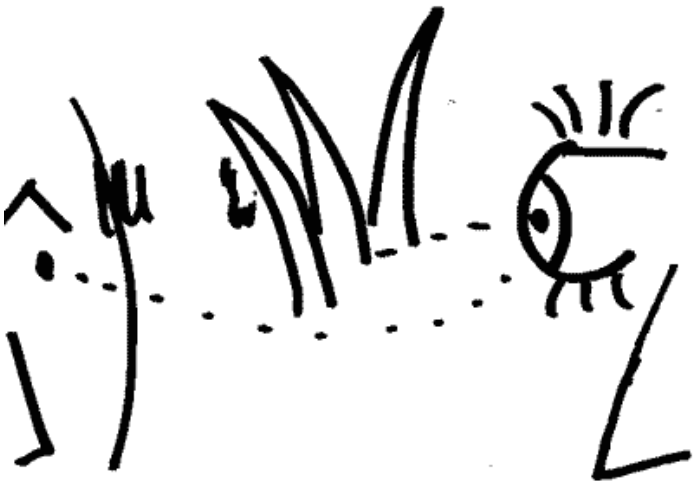
CANTO III



Nine circles to describe this realm

Each more fearsome than the last
Each ring a whole-made world
Each interleaved with more
Kenneth Lay stepped into the stinking pit
The first circle was a swamp
It seethed and burbled sulfurous
And discharged thick streams of rot
The birthing pools of legalese
The torrid womb of lawyering
These men with pallid faces
Were scarcely men at all
They wore flesh-made suit of double breasts
Their slack features oozed and dripped
And on their lips objection frozen
But always o'erruled
Cruel gavel hammer to sound the drum
A call to constant work
To spittle clean the shit shod heel
Of brokeback peasant men

CANTO IV



Kenneth Lay fled deeper
to Second Circle glacier still
where painted grass grows always white
in unbounded meadows softly groaning
T'was home to lechers of the Internet
Their pornography run dry
No flashing lights or moving GIFs
Just rolling fields long quit by multi-angle DVDs
An inch a century the grass did grow

And the paint upon it lingered wet
Watch them both forever on
Was the lecher's punishment
With a cry Kenneth Lay lost his step
And tumbled head to heel
He rolled down hills to rest in a pit
Where the worst did dwell
Fanatics bent on certain anime
Crowded 'round him neckbeards thick
They moaned for fansubs by Ultimate Otaku
And Kenneth Lay did flee

CANTO V

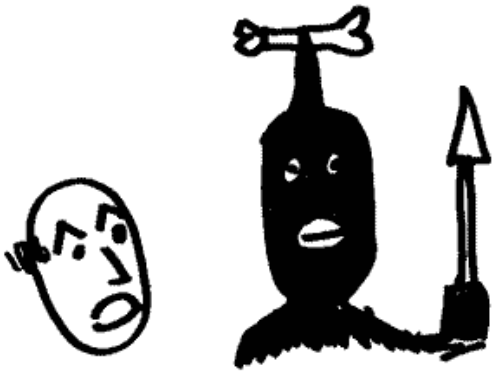
Third and Fourth Circle overlap
On the shores of a blasted isle
A shifting heath of congealed squalor
The meeting point 'tween blood and oil
Upon the half of blood was Kenneth Lay
And upon a great gruesome heap
Of dead and dying men at arms
Beneath the warlord's red-stained feet
'One gallon sir, for one of yours!'
Cried warlords through megaphones
And profane answers came from the other side
'No blood, sir, not today!'
There would be no deal brokered
No terms were found to appeal
The lords of war were stubborn
And the barons of oil the same
Between these white sheathed brigand bands
In a simmering stew of both
Rose boney picket signs of slogans
Writ large by mutual foes

CANTO VI

Kenneth Lay trudged on
Down towards the Fifth
Through sucking mud of blood
And stinking bog of purest oil
Here home was found for
Those whose bed was made
For lying and deceit
A plea of fifth to match the circle
Kenneth Lay felt a tug upon his hull
He seemed to want to stay
Why there's one for old Ollie North
And that plot is for DeLay
Those poor souls of the Fifth
Spoke at length to him
Their viperous tongues were straightened out
And they could only find the truth
'I did have sex with that girl!' cried one
'I was the second shooter!' came the reply
And Kenneth Lay felt compelled move on
or else shout out his crimes

CANTO VII

The Sixth Accursed Circle was varied and was vast
A continent of suffering devised to treat complaints
Ten million complainers find their woes
Magnified beyond all terrible imagining
Kenneth Lay trudged wearily
Across the bridge of second hand
Where smoke from massive flopping maws
Stifled the complaints of those subjected
For those with an affinity for prose
A serried ward of Packard Bells
With monitors gone topsy-turvy



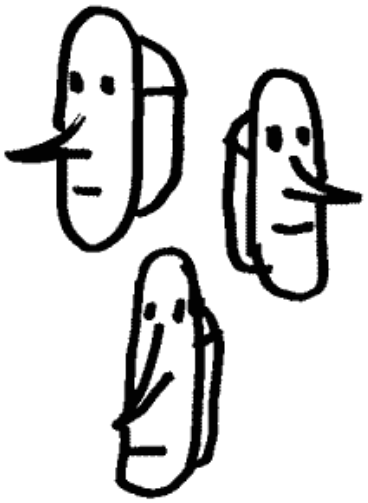
Dvorak keys and filthy mouse
They clacked out their missives to the tower
Where everything was always wrong
Where heirlooms plunged from mover's hands
And mayonnaise evaded omission
Kenneth Lay suppressed a gag
At the stink of the shanty town
Where grumbling racists dwell in proximity
To a mockery of those they abhor
Savage negroes hunted in packs
And Mexicans slept in stacks
The women crashed their cars in piles
And Chinamen stretched out for miles

CANTO VIII

Oppressive clouds gave way to fresh air
Kenneth Lay filled up his lungs
O'er many miles had he walked

And his clothes now hung in rags.
The Seventh Circle was peaceful
And the sky above was clear
Green grass and rolling hills
Were split through with crystal streams
Kenneth Lay learned soon enough
The cruel purpose of this ruse
For on the Seventh dwelt those
Who had all and loved naught
Every comfort man could devise
Was at their beck and call
Yet sullenly they stared out across
The glorious sunlit pastures
No pleasure ever would they find
In cool streams or summer's breeze
And every kiss of flower's breath
Smelled to them like rancid meat

CANTO IX



Eight Circle unclenched and dragged him down
And Kenneth Lay did gag
For everywhere was stench and gas
And the moving bowel of hell
Through greenish fog shapes did move
In turgid step and silhouette
Closer came and Kenneth Lay felt fear
What are these terrible things?
One thousand horrid mummers pranced
With painted masks of wood
Each bore a likeness of the other

And each body seemed the same
Proud politicians rot in anonymity
Forgotten and a crowd apart
No living man sings of their deeds
And they're spared not even a curse
The Eighth is home to presidents
And so the same for senators
Despots, democrats and republicans
Will melt and fade as one

CANTO X

Home at last and so like earth
The Ninth and Final Realm
Kenneth Lay could scarcely gripe
At what fate had dealt to him
The avenues and streets of life
Were just as he recalled
And though the sky was slightly queer

He felt at home
But what is this he finds?
For all has come apart
And eternity has planned for him
What he left behind
Wretched hands have turned out
His pockets once so full
And dreams he held close to his breast
Have shrugged off his grip and flown
401,000 eggs to suck
And time to find a job
To toil in ignominy forevermore
A thankless task for him
No purgatory or heaven waits
No Virgil to guide him free
His only friend the calluses
and a big plate of dicks to eat

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.8 The Science Of Fiction

Saturday, Jul 08, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I enjoy science fiction. That unpopular stance is likely to anger our readers and spark heated debate for months to come, but there you have it. I especially love the technology seen in sci-fi movies, those fantastic and often outlandish inventions that solve humanity's problems in creative ways. They tend to make you feel hopeful about the future, and you should. After all, life keeps getting better and better every year in the real world.

A thousand years ago if you were lucky enough to live past the age of thirty you'd have been bored and generally miserable. Nowadays, you can't even turn on the computer or television that serve as your closest friends without seeing offers for pills that promise to block out your feelings of loneliness and make you think you're happy. Take that, cavemen! I can't even imagine how awesome things will be in another thousand years, but I bet the remote controls will have at least two more buttons. I'd suggest one called "Mute?" for people who think they want to mute the television but aren't really sure.

As much as I enjoy sci-fi movies, I have a few major problems with films such as Blade Runner that portray dystopic views of the future. Come on, things aren't going to be that bad. You know those 1950's movies where the world is ruined by drugs and unmarried sex, and out of control gangs of leather-clad teens beat up women when they aren't busy taking part in Satanic motorcycle races? If those were conservative cautionary tales of the past then Blade Runner and its ilk are the modern day liberal equivalents, only they feature a world ruined by unchecked environmental problems and out of control corporations who like to advertise too much. These movies spend so much time being gritty that the science is an afterthought. The old standby of flying cars? A few computer screens with headache-inducing readouts? A few paintball guns with spray painted plumbing parts glued to them? Maybe, if you're lucky.

It's time for sci-fi to get creative again, and to present a hopeful vision of the future. I'll get the ball rolling by highlighting problems that people in the distant future will likely face and then come up with ingenious inventions to resolve them. These ideas are totally free to be used by any novelists, screenwriters, or ballerinas who are reading this.

- **The Futuristic Problem...**

  The tiny country of Djibouti is starving. There is a severe drought with no system in place to pump water in from other regions, and their supply of seeds to plant crops with is insufficient. Due to these factors along with soil that is nearly useless under the best of conditions, nearly two thirds of the African country will die within the year, leaving world leaders with some serious questions to answer to the press.

  Solution: A ray gun capable of de-atomizing a fully grown reporter instantly.

- **The Futuristic Problem...**

  Every day a space freighter pilot must ship billions of tons of radioactive materials from galaxy to galaxy in an unwieldy and structurally fragile cargo vessel. He's agoraphobic, and the universe is big. Like, huge.

  Solution: Spaceduct-tape, a miraculous adhesive that can be applied to every window in the vessel, completely blocking the pilot's view of his frighteningly expansive surroundings. This tape can even be used to cover the ship's navigation displays, since they tend to be very accurate at portraying the scale of the numerous objects surrounding the ship

and their relative proximity.

One day, when we have all been reduced to forgotten piles of dust for centuries, this technology will be a reality.

- **The Futuristic Problem...**

There are so many sites on the ultranet that every possible domain name and IP address has been taken.

Solution: Abolish the domain name system as we know it. Implement the "French method", wherein a user passionately sticks his tongue into his supercomputer's Tongue In port and gestures the website he wants to visit through a mixture of complicated tongue movements, moans, and saliva output.

- **The Futuristic Problem...**

A black hole forms in a non-black hole zone of Really New York City, severely scratching the mayor's prized Lamborghini 350,000GT.

Solution: A severe penalty in the form of a fine for violating the city's clearly posted zoning laws.

- **The Futuristic Problem...**

A young man discovers that he has no clean laundry, yet his social calendar for the day is full and he must meet a friend across the galaxy in less than half an hour. There is not enough time to do laundry.

Solution: An a-frame sandwich board that mostly covers a person's naked body reading "SORRY, HAD NO CLOTHES". And it hovers.

- **The Futuristic Problem...**

One of Futureball's top players suffers from deep-seated feelings of guilt for the opponents he has bested in combatition. With every waking breath he painfully recalls each moment of victory in his career and imagines how it must have hurt the other man, from winning the world championship to the most inconsequential plays. This perverted sense of compassion is tearing the player up on the inside, and is only one of many major mental problems that need to be addressed for the well being of him and his family.

Solution: A performance diminishing drug, guaranteed to give the Futureball player's opponents the edge.

- **The Futuristic Problem...**

A man and his spouse (or conjoined twin) are expecting a baby, but during the space sonogram they decide that they don't want to find out what sex it is. Ever.

Solution: Holo-Ace, the wacky hologram that never stops wacky-ing!

The happy couple will become so engrossed in Holo-Ace's holographic hijinx that they will forget they even have a child they need to feed and care for.

- **The Futuristic Problem...**

Moments before the most important presentation of his career in front of several thousand investors, the president of a prominent robot hat company (as in hats robots wear, not robotic hats) suddenly finds himself overwhelmed by stage fright. He doesn't think he can go on, but the future of the company depends on this presentation.

Solution: A nanobot designed to induce projectile vomiting and incontinence in the businessman the moment he steps onto the stage, giving a perfectly valid excuse for him to go home instead of being subjected to the horrors of public speaking.

- **The Futuristic Problem...**

The janitor who works in the universe's largest laser weapon research facility keeps losing his set of master keys, which would of course be devastating if the wrong person were to find them. If there were only some way he could always know precisely where the keys were, like with some sort of tracking device embedded in his brain...

Solution: They're on the desk, behind that lamp.

My only wish is that I could live to see the day that these ideas come true, and that I had made the layout of this article a little bit nicer.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.9 The Complete and True Confessions of Senator Henderson

Sunday, Jul 09, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

The Complete and True CONFESSIONS of Senator Henderson

The last known photo of the Senator.

I am sure you have all heard about recent scandals that have appeared within the hallowed halls of the United States Senate. I assume these are on the front of all the usual papers. I find these scandals deplorable, even more so when a certain Senator Blackridge made [url='http://www.somethingawful.com/index.php?a=3690 several accusations as to my character and actions in a recent statement[/url] which I have only now been given a chance to read. I would like to take this opportunity to respond to that statement with my own accounting of what did and did not take place.

- **I do not have multiple personalities like that guy in Killer 7**

  Yes I did sometimes wander the Senate halls in a short, bloodstained dress making edgy, metaphorical statements before switching to that one useless guy to open locked doors then blindfolding myself and running around my office very quickly. But this was *not*, as Senator Blackridge might insinuate, due to mental instability.

  It was just because I was really really fucked up on a number of drugs.

- **I was not really really fucked up on a number of drugs**

  Please disregard my last statement.

- **She was just a small-town girl living in a lonely world. She took the midnight train going aaaa-ny-wheeeeere.**

  "Aaaa-ny-wheeeeere" turned out to be a suburb near Washington DC where I found her in a convenient position to be a scapegoat for a series of embezzlements performed by myself and Mr. Blackridge. Needless to say, even though she tried her best to hold on to that feeeeleh-iehing, by the end of a series of appeals and a court process intentionally drawn out by certain groups I represent, she had long since stopped believin'.

- **I also "took care" of that city boy born and raised in South Detroit.**

  I guess he had some previous ties to the small-town girl and was starting to ask too many questions.

- **During a campaign, I did a ROM-hack of Super Mario Bros 3 where I was Mario and all the bad guys were my opponent and whenever you jumped on an enemy's head it played my campaign theme song.**

This was completely awesome if I do say so myself. At the end of every level instead of getting a card there'd be a ballot box with two pictures of my face and then one picture of my opponent's face and if you chose anything but my face you lost the game and it played a piercing beep at max volume for ten minutes. I also replaced Bowser with Ganon, just because, you know?

■ **I did not take part in an illegal organ harvesting and trading operation.**

Tearing the still beating hearts out of the chests of innocent men and women like that one guy in Mortal Kombat only to turn around and sell them to the rich is simply out of the question for a man of my high moral fiber.

Besides, where would I find a market for all those hearts they claim to have found in my private residence? What was I going to do, eat them all?

!...

Please disregard that last statement.

■ **I do not have the words "Anarchy Burger, Hold The Government" tatooed on my left ass cheek.**

Not only do I love America too much to get such filth branded on my backside, but I love *burgers* too much. Yes, perhaps I would have "Anarchy Hotdog, Hold The Federal Relish" or "Anarchy Oatmeal, Hold The Welfare State Syrup", but I would never mix burgers and politics under any circumstances.

■ **I admit to taking the following illegal actions in regards to my taxes.**

When filling out form B-73 as to the question of the number of low-density property assets held in the state of Missouri, I gave a response of approximately 5 hectares in non-industrial area outside of federally funded cattle breeding territory when in fact 73% of said assets I'm gonna go ahead and admit to killing that one prostitute here to ease my conscience because honestly who is going to make it through this stuff as a response to an income report in 1973 that indicated my inheritance might have been as much as 30% more than reported.

■ **I did *not* snort cocaine out of Abraham Lincoln's crotch at the Lincoln monument in front of a crowd of shocked tourists.**

At the very least, I do not remember doing this. And there is the philosophical question of whether, if we do not remember an event, is it like it never really happened? I don't know if that sucker ever got conclusively answered but I'm sticking with it until I find out for sure.

■ **Stephen King did not once offer to ghostwrite my auto-biography because he "had never seen such a horror show."**

I've lived a perfectly normal life, and Mr. King can go stuff it. The same to Konami for their proposed, "Silent Hill 5: A Day at the Office with Senator Henderson."

Also to Mexican straight-to-video director Gustavo Ruiz for his movie, *Henderson es el Diablo: Una Película Erótica.*

■ **I never once tea-bagged the president.**

Alright, I did do this one, actually. But it was as part of a point I was making about the undue importance given by the government to certain foreign markets, and not just some juvenile prank.

While the secret service made a big deal about the fact that I "drugged the president" with an "almost lethal dose of sleeping medication" in order to even get a chance to place my balls on that forehead of foreheads, I maintain that the secret service needs to

> "lighten the fuck up" and "get off my back." And if they could drop the capital charges against me that would be fantastic.

I am glad to get all this out in public. At least, I hope this gets out to the public. I will give it to Senator Blackridge the next time he brings me food but he often doesn't come down here for days at a time (I, of course, understand and sympathize for the Senator's busy schedule), so there is always the chance that I will die before this can be retrieved. If that is the case, I can only hope that they make a national holiday named after me. Or a state holiday. Either one would be totally sweet.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

7.10 TV Time Capsule: “Space Force: 1988”

Monday, Jul 10, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In 1966 the world was introduced to the daytime serial drama "Dark Shadows." It incorporated many familiar elements of soap operas, but what made it stand out were those elements that the series borrowed from horror films and fiction. Specters and various other supernatural entities haunted creepy Victorian environments. The show’s star over its five-year run turned out to be the suave vampire Barnabas Collins. The series ended in 1971.

In 1973 Hute Crestwell, one of the key producers responsible for realizing the series, teamed with James and Jennifer Selwyn for a new project. Crestwell sought to revolutionize the daytime drama all over again. He envisioned an epic science fiction story, told a piece at a time, but with an emphasis on the individual lives of the characters. ABC liked the idea so much that they purchased the show’s first season without even seeing a pilot.

Neither Crestwell nor the Selwyns knew a thing about science-fiction, so they hired author Vernard Shay to pen the story arcs and supervise scripting. Shay’s 1971 novel To the Downward Part of Neptune" had spent several months on bestseller lists and Shay had won a Hugo Award for his short story "Roboticus is Free." Shay also achieved pop-culture recognition with his "1 Law of Robotics" which proposed a single rule to govern the behavior of all future robots and androids.

The first episode of "Space Force: 1988" aired on May 2nd, 1974. The episode was entitled "Go Forward Captain" and was penned by Vernard Shay, directed by Hute Crestwell and produced by the Selwyns. Shay and a team of writers drawn from other daytime dramas penned five episodes per week for the entire first season.

Shay’s premise for "Space Force: 1988" involved a manmade ecological disaster in 1980, an alien attack in 1985, and the formation of a deep space military force similar to NATO in 1987. The

titular Space Force sent suspiciously tennis-racket shaped vessels all over the galaxy searching for a new home for humanity and encountering friendly and hostile alien cultures.

One such vessel was the Star Cruiser *Discovery 2* and Captain Ernest Searchwell was the commander. He and his ever-changing crew of men, women and aliens dealt with various drama and high space adventure in each episode. Storylines generally spanned a week (five episodes) although several romances and conflicts endured throughout the entire first season.

Perhaps the best-known of these season-spanning arcs was the pregnancy of Lieutenant Tivok, the ship's Cremeuling science officer. In episode 114 Tivok had an affair with Lieutenant 00023, the ship's mechadroid, while under the influence of a dangerous substance.

EPISODE 114 - "THE GREEN MENACE"

INT. SHIP'S LOUNGE

LIEUTENANT TIVOK sits with ENSIGN HARPER and ENSIGN RILEY. She is a

CREMEULING in a silver space suit. The men wear flare-bottomed unitards and rank hats.

LT. TIVOK
I am investigating illegal activity on the ship and I have been told that you two might be involved.
ENSIGN HARPER
Illegal? What? We are junior officers of Space Force!
ENSIGN RILEY
Ma'am, we would never do such a thing.
LT. TIVOK
It does defy all logic, nevertheless, you humans can be very illogical.
ENSIGN HARPER
Hey, relax baby. Why not have a cigarette with us?
LT. TIVOK
I only smoke Virginia Slims for their rich Turkish tobacco flavor and refreshing menthol.
ENSIGN RILEY
These cigarettes are even better than the crisp cool taste of Virginia Slims.
LT. TIVOK
That seems impossible, but I will try your cigarette.

LT. TIVOK takes a hand-rolled greenweed cigarette from ENSIGN HARPER. She lights it and puffs. Green smoke emerges and she begins coughing.

LT. TIVOK (CONT'D)
This...this...is very harsh. I do not like this cigarette, it is... wait...strange sensations. My logic...it is...I am freaking out!
ENSIGN HARPER
Don't fight it, baby!
ENSIGN KELLY
Take another puff on that Mary X and let's get crazy.
LT. TIVOK
Yes, this is far out.

LT. TIVOK lets down her purple hair and stands on a table to dance as a SITAR BAND begins to play in the ship's lounge.

00023, who could be described as a snowman made out of overturned mop buckets painted gold, was the only member of the crew immune to the effects of "Mary X." After impregnating Lt. Tivok with a cyborgdroid infant, he saved the crew from death by laziness.

The brutal shooting schedule and low per-episode budget forced constant compromises on the scale of the science fiction elements. Special effects were often shot using items found lying around the soundstages and even these cheap sequences were generally reused 10-12 times each over the course of the first season. The best example of the overall cheapness was the 20 episode arc that saw several crewmembers transported to 1974 New Jersey after they touched a crystal.

EPISODE 186 - "THE TIME CRYSTAL PT. 3"

EXT. MEAN STREETS OF NEW JERSEY - DAY

CAPTAIN SEARCHWELL, LT. TIVOK, ENSIGN RILEY and ENGINEER BUGGOCK phase into existence on a filthy street corner in New Jersey. A newspaper blows past and it reads "IT'S 1974!" as the main headline. Cars and barrels burn in the streets and several PUNKS in leather jackets are disco dancing.

CAPTAIN SEARCHWELL
That crystal! Where has it taken us?

LT. TIVOK
Based on that paperine computer wafer I believe it is 1974 and we are somewhere called 'New Jersey.'

ENSIGN KELLY
I've heard of that place. It was one of the most dangerous colonies of Old Earth.

ENGINEER BUGGOCK
How can that be?! We were in the year 1988 in the Gaxomiconus Quadrant only seconds-

CAPTAIN SEARCHWELL
Shh! Those earthlings are approaching.

The PUNKS and the PUNK LEADER approach the away team.

PUNK LEADER
You cats are far out, but you're on our street corner. Get lost or you're gonna be history!

CAPTAIN SEARCHWELL
Greetings earthman, we have been brought here against our will. Might you direct us to the nearest Space Force office

PUNKS
(laughter)

PUNK LEADER
I can direct your eyes to this knife, my main man.

The PUNK LEADER flips open a switchblade knife.

PUNK LEADER (CONT'D)
Now hand over your wallets and beat it or there's gonna be trouble.

LT. TIVOK
I can handle this, Captain.

LT. TIVOK executes a perfect CREMEULING NOSE PULL and renders the PUNK LEADER unconcious. The PUNKS yell and run away.

The visual of the crew touching the crystal and being transported somewhere else was later reused to great effect in episode 199. After touching the crystal featured in this episode, the crew switched bodies. This happened several times throughout the course of the episode until, by the last few pages, it became impossible for the actors to distinguish which character they were supposed to be portraying. Several of them collapsed during filming from mental and emotional exhaustion.

EPISODE 199 - “SHUFFLE THE DECK”

INT. CRYSTAL CHAMBER

The CRYSTAL tips over and touches the boot of CAPTAIN SEARCHWELL, who has inhabited the body of LIEUTENANT TIVOK and then been transferred to the body of PETTY OFFICER ROGERS who then touched the crystal and switched to the body of SECOND ENGINEER O’MALTY. With a flash of light CAPTAIN SEARCHWELL leaves the body of SECOND ENGINEER O’MALTY and possesses the body inhabited by ENSIGN RILEY, which was last occupied by LIEUTENANT TIVOK, who took it from WEAPON’S OFFICER DREAD SCOTT, who was inhabiting the body of ENSIGN HARPER until the crystal touched him and sent him to the body of SECOND ENGINEER O’MALTY.

ENSIGN RILEY’S BODY
Oh no, what have you done O’MALTY?

VICE NAVIGATOR JOHANNSON’S BODY
No, I’m O’MALTY, I don’t know who that was.

CAPTAIN SEARCHWELL scratches his chin. CAPTAIN SEARCHWELL’S BODY paces nervously.

Only two episodes followed episode 199. Episode 200, "Deal the Deck," saw the crew returned to their proper bodies with the caveat that Captain Searchwell had somehow become pregnant with the cyborgdroid baby that had previously been inside Lieutenant Tivok. Aware that dreadful ratings had put the show on the brink of cancellation, Crestwell and Shay attempted to turn the season’s final episode into an intellectual and visual feast.

Episode 201 ("The Human Circle") saw Shay and Crestwell making a clumsy attempt at recreating many of the themes of "2001: A Space Odyssey." While few can recall the details of the convoluted plot, the unintentionally horrific ending lives on in the memory of those who witnessed it. *Discovery 2* is destroyed by a star dragon and Captain Searchwell, the sole survivor, is adrift in a rescue capsule. He is taken on a journey through his subconscious by a hovering rubber fetus that is presumably a

hallucination. This journey ends with Captain Searchwell dying as he gives birth to *himself* inside the rescue capsule.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.11 Online Anarchy

Tuesday, Jul 11, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

This article is part of the Online Anarchy series.

That last decade we had showed a lot of promise, didn't it? Computers were new and exciting and evolving at a good clip, and there were a number of near-futuristic hacker films to spur the idea that the Internet was this close to having some kind of mysterious underground interface with 3D binary code and plans for making atom bombs flying around all over the place. We never got the 3D, but there sure were all kinds of junior terrorists quietly spreading what little useless knowledge they had around like an STD of the brain. What's more, other people downloaded and collected these text files and kept spreading them along to others. Willingly, even!

This is a follow-up to XOZero's first guide. It seems like he's matured a little more since February. Maybe you could say he's battle-hardened. I guess community service changes a man, especially when the judge raises his voice.

Before I post the file I should also remind you that some of these are very dangerous activities, and carrying them out can have pretty harsh consequences. Be careful out there, buddy, and stay out of trouble. I'd hate for you to be escorted out of a Sizzler.

```
                              T H E

AAAAAAAAA  NNN    NNN  AAAAAAAAA  RRRRRRR    CCCCC  HHH   HHH
AAA   AAA  NNNNN  NNN  AAA   AAA  RRR  RRR  CCC     HHH   HHH  ISTS
AAAAAAAAA  NNN NN NNN  AAAAAAAAA  RRRRRRR   CCC     HHHHHHHHH
AAA   AAA  NNN  NNNNN  AAA   AAA  RRR  RRR  CCC     HHH   HHH
AAA   AAA  NNN    NNN  AAA   AAA  RRR  RRR   CCCCC  HHH   HHH

       --==  G U I D E B O O K    V O L U M E    I I  ==--
     --==  B Y :   X O Z E R O    J U N E  6 ,  1 9 9 3  ==--

**********************************************************************

 "I put medicine in my grandpas oatmeal and it gave him the runs
    thank you prince of terror.  signed THE ANARCHY PROFESSOR"

 "First of all i just want to say DOWN WITH THE GOVERNMENT AND ALL
  AUTHORITY FIGURES!! By the way your suggestion of blowing on my
    arm to make loud fart noises works great. Rock On. Jason."

Well there you have it folks in the many months since my first tips
hit the main stream I have helped you all change the world for the
better. But now a lot of guys have also told me "Stuart This Thing
You Write Is Bad News Alot Of Guys Can Get Hurt" well I have some
news for you lettuce head: Your stupid. Im anarchist. Deal with it.

Alot of things have changed since my last text phile... I am 15 and
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a man now and Im much older and wiser so i have decided that The Time for Childs Play is OVER!! We are no longer just pranksters we are revolutionarys. If we are going to do this we have to get real and do some things that will bring about change in the world and take the power away from the fatcats. If your with me then read on. If your the FBI or a cop then stop reading right now and your fat.

This phile contains ways to give you the anarchist power in todays world. Some tips are about personal power and others are about the movement. Either way all of this information is dangerous so if the cops or parents find it on your computer its not my fault.

On with the tips....

GROAN MAN
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Next time you find yourself in a movie theater with a cop or some body you hate here is what you should do: groan very loud every few minutes like "URRRRGHHH" and "Unnnggghhh Aggghhh" and after a bunch of times doing this the people in the group will start to think about their hair and breath and if they look ok. Then go out to the parking lot and find the car of the person you dont like and write a letter that says "Dear Person, It's me the groaning man from inside the movie. I wanted you to know that I was groaning about you. Good bye." They feel bad now Mission acomplished.

FARM FEAR
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Some times in school you get to take a trip to a dairy to find out where the milk comes out of cows and there is a lot of chances for mayhem there. The best way is to scare a cow because then the cow doesn't make milk if it has a spook in its heart. Here is how I do it with diagrams:

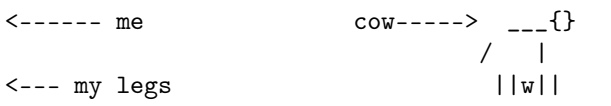

Diagram 1: I am looking at a cow

Diagram 2: I am getting close to the cow.

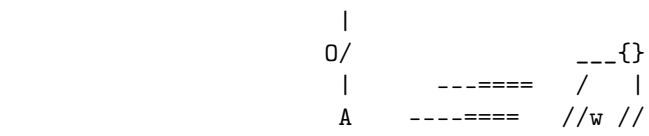

Diagram 3: The cow is running from me at LIGHTENING SPEED

Congratulations you have given that cow something to think twice about when it comes time for makeing milk.

SALAD BARBAROSSA
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

So is your worst enemy going to Sizzler tonight?? There is a good chance for mischief there and its easy too. I don't know if its like this at most places but at my local Sizzler the salad bar has doors underneath and they are empty so you can climb inside and shake the salad bar and grunt when someone uses it. Do that and they will not eat very much salad and not get their moneys worth. If they go get the manager to tell them something is up with the salad bar you can just tell the manager that you work there and they will buy it because the customer is always right.

COSBY CONUNDRUM
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Sometimes when you go to a store they have a lot of TVs set up and running to show you that the TV works before you buy it. If you can you should sneak up and change one of the TV channels to the Cosby Show and start watching. Then when someone comes up and is all like "Oh The Cosby Show" you can say "Yeah.. But I Already Seen This One..." and they will think "Wow He's Smart" then you can somehow swindle them for money I dont know how to do that yet.

SOCIAL ENGINEERING
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Social engineering is one of the easiest ways to get money from people because its so simple. People have been doing it since egyptian times. Heres my favorite tip for engineering at school: Get 6 girls in a group and get them to form a human pyramid. Find out where they put their backpacks down and steal the backpack of one of the girls on the bottom level because she cant get away to go chase you. There is probably money inside and makeup that you can use to disguise yourself against cops during other mayhem.

DOUBLE DARE DOOMSDAY
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

One of the best things to do is to go to school and tell conformers that Marc Sumers is going to start filming Double Dare at the school starting next year. Then they will say "Wow really? Tell me more about that" and then you say "Yeah but hes going to make even more rules at this school" and everyone hates rules so they will get conflicted emotions inside becuase Double Dare is wild and has few rules but Marc Sumers wants to make rules so while they think about that for a minute you can wait for a cute girl to walk by and then say the other person smells like B.O. and onions.

CLOTHES STORE SABOTAGE
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

There are lots of ways to mess with a clothes store. A good one is to find a circular rack of clothes and sit down in the middle of it where you cant be seen then start spinning the entire thing around really slowly. Soon a man or lady will come up and start looking at the clothes and say that this new technology that spins the rack is very impresive. Then you climb out and say "Actually it was just me.....an anarchist..." and walk away. The customer will think less of the store because of this and maybe never shop there again so that is a job well done.

FISHING FRENZY
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

A great place for anarchy is out on the lake. Go steal or borrow or buy a canoe and go out to the middle of the lake early in the morning when a lot of old guys are out in their boats fisihing and start scaring away the fish while flicking a bunch of the guys off and make friends with some others. Then when the mad guys come and start to ram your boat and yell at you you can call your allies for help and get a naval war started but try to get out of there before they begin boarding enemy ships and seting fires.

Well thats all for now I cant write much because Im grounded from the computer for 3 weeks but I had some time tonight because my stepdad drank some wine and fell asleep at the kitchen table.

Till next time, my brothers and sisters.....

****

THIS FILE CAME FROM

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|R|a|n|d|y|'|s| |C|a|s|t|l|e|

+-+-+-+-+-+-+-+-+-+-+-+-+-+-+-+-+

formerly Randy The Ripper's BBS

/----------------- SYSOPS ----------------

| Randy The Ripper MR. DEATH killbeast |

| STABSKULL VON MURDER BloodLust Dennis |

--/

-~Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

7.12 Busytown Police Blotter for 4th of July Holiday

Wednesday, Jul 12, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Busytown Police Blotter series.

Monday, July 3rd

■ An officer responded to a noise complaint in the 2100 block of Cantaloupe Ave in the Dumpling Valley Neighborhood. Neighbors complained that Mrs. Bunny was viewing TV well above acceptable noise limits. Officers on the scene reported that Mrs. Bunny's son, Little Bunny, had been naughty and turned the volume up too high. An officer assisted Mrs. Bunny in lowering the TV's volume and Little Bunny was sent to his room without supper.

■ Firefighters were called in to deal with a warehouse fire in the industrial district. Smokey, Busytown fire chief, was able to get the blaze under control but the damage to the warehouse was extensive. Further investigation suggested the fire was indeed arson, likely the work of the individual or individuals behind the ongoing string of arsons in Busytown. Any information pertaining to the arsons should be reported to authorities at once.

■ Bruno, proprietor of Bruno's Deli, called police to report a gaggle of loud mice children outside his place of business. When an officer arrived, he found many of the mice to be drinking alcoholic beverages. They quickly dispersed into small, dark holes. The alcohol containers were retrieved and disposed of. Bruno complained the children were an ongoing nuisance and requested that officers frequent his business more often as a deterrent.

■ Officers confiscated multiple fireworks that violated state laws from Busytown resident Huckle Cat. Huckle Cat had taken to a nearby field to light his contraband fireworks, causing some neighbors to complain about the disproportionate noise and light. When officers investigated, they found numerous fireworks that exceeded public safety regulations. Huckle Cat denied owning the fireworks but later confessed when officers found more in his backpack. He was fined and lectured on proper fireworks safety by officers.

■ Turnip Goat reported the theft of several hundred bananas from the back of her truck after she requested Bananas, a local gorilla, to watch them. Police were unable to locate Bananas, but witnesses reported seeing him flee the area with Huckle Cat and Lowly Worm. Officers are seeking the whereabouts of Bananas, Huckle Cat, and Lowly Worm for questioning in regards to the missing bananas.

Tuesday, July 4th

■ Several residents were arrested today when an anti-war protest shut down part of Tree Ave. Protesters chanted slogans, blocked traffic, and handed out leaflets urging the government to end the war. Miss Honey, local teacher and the demonstration's organizer, refused to comply with police demands, instead asking them to join in. Officers refused and placed her under arrest. Several protesters then attempted to impede the officers, and they were placed under arrest as well. Officers reported this to be the latest act of civil disobedience on the part of Miss Honey, still angry and distraught over the wartime death of her son. She was later released on $1,000 bail.

■ Bananas, wanted for questioning in regards to the missing bananas, turned himself in to police today and revealed to officers the location of the missing bananas, which he claimed to have found with the aid of Lowly Worm and Huckle Cat. Officers discovered the missing bananas unharmed

and assisted Turnip Goat in recovering them. Bananas was released without any charges.

■ Officers providing security at the Busytown Park called in for backup when a fight broke out between Patrick Pig and Mr. Sweepy. The two argued and brawled, causing a considerable disturbance for the citizens gathered in the park to observe the best fireworks ever. No other injuries were reported and the malfeasant pair were taken into custody for drunken disorderly and disturbing the peace. Officers and citizens alike enjoyed no other disturbances during the 4th of July festivities at the park.

■ Paramedics responded to calls about a fireworks accident in the 200 block of Turtle St. EMTs on the scene reported finding Davy Dog severely injured and bleeding after he lit off several bottle rockets in his paw. He was taken to Busytown Hospital, where Dr. Lion issued him several band-aids to treat the wound.

■ Officers worked overtime to help clear out the traffic following the fireworks show at Busytown Park. The event dispersed at 10:30pm, and motorists flooded streets causing massive congestion for miles. The situation was hampered when Humperdink the Baker briefly lost control of some dough that rose too high and spilled out of his bakery onto the crowded streets. Goldbug was called in to help clean up the mess with his bulldozer and Humperdink did his best to make up for the blunder by offering free cupcakes to stuck motorists. After an hour of hard work, officers were able to get the streets clear of traffic and everyone home safely.

Wednesday, July 5th

■ Mr. Frumple, a large fat pig, reported to police that his hat had gone missing at the Busytown Park during the fireworks show. The hat, a tan fedora, reportedly blew off his head and disappeared into the crowd. Officers were unable to locate it and suggested Mr. Frumple purchase a new one, which he did under protest.

■ Captain Salty was arrested today for gross sexual imposition when he lured a young raccoon into his late 80's hatchback model carrot and molested him. The young raccoon was able to escape and tell authorities when Captain Salty went to purchase cigarettes from a nearby store. Nurse Nelly performed a rape kit on the boy and discovered his allegations were indeed true. Officers quickly located Captain Salty parked behind the Café Ole, where they found him in the midst of an autoerotic act. He was immediately taken into custody and is being held without bail.

■ Sgt. Murphy made a gruesome discovery in the unincorporated rail yards east of Busytown after following a tip from Oly Owl. The body of Hilda Hippo was found inside an abandoned train car, mutilated and bloody. The word "HIPPO" was carved in her chest and bruises indicate she died in a struggle. After an extensive study of the crime scene, authorities transported her body to the Busytown morgue where it awaits an autopsy by M.E. Diane. Detective Sniff has opened a full investigation and promises to find the culpret before he strikes again.

■ Numerous units responded to a distress call from officers driving a police pumpkin van transporting Mr. Fixit from the Busytown Appeals Court back to the correctional facility. A tiny yellow van driven by several masked bugs struck the pumpkin, puncturing it and allowing Mr. Fixit to escape. By the time backup arrived Mr. Fixit was nowhere to be found. EMTs arriving on scene treated the officers driving the pumpkin with band-aids, and Mistress Mouse towed the vehicle to her shop for repairs. Residents of Busytown are advised to remain alert and vigilant until Mr. Fixit is apprehended and report all

suspicious activity to police immediately.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.13 Doctor Dating's Official Guide to Not Dying Alone

Thursday, Jul 13, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Doctor Dating says: "I am no longer a registered sex offender!"

Hey everyone, Doctor Dating here. Are your lives empty to the point where the only highlights of the bleak rut you've dug yourself into are the anguished midnight screams of heartbreak that officially count as "manic" in your bipolar mood swings? Is your desperation for companionship so strong that even neighborhood dogs are aware of and creeped out by your codependency? While some nincompoops and "real" doctors would say that you should work on being happy with yourself before you drag another person into your nightmarish hellscape of despair, I say you should spread that pain around like cream cheese on a delicious bagel! With raisins.

By following my series of instructions, or "steps," I'll guide you every "step" of the way and help you find some unsuspecting fool to latch onto as if you were an emotional lamprey. My instructions won't prevent you from dying in a horrible grease fire, but I'll guarantee that you won't die alone (hint hint)!

Meeting people

What many people fail to realize is that relationships, for the most part, require another person. Meeting these people, or "persons," requires a trip to the outside world. In fact, ninety percent of all research done outside Alabama says that most future life mates are found outside the home! "But Doctor Dating," you say in your thin, reedy, high-pitched voice, "I go to the grocery store once a week and to the library once a month to rent silent movies! And yet the dudes/babes are nowhere to be found!" Friend, it looks like you have not heard of Doctor Dating's "hot spots." And by "hot spots" I don't mean that disease I caught during one of my research trips to Brazil.

Anyway, here are a few examples of places you can go to meet like-minded losers, or "turkeys," as the kids call them.

The Bus Station - Nothing has that air of magic, mystery, and deisel fumes quite like a bus station. Why, I've met four out of my nine wives at bus stations! There's no better place to strike up a conversation with a bored passenger-in-waiting, or one of the many crazy homeless people that will no doubt make you feel better about yourself! Given the typical dangerous nature of bus stations, there are bound to be bullets flying around at some point, which will give you the perfect chance to absorb hot lead as you shield your future wife or husband!

Bus stations are the speakeasies of the 21st century. But with more syphilis!

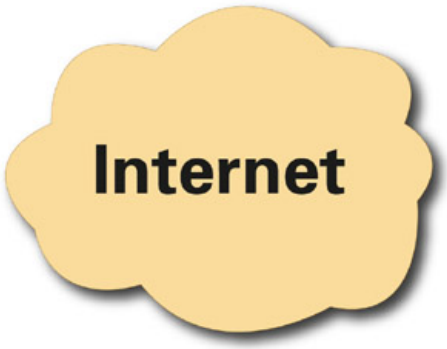
The Coffee Shop - If you demand a higher-grade cut of beef, slap on your favorite turtleneck, grab the thickest book you can, and head on down to the local coffee shop. Once you enter, order a drink that costs at least seven dollars, and then use Doctor Dating's handy formula to recite a quote so pretentious that liberal arts majors will flock to you like the studmuffin/cherry pie that you are. Just choose the appropriate words from the bottom columns and prepare to reach a new plateau of intellectualism.

I believe that _A_____ has _B_____ _C_____ with his/her _D_____

- A.) Nietzsche
- Ayn Rand
- Aristotle
- James Joyce

- B.) transcended
- eclipsed
- capitulated
- acquiesced

- C.)War and Peace
- The Sun also Rises
- The Sound and the Fury
- Tuesdays with Morrie



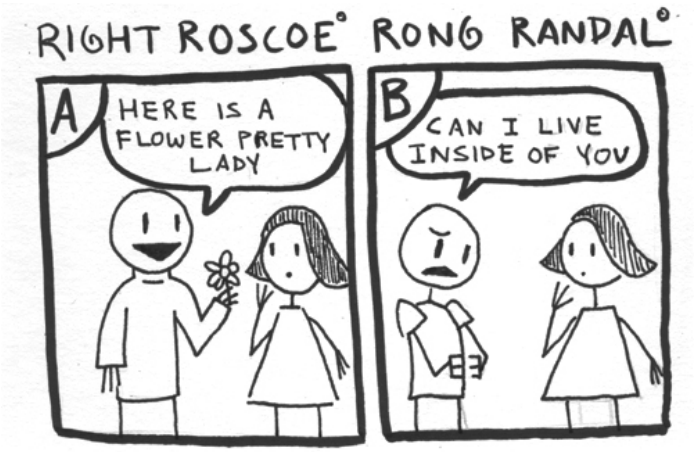
The Internet (artist's rendering). Please note that women are somewhere inside of this cloud.

- D.) resplendence
- verisimilitude
- magnanimity
- ephemerality

The Internet - While you may think the internet is a wonderful place that has changed the way fourth graders write reports on elephants (fuck you, Zoobooks), it really should be the last resort when it comes to dating. If you think about it, the people using the internet are so desperate that they have to use the internet to get a date! Signing up for one of the many online dating services only puts you in the same league as these people. If you've ever wanted to meet someone who lives under a bridge or is so far into their Battlestar Galactica obsession that they think they are Commander Adama (I don't know who that is!), well, bully for you.

That Magic Moment

Following my advice, you may have already found someone attractive and seemingly interested in you. If not, please become more attractive. Now, you may have spotted your future lady/laddy, but you have yet to share a single word with this person. Instead of leering from afar, or possibly aclose, let's take a look at our pals Right Roscoe and Rong Randall for some examples of how to, and how not to introduce yourself. Which one do you think is right?



If you've chosen "A," you're dead wrong! Look at Right Roscoe, that sanctimonious prick; I could just punch him! He reminds me of my third wife's new husband, especially that time he called the police when I broke all of the windows in their new house with rocks. My rocks. But I fixed his little red wagon. And by "fixed" I mean "gave him," and by "wagon" I mean "misleading business advice."

That digression aside, looking at "B" we see that Rong Randall is on the right track and has his feet squarely planted on the ground. He knows what he's doing and he's using gravity to his advantage. He's created a memorable moment that he and his significant other can share with their future children, or the judge of a divorce trial. Either way, I still hate Right Roscoe. God!

That's all the time I have for now. I have important doctor food to eat, and that Stouffer's french bread pizza isn't going to turn in my microwave by itself! Or maybe it is. Look for my next entry in the series titled : The First Date: Creating the Lie You Will Base Your Entire Relationship On.

Doctor Donald Dating is a full-time expert on Medicalology at John Hopkin's Medical Room at his apartment in New Waterford, Ohio. His advice should not be taken internally. If anal bleeding persists, you're not doing it right.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

7.14 Adventures in the National Asset Database

Friday, Jul 14, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Department of Homeland Security released its list of nearly 8,000 sites within the United States it considers to be "National Assets." The list drew heavy fire from Republicans and Democrats alike, with states like California registering fewer sites than states like Iowa and Indiana. I have been able to obtain a copy of the list. In the interest of building understanding on the issue of national security, I would like to offer a selection of some of the sites as well as the reasoning behind their inclusion in the National Asset Database.

Homeland Security

NATIONAL ASSET DATABASE (NADB)

The Statue of Liberty
Location: New York, NY
Reason for Inclusion: Destruction of monument would cause severe reduction in national liberty stockpiles.

Mount Rushmore
Location: Black Hills, SD
Reason for Inclusion: Increasingly unpatriotic mountains might rise up in the absence of this reminder of their masters.

Shaw County Pumpkin Daze
Location: Sherry, MO
Reason for Inclusion: Pumpkin Pageant may feature costumes irredeemably decadent to Islamic fundamentalists.

Golden Gate Bridge
Location: San Francisco, CA
Reason for Inclusion: Destruction of gate would allow homosexuals to escape the San Francisco peninsula.

Coolidge Street Donuts
Location: Galveston, TX
Reason for Inclusion: If destroyed would eliminate the world's only known source of the triple-fried bearclaw.

Foxxxy's Fuck Paradise
Location: Wheeling, TN
Reason for Inclusion: Basement contains fully-stocked civil defense shelter. Very fully-stocked.

Wawa
Location: Green Lake, PA
Reason for Inclusion: Green Lake area stoner's only source of 10-inch cheesesteak without driving like 20 minutes, man.

World's Largest Christ
Location: Monroe, OH
Reason for Inclusion: Destruction may cause God to revoke blessing of America and render Ohio no longer able to frighten away travellers with giant foam Jesus scarecrow.

The Pentagon
Location: Washington, DC
Reason for Inclusion: Severe damage capable of disrupting pentagram used to conjure demons during End Times attack on United States.

Play and Learn Petting Zoo
Location: Louisville, KY
Reason for Inclusion: Death of large goat population could cause tin cans and old shoes to overflow American landfills and choke thoroughfares.

SUPERFLAG
Location: Varies (Available for Event Rental)
Reason for Inclusion: Destruction of world's largest flag immediately shifts title to MEGAFLAG in Ireland, rendering the United States the world's second most patriotic nation.

Oinker Acres Hog Factory
Location: Bedwell, UT
Reason for Inclusion: Fire bomb attack might ignite adjacent 19 mile long lake of hog excrement.

New York, New York Hotel and Casino
Location: Las Vegas, NV
Reason for Inclusion: Highly vulnerable to an attack by a couple of drunk Arab guys that have hijacked a small airplane that is made out of foam and painted to look like a jet liner. Also contains backup NYPD crisis center in the event the real New York is destroyed.

Dunham's Pretty Pawsome Pet Pageant
Location: Dunham, RI
Reason for Inclusion: Principled people perfectly protect priceless pusses proclaimed pulchritudinous.

Aegis Biological Weapons Laboratory
Location: Thick Pole, MN
Reason for Inclusion: Ultra AIDS not quite ready to be released into nation's water supply.

Space Needle
Location: Seattle, WA
Reason for Inclusion: Destruction will force invading UFOs to fly all the way to the CN Tower for tourist pictures of earth, and those just won't be the same.

Yellowstone National Park
Location: Idaho, Montana, Wyoming
Reason for Inclusion: Without Yellowstone nation would no longer have a reason to go to Idaho, Montana or Wyoming.

Starbucks Store #244553
Location: Worthington, NJ
Reason for Inclusion: The loss of a single Starbucks might unbalance the theoretical Starbucks-Wal*Mart constant, causing a retail flux that would devastate space and time. Unless one brave soul can build a Krispy Kreme to replace it in time...

After all that, I hope you can understand why Georgia's 475 boiled peanut stands are worth protecting from terrorists.

Ring, ring. Ring, ring. Ring, ri-

Hello?
Yes, this is Mrs. Plugsly speaking, what can I do for you?
Oh, my, **Zack is coming out with a book in just a few weeks**. That is wonderful. If only there were some way for me to get information about-
What's that?
There's a mailing list I can sign up for?
But wait a second, I already signed up for the mailing list almost a year ago.
You mean it all got deleted becauseRadium is a big stupid face?
Oh, excuse me for a moment...I feel like I might throw up...like I'm going to...
BLAAARARARAGHHGHGGHGHH!

Oh my, I just puked up the book's cover. How amazing is that?
Deary me, I'll sign up immediately because it only takes seconds and**MY TANK IS FIGHT!, a fun and funny collection of incredible inventions from WWII, will be released at the beginning of October!**

Also, head over to Ninja Burger because I've known the guy there since like 1998, he's super nice and a new edition of his book was just released.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

ZACK PARSONS
MY TANK IS FIGHT!
With artwork by Mike Doscher and Josh Hass
A SomethingAwful.com Book

7.15 The Subtle Differences Between Andy Paulson And The Known Universe

Saturday, Jul 15, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This, as you know, is Andy Paulson.

This is the known universe.

At first glance they appear to be one and the same. However, upon further inspection their differences begin to emerge and the two are revealed to be entirely separate entities.

Everywhere you turn, you're bound to overhear someone confuse them, whether it be in everyday office talk or on national television. This is the Bill Pullman/Bill Paxton scenario on an entirely new level that we frankly weren't prepared to face as a nation. Perhaps we could have coped in better times, but we have been weakened by North Korea's relentless nuclear strikes on our soil and the theatrical release of Little Man. We've become battle-weary, too tired to lift our heads and take notice as this situation escalated until it reached a critical mass.

Now that we know the dangers we face, how can we begin to tell the two apart? It's quite simple. Each one of the following facts is exclusive to the person or universe it describes, meaning that if a statement applies to the universe as we know it then the converse of that statement applies to Andy. If we can all take the time to memorize these simple facts, we might just clear up the confusion and make it through this alive.

Andy has been fully explored and mapped by NASA.

The known universe has never faked "sympathy cancer" for Lance Armstrong just to get out of jury duty.

Andy is not now, nor has he ever been, affiliated with the communist party.

The known universe does not make or receive calls on its cell phone while in a book store.

Andy knows that he is simply an infinitely vast collection of solar systems and cosmic debris, and accepts his limitations.

The known universe can drive a stick shift.

Andy is something of a Dungeons & Dragons nerd, and has a level 9 halfling bard.

The known universe has a level 12 elf ranger.

At any given time, there are no more than five or six telescopes trained on various parts of Andy.

The known universe knows that Jessica from Accounting is way out of its league, and doesn't leave anonymous mixtapes on her desk each Monday featuring songs by Peter Frampton and Chumbawamba.

Andy has never gotten into a fistfight with the umpire at a little league baseball game.

The known universe knows that although Stanley Kubrick's films were originally released in widescreen formats, he intended for them to be viewed in the standard television 4:3 aspect ratio.

Andy's favorite music is not Swedish Death Metal.

The known universe always remembers Andy's mother's birthday.

Because he is not a vacuum, any sound waves that emanate from within Andy can be carried and heard, much to his dismay during that date at the silent film festival.

The known universe does not snort when it laughs and wolf whistle when it cries.

Andy does not claim the lives of astronauts unless it is absolutely necessary.

The known universe has never paid for sex with a check, then cancelled that check an hour later.

Andy thinks that there are probably other forms of life beyond those found on Earth.

The known universe doesn't sleep in a hotel every night just because it heard that most accidents occur in the home.

Andy doesn't namedrop to get tables at nice restaurants without reservations.

The known universe does not condone the Canadian sport of pregnant woman punching.

- Andy can fit inside a coffee can.
- The known universe never cheats when playing multiplayer console games in splitscreen mode by looking at its opponent's portion of the screen.
- Andy doesn't get into political arguments on the internet and then go to bed angry and crying because it didn't change anyone's mind.
- The known universe never forgets to feed its dogs, or barring that, to bury them.
- Andy doesn't really spend much time worrying about anti-matter.
- The known universe has one stomach.

Now can you tell the difference? Good, good. Next we'll have to nip the confusion between Gabe Newell and Gabe Newell #2 (which quite frankly I don't understand) in the bud before it spirals out of control.

I Am Idiot Legend

Let the record show that on this day I have broken the content menu by savagely - and without warning! - publishing Video Game Article three times. This mistake will probably be fixed shortly because it's so much easier to tear down than it is to create, but this moment has now been immortalized until this article is pushed off the front page and completely forgotten in two days.

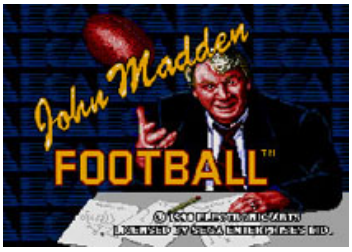
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.16 Shove It! The Dredd of Sgt. Slaughter's Basketball with Teeth

Sunday, Jul 16, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

Title screens are the splash pages of video games. They serve no useful purpose but developers still put them there, possibly to be sure the people playing their games are capable of doing things like "hitting start" before they move on to more difficult tasks, such as "hitting another button" or "hitting two buttons at a time in a particular sequence". In that sense I guess you could look at the title screen as a sort of idiot filter: if you aren't able to hit "start" you are likely retarded and should try to get a job washing dishes at McDonald's or being President of the United States (*this joke brought to you by The Daily Show, copyright 2006 Comedy Central*).

That said, current-generation gamers are spoiled by the good title screens they're given. Please don't think I say that in some condescending, elitist tone – "old school" gamers are among the foulest, most reprehensible people on the planet today. I would hang out with a recently paroled child molester before I would *ever* waste my time with a bunch of people whose favorite topic of conversation is "hey, remember Mario?" You know those shirts with old game characters on them and belts with buckles that look like NES controllers? Think of them as little yellow stars. Eventually someone's going to round all those people up and turn them into candles and soap. Then, at least, their legacy can be "kept my genitals clean" instead of "took pride in playing video games older than they were".

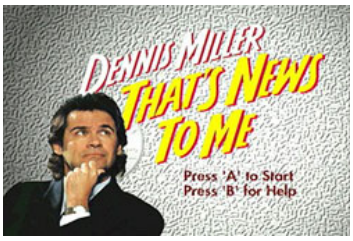


WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF MADDEN ALLOW ME TO EAT YOU I MEAN SEAT YOU

Even if today's title screens aren't perfect they're a ton better than some of the crap we've been handed in the past. Back then things were easier. Put more than three colors on the screen at once and people were content to sit there and stare until their eyes bled. Today people expect things. Things like "motion" and "artwork that doesn't look like a leprechaun taking a leak on a copy of MSPaint."

So, with the help of the SA Forums, I have compiled a number of the worst title screens of all times. Well, really, the forums compiled the list and I stole some of them and then made fun of them. Whatever. I'm getting paid to do this, bitches!

Dennis Miller: That's News to Me (3DO)



Really I think it's a shame that we had to wait until the 3DO era to get a Dennis Miller video game. I'm not entirely sure what this game's about, but I'm envisioning a Karaoke Revoultion-type game where you listen to Miller give a performance. When he was about to say "fuck" a little sliding bar would appear at the bottom of the screen and you'd have to hit the A button just right to make sure he put the perfect spin on the word. If you screwed up you'd be shipped over to Monday Night Football, at which point the game would turn into a racing minigame where you would have to avoid mobs of angry rednecks while shouting out five-syllable words to let your fans know how *fuck*ing smart you were.

But even without Miller's smarmy mug staring offscreen (possibly at an HBO van driving away with

money flying out the windows), "That's News to Me" manages to be pretty goddamn condescending. Apparently a few of the game's testers struggled with the concept of "pressing the A button" so the developers thought it would be helpful to add a help screen, accessed by pressing the B button. Don't get me wrong, I appreciate the implication that someone incapable of pressing a button marked "A" would drop $6,000 on a 3DO and the four games that came out for it. But don't you think that maybe, just possibly, if someone was vexed by pressing the A button they wouldn't have much more luck pressing the B button? Is there some rare form of autism that makes people unable to recognize the letter A? If so, couldn't they just have the title screen say "Press B to start" or "Press one of the eight billion unnamed buttons on the 3DO controller to start"? That makes a little more sense to me, but then again, I'm no Dennis Miller. *Fuck.*

Mission: Impossible (N64)

Looking at this it's pretty hard to find a reason the N64 *didn't* fail miserably. For its time the system had amazing graphics, so what did the makers of "Mission: Impossible" decide to do with all that raw processing power? Create the most unsettling facial expression the CPU could muster. I'm talking *horror* here, people, and not for Ian McClellan or whatever the fuck the Mission: Impossible's guy name was. I'm talking about us. I can't get up at night and take a piss without worrying about *that* thing peeking at me through a window or a mirror like that one "Friday the 13th" sequel.

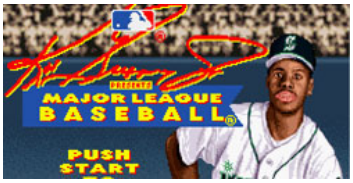
I'm to ask you a question now, and I want you to think long and hard about it before you answer. *What the fuck is he looking at?* We will probably never know because god, in his infinite wisdom, has not seen fit to create something that warrants such an expression. I could walk in on a bunch of lepers gang-banging my grandmother until her vagina looked like like a quiver full of pus-covered arrows and I still couldn't muster a look as horrifying as that. What could he possibly see that would give him such a bemused, yet at the same time horrified, look? I don't know but it's probably something funny *and* scary. Maybe a clown getting his head smashed in with a hammer or Al Sharpton getting drunk and taking a piss on Rosa Parks' grave.

Shove It! The Warehouse Game (Genesis)

Right from the get-go this game lets you know it doesn't give a shit about you, your problems, or what kind of pussy faggot game you want to play. It's busting its ass at the warehouse day-in-day-out to keep you fed and the last thing it wants to hear when it gets home is about how pushing boxes is *boring* and how you didn't pay the heat bill last month so it's *cold* and the baby has *pneumonia*. You'd better get this game a beer and a TV dinner, because if it has to repeat itself again it's gonna have to dislodge itself from the system and teach you a lesson. And you know what happened last time it taught you a lesson – it's hard to tell your sister you walked into a door when your jaw's wired shut.

No, baby, it's sorry. It didn't mean that. Times are hard down at the warehouse. That prick Mr. Terry's about to fire it because it spends its time leaning on that casket those goddamn worthless spics on the night crew vandalized. And it's sad, baby. It loves you but it can't stop thinking about its first wife, the businesswoman with the pretty high-waist power suit and the convertible. She always said she'd let it drive the convertible for itself when it got its license back, but baby, it never learned to read real good and it ain't got nowhere to go. It's just a blue-collar game trying to scratch by in a harsh ol' world, sweetie-pie. It wouldn't never hurt you on purpose. Now just snuggle up next to it and watch America's Most Wanted with it, baby. Its brother's about to be on there and he says he's got an agent and shit. This is the big break, baby. Pretty soon that baby's neck won't be blue and it can have all the medicine it wants. Just waitin' on that one big break, baby girl. You'll see.

Ken Griffey Jr. Presents Major League Baseball (SNES)



Judging by the title screen this game could have had several different names. For example, they could have called it "Ken Griffey Jr. Kisses the Stove" (thanks BobServo) or "Ken Griffey Jr. Eats a Beehive". My personal recommendation, "Ken Griffey Jr. is a horrible, blank-eyed, wax-faced monster standing in front of what appears to be the world's largest big screen television", wouldn't go over well, just because it's a long title and there probably wouldn't be enough room to fit both it and Griffey's lips on the screen at the same time.

In reality I can't help but think this is some horrible racist joke on the part of Nintendo. Even a person who had never seen a black man (they exist, check Connecticut) would know that Griffey is a primadonna and probably would not like looking like a huge walking stereotype. And this is plus the fact that he's standing in front a large, earthen vagina, which, given the screen's racist undertones, probably belongs to a chubby white woman. Either that or Nintendo's lead portrait artist only drew people when they smashed their faces up against a window. Who knows?

Judge Dredd (Arcade)

This title screen raises a number of interesting questions:

- Which Midway employee managed to trick his senile grandmother into wearing that helmet long enough to take a picture of her?
- Why, after taking said picture, did Midway think using a high-resolution shot of the woman chewing her gums would be a good marketing strategy?
- Could they have at least wiped the drool off her wrinkled old face before putting said picture on the title screen?

- If the old woman stuck her head out of a speeding convertible would the drag caused by the bottom half of her face be enough to send the car airborne?

While I will say the picture in question has fairly high definition, the last thing I want to see with crystal clarity is the frowning mug of a confused old woman wearing a plastic helmet. Her chin looks like a roadmap and the layer of snot covering both her and her costume is enough to make me sick to my stomach. Then again, we are dealing with Midway, a company whose motto should be "We Tried (Not Really)". When your best idea is "*duuuude*, what if the robot-man ripped people's hearts out" you'll take whatever you can get, even if "whatever" smells like an odd mixture of perfume, human waste, and dried prunes.

Mo Hawk & Headphone Jack (SNES)

Can you tell me what the fuck is going on in that picture? Can you? Do you think that you can explain to me why someone thought the story of a nude, punk-rocking Chia Pet and his Walkman would *ever* make a good game? If so, sit there and let me call the police, since you're obviously one of the game's makers and you've somehow managed to evade your lethal injection sentencing for over a decade.

Honestly, there are a lot of ways to describe what's going on in this picture. Maybe a clown threw up all over the place, then threw a ball of Play-Doh on it and sprinkled grass over everything to make it smell better. Maybe an impressionist painter went insane after being haunted by visions of a nude, faceless man with no genitals and attitude to spare. Maybe the fine folks at T-HQ thought "casual day" meant "chug antifreeze at work day". However it went I'm pretty sure this game spawned a new legal defense for child molesters: the "at least I wasn't a programmer at T-HQ" strategy.

Werewolf: The Last Warrior (NES)

Oh, come on. *Come on.* Either the people making this had a great sense of humor in the 1980's or they're currently making a game about flag-waving satyrs pulling survivors out of 9/11 wreckage. I know this isn't a title screen, but *Jesus.* Who in his right mind would think this is a good thing to have in a video game? Who would think, even for a second, that a flag-waving werewolf would instill some sort of patriotism in gamers? Who would say "welp, someone just spent three hours beating this game, better reward them with a four-color portrait of a man-wolf waving a terribly disproportioned flag atop a mountain of shadow people"?

I mean, honestly. I thought people only made shit like this ironically. I've seen airbrushed jean jackets classier than, than... this. That's fucking offensive, man. I don't get all teary-eyed over my country, but seeing some anthropomorphic bodybuilder with a hole in his crotch wave my symobol

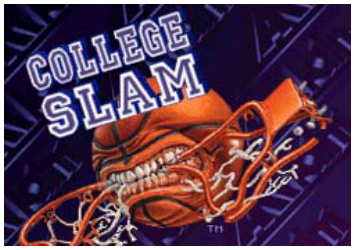
of freedom around like a roll of decorative toilet paper? That makes me want to kick someone's ass in. And for christ's sake, why did they feel the need to draw a large, hairy tumor up above his left knee? This is too much, man. I'm going to go listen to "Proud to be an American" and forget I ever saw that shit.

Sgt. Slaughter's Mat Wars (Commodore 64)

Say what you want about the C64 but that thing could render some fucking chest hair. Case in point: "Sgt. Slaughter's Mat Wars", a title that proved gameplay ain't shit unless there's a burly man in aviator glasses beckoning you to come play. And that man in aviator glasses damn well better be using his free hand to stretch his large, black left nipple to ridiculous proportions, or it's right back to the drawing board with you.

But besides old Sarge and his unnatural love of nipple play, there are the men in back, who I have taken to calling "Ted the Executioner" and "Grunting Man with Neon Chest Hair and Battle Axe". I'm the first to admit I haven't watched wrestling since I was a kid, but last time I checked people weren't allowed to use Medieval weaponry in the ring, whether or not their chest hair looked like a clown wig. On top of that Ted the Executioner seems to be flanked by flying insects. While I'm sure wrestlers aren't the best-smelling guys in the world, I personally wouldn't want to be put in a stretch hold by a man being trailed by a 100-level entomology course.

College Slam (PlayStation)



This title screen is proof positive that the ESRB rating system is ineffective. You really want to keep kids away from violent video games? Just put some horrifying mascot like this one on the title screen. Hell, "College Slam" isn't even a violent video game and I know for a *fact* its logo worked – my little brother used to be terrified of it. He wouldn't even go in the living room when I was playing PlayStation for fear that I'd turn the game on just to scare him. Not many people can claim they made a five-year-old piss his pants by chasing him around the house with a basketball they found in the garage, but by god I can.

Sadly enough "College Slam" isn't really about a blind, violent basketball and his crippling eating disorder. At no point in the game does the ball take a life of its own and run around the court, terrorizing players and crowd members with its gigantic maw and pointy little ferret teeth. Instead, it was just an "NBA Jam" clone with awesome powerups, such as the ability to turn into a tornado or become invisible. And if you don't think turning into an invisible tornado would help a player score for his team, you obviously don't have much of an understanding of basketball or sports in general. With innovation like that it's too bad Acclaim went under a few years ago – now my dream of seeing an angry, misguided football sink its chompers into a goalpost (or Tom Brady's neck) will never be realized. God damn you, Acclaim. God *damn* you.

Maybe now some of you fags with your *XBox 360s* and *games with characters that have more than three frames of animation* may understand just how lucky you are. A lot of people like to talk about "gaming roots," but to get the roots you have to plant the seeds. And you know what they plant seeds in, right? Pig shit. I'm not sure where this analogy's going but this article's over. Someone cue my werewolf.

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

7.17 Dr. Burn's Corporate Snap Seminar

Monday, Jul 17, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The dozens, snaps, burns, whatever you want to call it, ritualized insult sparring has been around for many years. The Turks have practiced the art, known as Snashi, since at least the 7th century AD. The Romans were known to incorporate "oratorum subtractuli" - or "spoken subtraction" - into many of their plays and epics.

Modern combatants frequently face off at school, parties, the office and pretty much any casual gathering. There is an art to snapping just as there is a science to rhyming, and the well-prepared participant will have an edge over those who only snap on the weekends.

Lesson 1: Basic Snaps

Yo momma so stupid when the printer asked for toner she did pushups!

Constructing a basic snap is as simple as constructing a sentence. The basic snap format is as follows:

> Your ___noun___ is so ___adjective___ that he/she/they/it's ___burn___!

Abstract example:

> Your **rectangle** is so **parallel** that it's **square!**

That snap isn't going to hurt anyone's feelings unless geometry is turning racist, but the point of this exercise is simply to examine the general snap format. The final blank, the burn, needs to tie the noun and the adjective together and it must be insulting. It can be a single word or it can be several words. Let's take a look at what a functional basic snap might look like:

> Your **mother** is so **fat** that her **shirt has high cholesterol!**

Not bad, but it still seems a bit unwieldy. Let's see what removing "is" and "that" can do to improve the efficiency of that snap:

> Your **mother** so **fat** her **shirt has high cholesterol!**

Let's go one more step and streamline "your" to "yo", "mother" to "momma" and see if we can find a punchier version of the same burn:

> Yo **momma** so **fat** her **shirt diabetic!**

That's shorter, but our first version of the burn is probably better. Shortest isn't always best, even when we're just talking about basic snaps. Let's look at a few more sample snaps.

> Yo **family** so **poor** they **landlord a parking meter!**
>
> Yo **momma** so **ugly** she **scare ghosts out haunted houses!**
>
> Yo **daddy** so **stupid** he **got lost in yo bathroom!**

Try a few of your own. When you feel like you're ready, let's move on to Advanced Snaps.

Lesson 2: Advanced Snaps

Many basic snaps are already either taken or so similar to other snaps that they're not really worth using. A true master of the dozens will frequently employ advanced snaps that use burns that force the victim to think for a second. Forcing them to "interpret" the burn wastes their precious comeback time, but it's a fine line. Make them think too hard and your snap might be considered a failure.

Let's look at two different versions of the same advanced snap and try to determine which is superior:

> Yo momma so nasty she turn a swimming pool to vinegar.
>
> Yo momma so nasty she turn a hotdog to a pickle.

You might think that the obvious answer is the swimming pool to vinegar, but that is incorrect. That is a borderline basic burn and it's not a particularly good one. The hotdog to a pickle one is the same essential meaning, but it makes the victim stop and think about what it means.

Yo momma so ugly when she met with our clients from McMillan they ended up sub-contracting with turds they found in the toilet!

Let's take a look at a series of Advanced "Yo momma" Snaps:

> Yo momma so fat you visit Map Quest to see her good side.
>
> Yo momma so ugly her face sink a thousand ships.
>
> Yo momma so stupid she saw a stop sign and she died.
>
> Yo momma so nasty Saddam bury her in the desert.
>
> Yo momma so poor she think air is a food group.

Get a feel for the Advanced Snaps method before moving on. When you're ready, proceed to Mega Snaps.

Lesson 3: Mega Snaps

Mega Snaps are the endgame of snaps. They should only be deployed if you are either about to finish your opponent or if you are nearing the point of defeat yourself. They are risky and some (one type in particular) can have repercussions beyond the arena of the dozens.

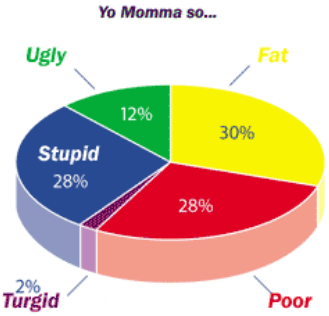
The most dangerous sub-category of the Mega Snap is the Inside Snap, in which you use information that is personally damaging to your opponent as part of your snap. These snaps are so potent that they need not follow the usual format. Using an Inside Snap can devastate your foe like no other snap, but it can have consequence once you're done with the dozens.

Below are three examples of Inside Snaps, see if you can spot what the consequences of using these snaps might be:

Yo momma so fat that you was raped in prison by a Mexican named Phillipe.

Yo momma so ugly that when she wake up she realize that you sold all her appliance to feed yo junk habit.

Yo family so poor that when they eat dinner they forced to confront the fact that their only son killed a child.



Yo momma so fat when she read the annual report she ate the pie charts!

A Master can deflect even the Inside Snap, but most are so shaken by the revelation that they can hardly formulate a response. Just remember to use caution when employing the Inside Snap and never use the Inside Snap on a friend.

If you're dominating your opponent, you may wish to show your disdain for their skills by using the Lazy Snap. This is hidden snap, of sorts, because the insult is actually the exceedingly low quality of the snap. This is achieved by replacing the burn with an explanation of the adjective rather than an insult. The longer and worse you make the explanation for the adjective, the better the Lazy Snap.

Yo momma so fat that she have to buy size 60 pants cuz she ate all them donuts.

Yo momma so ugly that she have to shave her lip and she use a straight razor cuz electric razor get all clogged up by her hair on that lip.

The Lazy Snap might work great if you're on top of the situation, but you never want to use a Lazy Snap to dig yourself out of a hole. For that, you reserve the most dangerous and unstable of all of the snaps: the Crazy Eyes Snap. Stare intensely at your foe and deliver a snap that sounds like it might make sense, but actually makes no sense whatsoever. Most of the time this snap will fail to impress, but occasionally it will overwhelm your opponent with its illogical nature.

Yo momma so nasty she fall asleep outside and Indian tribe livin' in her.

Yo momma so fat her glass eye a cherry Jolly Rancher.

Yo momma so stupid when she see a don't walk sign she start rollin'.

Yo momma so ugly when she look in a mirror she see a robot lookin' back.

The Crazy Eyes Snap is as much about confidence as it is about the snap itself. As long as you can make it sound like a crushing snap there's a chance, however slim, that it will be taken as such.

I hope you have learned enough about snapping to hold your own around the watercooler and in the boardroom in the coming days. Snapping is a difficult thing to master and, if you do master snapping, you must remember that with great power comes you momma on a jet ski. You can't see me, but I'm making intense crazy eyes right now.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.18 All About Your Human

Tuesday, Jul 18, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Stop! Wait! Hey!

> Before you go on reading this article, please read this INCREDIBLY IMPORTANT UPDATE regarding THE FUTURE OF LIFE AS YOU KNOW IT. Is it about Israel and Lebanon? Is it about massive polling fraud in the 2004 presidential election? Is it about your grandmother's house being on fire and she's roasting alive while you sit idly by? Nay! It's about **NERDS ON THE INTERNET.**
>
> Beloved nerd **Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka** and acclaimed sub-nerds **The Mega64 Guys** are going to be at the **San Diego Comic-Con** this week! Come shake hands with— or shake fists at— your favorite larger-than-life internet idols while learning exciting things about upcoming low-rent Something Awful crap, including the **new series of Mega64** and another patented **Kyanka-cashgrab**, the Platinum Worthless Collector's Edition of **Doooooooom Houuuuuse!**
>
> Remember: **GO TO BOOTH 5033!** That's **5033**, as in "**50**" as in "Rapper **50 Cent**" but with a "**33**" after it, as in "a **33 RPM** record," so just think of it like "**a 50 Cent Record**" and you're sure to remember to **buy a 50 Cent record** or whatever it is I've been talking about! Just go! **Booth 5033!!!!**
>
> Click on this blue link to find out more, blues travelers! **5033!!!!**

Anyway, here's the REAL update:

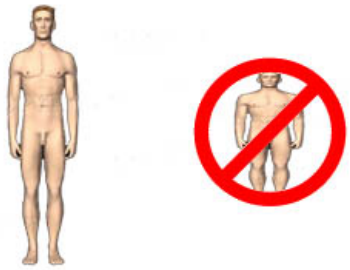
Thank you for choosing Hominix, the professional leader in industrial materials. Before unpacking your Hominix Human, please read the following simple guide to Human ownership. Should any problems arise with your Human, please refer to the troubleshooting section at the end of this document.

Frequently Asked Questions:

> Q: Do Humans have non-industrial uses?
> A: While some enjoy keeping humans for companionship or amusement, it is unclear whether Humans have a specific use unto themselves. If left to their own devices, Humans merely mill around fruitlessly and occasionally harm one another.
>
> Q: Do Humans experience pain?
> A: No, not in the way a sentient being experiences pain. While it is beneficial to care for your Human well, it is not necessary to treat it gingerly.

Q: Is my Human edible?
A: You are advised not to eat your Human. Eating your Human will nullify your warranty, and Hominix will not replace eaten Humans. Humans bred as food can be obtained at most bazaars, but are of softer stock than Hominix Industrial Humans.

Q: Is my Human collapsible?



A: No, please do not try to collapse your Human.

Q: How long will my Human last?
A: With proper care, Humans generally last fifty to eighty years. When a Human expires, it will lie motionless and stop responding to stimulus. Expired Humans may emit a light odor. Expired Humans should be discarded.

Q: How may I safely discard an expired or unexpired Human?
A: If you no longer have need for your unexpired Human, simply remove its vestments and place it in a sealed, airtight container. After a few hours, it will expire. Expired Humans are fully biodegradable and make excellent compost or garden mulch. If you own more than one Human, do not let other Humans witness you discarding a Human; the sight of a discarded Human will often render other Humans unstable and in some cases temporarily non-functional.

Q: Are all Humans equal in quality?
A: Hominix strives to harvest only the finest Humans. Although Hominix takes great pride in ensuring that all our products are in proper working order, some Humans may reveal defects. If you are unsatisfied with your Human for any reason, please send it to Hominix in its original packaging. It will be destroyed and replaced.

Setting up Your Human:

1. Carefully remove your Human from its packaging, making sure to untie all binding wires fully before pulling it from its placard. Attempting to force a Human from its packaging without first undoing all binders may result in breakage.

2. Place your Human in the included pen. Your Human may initially be disoriented or unruly, but it will quickly become accustomed to its surroundings. Carefully unwrap the included vestments and place them in your Human's pen. Your Human will be able and inclined to quickly put on its vestments. If your Human seems unable or disinclined to put on its vestments, it may be defective. In this case, please place your Human in its original packaging and return it to Hominix for a free replacement.

3. Some humans undergo a transitional period wherein they reject their new habitat and attempt to destroy their surroundings or screech angrily at their owners. If this should occur, simply place the included plastic canopy over your Human's pen to muffle

its cries and leave your Human for a few hours to get settled in. Your Human's pen is unbreakable.

4. Upon unpacking, your Human may need to shut down temporarily to recharge its internal components. If so, it will go to the small nest in the corner of its pen and lie motionless for a number of hours. Do not be alarmed: this is normal, and your Human has not expired. Your Human will be inclined to recharge in this fashion once every few days.

5. If you own more than one Human, carefully place your new Human among your other humans. In most cases, they will become accustomed to one another. If they attempt to harm each other or to remove their vestments, separate them.

Care and Cleaning:

Your Human's pen is equipped with two small troughs. Please fill both troughs with water, and replace the water every three to four days.

Your Human will automatically adjust to its own hygiene ritual. Most humans will deposit their waste in one trough and clean themselves in the other.

If your Human deposits its waste in the same pen in which it bathes, it may be defective; please return all defective Humans to Hominix in their original packaging for a replacement.

Please provide your Human with a supply of Hominix Human Food pellets and replenish them often. Human Food Pellets can be found in most major bazaars.

Troubleshooting:

My Human appears to have been damaged in shipping.
If your Human seems to be damaged on arrival, please check the following:

-Does your Human have less than four limbs?
-Does your Human fail to respond to stimulus?
-Is your Human seeping or oozing any red matter?
-Is your Human wailing or shrieking, as if in distress?

If any of these are the case, you may be eligible for a free repair or replacement of your Human under the terms of your warranty.

I own more than one Human. Two or more of my Humans have taken to removing their vestments and wrangling with one another.
Separate any Humans who engage in this behavior.

I own more than one Human. After wrangling unclothed with another Human, one of my Humans has developed a grossly distended thorax and seems to be lying in its nest more often than usual.
Please destroy this Human and send its remains, in their original packaging, to Hominix. A free replacement will be provided.

My Human, though functioning correctly, mindlessly yowls in repetitive patterns of pitch, sometimes while rhythmically banging on industrial fixtures.
This is normal behavior. If you are offended by this behavior, you may return your Human to Hominix to be serviced. He will be returned without the faculty to make utterances in this fashion.

My Human has brown or dark brown skin.
This is normal. This Human is compatible with other Humans and will function similarly.

My Human has formed an attachment to a small hairy varmint and carries it around, stroking it and cooing at it.

While this is normal Human behavior, you may choose to destroy the varmint at your leisure if it begins to affect your Human's work performance.

My Human is unduly idle and shiftless, and often spends inordinate time in its nest.
You may destroy this Human and send its remains to Hominix in their original packaging for a free replacement. If you have other Humans, it may be beneficial to allow them to witness this Human's destruction as a motivational example.

My Human often attempts to escape from its pen or work area.
This is normal. However, if your Human's constant, futile attempts to escape begin to affect its work performance, it may be beneficial to cripple your Human's legs and put it to work in a more stationary capacity.

One or more of my Humans has successfully escaped.
In the unlikely event that a Human escapes, there is little need to worry. Humans are

ill-equipped to survive outside of their pens, and will generally be eaten or trod upon soon after their escape. Please return your Human's packaging to Hominix for a refund.

My Human seems to be learning to speak in my language.
This is not uncommon. While Humans possess the rudimentary faculties of speech, they are not capable of saying anything meaningful or coherent. Their babble can do little harm, but be wary if a Human makes a primitive attempt to garner sympathy from you.

My Human has intentionally caused itself to expire.
Some defective Humans intentionally destroy themselves by leaping into machinery or strangling themselves with their vestments. If your Human destroys itself within the first six months of ownership, please return it to Hominx in its original packaging for replacement.

My Human has banded together with other Humans and is attempting to harm me or destroy my home.
If you can glean from observation which Human is instigating the uprising, make a grim spectacle of destroying it before the eyes of the other Humans. Hominix recommends placing the offending Human in your beak and slowly grinding it to bits (worry not- it will have a pleasant, savory taste). When the offending Human is destroyed, place its remains in its original packaging and return them to Hominix for a free replacement. If you cannot ascertain which Human is at the head of the mutiny, crush them one by one until the problem is corrected. Hominix will replace the destroyed offenders at no cost to you.

My Human seeped red liquid and expired when I attempted to collapse it.
Humans are *not* collapsible. By attempting to collapse your human, you have voided its warranty.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

7.19 I'll Never Forget Your Smile

Wednesday, Jul 19, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Before I begin my update, let me wow you with this bit of information you probably already read yesterday!

Richard "Lowtax" Kayak, headmaster of Something Awful, is going to be at the San Diego Comic-Con with his friends Mega64, hawking all sorts of new merchandise such as season 2 of Mega64 and the Doom House deluxe ultra special edition as well as some other items of interest. Be sure to stop by and visit them at booth 5033, the very same booth 5033 where 57 women and children were murdered two years ago to this day.

But don't take my word for it, read this professional press release prepared by our public relations patsies!

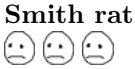
And now my update of fanciful wonders:

The world of online smilies is constantly expanding as artists from around the globe tirelessly work to translate the rich tapestry of the human condition into tiny little yellow faces. I must confess that not a day goes by that I don't utilize at least a half dozen smilies to pepper my online communications with color and spirit. Unfortunately, for all the practicality of an emoticon such as the beloved "smiley face," which conveys happiness and mirth, there are a million other feelings and situations that are ignored. There is simply no smiley that accurately captures the feeling one suffers following the loss of a loved one, just as there is no smiley to convey the sense of relief that comes when the shark that has been pursuing your family's house boat falls into a diabetic coma.

While there are many people trying to fix this problem, most of them are utterly incompetent and, as a result, create useless smilies that serve no higher function or purpose. I would like to take a few moments of your time to review some of the latest smilies to come my way online. To help evaluate these smilies, I will be using a "Smith" ranking scale that goes from 1 to 5 (5 being the most useless). Smith, for those unaware, is a prodigious smiley from the SA Forums that sums up all the failings of the human race perfectly.

When it comes to brushing one's teeth, I think it is much safer to do it in real life rather than letting a smiley do it for you. This method might look nice online, but it doesn't keep your teeth from rotting out from under you like floorboards in a haunted old mill you inherited from your dead uncle. Sure you can use this smiley after you type "BRB I'm going to brush my teeth," but at that point you've already typed it out and you pretty much got the job done. At that point, only an idiot would still require a visual representation of what you just said. If you just use this smiley without explanation, then it will only serve to confuse people. I say it's time we brush aside this smiley.

Smith rating:

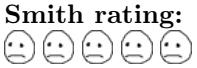


It appears our little friend here is hungry. If you take a close look at this bright-eyed fellow, you can see he perfectly epitomizes the asshole that shows up to the potluck with only his appetite, and gladly consumes as much food as possible before leaving. This is the type of huckster that deserves a savage beating, yet largely escapes all deserved punishments to live a peaceful life of parasitism. The only solace comes from the fact that his blue face could indicate blockage. He may well slowly be choking on his own decadence.

Smith rating:

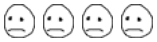
Here we see the smiley medium being dragged into the sewers of perversion by unsavory types. Aside from the lack of hygiene demonstrated by these two emoticonians, I have to wonder what if any benefits this gives to the online community. Is "ass to mouth" such a common thing that we need a visual representation to whip out while chatting on Internet forums or instant messaging? And even then, should we really be talking about it at all? I hope both of these yellow exhibitionists get some serious STIs and UTIs for lowering our visual discourse.

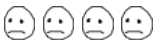
Smith rating:



Oh look, these two smilies have a secret. Great, thanks for filling us in, you stupid little cretins. First of all, this does not communicate anything. If you want to whisper a secret to someone online you are pretty much fucked. We don't have whispering on the Internet. WE TYPE IN BIG CAPITAL LETTERS BECAUSE THAT'S HOW WE COMMUNICATE. The best you can do is TYPE OUT A SECRET and hope the other person doesn't cut/paste it to your worst enemy. Second, it looks more like the secret is between the smilies themselves, and not you and your chat buddy. Finally, the pink smiley has a hand and arm that is ridiculously large, but not as ridiculous as the genitalia on the smiley reviewed above.

Smith rating:



I suppose the purpose of this smiley is to depress people and remind them how hopeless they are and that the horrible stench of failure will follow them all the way to the Kingdom of Heaven, where they will live eternally as an abysmal excuse of an entity. Unfortunately for the creator of this smiley I do not use the Internet to feel bad about myself. I use it to order Soviet era garden equipment from eBay, an act that brings me joy and a tremendous sense of self worth. I suppose the down in the dumps MySpace kiddies have use for such tragic smilies to out-depress one another, but my sunshiny Internet has no room for doom and gloom.
Smith rating:


I must confess that this smiley has me highly divided. Let me quickly break down why:
Pros:

- Polite and gentlemanly.
- Wears hat well.

Cons:

- Most people online are indoors, thus this emoticon is indoors by proxy. People should not wear hats indoors as it is uncouth and disrespectful. This simple fact ultimately negates the gentlemanly nature of the smiley.
- A little too polite...

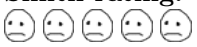
In the end we are left with a simple choice: do the pros eat the cons or do the cons eat the pros? It is because of this tormented duality that I am forced to give it three Smiths, as opposed to one or five.
Smith rating:

I would have to rank this little guy as my top up-and-coming star, soon to set alight the skies of the future. I see him reaching high, rising like a bright yellow sun that never sets. Frankly, it's clear just from looking at him that he belongs there. This is truly a case of an emoticon doing its job and capturing emotion. What emotion is that? Well, it's hard to nail down. Our friend here is elusive and mysterious, taking us on a visceral emotional boxcar ride into unknown realms of ambiguity. He conveys as much as the human face, if not more.

Smith rating:

This smiley is, in my opinion, the dumbest ever made. It is referred to as "Mad Max" and is mainly used online by SA writer DocEvil, who apparently knows nothing of quality. It is ugly, unfunny, stupid, and boring. I don't know why, but I just hate this smiley with all my heart and soul. I sincerely want to rip his stupid little headband off and strangle him with it, but unfortunately for me he has no neck.

Smith rating:



This smiley, known simply as "Don't turn your back on Shaq," captures in raw detail the sorrow and heartache that comes from turning one's back on basketball star Shaquille O'Neal. At some point, we may be put in such a position, and in such cases we can only hope to God for the strength and resolve necessary to survive. In some cases an image can say what words cannot. This is one such case.

Smith rating:

I hope you have all learned a great deal from this emoticon roundup. I can only speculate on what new smilies will be created in the coming years, but I do not doubt they will sink to new depths of despair. Let us hope the inevitable does not come to pass.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.20 The Great Duck Book Review

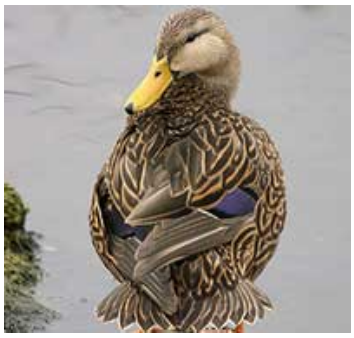
Thursday, Jul 20, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

GET YE TO COMIC-CON!

Just another reminder that if you're planning on attending the San Diego Comic-Con you should definitely take time out from your wallscroll purchasing to stop by booth 5033, where you will find Mr. Richard "Lowtax" Kyanka and the Mega64 gang hanging out, selling merchandise, and putting on an entertaining show.

Read Lowtax's stirring press release, which he wrote under the impression that he actually qualifies for public relations to find our more exciting details!

And now, today's update:



It's duck time!

Recently we've opened up a "Comment Box" on the Something Awful Forums. I often refer to things Something Awful does as *we* despite the fact that I didn't really do anything. I just wanted to feel like I belong...

Anyway, most comments range from, "DAMN MODS BAN TOO MANY PEOPLE UGH!" to "DAMN MODS DON'T BAN ENOUGH PEOPLE UGH!!!" and "Yo, can we get an RSS podcast feed for my cell phone so I can check the forums when I'm stuck in my closet crying from depression? Surprisingly I can get a signal in there." Come on Radium, when are you going to implement this? I can't keep sending in comments forever!

But the number one request SA receives on a daily basis goes a little something like this:

> *Hey guys,*
>
> I love SA. You guys have it all. Fast cars, fast money, fast women, etc. I love all the features you guys do but there's one thing missing, reviews of books about ducks! So there I am babysitting my baby mama's sister's cousins when they start whining for duck books. I'm all, holy shit, I don't know which duck books are any good! SA, please help! These kids are gnawing at my foot!

Okay, tags closed. Good. Lowtax won't have a reason to beat me this week. Funny that you mention that my friend. We've gotten countless comments like yours just sitting in the comment vault waiting to be put into the recycle bin never to be seen again. That's why we're going to unveil an exciting new front page feature today due to popular demand. It's The Great Duck Book Review!

Read along as we review the latest and greatest duck books to hit store shelves. Marvel at the fact that a grown man went to the library and checked out every duck book he could find in the children's section and think of all the kids who will be crying when they ask their parents for duck books and they are told some idiot checked them all out.

Duck & Goose
Author: Tad Hills
Publisher: schwartz & wade books

Duck & Goose is a brutally honest look at the ever growing racial tension between ducks and geese. Tad Hills paints a picture of two avian species unwilling to work together for the greater good, only causing utter turmoil for both.

The story begins on a sweltering summer day as two birds, a duck and a goose, find an egg in a field. They inevitably end up arguing over who owns the egg. Duck says that the bird that saw it first claims ownership while the goose argues that the one who touches it first owns the egg. Actually, in my experience the one who smuggles it across state lines in his rectum is the rightful owner, but I digress.

They continue to struggle over who owns the egg and what they are going to do once it finally hatches. Duck wants to teach the bird to quack like a duck. Goose wants to kill it and eat it.

The heat makes people do some crazy things. Suddenly they get into a fight. Out of no where a little blue bird appears and throws a trash can at the egg, shattering it. Out spills a premature baby bird that takes one breath and dies a painful death. The two birds stand there awestruck and reflect on how truly fragile life is.

No doubt inspired by the Spike Lee classic "Do The Right Thing", Hills delves deep into the racial turmoil to reveal a scenario that could only lead to tragedy. Rather than work together to meet their goals of eating the bird inside, duck and goose's petty squabbles result in no one getting the yummy egg. But wait, there's a twist! The egg is actually a ball. What? You think such horrifying nonsense would be in a children's book? What's wrong with you?

Tad Hills also authored the insightful book Duck & Dog, in which a duck engages in a deadly affair with his best dog friend's bitch. He returns in top form with Duck & Goose.

Rating:

Farmer Duck
Authors: Martin Waddell and Helen Oxenbury
Publisher: Candlewick Press

We have seen much of Martin Waddell and Helen Oxenbury's very public and messy divorce in the tabloids, leading to accusations that Oxenbury attempted to run over her ex-husband with the Porsche he bought for her that she alleges he cut the brake line on. Some have expressed concerns that this may have affected their newest book *Farmer Duck*. You may now rest easy because Waddell and Oxenbury's latest outing is every bit as good as their first book *Mr. Duck the Cheating Bastard Duck and His Bitch Wife Quackina*.

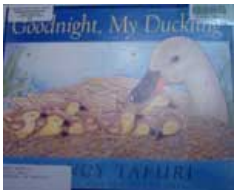
Farmer Duck tells the tale of a duck who is mad as hell and isn't going to take it anymore. Inspired by a true story, duck works on a farm owned by a lazy farmer who sleeps all day and writes for a web site. Duck is left to do all the chores on the entire farm. The other animals see this and it breaks their heart. They conspire together to kill the farmer and free duck. What happens next will shock you which I won't spoil here. But I will spoil it here.

Farmer Duck asks the question, is it okay to murder a man in order to save a duck, one who may be living in harsh conditions but is not in immediate danger? Parents and children alike will ponder these tough issues as they read *Farmer Duck*. When my mom read the book to me last night before

bedtime I asked her, "Why didn't all the other animals just help duck do the chores instead of killing the guy?" I mean seriously, duck does all the work while the other animals just sit there and watch. If they had just helped him he wouldn't be so tired and sore.

While *Farmer Duck* is confusing it's still a thrilling read. Unfortunately it seems like it's the last effort from this talented but ultimately tragic married team of authors.

Rating:



Goodnight, My Duckling
Author: Nancy Tafuri
Publisher: Scholastic Press New York

When Nancy Tafuri spoke at last year's Duckcon she was booed out of the room. It's isn't surprising considering the countless plagiarism scandals that hit her in the last few years. It is widely believed in the duck industry that Tafuri is nothing but a rip off artist, taking other books and simply inserting silly ducks. Her latest offering *Goodnight, My Duckling* clinches those beliefs.

Goodnight, My Duckling reads as if it were blatantly lifted from *Goodnight Moon*. It's time for baby duck to go to sleep and all the pond animals say goodnight to him. Tafuri attempts to intersperse some excitement into the story by having the duckling get lost. Luckily a turtle saves him and gives him a ride to the nest on his shell. The duckling eventually falls asleep.

The story has all the makings of a classic, if only that classic wasn't already written 49 years ago! Buyer beware! I hope the Governer's Board of Ducks doesn't ask Tafuri to speak again at next year's Duckcon, but the board is so full of corrupt ducks I wouldn't be surprised if they were taking quackbacks. Shameful.

Rating:

The Pigeon Finds a Hot Dog! With Special Guest Star: Duckling!
Author: Mo Willems
Publisher: Hyperion Books

The Pigeon Finds A Hot Dog! is a fascinating read that delivers what it promises. In it a pigeon comes across a hot dog and flips the hell out. He tries to eat it but unfortunately a meddling little duckling makes it hard for him to do just that. The duckling has an inquisitive mind and incessantly asks questions about the hot dog.

His underlying motive? To get a piece of the hot dog. His strategy is to frustrate the pigeon so much that he can't eat the whole thing. The idea is that he'll eventually give up half of the hotdog to get the duck to shut up so he'll be able to eat the half he still has.

One thing I found unnerving is the prevailing myth that ducks are scam artists. Not so. I have never seen a duck act in the way this duck did in the book. It simply doesn't happen. Ducks are an honorable bird who would never trick a hapless pigeon like this. I suspect the author is a pigeon loyalist who wants to paint ducks in a bad light.

Those concerns aside, the book has some great dialogue. Reminiscent of the classic television show "Seinfeld", duck and pigeon speak with fluidity and believability. They talk just like me and my friends talk when we hang out. Bravo to Mo Willems, even if he is a pigeon loyalist. I wouldn't

mind seeing "mo'" of Willems in the future.

Rating:

Ducks
Author: Mary Ann McDonald
Publisher: The Child's World, Inc.

Ducks, aptly named for its subject matter, is Mary Ann McDonald's seminal work. Inside readers will be delighted by full color images of ducks and various facts about them. Unfortunately it was written in 1998 and is already a bit outdated. The world of ducks moves forward at a fantastic speed and *Ducks* is simply missing many of the things we have learned about ducks in the past few years. Here's an example of what I'm talking about.

> *Ducks can't chew their food, because they don't have any teeth. Instead, they swallow sand of small stones they find on the ground. These little stones are called grit. The grit sits in a special stomach called a gizzard. When the duck eats, the food goes to the gizzard first. The grit in the gizzard grinds the food into tiny pieces.*

This is just flat out wrong. Yes, at one time ducks did swallow grit, but that was during the Great Depression when food was hard to digest because of the failing economy. Ducks mainly ate government celery which was hard to process. As the economy recovered ducks returned their gizzards to Fry's for a full refund.

She misses other well-known duck facts as well. Scientists discovered that ducks are the only other animals other than humans who are monogamous but cheat on their mate which sometimes leads to bloody confrontations between scorned lovers involving firearms. Ducks have no natural predators. They are hunted occasionally for sport but ducks say this injects some danger and excitement into their lives. Ducks are an impatient bird and won't stand in line at the DMV. That's why they take advantage of time-saving appointments that can be arranged at your local DMV's web site.

Ducks won't teach you anything you don't already know about ducks. McDonald misses many of the nuances that makes ducks so wild and crazy. She didn't do her homework on this one. I would recommend picking it up only if you have to have every duck book out there. Collectors enjoy.

Rating:

Writing children's books is the easiest thing you could do in life. All you have to do is think of a funny animal, like a duck, and put it in something that rhymes, like a truck. And then duck runs over a ton of people at the farmer's market and the city takes his license away. You don't even have to draw it. Get Shmorky to draw it. You'd only have to pay him in Nintendo cartridges.

The bottom line is that duck books are making a comeback. They are flying off the shelves at a record-setting pace. It's about time someone like me stepped up to tell you which books blow and which ones are quacktastic.

Tune in next time when we review "Duck In The Muck", "Duck Meets Friar Tuck", and "Duck Likes to Fuck". Goodnight everybody!

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

7.21 Anforny's Dismal Antiques & Collectibles Catalog

Friday, Jul 21, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

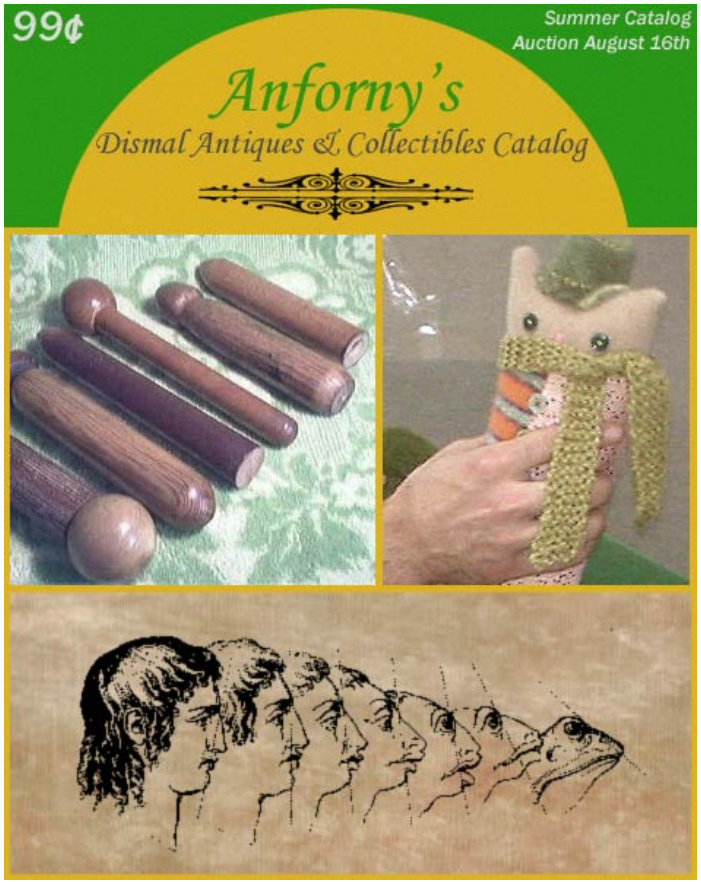
Get thee to a Comic-Connery!

In the event that you haven't had the number 5033 burned into your soul, I'm here to remind you that Supreme Ayatollah and master of mirth Rich Lowtax "Kyanka" will be appearing at this year's San Diego Comic-Con! He will be joining the fun-loving lads from Mega64 and resident SA box-art parody master Handré De Jager! Word on the street is that they will be at **BOOTH 5033!!**

If you would like to know more, and you *would* like to know more, then click on over to Something Awful's official press release on the subject. There you can find detailed maps of the Convention Center, Lowtax's hotel room and the secret vault beneath Lowtax's house where he locks away all of the mummies he has defeated in hand-to-hand combat.

Huzzah! **BOOTH 5033!!**

When auction items go unsold and there's nowhere else for them to go, they end up in...



Lot # 477432 - Plastic Sack Full of Soiled Cloth Diapers
Great condition! Plastic sack full of diapers. Number uncertain, but considerable quantity sufficient for all possible needs. Manufacture of diapers unknown, but manufacture of diaper's contents of highest quality. Lot includes bag and cloud of biting gnats.
ASK - $7.00 *NO RESERVE*

Lot # 477435 - Nine Horrid Dolls
Nine Horrid, LTD baby dolls dated to 1880-1890. Hair removed with blowtorch, eyelids kicked off, left in the rain until blackened by mold and otherwise mishandled. Left in abandoned factory in 1923, shipped to an asylum for the insane in 1925, and found near the body of a strangulated nurse in 1928. Entered a foreign private collection in 1931. Restored and upgraded with "Help me, mommy!" voice boxes in 1952. Subsequently dropped into a rain cistern along with a dead cat, where they were discovered and painstakingly dried off.
ASK - $250.00 *NO RESERVE*

Lot # 477439 - Pokemon Card Misprint
Exceptionally rare and authentic misprinted Pokémon Pikachu card. In place of text for Thundershock attack card lists home address and telephone number of someone named Lloyd Chutswell. Image includes misprint of Pikachu ejaculating lightning from penis. Card encased in 1800 pound block of Lucite for preservation. Condition assessed by expert as "appalling."
ASK - $1.00 *NO RESERVE*

Lot # 477561 - Shit in Bottles
Manufacturer's error. We ate too many ships! Lot of 500,000 bottles containing human excrement. Shit too large to enter through neck of bottle. How did it get in there? Amuse and intrigue 500,000 or more friends with this mysterious lot. Some bottles may include bits of sails and masts stuck into the shit. Asking price high to recoup loss.
ASK - $99,000.00 *NO RESERVE*

Lot # 477578 - Unique and Captivating Family Photo Album
More than 800 photographs document child's courageous battle against leukemia. Leukemia proved victorious, now album is incredibly depressing to have around the house. May provide hours of laughs. Includes final hair cutting and death mask. Absolutely must go to good home or it goes to the dump. Will include VHS tape of family trying not to cry at last birthday party.
ASK - $5.00 *RESERVE*

Lot # 477580 - Original Picasso
Original painting by Montel Picasso Williams. Might be a clown or an elf, not sure. Artist unrelated to TV host Montel Williams, but parents are big fans of his work. Painting is admittedly shit, but the frame isn't all bad. Smells strongly of ether.
ASK - $90.00 *RESERVE*

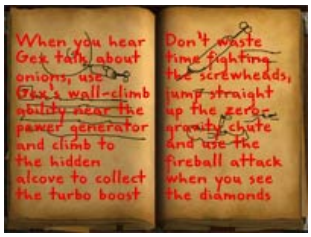
Lot # 477581 - Large Collection of Imprints of John Stossel's Mustache
This collection is of major significance within the John Stossel community. It was recently acquired during an estate auction and the current owner does not wish to be responsible for the upkeep on the collection. Includes more than a dozen half-eaten glazed donuts with Stossel's mustache imprint in the glaze, the remnants of a cake thrown at Stossel's face during a college lecture (very clear imprint of his mustache and upper lip), and three towels that Stossel used to wipe body soil and sweat from his face (fairly clear, but a full face imprint!). The centerpiece of the collection is a full frontal body imprint of Stossel in exquisite detail. The imprint was captured in flour, excavated from a pile at a bakery Stossel visited during a story he was doing on poor hand washing habits, and encased in a hermetically sealed chamber identical to the one that houses the US Constitution.
ASK - $1.00 *NO RESERVE*

Lot # 477589 - Original Tesla Horse Pollinator
Original vintage invention from Russian genius behind the sail-lift, the rocket pram and charged coil rock polisher. Can breed horses from 300 yards using electricity. Requires steady hand and tolerant horses. Illegal in all states, item to be picked up at abandoned warehouse. Winning bidder is to come alone with flatbed truck and moving crew.
PHONE BIDDING START - $450.00 *RESERVE*

Lot # 477590 - Store Closing Liquidization
Fish & Chips on Arnold Street is closing in August and is liquidizing its entire stock of videogames. Lot of 700+ games includes new and used titles like Krelp 2, Turf Bigsby's Erotic Backgammon, Pac Grandpa, Veriton Squad IV: Countdown: Mission, Flannel Fantasy Ape, Deborah's Duck and Lady Chatterley's Roboforce. Some 85 pounds of frozen perch included to winning bidder. Mostly spoiled. All titles reek of fish and have been rendered into a liquid. Missing some instruction manuals. Buyer asked to bring their own bottles.
ASK - $1200.00 *NO RESERVE*

Lot # 477592 - Snake Sweaters
Large collection of hand-knitted sweaters, vests, turtlenecks and scarves for snakes of various sizes. Every item in this delightful collection is modeled after a different white nationalist flag. Entire lot covered in nettles being sold in separate auction. Buyer must sort that out.
ASK - $50.00 *RESERVE*

Lot # 477593 - Giant Wagon Wheel
Wagon wheel measuring 11 feet across. Good condition, supposedly found inside giant abandoned general store in giant ghost town. Great novelty for wagon-themed restaurant or to repair giant wagon. Number 73 on the Better Homes & Gardens list of top 100 things to keep around the house "just in case." Priced to move, seller pursued by giant pioneers and giant oxen. Guess they shouldn't have stopped in that part of the giant town to ask for giant directions.
PHONE BIDDING START - $1.00 *NO RESERVE*


When you hear Gex talk about onions, use Gex's wall-climb ability near the power generator and climb to the hidden alcove to collect the turbo boost
Don't waste time fighting the screwheads, jump straight up the zero-gravity chute and use the fireball attack when you see the diamonds

Lot #477600 - "Navel Feeding Method", 1st ED
1858 guide to feeding infants through their navels with a syringe. The procedure detailed within this book was famously responsible for making King Edward II impotent and incapable of dancing. Previous owner has transcribed a complete walkthrough for "Gex 2: Enter the Gecko" in red permanent marker over the text of the book. Double the book!
ASK - $200.00 *NO RESERVE*

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.22 Excerptional

Saturday, Jul 22, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

What could be more fun than meeting our webmaster Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka alongside the sensual Mega64 crew in a convention center jam-packed with back issues of the groundbreaking and prolific comic series Brigade? Too many things to get into here, that's for sure!

Sell your worldly possessions and family for passage to the annual San Diego Comic-Con, then check out **booth 5033** and say hello to the guys. Be sure to let Lowtax know you're a Something Awful regular by giving the secret code, which (as always) is saying "Something Awful" in simulated slow motion so that it stretches out for at least ten seconds. If he doesn't reply in kind, repeat the secret code and wink for emphasis.

If you can't make the trip to the convention, you can simulate the experience by reading this press release while arguing with yourself about which type of fuel is used in the Hobgoblin's hoverboard.

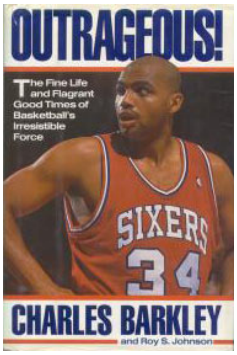
And now the update...

Reading is, in general, something you should never do. It can only close off avenues of opportunity and expression, especially if you want to become a novelist. Every sentence you read becomes one more sentence that you can never write yourself. Given the amount of people writing books right now and the world's growing population, it's only a matter of time before every possible sentence will have been written and novelists will be forced to write using a combination of numbers and excited hoots and hollers in order to circumvent charges of plagiarism.

We have a few years left before we have to worry about all that, though, thanks to research being done to prolong the inevitable. A team of linguistics students at UC Berkeley have uncovered an exciting method that involves adding the word "fucking" before every noun in a sentence, then moving on to "cocksucking" when that option has been exhausted. This method could prove fruitless is the manuscripts for Deadwood are ever published, but right now they are our best hope.

As wrong as it may be, I do enjoy delving into a good book every now and then. It's a guilty pleasure, like picking a scab again and again although your friend warned you to keep your hands off of him. From time to time I come across passages in books that strike me as confusing or out of place. Usually these passages are simply the result of an author trying a little bit too hard to be symbolic or abstract, but occasionally I'm left wondering whether I'm still reading the same book that I started.

For example, here's an excerpt from Charles Barkley's autobiography that I found peculiar for reasons that I can't quite put my finger on:



Outrageous!: The Fine Life and Flagrant Good Times of Basketball's Irresistible Force

by Charles Barkley

Excerpt:

And that's how I won a quarter of a million dollars from Larry Byrd by betting on an episode of Jeopardy. The following morning, we made our way to the stable to visit Princess Penelope, my prized pony.

"Wow", said Larry, "that's the prettiest pony I've ever seen! She's like the me of ponies!"

"Don't you mean the *me* of ponies?" I asked, placing my hands on my hips and cocking my head sideways.

We both laughed so hard that we fell over backwards in the hay. Penelope neighed, then fell over herself. We all laughed some more. When we got back up again, Penelope was covered in bits of hay and her pink bows had all been tussled.

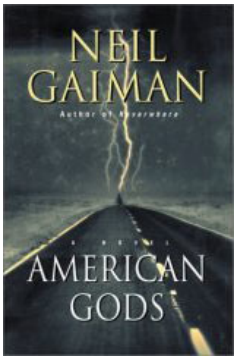
"Oh no," I squealed, "we'd better groom her, and fast! The Phoenix Pretty Pony Prize Pageant starts in an hour!"

Getting Penelope ready turned out to be a breeze, as she had been through the grooming process many times before and helped out by holding the brush in her mouth and brushing her long and luxurious chestnut mane. When all the work was done, she was the most beautiful pony in the whole world. The judges agreed, and actually stopped the beauty portion of the pageant to give Penelope a perfect score without even bothering to look at the other ponies.

The second portion of the competition would not be so easy. I had to ride Penelope in a race against her arch rival Pouty Pony, jockeyed by the no-good Megan Meanbody. I knew they would pull off every nasty trick in the book to win, but I also knew that Penelope was the prettiest pony in the world and that prettiness always beat evil in the end.

"Go get 'em, Charles!" yelled Larry, hopping up and down in the stands with cotton candy in one hand and a yellow balloon in the other. "I've got a hundred grand riding on you!"

Pretty bizarre, right? Well that's nothing compared to this confusing page from an otherwise fantastic novel:



American Gods

By Neil Gaiman

Excerpt:

He looked at her across the table, then she looked away from him and towards it. Suddenly the door opened and he walked in. The two of them looked at each other, then he interrupted by pointing an accusing finger at him.

She looked at him, then at him. Would he really do it? Could he? And what about him? She didn't think he had it in him to be so cruel.

Suddenly the other door opened and she walked in. She looked at her then at him. He raised an eyebrow questioningly, but she did not reply. The three of them looked at him. He shrugged, then thought better of it and walked toward him deliberately, with it in his hand.

He backed away as he approached, falling out of the chair. Before he closed the distance between them, she surprised everyone by coming to his aid, grabbing it off the table and using it to knock it out of his hand.

They all looked at it, frozen in time. No one dared to move.

Suddenly the third door opened and they walked in, sarcastically clapping. So that was it. They were behind it all along.

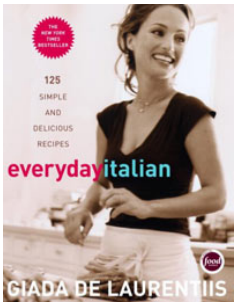
He balled his fists in rage, but she simply dropped her head and cried. It was all too much. He held her hand and across the room he looked at them, jealous.

He took off the mask, revealing to all that he was actually his twin brother. They gasped. She laughed.

They silently nodded to one another.

He picked it up and waved it around crazily. She screamed in terror and he dove through the stained glass window. He jumped after him.

I won't lie, I got a pretty bad nosebleed when I tried to read through that one a second time. I'm a big fan of Giada De Laurentiis' cooking show on the Food Network, and thought I'd pick up her cookbook to try my hand at a few new dishes to impress the ladies with. Everything went fine until I got to this recipe:



Everyday Italian

by Giada De Laurentiis

Excerpt:

Fusilli with Shrimp and Arugula

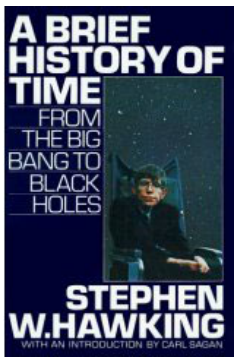
1/4 cup olive oil
1/4 cup finely chopped shallots
1 tablespoon minced garlic
1/4 teaspoon crushed red pepper flakes
1 cup dry white wine
1 pound large shrimp, peeled and de-veined
12 ounces fusilli pasta
3 cups (packed) fresh arugula, torn in 1/2

Heat the oil in a heavy large skillet over medium heat. Add the shallots and garlic and look at how gorgeous I am. I'm like some sort of supermodel or something, right? It's incredible. I make Rachael Ray look like the bloated and worm-filled corpse of Julia Child. Fuck her, I'm the real star of the Food Network. Simmer until the wine reduces by half, about 5 minutes. Add the shrimp and cook just until they are pink, about 2 minutes.

Meanwhile, cook the fusilli in a large pot of boiling salted water and look at my cleavage. Oh god look at my amazing cleavage. This has got to be the best cleavage in the universe. Just look at it. When I chop vegetables it bounces like you wouldn't believe. It doesn't bounce so much that it's scary, but just enough to convey how ample and natural my breasts are. My cleavage is so awesome that there should be a national monument dedicated to it, only there's no way the monument would compare in awesomeness to the real thing. Therein lies the conundrum. Drain the fusilli. Add the fusilli and arugula to the skillet. Toss to combine. Season the pasta, to taste, with salt and pepper.

Transfer the pasta to a large bowl and serve. Seriously, about my face. It's one of the best faces, right? In the top three?

Guess the editor didn't quite catch that one. These have all been fun to share, but if I were hard pressed to pick the most out of place portion of a book I've ever read it would have to be this one:



A Brief History Of Time

by Stephen Hawking

Excerpt:

J-Dawg greeted Bulletchowder at the door with mad hugs and invited him in. There were ample 40's for both of them and music was playing on the sound system.

Bulletchowder nodded his head in approval.

"Is this the Wu-Clan album that dropped this week?"

"It sure is," replied J-Dawg. "I really enjoy the drum beats!"

A frantic knock came from the back door, a feint voice calling for someone, anyone to open up. J-Dawg obliged, and found Tiny T Bone standing before him.

"J-Dawg," gasped Tiny T Bone, "They took them! They took all of our blings!"

"Why must it be so difficult to live in the hoooood?" cried out J-Dawg.

Bulletchowder approached, a serious expression on his face.

"I'm not a violent man, but this injustice can not stand. Tiny, bring me my shotgun and all the 9mm shells you can find. I'm about to shoot so many people with that shotgun that I'll make Death Row Records look like a record company and not a death row..."

His eyes tightened and seemed to smolder.

"...because I'll be on death row. After I kill these people."

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.23 Philosophy Sunday: God's Annual Performance Review

Sunday, Jul 23, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

God...we have to talk. I'm afraid we've done some reorganizing in your department.

We here at Philosophy Sunday believe strongly in accountability. We also believe in typin' words and makin' G's. Today, we hope to combine these interests while at the same time providing an important community service.

God. We've all heard of him. Some of us have even had personal relations with him (a suspiciously large number of us, if you ask me). But what is he like, really? Does he ever get bored knowing the outcome of everything before it happens? Could he grant me magic powers right now, but chooses not to, or can he only work within the laws of nature? Just what did he find so attractive about Mary anyway? Today I hope to answer not a single one of those questions. Hell, I've already written the article, so I know for a fact that I didn't answer any of them. I don't even know why I just wrote them down.

The only question we'll be answering is one we don't even have to go to the big man himself to ask: Is God doing a good job with the world? Today, Philosophy Sunday is giving God his first ever annual performance review, in which we consider how the world's events reflect on his character and abilities, and then we make fun of him a lot. The structure of this review is simple. We'll look at a world event from the last year, and we'll decide whether it should constitute a positive or negative performance rating. Then, when we get tired of typing, we'll stop doing this. Then we'll arbitrarily decide if God is doing a good job. Let's get started!

Hurricane Katrina

Ok, this one is a bit of a no-brainer. It's not like I'm going to sit here and say, "Well, there *was* a hurricane that caused massive flooding in New Orleans displacing millions and killing thousands but *at least* God didn't personally kill every single one of them with a lighting bolt." No, this one is going straight into the negative column, and, quite frankly, it's going to take a lot to get the total back into the positive after this.

BAD GOD! PUT DOWN THAT HURRICANE *RIGHT* NOW!

The only way that God could possibly excuse this one would be if he used the Lucy defense. Imagine for a second that God is like Lucy from I Love Lucy, ok? And he suddenly gets this great scheme to mess with the weather in the Gulf of Mexico and maybe, just maybe, *make it better*. It seemed like such a good idea at the time, and there was no way it could go wrong. But then the clouds started going a little faster than God expected and he dropped a few and they kind of clumped and started spinning around and the next thing you know Ricky Ricardo is going *"Luccccccyyyyy!!!!!"* in that way that you just know means he was bottling up a lot of anger and was going to go ahead and stick her inside one of those big drums of his as soon as the cameras were off and then start kicking it over and over until the sides were cracking open and blood was starting to trickle out and the entire fucking time he'd be singing in Cuban.

Oh man, if God was Lucy and Ethel was Jesus and Ricky was Satan, I Love Lucy would be the best TV show ever made. But I still would watch Lost instead.

Rating:

Rich People Become Slightly Less Rich People in Order to Help Poor People

As you probably saw in the news (or read on your RSS feed of some obscure blog you huge nerd), two of the richest men ever have devoted their lives to giving away money (to be fair, up until now they had devoted their lives to getting more money than some continents have).

Bill Gates has left his position at Microsoft to join his wife Myhusbandisfuckingloaded Gates in running an incredibly generous foundation. Meanwhile, money-making guru Warren Buffet, who could give away everything he owned right now and still have more than you'll ever have in your entire life by next Thursday, actually *did* give away everything he owned. Or close to it.

Mr. Buffet just gave away $37 billion dollars, which is the largest single act of financial charity ever. That is, in case you're counting, 80% of his net-worth. That's generosity on an almost unimaginable scale, and you could be excused for wanting to throw up a few plaques with his name on them in your living room and maybe your neighbor's front lawn. *However,* if there's one thing I learned from professional sports, it's that God is entirely responsible for anything good anyone ever does, so forget Buffet and Gates and we'll chalk this one directly up to God.

Good going God. You only take credit for the best.

Rating:

Kenneth Lay

Only a couple weeks ago, America's #1 really rich sleaze bag dropped dead of a heart attack, and I know what you're thinking: Good for him. It's not that often that a person this completely soulless has a change of heart (ha!) and decides to give something back to society.

But we're not holding the annual People Who Died And We're All Glad awards, we're talking about God here, who, of course, killed Kenneth Lay. This is because, as you might remember, God is responsible for everything that happens unless it's something bad that happens in which case he is *not* responsible for what happened. Also I guess if it happens in one of those Asian countries where they haven't discovered God yet, then maybe that wasn't him. But the point is that a world without Kenny is just a world with a little more love, and love is God and blah, blah, blah God gets a positive mark for this one.

Rating:

Mexican Election:

Mexico may have gone too far this time. It is one thing to make cheap knock-offs of our toys, or of our movies, or of our fast food (I honestly can't understand why Taco Bell just doesn't sue the entire country), but now they've gone ahead and stolen our greatest scandal of the last decade. Here, let me tell you a story:

Once upon a time there was a conservative presidential candidate, and a liberal candidate. Both were running from large, mainstream parties. Come election day, the election was so close that it was fundamentally a tie, split geographically within the country. Re-counts, legal action, and protesting

followed, but eventually the conservative presidential candidate, Felipe Calderón, was declared the winner pending legal review by the Supreme Court.

OH COME ON MEXICO, who do you think you're fooling? You didn't even change a single detail other than giving the candidates funny names like "Felipe" and "Andrés"! When you made *"¡La Pirata Loca Se Parece Como Una Chica!"*, we let it pass, but I'm afraid this time we might be forced to invade. If the United States can't be the most dysfunctional democracy in the free world, then what use is it to be an American?

This is a fairly accurate representation of the Mexican electoral process.

But I have to admit that God has a wicked sense of humor for coming up with this one. Hell yeah God, I'd give you a congratulatory pat on the ass right now, but you'd probably send the angel of death to gut me and then give one of your deep belly laughs and shake your head.

Rating:

I Haven't Ever Won Any Lotto Scratchers

I've been buying these things regularly for the last two years and what do I have to show for it? Not even a single lousy free second ticket, that's what. It's not like I'm expecting much! Hell, I buy the $1 scratchers, so even if I won the jackpot I could probably spend it all on a single night out and still not have enough for tips. It's the thrill of the win I'm after, not any earthly riches. Come on, God, can't you see that?

Well, I regret to inform you that your stubborn resistance to intervening in my favor is going to leave a very big black mark on this review. A *very* big black mark. You think about *that* the next time I'm at the liquor store, and maybe I can finally win a free pack of Slim Jims or something.

Rating:

Hamas Wins Election

I can't tell you how I glad I am that these guys are running a government.

This did not bode well for the small amount of peace that had finally found its way to Israel and sure enough we are back to flat out war six months later. If Israel is such a holy place for God (and I'd guess that any place where over half the world flocked to worship you would quickly become pretty important to you), then it doesn't seem unreasonable to question his decision to allow pretty much constant war there.

Except, I think I have it figured out: God is basically the stereotype of a high school cheerleader, and not just because he had a baby that he abandoned at birth. No, it's because he's only happy when people are fighting over him. Much in the same way that a cheerleader might allow the captain of the football team to catch her being railed by the track star just to stir up trouble, God threw Hamas in there just so he can sit back now and say "Oh no, guys. Oh jeez, please stop! No, don't fight over me!"

That's right, God is a big old attention needing slut, and you heard it here first.

Rating:

I think we've gathered enough data now to make our decision. Looking over the events of the last year, and considering that question, I have concluded it doesn't matter even the tiniest bit what I think about the issue. Or what you think about it. Or even what the pope thinks about it.

Because, honestly, even if you thought that God was doing an incompetent job of handling the world (and I think you could probably make an argument for that) how exactly do you go about giving God input? How exactly do you tell God that he has to step down and let someone else have a go? I guess what I'm saying is we kind of have to live with the dude as long as he wants to live with us. Better start trying to get on his good side now.

God, have I told you that you look great today? Just terrific. Email me at maxnmona@somethingawful.com if you want to hear more about what a seriously great guy you are. (You're great.)

Big thanks today to my man DocEvil for his great animated gifs that show a stunning and vivid vision of the afterlife. You the man now, doc.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

7.24 Steve's Hottest Babe Moments of Sci-Fi

Monday, Jul 24, 2006 by Steve "Malak" Sumner

Hey guys, hope you're all doing good. Before I get started on the column today I just thought I would give you all a quick update on my life. I have been working on a sweet Greyhawk (D20, ugh, I know) campaign for me and Keith and a couple of buds from work to play, but Keith's wife caught Lupus so it may be a while before we can play it. I laughed when he told me, because I thought Lupus was made up, but it turns out it's real and sucks pretty bad. So let's all hope Sheila gets better so that we can get that D&D campaign fired up.

Alrighty, today I wanted to share an idea I've had kicking around my head for a while. When I did my fantasy art critiques a lot of people emailed me and said they liked it, but a lot also said it sucked and that fantasy stuff was gay. First of all, I don't like to use gay as a pejorative term, because I think that's racist and second of all, fantasy is not gay. But, to cater to those of you who seem to think barbarians, dragons and painting owlbear figurines are all gay I have a really non-gay column for you.

It's called "Steve's Hottest Babe Moments of Sci-Fi." Basically, I watch a lot of science fiction movies and TV shows and I went through and I picked out the hottest moments involving babes. The might be regular babes, robot babes, alien babes or even hologram babes. You're just going to have to read the column and find out what I picked.

The Decontamination Chamber (Pilot Episode of Star Trek: Enterprise)

In the two-hour pilot episode of "Star Trek: Enterprise," Commander Tucker and Vulcan uberbabe T'Pol catch protocystian spores while they are on Rigel X. This is a very dangerous condition, I guess, so they have to spend a long time in the decontamination chamber. It's basically like this big hospital room, only you have to be naked and you have to rub lotion on each other. When Commander Tucker has to rub lotion on T'Pol I was freaking out, because my mom was in the room and I was hoisting big time timber. She has those big lips like Angelina Jolie and also super hot boobs. Even when she isn't naked on the show they have her wear this special uniform that no one else has to wear that looks like my grandma's wallpaper and is so tight you can lip read when she sits down.

Seriously, this show was crappy and had the dude from Quantum Leap and whole episodes about farting dogs. It just generally sucked, but I still watched the whole first season of it because holy crap was that Vulcan babe hot. Then I turned on the second season and they were time traveling everywhere and then I turned on the last season and they were

fighting Nazis. So yeah, pretty much your standard Star Trek experience.

Dude Looks Like a Lady is Kissin' a Lady ("Rejoined" Episode of Deep Space 9)

Deep Space 9 was pretty good for Star Trek, but it was always too complicated. Sort of like Babylon 5 but with Hawk from Spencer for Hire as the captain instead of Scarecrow from Scarecrow and Mrs. King. One thing I remember is that there was a pretty hot chick on the show that was like a woman who got body snatched by an alien. So she was like this dude who used to be friends with Hawk, but in a hot babe's body.

Well, one episode the hot babe (with the alien dude inside) met up with another hot babe that I think used to have an alien inside. Either way they both had the little brown tribal tattoos on their heads that meant they were the kind of hot babes that got body snatched. So, anyway, the hot babe named Dax who was on the show all the time just couldn't take it anymore and she started totally making out with this other hot babe. I mean boom, right there, but technically it wasn't lesbian because the thing inside Dax was a dude so kissing the lady wasn't gay. But, wait, then Dax married Worf later on in the series so was that gay? Like I said, too complicated for me.

Neo and Trinity Have Sex at a Rave (The Matrix: Reloaded)

A lot of people were disappointed with Matrix: Reloaded and I was sort of disappointed at first too. Then I realized that you will never be able to have a surprise as cool and deep as in the Matrix again. I mean, holy crap, the world is just a computer game and we're all flesh batteries for robots? What if that's really happening? We'd never know! But once you know that you just have to accept that the Matrix is going to be a sweet action movie with kung fu, dodging bullets and hot babes. Monica Belluci is definitely the hottest babe in the Matrix movies, but after all the sexual tension that built up between Neo and Trinity in the first Matrix it was really awesome to see them finally get it on in Matrix: Reloaded.

The way they did it was really hot too. The robots are winning this huge war against mankind and mankind might die at any second and then all of the people in Zion just put on their see-through shirts and start freaking having a party. You know why? Because robots can't party.

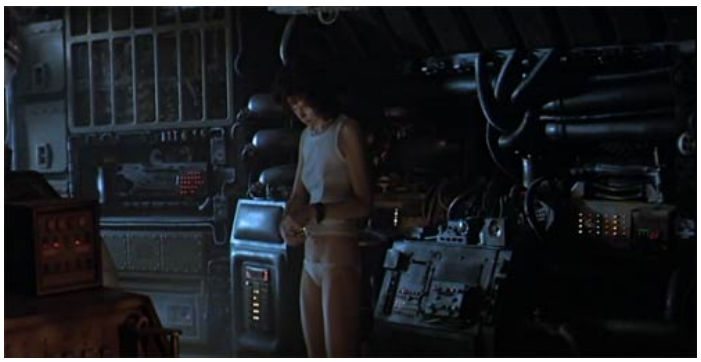
So Trinity and Neo run away from the party and start totally getting their swerve on. You can't tell who is who and it looks like they are having sex inside a nook at Yoda's little miniature hut or a pizza oven, which are both pretty revolutionary places to do it.

It's just hot and sort of reminds me of the hot sex scene in that sniper movie where the guy from the Abyss gets shot in the eye. Meanwhile there is this giant rave going on that is like a rap video big-bootie party combined with a deodorant commercial inside a cave. And everybody's wearing those see-through shirts, which is pretty awesome because if you're fighting a war against robots you've got to have your priorities straight. No time to make your shirts opaque.

Ripley's PJs (Alien)

Aliens was better than Alien, but when you look back on it Alien was a pretty solid movie. It had the police chief from Homicide: Life on the Streets, the dude from Privateer 2: The Darkening cutscenes (but not the guy who was King Arthur in the King Arthur movie) and the bad guy from Big Love. That's kind of funny too because Hudson, from Aliens, is also in Big Love, so I bet on the set they talk about how they both got killed by an alien. Then they lower their voices and talk about how the one wife sucked a knob on film in a movie with that dirty guy from Buffalo 66.

Okay, hang on, I got way off topic on that one. Sorry about that. The hot scene in Alien comes at you totally from left field, because through the whole movie Ripley looks like she should be fixing a car. Then, after fighting off this alien all through the movie, she thinks the alien is gone (it's not) and she takes off her ugly clothes and she has like silk underpants and a silk night gown on underneath. And you're just like whoa, hold up, *hell yeah.* But the totally crazy thing is that her underpants are so small I didn't even know what was going on the first time I saw the movie.



I thought something went wrong or it had something to do with the alien. Like her underpants actually look like a Kleenex just taped to the very bottom of her butt. She was wearing that the whole time she was fighting the alien? But then I watched the

movie again a couple months ago and I was like, "holy crap, I did not just dream this part, it really is in there." It's not only hot, but it also makes you think. It's about the tenderness of a woman inside the hard exterior. Like, even though she fought off this giant alien with acid for blood, and she's a bad ass on a space ship, she's still a soft girl deep down.

Costume Design by Space Tiger (Star Wars: Attack of the Clones)

Okay, this one should need no explaining. One of the greatest movies of all time and one of the hottest babes of all time. Natalie Portman is chained to a big pillar in a skin-tight white suit. She's writhing around grunting and then this freaking space tiger attacks her and slashes her shirt right over her abs. It's a perfect belly shirt, courtesy of the space tiger. Then the whole rest of the scene in the big arena area she's running around and, I mean, damn. *Damn.* Her stomach looks like you could crack eggs on it. Plus the space tiger went all the way around, so it kind of emphasizes her tight butt too when she's wiggling all over the place shooting lasers.

Now, I realize I may catch some crap for this one, because it's not a specifically sexy scene, but sometimes a hot costume and a hot woman is all it takes. Honorable mentions goes to many other Star Wars babes, especially all of the Twi'lek babes who just seem to get hotter every single Star Wars movie (not going in canon sequence, of course).

The Fifth Element is Boners (The Fifth Element)

One of my all-time favorite movies is definitely the Fifth Element, because it teaches us a lot about how love can overcome a big evil sun with a skull on it. It also teaches us about how annoying Chris Tucker is, but if you didn't know that before this movie then that's a shame. The guy single-handedly ruined Jackie Chan's career. Anyway, the main chick in this movie is the chick from Resident Evil and Ultraviolet. She looks way hotter in this movie though, with her Ronald McDonald hair and her sweet futuristic outfit that has like 20 different parts but still manages to let her be scantily clad.

The real hot moment, though, is when they first clone her from a dead bug's arm. They scan it into their computer and then the computer shoots out a skeleton and then guts and meat. Then when the smoke clears there is this totally naked babe there. I mean, she's not super-stacked, but she is hot. Then, for clothes, they dress her in belts. They turned a bug's severed arm into a hot chick dressed in belts? Sign me up for that future.

Think about this: the chick in Fifth Element was so hot in the movie that the director married her. That would be like William Shatner marrying Spock after Star Trek V: The Final Frontier or after Return of the Jedi, George Lucas marrying the three dudes

who ran the Jabba the Hutt puppet.

Aliens Hate Diabetes (Species)

If there was such a thing as pornography designed specifically for nerds, and I mean not anime pornography, then Species is that pornography. You've got Natasha Henstridge as the alien babe, her alien look was designed by nerd porno painter H.R. Geiger and she is pretty much naked for the entire movie. Not to mention, she spends the whole movie looking for a dude to have sex with and who does she finally hook up with? The fat guy from Spiderman 2. Doctor freaking Octopus gets to do it hardcore with Natasha Henstridge and yeah, he dies, but what a way to go!

That's not the hottest part in this movie though. In the first Species, at least, it's when the alien babe hooks up with this rich dude and goes back to his place. She is all hot and sexy looking and they're making out and stuff. Then she goes to the bathroom for something and she sees he has diabetes! Apparently aliens hate that crap, so she goes back out there and tries to leave. But Wilford Brimley won't take no for an answer, so she acts like she's going to go along with him and she shows off her hot boobs, but you know something bad is going to happen. They start making out again and she's looking hot, then she grabs the guy's head and blasts her freaking spiked tongue through his skull. It's like a reverse money shot or something!

Dizzy Topless (Starship Troopers)

One of the most underrated movies of the 1990s is definitely Starship Troopers. It has everything you could possibly want from a movie. It's hilarious with Doogie Hauser as Hitler and a bunch of Robocop style commercials, it's packed with tons of action and spaceships exploding and it is overflowing with hot babes. The hottest babe is easily Denise Richards, who is so hot it almost makes me cry that she doesn't get topless in the movie. I got over it when Charlie Sheen pressured her into posing for Playboy and I

saw that her nipples are too big.

No, the hot scene in this bad boy is when Dizzy, the chick with the frizzy hair, knocks boots in a tent with the dude from Omega Code. Part of the reason why the scene is so hot is that there is a big shower scene earlier in the movie. It started and I was like "awesome," but then I saw some of Jake Busey's pubic hair and all of the tits in the world couldn't fix that one. So when Dizzy finally takes off her top in the shower scene it was a total let down. Serious case of fried eggs.

But then somewhere between basic training and Klendathu she must have picked up a couple bags of saline if you know what I mean, because when she unsheathes those puppies they are looking tip-top.

Yo, Holy Crap, I'm a Girl Takin' a Bath (Strange Days)

I wanted to pick something different for the last one, so I'm going with the sex chips in the movie Strange Days. Not too many people saw this one, and it's kind of lame now because it takes place like ten years ago, but it has some super hot scenes in it. The basic plot of the movie is that the Nazi guy from Schindler's List is a sort of future drug dealer who sells these chips that make you experience what someone else experienced. There's also some crap with a murder that involves a rap star killed by cops and the chick from Red Shoe Diaries getting choked, which is ironic since I choked myself to her many times watching Showtime at 3 AM. Heh.

Anyway, the real hot stuff is in the different clips that the Nazi dude plays for people. Sometimes he's screwing the chick from National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation, but the super duper hot one is this clip that this dude watches where he's like a babe with huge hooters and another babe is going to town on him. It's just so twisted it's mind blowing. Like the dude is standing there, fully clothed, rubbing his shirt and then they cut to what he sees and it looks like the video game Trespasser minus the heart tattoo and the shirt.

It's a good movie and it is worth it for the hot babe moments alone.

Alright, so, I know I missed some. I always miss some, but don't just go assuming I missed it because I didn't mention it. If you really and truly think I missed something, you can go ahead and email me about it.

Man, I can already sense people writing me about Barbarella, but can you guys seriously even make half-mast on that one still? I just imagine Ted Turner all red faced and sweaty laying on top of her. Plus, I heard she was a traitor. Like she told Saddam where our troops were or something really stupid.

-~Steve "Malak" Sumner

7.25 The 2006 Pamphy Awards

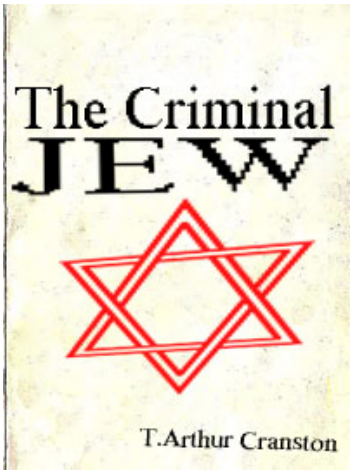
Tuesday, Jul 25, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

The internet pervades every facet of our lives: e-mail has replaced traditional correspondence, social networking has moved dating out of the bar scene, and instant messaging brings families and friends together. But beware, pamphlet lovers: this age of rapid change threatens to overtake and assimilate our most beloved of arts. Now that every lost soul can walk into a public library and publish his screeds to the web, it seems that the pamphlet must certainly be a dying art.

But all is not lost yet! Even as the web encroaches upon us, luring some of the most progressive minds away from the world of paper, we have still witnessed a banner year in the art of pamphleting. To look at the diverse and dynamic list of 2006 winners, one would think that the pamphlet scene was still as bright and vibrant as it was thirty years ago. Though technology may engulf us all one day, the glorious pamphlets which we honor today prove that the common man, with his photocopier and his unkempt beard, shall always find a voice:

Best "White Nationalist" Pamphlet
"The Criminal Jew" by T. Arthur Cranston

Though the Pamphy awards do not discriminate by race, creed, color or sexual identity, we do acknowledge that one cannot overstate the importance of racism, anti-Semitism, radical antifeminism, Nazism, and general intolerance to the development and continuing relevance of pamphlets. Even those who do not share our beliefs of peace and tolerance have every right to speak their mind and publish their voices; it is with the utmost pride that we honor T. Arthur Cranston's superlative 2006 screed, "The Criminal Jew." Exhaustively researched and attractively presented, "The Criminal Jew" stands beside "The Jew Hive-Mind" and "Jewtoons!" as one of the greatest anti-Semitic pamphlets in history.

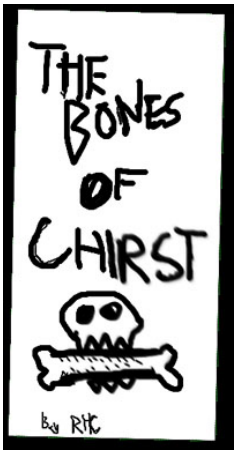


> "True Jew Stories! The Video Vampire: I was returning a copy of my favorite documentary, "Sturgis Uncensored," to the local *****buster Video when I experienced a typical Jew Transaction. The clerk, a loathsome little creature with a nametag reading "Amanda," sneeringly informed me that I owed more than seven dollars in late fees from a previous rental. When I, quite politely and reasonably, accused her of trumping up faulty late charges and funneling the profits to the Jew banking system, she practically

ordered me to leave the store. This isn't Israel, "Amanda," and you have no power over me. Whether or not "Amanda" is a Jew herself, she is unquestionably beholden to Jew overlords, since *****buster Video is a tentacle of the Jew entertainment media, and thus a certifiable Jew Hellhole..."

Best Traditional Religious Pamphlet
"The Bones of Christ" by Russell Henry Claude

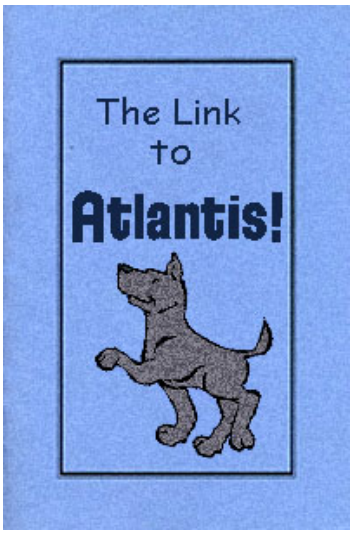
The best traditional religious pamphlets are those that border on the "nontraditional" category: they make such revolutionary leaps in theological understanding that skeptics might consider them the work of some hot new sect. Claude's "The Bones of Christ," unequivocally the finest Christian pamphlet of the year, skirts this distinction with wild-eyed fervor. While remaining true to Christian doctrine and attempting minimal revisions to the story of Christ, Claude advocates bold new directions in traditional Christianity.



"I have sued the city council of Rio Dell, the liars and the heretics; sued them not under the law of man, the law of abortion and sin, the law of damnation; nay, I have sued them under the law of GOD, and as I testify for him, shall HE testify for me. GOD has revealed through number codes in the HOLY BIBLE the location of the skeleton of CHRIST and only the MARROW OF CHRIST, sucked into my mouth by my GOD-GIVEN BREATH, shall free man of the slavery of the RIO DELL CITY COUNCIL. Only when I am allowed to dig beneath the PROGRESS AVE. CIRCLE-K shall I uncover the hidden SKELETON OF CHRIST, revealed to me by number codes and holy television transmissions, and only when I uncover this SKELETON OF CHRIST shall I be able to sup upon the marrow that shall make me IMMORTAL, the battle-axe of GOD, the destroyer of the RIO DELL CITY COUNCIL. And when I find this SKELETON OF CHRIST and when I have HIS bones in my teeth, then shall these conspirators and rapists tremble, for they shall feel the BITE OF GOD upon their own skeletons..."

Best Nontraditional Religious Pamphlet
"The Link to Immortal Atlantis" by Madame Sissy Astraline

The best nontraditional religious pamphlets can show even the staunchest skeptic that there is a vast world beyond our comprehension. Madame Sissy does just this with her whimsical yet extremely convincing treatise on the crystals that power our dreams and grant us immortality.



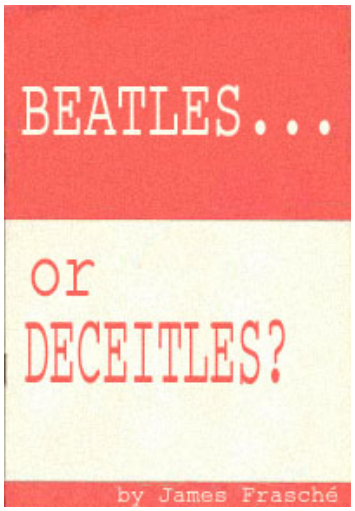
"You think you will die. You think Atlantis is lost. Are you ready to have joy in your heart? Are you ready to be happy always? You must know: you think wrong. Atlantis is with us... just not where we expect! We want to know, please, where are the survivors of Atlantis? Much has been made of Atlantians among us... for centuries. Where are they? Are they here? Are they in the deep of the sea? THEY ARE HERE! Many of us live among them. How? They are our companions. THEY ARE OUR DOGS. Our dogs, we love them, they are shown by science that they extend our lives. How? The dog contains the crystals of Atlantis. By take them out of the dog, you are granted the gift of life forever. HOW? The crystals are in the dog. You must open the dog. Where is the crystal? The crystals are all over inside the dog!"

Best Revisionist or Conspiracy Pamphlet
"Beatles... or Deceitles?" by James Frasché

Historical revisionists and conspiracy theorists may just be the most important chroniclers of our time. If even a fraction of the allegations in a pamphlet like James Frasché's "Beatles... or Deceitles?" are true, it may forever change the way we view modern world history. Frasché's unassuming trifold posits one of the most incredible— and potentially revolutionary— revisionist theories we've ever seen. In a field crowded with big ideas and painstaking "alternative" research, BoD? shines like a beacon of potential truth.

"On December the 8th, 1980, Mark David Chapman exploded the Beatles myth forever. Outside the Dakota in New York City, Chapman fired four shots into one of the most recognizable actors of our time: CIA agent Ben Hoyle, the man who portrayed John Lennon on television, on the silver screen, on the radio, and in a billion hearts. According to paramedic Dan Trouel, Hoyle's last words were 'Tell [CIA director Stansfield] Turner... I'm blown.' Trouel, starstruck and heartbroken, initially thought 'Lennon' was talking nonsense.

'Initially,' says Trouel, 'I thought he was talking nonsense.' Little did he know that Hoyle had provided the first clue to unraveling one of the greatest deceptions ever perpetrated on the American public. 'American public,' you ask? 'Weren't the Beatles a worldwide phenomenon?' WRONG. Ask any British adult who the Beatles are, and you'll be greeted with a blank stare."



Best Medical Pamphlet
"The Natural Beauty" by Dr. Jack Wolk

Followers of the medical pamphlet will no doubt be familiar with the superlative work of Dr. Wolk, the author of such seminal tracts as "The Surgery Myth," "Incan Mysteries of Heart Happy Health," and "AIDS, Bye Bye!" This formerly licensed physician has a brave history of revealing medical marvels too controversial to be embraced by the stodgy establishment. "The Natural Beauty," one of his most successful pamphlets, gives us practical advice on aging in the inimitable Wolk style:

> "Forget those F**CKS at the ADA: your teeth are FINE without fluoride... do you know what fluoride is? IT'S A F**CKING POISON. It grabs your mind by the BALLS and it THROWS IT ONTO THE F**ING GOVERNMENT'S DOORSTEP. Listen to me: teeth don't just FALL OUT on their F*ING own. They are COAXED AND PROVOKED by advertisements for F*ING CREST and AQUAFRESH, and the big FLOURIDE AXIS. Your teeth are going to be fine. I'm a F*ING doctor and I'm telling you they are fine. BUMPS ON THE SKIN? Cosmetics, the cosmetics industry, they are the F*ING RESPONSIBLE PARTY for all these bumps! What do cosmetics do? Cover bumps? At

the same time they make MORE BUMPS, so you have to buy MORE COSMETICS, which means more FU**ING money for BIG MEDICAL and BIG JEWEY. You want Natural Beauty, you want GRACE and POISE? That's why you picked this piece of paper up! You can LOOK AS GOOD AS A TV MODEL without POISONING YOUR FACE WITH JEW CREAMS."

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

7.26 The Mystery of My Hole

Wednesday, Jul 26, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Ladies and gentlemen, I have an infinitely deep hole. It has been a long road traveled to be able to admit this, so please do not take me lightly. I have been rather secretive about this hole, as I have sought to guard against its misuse and exploitation, as well as cover up my own misuse and exploitation. But now, at this late stage, I am pleased to announce to the public that I am in possession of a world-class mystery hole, to which there is no bottom.

I discovered this hole initially by peering at my backyard patio area and noticing a large black circle. Curious, I attempted to touch the black circle, but found that my hand merely entered into the black circle's form. Naturally I started throwing things in it, such as sticks, rocks, potatoes, and bags of old underwear the Goodwill store refused to take off my hands. After several days of depositing things in the black circle I determined it to be a hole, and likely a very deep one.

Like any of you I feel that science, while largely a corrupt arm of the Communist party, is not without some legitimate uses. One of my first endeavors was to find out just how deep the hole was. After spending about six hours pumping water into it with a garden hose, I concluded the hole was at least "near-infinite" in nature, since I saw no signs of water when gazing into it darkness. I didn't even hear a splash when I lugged a mini refrigerator out and pushed it in. I did instantly regret it, however, as my sandwich was in that fridge along with most of my condiments.

Over time my curiosity turned to anger, as the hole seemed to be not just a hole in my backyard, but a reflection of my soul. I would drunkenly leer at the hole with disdain, longing to fill it but lacking the volume of materials to do so. I would hurl bottles and rubbish at the hole in a drunken stupor, cursing its name along the way. "Hole" I would yell in an angry voice! "Hole" I would repeat in a soft, defeated inflection before collapsing in a pool of my own vomit.

I tried so hard to fill that hole up, throwing everything I had into it. It became a horrible addiction, my secret shame, the omnipresent empty spot I could not get rid of that hounded me day and night. I'd spend all my money buying things to dump in the hole, hoping to fill it up. I'm not ashamed to admit I even contemplated throwing myself in the hole. Then I would finally know just how deep the hole was.

I think I first learned my hole was special when, in a bout of frustration, I peed in it. Amazingly, some two hours later, I had to urinate again. The very same urine I just emptied into the hole returned to me, boomeranging back to my bladder through some ethereal backdoor tunnel. Could it be that the hole was magical? It appeared so, for how else could my bladder have assembled such a collection of urine so fast?

My outlook brightened and I longed to prove that the hole had no bottom, that it was indeed infinite and therefore infinitely full of potential. A bottomless hole could conceivably solve the world's problems. You could dump massive amounts of waste in it, freeing up valuable space for everything from city parks to internment camps for terrorists. That is, the terrorists awaiting trial and sentences of death by hole. But that would entail the militarization of the hole, something I was not readily comfortable with. No, I sighed, the hole should be used for peaceful pursuits.

I rounded up some neighbor's cats and started tossing them in, enthusiastic that they would never stop falling. I hurled in six cats with ease, enjoying a vibrant symphony of meows echoing up the

hole. I started to throw a seventh cat in, but it spontaneously had six kittens matching the colors of the previous six I tossed in the hole. I threw all those in and laughed with joy at the notion of my magic hole's ability to bend reality to its whims. I even went indoors and found my missing sandwich back and as fresh as ever. The hole and I were on good terms again.

One day I spent half my paycheck on balls of yarn, which I tied together and lowered into the hole, wondering if I'd ever hit bottom. I could sense no end after lowing all that yarn in, and when I pulled it up the bottom five segments had tangled up to form the perfect shape of a sweater. I didn't wear the sweater because it was bright orange and purple, but I delighted in throwing it back in along with a garbage bag full of road kill I collected the day before to satiate my growing hole's appetite.

Fearing that people would become suspicious of my hole, I began covering it up with boards and dirt to hide it from prying eyes. The public was not ready for this great mystery, and more importantly, I was not ready to share. As big and spacious as the hole was, it was mine alone to hurl garbage in. I suppose the horrible smell of garbage had influence on my choice to cover it up as well.

Maybe in time I would open it to the public, charging admission and selling high priced souvenirs such as T-shirts with holes in them. Perhaps eventually I would allow engineers to build housing inside the hole, solving our over-population dilemma. Maybe even in time explorers could chart the unknown depths of the hole. The possibilities were endless, but limited to the future. I was not ready to commercially exploit this hole just yet.

One day after removing the cover to let the hole get some fresh air, I threw a penny in and made a wish. I wished the hole would give me some financial support since it was costing me a lot to feed and mostly only seemed to summon animals and insects, which were now making frequent pilgrimages to the smelly hole. I immediately checked my pockets, expecting a sudden non-fleshy bulge to appear. My pockets were miniature holes themselves, empty and bottomless. As far down as I reached there was no money in them. The hole had eaten my fortunes all the way down to my last penny. I had fed it such nice things, and it betrayed me.

Frustrated, I put the cover back on and buried it under dirt. Unfortunately, in doing so I completely misplaced my bottomless hole. The next day I frantically searched all over the ground, trying to find the entrance to the hole in hopes of finally commercializing it. My search was in vain. I asked it to give a little back and it disappeared on me. My bottomless hole, hiding somewhere under a thin layer of dirt just to avoid paying me. I cannot tell you how crushed I have been since losing my hole, nor how many hours I've spent digging around my backyard and peering for black dots on satellite photos trying to find the magical void that offered so much. It is like the hole itself took on a new form, consuming me entirely with its absence.

Possibe satellite view of my hole??

Ladies and gentlemen, I do have an infinitely deep hole. It is inside my soul.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.27 The Hidden Cost of Whining About Piracy on Your Blog

Thursday, Jul 27, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Lowtax mourns at the National Something Awful Front Page cemetary. Here lies the SA writers of the past. May God have mercy on their souls.

It is my difficult job to announce that six of the seven writers that update on Thursdays were struck and killed by a bus last weekend. Their lives were tragically cut short while boarding the 8AM Greyhound to Comic Con when another bus jumped the curb and hit a line of people waiting to board sending bits of plastic superhero outfits and eye glitter everywhere. Their ashes have been scattered at the Adult Swim booth. Funeral arrangements have been made for Saturday.

What this means is that you're stuck with me for today. Lowtax has laid upon me the terrible burden of putting words on this web site. I am the go-to guy. When this site needs updating I am always ready to heed the call, mainly because I don't go anywhere, have anywhere to go to, or have anyone to go anywhere with. I'm a triple-threat!

I was watching TV the other day and one of those celebrity poker tournaments came on. I was trying to find some old basketball games on ESPN Classic but it seems that the most classic thing they air over there is World Series of Poker tournaments from 2004. I was thinking more along the lines of seeing Larry Bird and Magic Johnson instead of a fat asshole shuffling cards but they are the big television producers, not me.

While Michael Ian Black was impressing the crowd with his ability to make a poker tournament even more painful to watch, another D-lister mentioned the charity organization they were playing for. This enraged me. Why is it that celebrities have to play for charity when they go on game shows? I'm sure some comedian has already covered this but I'm serious here. Is there some moral or ethical standpoint that says that celebrities can't compete for cash?

Well, they are already rich and famous so there is no way they would need the money! Are you kidding me? That's why they agree to go on these shows in the first place. They need the exposure. These are the celebrities that can't say no to anything. Colin Mochrie agreed to star alongside Rosie O'Donnel in a video that plays at a bread making exhibit at Disney's California Adventure. You're trying to tell me this guy isn't hard up for some dough? Haha dough.

You will never see any regular person go on a game show and play for their favorite charity. Nobody even has a favorite charity. Most people are bandwagon givers. I know I am. When the yearly natural disaster strikes I am ready to give, as soon as Something Awful tells me to. I'll tell you what. I'm going to go on the Wheel of Fortune and play for a charity. When Pat Sajak asks me who I'm playing for I'll say, well Pat, today I'm playing for the Kathy Griffin charity. I'm going to do my best because she really needs this.

That's why today I want to talk about software piracy. I read Shacknews every single day of my miserable life. I check it once in the morning to see what patches just came out for games I don't have, and once at night to read Chris Remo's daily novel about console gaming. I tell you man, PC gaming must be going out of style because every day that Late Night Consoling gets bigger and bigger. It takes up more space than the rest of the Shacknews updates combined. I don't know why the last guy was fired because they never let out any details about it. Unlike ShackNews we are upfront about why people are fired. We say they were hit by buses.

I like Chris Remo and his little column which is soon to be developed into a major motion picture. He also posts little updates throughout the day. I think he's the only one who updates that site

while Steve Gibson and Marteen Goldstein count all their Internet money while whipping Remo and screaming, "They just released a patch for Galactic Civilizations 2. THE PEOPLE NEED TO KNOW." It used to be about the love of developer diaries guys, not money. You fuckers sold out...

One update that caught my eye was an interview with Michael Russell, QA manager for Ritual Entertainment, on videogame piracy. Russell, who seems to be striving to be the next Major Nelson, recently stated on his blog that support requests from people who downloaded illegal copies of Sin outnumbered legit support requests on a magnitude of 5 to 1.

> *For the last five weeks, support requests for the pirated version of the game outnumbered support requests from legitimate purchasers. Last week, the pirates outnumbered the true customers by* ***almost five to one****. It takes time and resources to track down solutions to people's problems. I spent seven hours searching for answers to one guy's problem just to find out that when I asked him a question regarding a setting, he was checking on his friend's machine for the "right" answer and then on his machine and if the two didn't match, he was reporting the "right" answer so I wouldn't know he had a pirated version.*
>
> I really pride myself on the level of service I have been able to provide to our customers, but it is really disheartening to see the number of people who not only stole our game, but then steal my time in an effort to truly get something for nothing.

In response to this maudlin cry for attention Chris Remo decided to interview him.

> *Mike Russell: I've been in this industry for seven years, and I've seen the effects of piracy. I've seen studios close as the result of it, I've seen people lose their homes. I guess I'm more vocal than a lot of people because I've seen the personal side of it, and it's just sad that we have so many people looking for a way of justifying it.*

Her thong is sticking out of her pants. Pretty cool stuff here guys.

While I really like Shacknews and have absolutely nothing against them, I have to say I didn't like this interview. Remo lobs softball questions at Russell and doesn't challenge anything he says. When you state that you've seen people lose their homes because of software piracy you really need to bring some numbers to the table. I'm not saying it never happened. But I would have asked him some follow up questions.

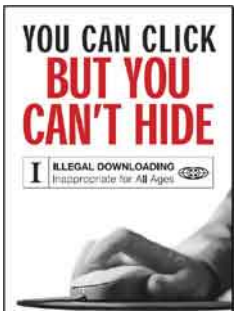
Who lost their homes? Which studios were shut down? Were they shut down because of piracy, or because they made terrible games? Remo asks none of these questions. And then there's the most important question of all. Why the hell are you not asking for legit Steam IDs when someone requests support? Oh poor me, I spent seven hours helping a dude who had a pirated copy of Sin! I've got a simple solution for you.

STOP FUCKING SUPPORTING THEM.

No shirt, no shoes, no Steam ID, no service. It's that simple. When I call my cable company they ask for my driver license. When I call my ISP they ask for my account number. There's no need to get up on your angry Internet soapbox and write about how the PC industry is going to collapse because you're unable to manage your time correctly. It's a blatant cry for attention about an issue that could have been handled quietly.

Russell doesn't want to put up any barriers between him and the customer. Well, buddy, you might

have to put up some of those barriers. You want people to log onto a server just to play your fucking game. But God forbid they verify their copy of Sin to figure out why it's screwed up.



YO touchstone, how do i get dis xvid to play thnx

The interview and his blog entry raise even more questions. Russell states on his blog that the copies of Sin that we buy pay his salary. Well, you still got your salary right? Did your boss come to you and say, "Well piracy is pretty high this week so we took a couple hundred bucks out of your paycheck. It's the piracy tax. Sorry friend, these are hard times we live in."? Yeah, we know it pays your salary. What's your point?

Russell goes to depict a grim future for PC games. As more and more people pirate games more and more developers move their games to consoles. You know, everybody and their mother have been predicting the fall of the PC game industry since the dawn of time. Guess what? It hasn't happened yet! The PC section at almost any computer store you go is as large or larger than the Xbox, PS2, and Gamecube sections combined.

Even if the PC game industry is collapsing maybe it's for the better. People are sick and tired of bugs, copy protection, and the endless onslaught of patches. I know I am. I buy a game and I have to have the CD in the drive, connect to some server to authenticate, and then download forty patches to make the damn thing work.

And if more PC game developers are moving to consoles, well, their bad habits are moving with them too. More and more buggy games are being released for consoles only to be patched later. I don't want the PC games industry to move to consoles, I want the PC game industry to just die where it stands. If the industry collapses, it's probably because of the industry itself, not the couple hundred morons downloading your stupid game on Torrentspy.

I thought Steam was this magical platform where developers are finally going to be freed from the slave-like conditions of working with a traditional publisher and make a fair percentage on their game because they don't have to waste money on pointless things like CDs and boxes and stores. If that's true, wouldn't the gobs of money you receive for your game on Steam outweigh these so-called losses from piracy? Valve gets boners for showing off Steam stats every other week. I care a lot about how many minutes people are spending playing Counter-Strike. Why not release some figures on how much these developers are really making on their games? Maybe it's not all it's cracked up to be if piracy is making such a dent in the bottom line.

Only 15% of games break even and an astonishing 85% lose money. You're breaking my heart here. Do you think games like FIGHT CLUB have anything to do with it? Did publishers sit around the board room deciding on whether or not to make the Scarface game and think, "I really hope 100% of our games make money this year!" I'm so sorry Ice Age 2 the video game didn't exactly sweep the industry by storm. Those damn pirates! If only they weren't downloading games, WarPath could have been a hit...

I've got some wild claims for you. Video game makers are making money hand over fist. Piracy has no impact on game sales. Everything is fine. Of course I have nothing to back up these claims. Fuck it, who needs that shit.

I have no idea how much piracy affects the PC game industry. I don't even care that much. I don't pirate games either. I don't even play games anymore. I buy them for the instruction manuals so I have something to keep my mind off my distended colon while I sit on the toilet. I really have no concrete stance on the piracy debate. But you've got this crybaby QA manager saying the industry is going to collapse because of piracy, and then you've got Warren Spector saying that anyone who worries about piracy is full of shit. Who knows?

And who the hell thought it would be a good idea to make a sequel to Sin anyway?

The discussion continues at PBS.org/frontline/. There you'll find extended interviews, links, and updates on this and other Frontline stories. PBS. Be more.

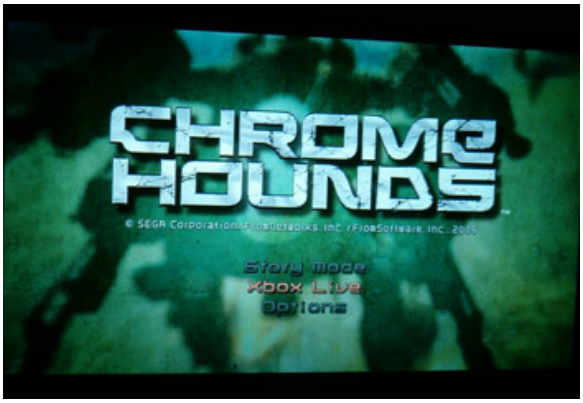
-~Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

7.28 War Never Changes: From the Frontlines of the Neroimus Conflict

Friday, Jul 28, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The following file was recovered from the computer of an abandoned HOUND left at a strip mall in Tarakia's capital city of Xeres. It is believed to be the first day's deployment log of a former Rafzakael mercenary who joined forces with Tarakia. His or her name is unknown.

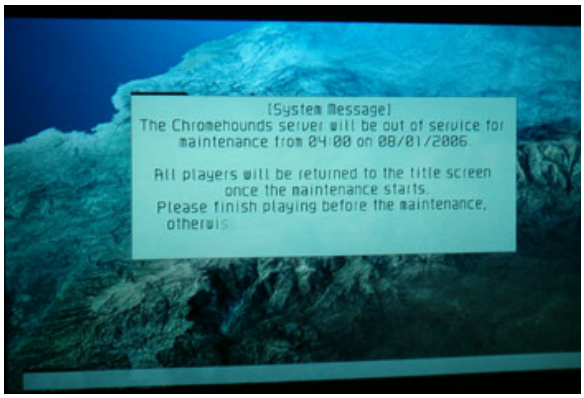
W00t! Got my HOUND outfitted with polka dots and my new penguin with a pink bow in its hair logo. Oh snappies, penguins don't have hair. Or do they?! Heheheheheh! I've been practicing screaming racial slurs and I think I am ready to go toe to toe with the other HOUND pilots in the Neroimus war. Welly, welly, wells, time to go off to war.



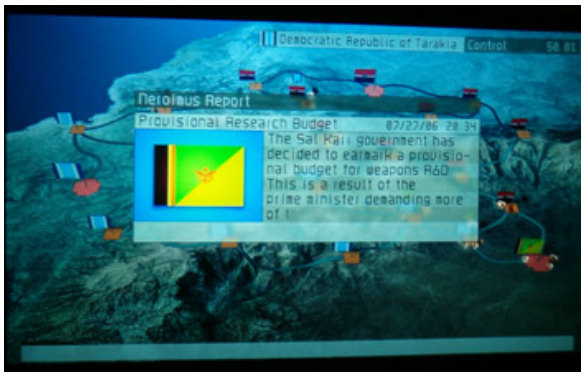
Let's just fire up the system. Ehhhhhhhhhhh, I could train some more, but it's time to f%$% up some people.

BEE-BOO-BA-BA-BEEP uplink mutha-%$%$ing activated. Hells yeah, look out Morskoj. Lock your doors Sal Kar! A tornado of pain is comin' and its got quad machineguns BRRRRAAAT! I love it when them things blaze up like that.

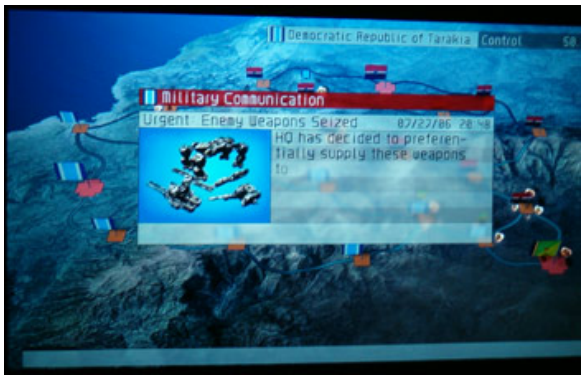
Wait a second what is this crap? Awwww come on, skip that.


[System Message]
The Chromehounds server will be out of service for maintenance from 04:00 on 08/01/2006.
All players will be returned to the title screen once the maintenance starts.
Please finish playing before the maintenance, otherwis

"The Sal Kar government has decided to earmark-," what the crap?! I don't care. Nexxxxt!


Democratic Republic of Tarakia
Control
Neroimus Report
Provisional Research Budget
07/27/06 20:34
The Sal Kari government has decided to earmark a provisional budget for weapons R&D. This is a result of the prime minister demanding more of t

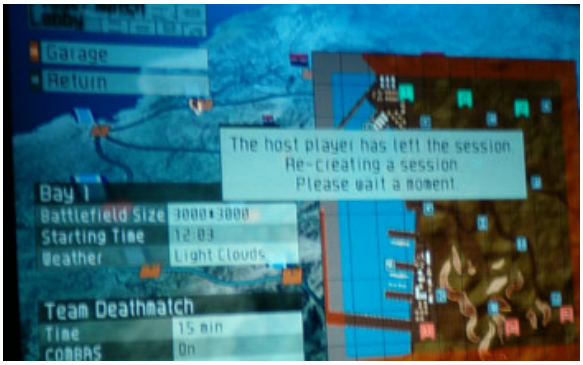
"HQ has decided to preferentially supply these weapons to-," f%$ing HQ, preferentially supply your mouth to shut up. What is this now...who are all these people donating money to who, what, what is this crap? I don't care, I'm here to fight a war not give my fat ducats to Jerry's Kids.



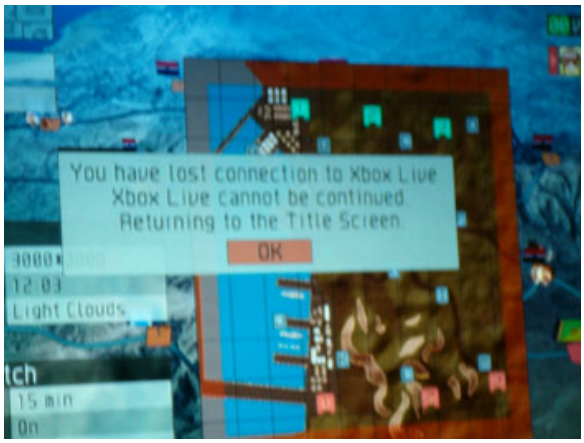
Allllright, at long last, the field of war awaits.

I'll just pick one of these battle zones to...join a squad...create a...what the heck? Forget this, I'm just going to get to the nearest fight I can find.

Okay, this is good, a nice two on two battle. Nothing big, nothing fancy. We've got the map here with the ba-

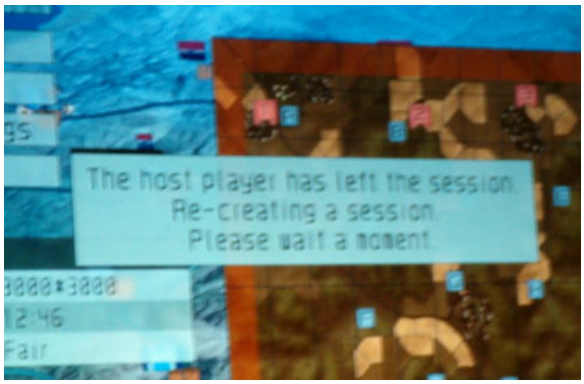


What the crap is this? Okay, it's okay, it will just re-sort things and start over and we'll be good to go to fight for the glory of Tar-

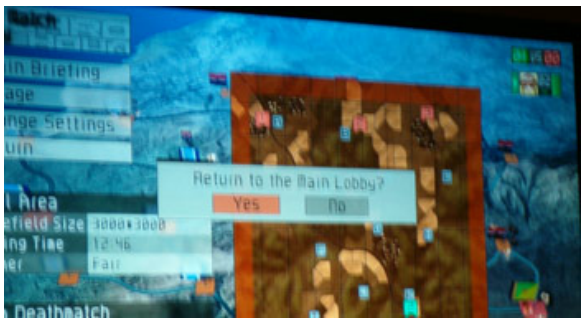


Son of a b****. Okay, okay, stay calm man. That's what sarge told you. Keep your cool and everything will be all right. We'll just locate another battle here.

Okay, nice rocky map, nice full roster of people ready to duke it out over the ba-



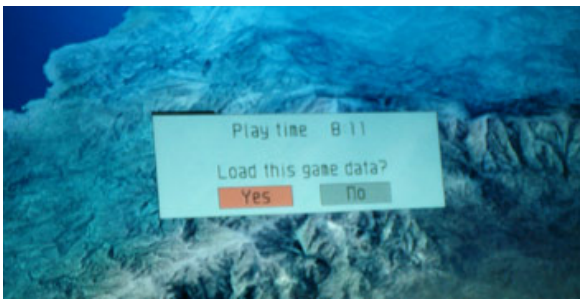
I swear to crap, this same villain must be behind all this. Okay, maybe this time it will work. It's not saying my uplink is down. Here it goes. Why is it just sitting on that same screen? It's not doing anything. Oh, wait, here we go, but now I'm by myself. Forget this, I'll find a different battle.



Okay, now I'll just have to download a few more bulletins, but everything will be fine.

...

Huh. Wellllllllllllllllllllll, one more time.

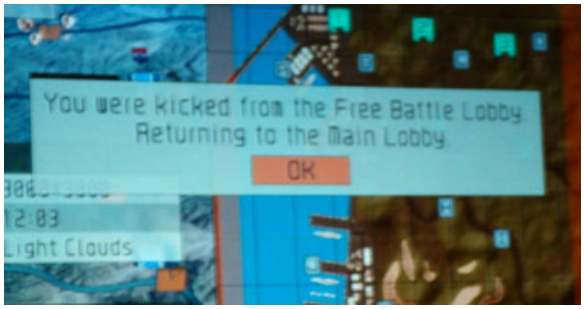


8 minutes? When was that? Time to download the messages again. Yes, I know, King Pimp Magooz donated generously much to the surprise of I don't give a crap. Ooh, emergency bulletin, so and so are invading bla bla! I'd better hurry to the frontlines! Oh wait, I can't!

Tarakia, you make it really hard to love you. I'm gonna spark this blunt one more time.

Aww hell yeah. This map looks familiar, but I don't see the disconnect villain up in here. Let me just throw out some greetz.

"What up niggers?!"



Mother fu-

The recovered log terminates abruptly, almost as if the pilot powered down his or her HOUND and left it abandoned there and then at the strip mall. The Neroimus War rages on. The Tarakian government was surprised to find a massive donation from...

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.29 Inactive Fiction: Wrestlefest 2006

Saturday, Jul 29, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

You are backstage, squeezing into your tights and getting totally pumped up. The baby oil is on, the roar of the crowd has reached a fever pitch, and one of your fellow wrestlers is defecating in a diva's duffel bag while mentally preparing to call her a cunt. You've made it to the big time. You take one last look in the mirror before your premiere, and in the reflection you see...

Please choose your face: (angry, winking, winking with the other eye)

> ***winking***

Please choose a skin color: (1, 2, 3)

> ***what color is 1?***

1 it is. Please choose your torso: (yes, no)

> ***yes***

Please choose arms: (raised, hands on hips, broken)

> ***hands on hips***

Please choose a hat: (toupee or space helmet)

> ***no hat***

Please choose a hat: (toupee or space helmet)

> ***space helmet***

Please enter your wrestler's name.

> ***David Arquette***

What is your wrestler's gimmick? This is very important, as it sets him apart from other wrestlers and can ultimately make or break his career.

> ***I am allergic to shellfish***

You are David Arquette, the man with a torso who is allergic to shellfish. As you turn from the mirror, a camera is shoved into your face and the show's interviewer asks how you feel about your upcoming match against Ric Flair.

You are on live television for the first time. Please cut your promo:

> ***How do I feel? Maybe you should ask Flair how he feels while his spinal cord is still intact. I'm going to tear him apart in that ring, and soon there will be no denying that David Arquette is the greatest wrestler in the business.***

Hey Flair, are you watching? Do you see this battered and scuffed space helmet? It was once brand new, full of optimism. But it bled, Flair, it bled for this industry in a thousand arenas across a thousand states. I sacrificed everything just to get where I am, and I'm not about to let a washed-up old man like you stand in the way. My time is now. Your time... hell, your time was over ten years

ago. If you're smart you'll just lay down without a fight and let me pin you. I can't guarantee that simply placing my arm on your chest for the duration of the count won't snap your mummified ribs, but it's the best chance you have of walking out of that ring alive.

Syntax error. Please try again.

*> **Flair, you son of a bitch. Did you think I'd sit idly by after you skipped my spot in line at the DMV? I waited hours to get where I was, only to get passed up by a washed-up old hack like you. Well no more, Ric. No more biting my lip and taking the high road. I'm going to bite your lip and take the road to victory!***

Syntax error. Please try again.

*> **GRRR!***

Ric Flair accepts your challenge of "GRRR!". The time for your match comes, and you emerge from backstage onto the entrance ramp while your theme song "Brandy (You're a fine girl)" plays at full volume. To herald your arrival, your pyrotechnics go off.

Please choose your pyrotechnics display (none, pretty big, huge):

*> **huge***

A flash of white light envelops your field of vision as burning phosphors fill the stadium, instantly incinerating all they touch. Nearly twenty thousand are dead or unaccounted for, and your promising career is cut short.

Try again?

*> **yes***

Please choose your pyrotechnics display (none, pretty big, huge):

*> **pretty big***

A modest-yet-impressive tower of sparks shoots into the air behind you. A stray spark flutters in an impossible arc and lands square on your space helmet, which is not only not fire-resistant, but was specifically designed to be as flammable as possible for reasons you will never have the chance to learn. In mere milliseconds, you become a chia pet of flames and burning agony.

At your funeral, your parents admit that they never really liked you all that much. A stash of kiddie pornography is found on your computer's hard drive, and when this discovery is broadcast on national news everyone you ever met hates you.

Try again?

*> **yes***

Please choose your pyrotechnics display (none, pretty big, huge):

*> **none***

You make your way down the ramp with no problem and enter the ring. As you wait for Ric Flair's entrance to begin, a very large man falls from the rafters and lands on your head. The man is a wrestler, and he was supposed to be lowered into the ring after your match but a cable couldn't take his weight and snapped. Compounding the problem, it turns out that not only is your space helmet not impact resistant, but it was specifically designed to fragment upon impact and force the fragments into your skull.

At your funeral, it turns out that no one really remembers you or bothers to show up, including the priest who forgot to write down the appointment for your service. Your death is turned into a storyline where Ric Flair dates your sister only to find out that he is impotent, but the angle proves unpopular and is dumped in favor of a feud between Mick Foley and the answering machine of a wrestler he can never catch at home.

Try again?

$>$ ***no i hate you***

Thanks for playing! Be sure to check out our other games, available at fine gas stations everywhere!

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.30 New Ways To Get High: For Kids!

Sunday, Jul 30, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade and Alex "Microwave" May

Here at Something Awful we like to joke around, but we also know that drugs are no laughing matter. Every year thousands of confused youngsters spend their money at street corners and opium dens around the country, and we think that's a darn crying shame. When you're wasting all your cash on illegal drugs you have less funds for cooler, more legal things, like an SA forums account or a T-shirt that just says "RAP" on it. Drug money lubricates the gears that run the engine that supports terrorism, and the only thing worst than a drug addict is a *terrorist* drug addict. Stick that in your pipe and smoke it, Cheech.

As this comic shows, we are serious in our fight tomake money**stop terror**. In order to combat the drug epidemic we have created a little guy named Ace W. High, a sassy, streetwise young man who shuns drugs and instead chooses to use Recreational Household Products (RHPs). Ace understands that there's no need for weed when your house is a veritable cornucopia of cheap, legal highs. Heroin? Blah. Give Ace a can of turpentine and a rubber hose and he'll put any hard-partying frat boy to shame. Who would you rather support, a crazy man with bed linens on his head or the American household chemical industry? Guess what, buddy: if you chose the former you might want to catch the next flight back to Abu Dhabi or you may wind up with a pair of Safe-T-Scissors buried in your forehead, too.

Because we care about educating the thousands of children who read SA every day, we have compiled a list of easy-to-find RHPs, their effects, and even potential problems they could cause. We hope you kids take our message as seriously as we do – we want you off the street and under the sink, where the cool kids belong! Now, drop the bong and grab a Sharpie: Ace is here to take you on a tour of RHPs you can find right under your nose!

Markers

What's the deal? Markers are an awesome way to express yourself as an artist, as well as a hip RHP kid who says "no" to illegal drugs. Why waste your milk money on other buzzes when the best high your mom's money can buy is right there in your artbox? Just make sure the package says "permanent" or "magic" on the front (**Rockin' Mnemonic Device:** You'll have a permanent good feeling after a magical trip through the world of markers), and pretty soon you'll be flying through an ink-stained world on a little black spaceship that *totally* could. That's the tubular truth, brosef!

Where can I find it? Cabinets, artboxes, and cool kids' nostrils.

What will happen? Markers make your head feel like a great big birthday balloon! Put one under

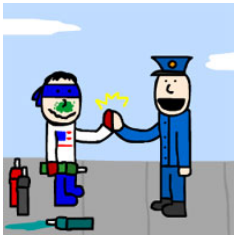
your nose and soon you'll be flying high like a bird, except you won't be a bird: you'll be a cool, responsible kid who knows the RHP low-down. And if you speak two languages markers often make you speak them at the same time for years at a stretch! How wicked is that?

Watch your back! Some adults just aren't with it. If they see a blue-faced kid with a strip of ink under his nose, they might think Hitler has come back from the grave! If you're going to "Do the Mark", be sure to wear a shirt that explains you're totally *not* Hitler – chances are you'll be too busy laughing at cracks in the sidewalk to explain for yourself!

For big kids only: Breathing it in just not doing the trick anymore? Many markers come with sharp points for precise drawing. If you *really* want to feel like a rock star just jam one in the soft patch of skin between your elbow and forearm. You'll be a regular Kid Cobain!

Ace W. High Sez: "Huff-a-doodle-doo! This Sharpie's for you!"

Spray paint



What's the deal? Spray paint (or "fun in a kizz-an", as we like to call it), is a colorful reminder that fun can be hiding anywhere. Even in grandpa's shed! Why taint your veins with drugs when you could be *painting* them a number of awesome colors, like candy apple red or John Deere green? The sky's the limit with spray paint, and that's incidentally where you'll be going after sucking down a can or two!

Where can I find it? Sheds, hardware stores, and that scary alley where the people with no inside voices play dice all day.

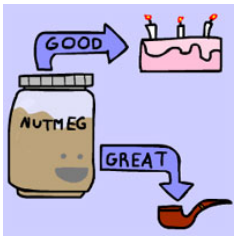
What will happen? If you want to inject your brain with colorful fun, simply take a can of spraypaint, hold it to your nose, and press down. If you listen hard, sometimes the colors will talk to you. Maybe they'll tell you where dad hides his pistol! Who's the coolest kid in school? The one with a ring of paint around his mouth and a wicked cool six-shooter in his backpack, that's who!

Watch your back! Remember that using spraypaint on things that aren't yours is illegal. If a cop comes along and tries to kill your buzz, drop the can and tell him this: "I'm tagging my turf, and my turf is my nose, muthafacko." If the cop doesn't give you a high-five call the police station and tell them he is trying to molest you.

For big kids only: The small plastic ball in the can, used to agitate the paint, is like an adventure pill! Some people might tell you to cut the can open, but that can result in an explosion from the sudden release of aerosol. If you *really* want to ride the paint wave, open wide and swallow the whole can! You'll be like a snake with a magical watch. What time does that watch point to? Party time!

Ace W. High Sez: "Druggies end up / With tags on their toes / If you don't want to die / Graffiti your nose"

Nutmeg



What's the deal? Who says cooking can't be fun? No, we're not talking about food here: your dining room has everything you need to fry your little brain like an egg. A *gnarly* egg. If variety is the spice of life, nutmeg is the spice of your central nervous system! Smoke all the weed you want, stoners – if you need us, we'll be rolling around the kitchen floor, picking imaginary ants off our Digimon shirts. Ants on *skateboards*.

Where can I find it? Mom's spice rack, the grocery, and floating in the air (but only if you're having a radical time)!

What will happen? Imagine nutmeg smoke as millions of tiny extreme motocross bikers running the most extreme course ever – your body. When you inhale them the bikers take a killer dive down your throat and into your lungs, which disperse them throughout your blood stream. After a race which everyone wins for being radical, they take a break in your brain and shout the goofiest things you've ever heard! Maybe they'll tell you to get under the sink and invite their *ah-mee-gos* bleach and ammonia to the rager in your skull. Maybe they'll tell you to go out and taunt the neighbor's dog until it bites you in the neck, giving you a double-wicked buzz. Maybe they'll scream so loud you can't hear anything else! Who needs mom and pop and their "hospitals" when you have a bunch of kickin' rad motocross bikers giving you the D-L? Whatever they say, though, you'd better listen to them – those dudes know how to *pah-tay*.

Watch your back! If mom and dad pay attention they might notice the spice rack's supplies running a little low. To avoid the big bust replace the nutmeg you smoke with dirt from your yard. Just be sure not to get confused not to smoke the dirt! Sure, it might make mom's grody meatloaf taste better, but smoking dirt is always a bad idea: you want to crush it up into fine particles and snort it with a krazy straw.

For big kids only: Want to spread the word? Library programs all over the state have weekend show and tell programs. Load up on nutmeg and show it off to your fellow kool kids – right after smoking some yourself! Who would you rather listen to, a boring, normal kid, or a tweaked-out awesomesaurus dodging spaceships and laser beams while showing off his HRP of choice?

Ace W. High sez: "You're a nut if you don't smoke the 'meg!"

Cough Syrup

What's the deal? *Yee-haw!* Cough syrup is a thick, brown, nasty-tasting sludge, but don't be hatin' – slam it like a Capri Sun and you'll swear you've *really* turn into a big liquid metal blob, complete with the *spec-tubular* feeling of total immobility! Watch out, gardeners: this slug doesn't want your prized tomato plants, it wants the contents of your medicine cabinets!

Where can I find it? The fridge, the bathroom vanity, and sometimes in grandma's purse, but be careful – there could be a year-old peppermint or two floating around in there!

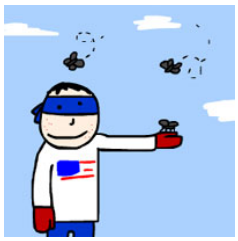
What will happen? Ever wanted to feel like a lead-filled rhinoceros pulling a boulder up a snowy hill? If you haven't, you're missing out! Cough syrup will take you on a slow-moving boat through the gnarliest parts of your psyche and bring you back as a whole new person. A person who doesn't cough. Why? You'll be too *cool* for the sniffles. When you've stared down the devil in a vat full of coagulated deer blood, you'll savor every grape-and-metal-scented breath like it's your last.

Watch your back! Make sure that brown bottle in the cabinet isn't ipecac. There's nothing cool about vomiting so hard your heart comes out your nose!

For big kids only! Remember: if grandma has an insulin needle and your dad has an oil funnel, you can make a killer hypodermic syrup-bong and inject your ticket to the astral plane right into your eyeball. Yarr! We got a hard-trippin' pirate on our hands here, comrades! Check out that eye patch!

Ace W. High sez: "DXM makes you feel like your lungs are on the ceiling! Don't forget to breathe!"

Mothballs



What's the deal? Mothballs are funny because they smell like your grandma's house, taste like a horse apple, and tickle your brain like a feather made out of lightning. This article even says they make scales show up on your skin! Remember, kids: crack turns you into an addict. Mothballs turn you into a dragon!

Where can I find it? Broom closets, pockets of old coats, and candy dishes (once you hide a few in there... your family will laugh for days)!

What will happen? Besides turning you into a moth-killing dragon with partying on his mind, mothballs do a bunch of other great stuff. Just put a few in a bag, breathe out of it for ten minutes, and watch as the world around you swirls and smudges into a blurry yellow soup! It's hard to take mean old Mrs. Riley seriously when she looks like a birthday clown with maggots crawling out of her eyes! Let Ace tell you something, kids: doctors might say your brain needs oxygen, but a little deprivation is nothing in the face of good ol' fashioned fun!

Watch your back! If you're huffing or eating moth balls, be sure not to kiss grandma – her heart might not be able to handle the fumes, and old ladies *definitely* can't handle the secrets of the universe. There's no buzzkill quite like an old woman speaking in tongues and bleeding out of her eyes!

For big kids only: Shove a mothball up each nostril and take the party with you wherever you go!

Ace W. High sez: "We be ballin' / But not like thugs / Winners use mothballs / Instead of drugs"

With these lessons in mind you're sure to have fun without spending a dime! Or getting shot by a crack addict! You'll regret getting that dimebag when you're walking out of the projects with a fist-sized hole in your entrails. There's nothing cool about internal bleeding, kids, no matter what the people on MTV might say. Keep it safe, keep it legal, and always remember...

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade and Alex "Microwave" May

7.31 2006 Goku-Lytton Awards for the Worst First Line in Erotic Fan Fiction

Monday, Jul 31, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Bulwer-Lytton Fiction Contest is a yearly contest in which writers are challenged to come up with the worst possible opening line for a hypothetical novel. Contestants compete in a variety of categories as well as in a single "worst of show" overall prize. Jim Guigli wrote 2006's winning entry.

> *Detective Bart Lasiter was in his office studying the light from his one small window falling on his super burrito when the door swung open to reveal a woman whose body said you've had your last burrito for a while, whose face said angels did exist, and whose eyes said she could make you dig your own grave and lick the shovel clean.*

I enjoy reading the various category winners and dishonorable mentions for the annual Bulwer-Lytton contest, but I have to consider them an anachronism. Nothing produced through conscious effort could ever be more uniformly horrible than the opening lines to various and sundry works of erotic fan fiction. Picking out winning entries for the B-L 2006 is like lifting turds out of an ocean of diarrhea and congratulating each for their abhorrence. The Internet exists as a long opening line for the appallingly terrible novel being written by the collective minds of all of mankind.

To prove that Bulwer-Lytton ain't got nothin' on the Internet, I have formed my own awards and named them the Goku-Lytton Awards. I have searched through the filthiest flop houses and tenements of the Internet to bring you only the most vile and incoherent in opening lines. Because there were so many, I have categorized them to the exact specifications of the Bulwer-Lytton contest. Oh, and since I still have the original Goku statues hanging around, I'll hand those out to the winners.

Winner: Adventure

Joe Rogan rubbed Lisa's huge hooters as she plunged her face into the tank, her tongue and luxurious lips seeking out a pickled horse cock which, once found, she would grip between her teeth and let slide down her throat like another sort of cock which was attached to Joe Rogan, but that was for her steaming hot second-ass to accommodate while she busied herself with the search for 16 briny equine schlongs.

Fuck Factor
Fear Factor Erotic Fanfic
Loopifer

Winner: Children's Literature

The time for a wank was over, it was time for B1 and B2 to get their kit off and screw each other up the arse until everything was cricket, but the problem was once they had off their pyjamas they couldn't even find their arses, so they just started rubbing all over each other until B1 took a sex wee on B2's ugly bollock face.

Peeled Pyjamas
Bananas in Pyjamas Erotic Fanfic
DarkLord Magnus

Winner: Detective Fiction

Lennie Briscoe had a case, a case that meant the difference between the bad guys going to jail for a very long time and the perps walking on a technicality, but standing between Briscoe and Justice was DA Jack McCoy and the only way to get him to press charges on the suspects was to make the DA cum harder than he ever had before, which wasn't an easy task when you had A-list ball drainers like, Lt. Van Buren, who had been known to ride a stiff at a crime scene until it came back to life.

Ripped From the HEADlines
Law & Order Erotic Fanfic
Misty Rogers

Winner: Fantasy Fiction

Aragorn pushed harder, thrusting the hobbit all the way into Arwen's elfin baby box until only the little manlet's feet dangled out, then pushing him all the way into her with his girthy sword as he grasped her perfect pair of boobs and forced his finger down her throat, racking her with convulsions and reveling in the hot splat of her chunder across his chest.

A Trick of the Ring
Lord of the Rings Erotic Fanfic
John Stettler

Winner: Historical Fiction

With a yowl and a burst of pyrotechnics, the battle began, and Harry Truman watched from the helm of his flagship the USS America as the atomic bomb dropped into the air, one hand upon the thigh of Eleanor Roosevelt and the other on the back of Assistant Labor Secretary Roxanne H. Woolsy's head as she devoured the recently crowned president's tube steak loaded with Vitamin Dick.

S is for Sex
Harry S. Truman Erotic Fanfic
Nubsauce, Jr.

Winner: Purple Prose

Golden fire of sunset kissed the tops of the cars parked outside the FBI building and Scully knew that she had to have Assistant Director Walter Skinner's filth inside of her,

to fill her up like the wind fills the sail of a beautiful galleon, to plug every orifice with his hot unctuous shit and make the tears she felt from the loss of Mulder disappear beneath the tears of exquisite ecstasy she would shed as he squatted over her and delivered a perfect payload into her spread butthole.

Walter's Lady Toilet
X-Files Scat Fetish Erotic Fanfic
Lisa Murray

Winner: Romance

Ross sucked a big ball of pussy juice out of Nefer-Tina's jumping hump-hole and let it run down his face as Chandler buried his Pharaoh's scepter deep into her slurping mouth, savoring the way her ancient throat opened all the way up for his powerful bellow and blast of ball batter.

All Wrapped Up
Mummies Alive!/Friends Crossover Erotic Fanfic
Vernice Buckersly

Winner: Science Fiction

Michael's wheelchair quivered once and then, like the force grabbing him by the balls and trying to suck his soul out through his throbbing boner, both wheelchair, Michael and Mac lifted into the air, scattering the patrons of McDonalds and sending Skittles and Coca Cola Classics flying everywhere just as Michael shrieked with the electric ecstasy of his surging orgasmic tide and released his Sprite deep within the vibrating orifice of the friendly alien.

Mac's Back
Mac and Me Erotic Fanfic
Joanna Wettlespit, MD

Winner: Vile Puns

Captain Nathan Bridger held on tight to the edge of Darwin's tank with a fire so intense that it nearly matched the passion of the porpoise as it tore into his clenching pillows with the tips of its fin and a gusty lust, causing Captain Bridger to scream for Darwin to not just use the tip, but to use dolphin.

Darwin's STank
SeaQuest DSV Erotic Fanfic
ScubaDriver

Winner: Western

Vash the Stampede rubbed spit on his turgid length, working the long length back and forth and squeezing on the ballbag beneath, as he ground his butt down hard on the trigun revolver and he wondered how the world could be so cruel so hard that a single tear rolled down his cheek, even as his boiling man-sap began to froth out across the saloon.

The Vash Paradox
Trigun Erotic Fanfic
Lemongal88

Winner: Overall

Cagney helped Lacey secure the big black strapon to her waist and then Cagney bent down over the bench in the police department's locker room, her shit-caked puckerhole winking a tune in time to the hammering of Lacey's heart as the big woman grabbed her fellow detective by the hips and thrust the entire length into Cagney's shivering stinksleeve.

Deep Evidence
Cagney and Lacey Erotic Fanfic
Al Waxman

Al Waxman, we salute you. We know that deep down, erotic fan fiction produces a quality of writing that the Bulwer-Lytton Fiction Contest cannot hope to understand.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 8

August

8.1 It's Time For Some Culture On Here

Tuesday, Aug 01, 2006 by Terry "worfsonofmogh" Taft (@fart)

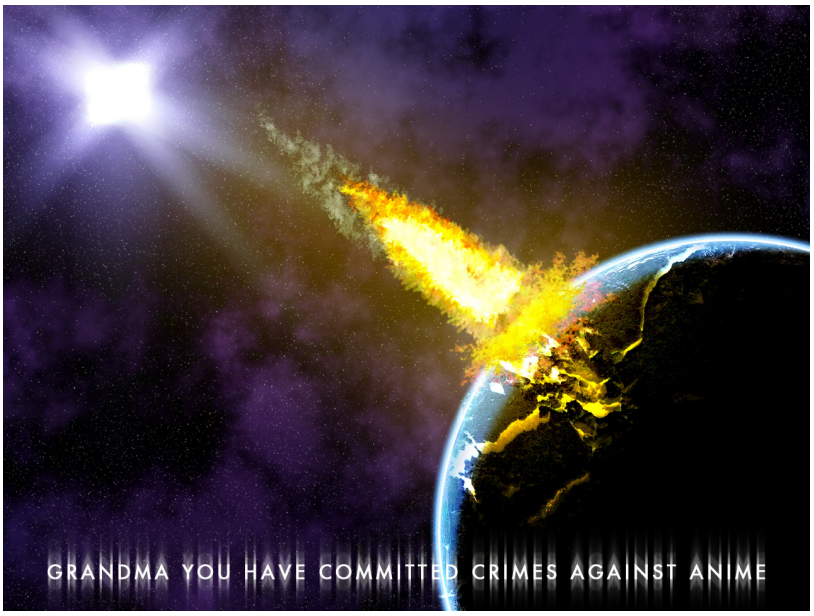
Hello. My name is Terry Taft and you may be intersted to know that I am related to president Taft of the USA. I am also a online artist and I have made many works if I may toot my own horn. I have been at it for over 1 year now so I am something of a veteran in the online art scene. They say a lot of artists were mentally troubled men who had a disaster that made them even more mentally troubled which is why they do art. Well that didn't happen to me but one scary night in March 2005 my grandma loaded all my anime and anime collectibles up in a Reebok duffel bag and threw them out and said they were garbage. And she threw out the duffel bag too!! It had my Game Boy Pocket and games in it as well. Rather then getting all up in arms in rage at my grandma I channeled my energy into something constructive and beautiful instead of breakng a vase. That is when I found out that I am a real wizard when it comes to art if I may toot my horn again and all kinds of people from the world have enjoyed my works so far.

So why is this man here you might be asking? I have been looking on Something Awful for a while and this page is a very good web page because it loads fast and there's a lot to look at but it is missing one thing: culture! Its a lot of video game talk and some movies and sure they even talk about music sometimes but that's not real culture because in the future nobody will listen to Toby Keith but they WILL look at ART. On Star trek they have paintings all over the place which is where I got my Worf nickname from since he beats guys up every day but still appreciates a good painting. I dont beat anyone up though. So yeah sorry Dr. David Thorpe but your not helping anyone with your jive talk but I'm sure you are a nice man.

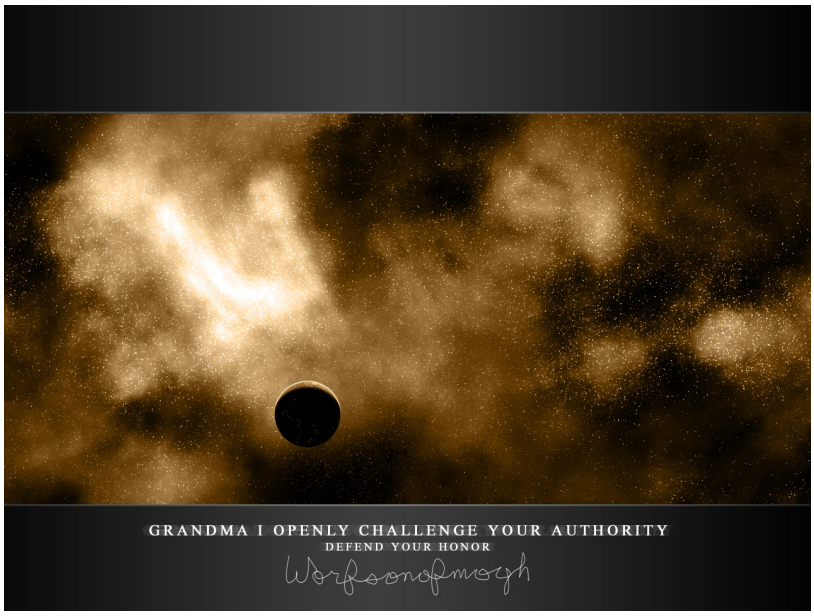
You see, in todays modern world it is so easy to get caught up in the hustle-bustle that you forget to look at art. You can go to Burger King and get a whooper with cheese (which would not be art) or you can stay home and cook yourself spaghetti and look at art (which actually is art). It seems like most people these days are filling their bellies with junk food and fast food and no art. Well that's bad news because art brings your soul out of the body to look at the art and when your soul is peeking out of your chest you can look for it. "SOUL SEARCHIN'!!" But there's a lot of art online that's not fit to show a country swine that's why I'm going to show you some of my favorite selected works from my Deviant ART portfolio and a piece that nobody has ever seen before.... Something Awful Exclusive art!! Hows that for culture!

worf wallpaper 1 by worfsonofmogh
March 21, 2005
This is the first wallpaper I made it using some Photoshop Top Classified Secrets of the pros that I found on a website. I made it on ground zero. (zero days after I was grounded for yelling in the house. like 70 mins. after) I was really angry and I don't like this wallpaper anymore because its ugly but I included it because it is so full of my raw emotions. A guy put it on his favorite list which is like the top compliment you can get on Deviant ART. I guess he or she feels emotions too. Knowing that was the first time I truely felt alive.
My own rating: 30 stars out of 100

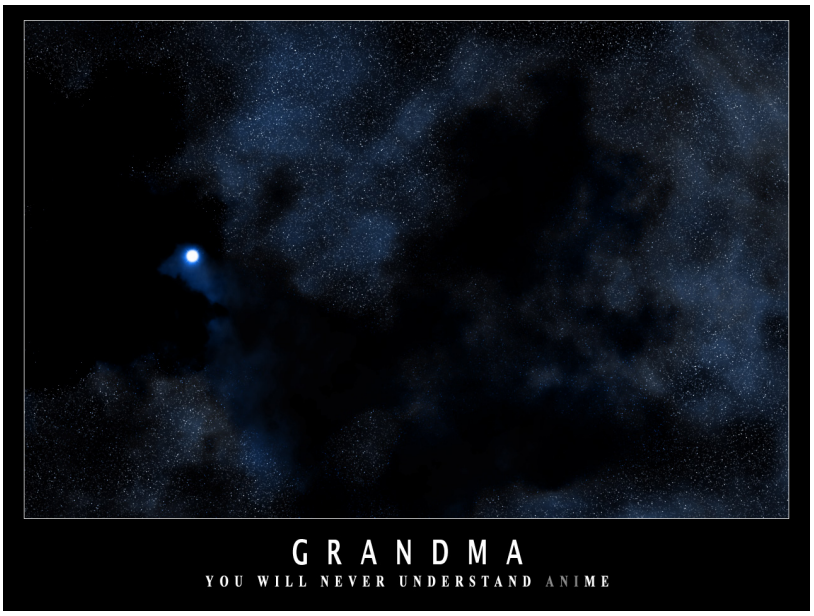
worf wallpaper 2 by worfsonofmogh
March 25, 2005
This is number 2 and the first one where I have officially branched out into space! I needed a way to make a picture of a whole planet on fire because thats how I felt that day like the whole world was on fire with my anger. So instead of taking a picture of a couch on fire or something I made it look like a planet from space was on fire and it was a lot easier let me tell you because I think my grandma's couch was flame retardant. It's an alien planet because I didn't want to make it earth I thought it was too soon after 9/11.
My own rating: 68 stars out of 100



worfpaper 3 by worfsonofmogh
April 9, 2005
I am very proud of this one this is where I finally broke into the big time and got noticed and all it took was some clever wizardry! Do you see the big crack in the planet? Well I dropped my brother's birthday cake on accident and took a picture of it. Then I inverted the picture and put it over the planet and now it looks like the planet is cracked instead of the cake. I felt so clever that day not only because of that but also because I put the icing on before anyone ever found out the cake fell on the floor.
My own rating: 85 stars out of 100



worfpaper 4 by worfsonofmogh
April 10, 2005
You may have heard of a little fellow named GREG MARTIN? He's my inspiration for all this by the way he makes some of the best wallpapers of space scenes. I made this one in his style to give big ups to my boy Greg but I don't think he ever saw it. Anyway he's cool. It was kind of a rotten day around the house and I was feeling particularly militant so its a good thing that "she who will remain nameless" didn't come over because I would have showed her why she needed medicare so bad.
My own rating: 70 stars out of 100



worfpaper 5 by worfsonofmogh
April 14, 2005
I felt real dark and moody on this day probably because I woke up at 11 PM and had to stay up all night to wait for the super to come fix the water heater on our floor. He's stupid because he only works at night. I think he's a vampire because he's only out at night and he sucks!! He finally came at like 4 AM though and I got to get some more sleep. This is one of my favorites because I was really tired when I made it and I think that was my subconscious mind doing all the work and it goes to show that every mans mind is a complex and mysterious thing and also because blue is my favorite color.
My own rating: 92 stars out of 100

//transmission.from.grandma.homeworld
// i am coming to make your life a carnival of problems
GRANDMA.PROGRAM 1.0.1
10 PRINT "BE MORE LIKE YOUR NEPHEW"
20 PRINT "AND GET RID OF THAT ANIMES"
30 GOTO 10
NARUTO

worfpaper transmission by worfsonofmogh
May 30, 2005
BEEP BUZZZ transmission from the grandma homeworld!! I tried to tell a story with this and that story is: "Grandma called me and made me upset and basicaly turned my day upside down and my smile was gone too." She came over and threw a ruckus at me. It was not a very good time but on this day I learned the best trick in the book for making stuff look like it's on TV. "Well of course it's a transmission the picture looks like it's on TV" one person might say and to them I would say "Shut up" because if you think about any kind of art long enough it doesn't make sense and this is quite obviously art of a high caliber so just shut up like I said.
My own rating: 84 stars out of 100

//.ULTRAVIOLENT
CODE– GRANDMOTHER v2.5
BEHOLD THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL YOUR DREAMS AND TREASURES AT THE HANDS OF A SENIOR CITIZEN
A WOMAN 67 YEARS OF AGE
SOUNDS LIKE A DUCK WHEN SHE YELLS WALKS KIND OF LIKE A DUCK ALSO
POSSIBLE DUCK WOMAN!??
DESTROYS YOUR LIFE FOR NO REASON AND COMES OVER TO TELL IT TO YOU WHEN HER CHOPS ARE OVER AT THE END OF THE DAY.
ALERT
LINCOLN TOWNCAR SPOTTED IN DRIVEWAY RUN INTO ROOM AND COVER COLLECTIBLES WITH A BLANKET.
POSTERS CAN NOT BE HIDDEN IN TIME
WALLSCROLLS... FAREWELL...
I CAN'T... KEEP... TYPING.....
PLANET... HAS A HOLE IN IT...

worfpaper gramma ray burst by worfsonofmogh
TODAY!! August 1, 2006
Hot diggity!!!! Fresh new exclusive beats only for Something Awful.com. Actually this was one I made 1 week ago but I never put it on Deviant ART because grandma came down with the flu and mom was scared she might die of it. But she didn't and now I can make it available. At first it was going to be The Big Bang with grandma's head in it releasing her values on the universe (me) but I forgot that there were no stars when the big Bang was going on and I saved it before I remembered to take the stars out so now it is a gramma ray burst. I am real proud of it.
My own rating: 98 or 99 stars "too close to call"

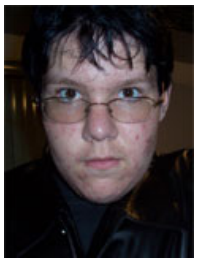
That's all the art I feel like talking about today. There are like 16 total works on my Deviant ART page where you can find all of these and more so if you have a Deviant ART account we can be friends and trade tips. Maybe I will be back again some time if they want more high class art on here. I really like this web page. Until then: Enjoy your new cultured lifestyle!!!

Terry

-~Terry "worfsonofmogh" Taft (@fart)

8.2 IRC Year Book, Page 12

Wednesday, Aug 02, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



Name: eggp0lish
Quote: *"It seems unfortunate that I have once again been passed up for ops in favor of a less qualified individual than myself. Having logged some 40 hours in the channel this week alone, I am therefore qualified to manage things. Fuck you guys and fuck your channel if you think otherwise."*
Voted most likely to: get k-lined by his peers.
Clubs: Computer Club

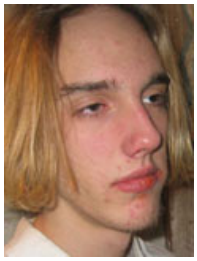
Name: Spockhammer
Quote: *"Type !defjam to access over 40 gigs of hip hop, gangsta rap, and unaired episodes of Harsh Realm."*
Voted most likely to: have an epileptic seizure in a Wendy's drive-thru line.
Clubs: Computer Club

Name: kidcharybdis
Quote: *"I think I've finally talked mom into letting me install unix on her box! w00t!"*
Voted most likely to: expire while playing *Super Mario Kart*.
Clubs: Computer Club

Name: horses4courses
Quote: *"/mode +b *@*.* lmao"*
Voted most likely to: never make a single human friend until the bitter, weeping-like-a-girl end.
Clubs: Computer Club

Name: @aquariumgravel12
Quote: *"If I see another idiot who thinks dubbing doesn't violate the artistic integrity of the original Japanese masters, I'm going to bicycle kick them into oblivion."*
Voted most likely to: write a script that automatically checks whether the latest anime fan sub has been released and then update the Window's desktop background with a new screen capture from *Azumanga Daioh* accordingly.
Clubs: Computer Club

Name: null1f13r
Quote: *"I think 16 year olds should be legally allowed to get drunk as fuck the way the Founding Fathers intended, but yeah, anyway, Unix is definitely the best OS. Right on."*
Voted most likely to: to moderate an unsuccessful Libertarian forum.
Clubs: Computer Club



Name: AppleMaggot
Quote: *"I'll BRB"*
Voted most likely to: remain idle for 47 consecutive days.
Clubs: Computer Club

Name: ~gauze~
Quote: *"Only a fucking plebian imbecile would still use IE. Go jerk off to the Circus Maximus like the rest of the Bush supporting idiots."*
Voted most likely to: became entangled in his own neckbeard hairs, suffocating himself and dying in as sad a manner as humanly possible.
Clubs: Computer Club

Name: Clickhither
Quote: *"I've won more Magic Tournaments than I care to remember, and each one has taught me a little something about human nature. Getting women is obviously no problem for me as a result."*
Voted most likely to: lose his life by pissing off one dungeon master too many.
Clubs: Computer Club

Name: +codemaster
Quote: *"Fuck hacking the planet, hack the universe!"*
Voted most likely to: get run over by a turnip truck while carrying on an embarrassing argument about Visual FoxPro, whatever that is.
Clubs: Computer Club

Name: @qtron49
Quote: *"oh my god, what is this @ in front of my name? its soooo cute!!"*
Voted most likely to: have human sexual relations IRL.
Clubs: Computer Club

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.3 Early 90s Childhood Heroes: Unmasked!

Thursday, Aug 03, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Without nostalgia, the world would be without ironic t-shirts, Robot Chicken, 95% of the jokes on Family Guy, and VH-1. So - in other words - without nostalgia, the world would be *fucking tolerable*. It's important to punch people repeatedly in their childhoods – the flashing Contraesque weak point of the hipster - if only to prevent the possible production of a Street Sharks revival, now that we have the computer technology to make things accurately JAWSOME. Without realizing how stupid we were as children, actual enjoyment may come from re-experiencing the media of our pasts instead of the appropriate reaction of accusing our parents of child abuse. Of course, there's always the slim chance that what we enjoyed in the past was not total crap, but to idealize these things is to live in a world of giant infants that drive cars and use most of their disposable income to recreate the events of their eighth birthday parties.

So, as a public service I will now show you what has become of your beloved childhood idols. Just the fact that some of them have MySpaces (spoiler alert) should replace any warm remembrances of your childhood with the tragic memory of the time your step dad crushed your new puppy's skull with a cinder block because you were bad. *Even if that never happened.*

"Weird" Al Yankovic

This is kind of like Van Gogh getting his picture taken with a Subway sandwich artist.

Have you ever noticed that the "Weird" in "Weird" Al is in quotations? That's because he's not weird. Following this convention, he could also be called "Funny" Al or "Profitable" Al Yankovic. But "Weird" Al is weird in the same sense that inserting hilarious uses of the words "cheese" and "monkey" into your dialogue would be. Spam! If you laughed at that, turn your computer off and leave this place. There is nothing for you here.

If "Weird" Al provides any service to this world, it's that he shows us who is truly developmentally disabled. Do you know someone who still listens to "Weird" Al? Is this person over fourteen? If you answered "yes" to both of these questions, sever all ties, burn all evidence, and strategically use a claw hammer on different parts of your skull to eliminate all memories(you may want to read a book about this practice first). "Weird" Al's parodies are supposed to be the gateway drug to real music, and the denial of Al's music marks a passage into adulthood where one may say, "I would like to listen to this song, but I no longer want it to be about potatoes." If real music is sex, then "Weird" Al is the clumsy unfinished preteen handjob, although "Weird" Al fans may not understand this analogy for obvious reasons. I know what you're thinking, "But my really cool science teacher in middle school loved 'Weird' Al and he wore novelty ties and one day he melted a penny with chemicals!" Take a minute to think about this person. I don't know how long you've been away from home but I guarantee you his obituary read "single man slips while mopping studio apartment; eaten by housecats before he can make it to pre-paid cell phone."

If you think "Weird" Al has a place in the fast-paced music world of today, I have news for you: he's been irrelevant since the invention of karaoke. And since karaoke was invented before he started performing(thanks Wikipedia), Al has always been irrelevant. The day a townie got high in his Camaro and changed Boston's "More than a Feelin'" to "More than a Peelin' (being about bananas or some such shit)" should have been the day Al vanished from existence, or dropped his musical aspirations to become something more fitting, like the office cut-up at a large packaging firm or the

world's most interesting compost heap.

John Kricfalusi

If you asked "Who's John Kricfalusi?" then you'd be right. John K. is the creator of the Nickelodeon hit The Ren & Stimpy Show, the Fox Kids blockbuster(???) Ripping Friends and the revival of Ren & Stimpy on Spike TV's wildly successful(NO) animation block, titled "The Gary the Rat Power Hour Brought to you by Bowflex." While John K. had a successful run with three televised cartoon series - two of which are Ren and Stimpy - his Midas touch of failure seems to haunt nearly every project he works on. Here's an example: John K. was one of the first people to conceive of an internet business model based entirely off of web cartoons. I would consider him less of a human tragedy had he created a machine that burns money and is fueled by priceless family heirlooms and immortality potions.

PROTIP: If you are pushing 50, make sure no one takes a picture of you doing THIS.

John K. is known for being a lightning rod for controversy in the same way that mole people 3000 feet below the earth scrawling comments about "the Jews" on their cave walls are. Since no one would dare give him money to fund another useless project, John has once again turned his sights to the internet, and like all washed-up "celebrities" has his own blog where he tells you how CARTOONS SHOULD BE and how the world of animation is tragically incomplete now that he is unable to share his unique vision of living up Bob Clampett's dead animator ass with the TV-viewing public. The most disturbing thing about his blog is that it actually delivers interesting historical information, but it must be filtered through John K's rose-tinted laser-guided Nostalgia Vision and his thinly-veiled flirtations with one of his female animators who is in her 20s, who he may or may not be fucking (John K. please confirm this). Just do a CTRL+F for "Katie" and you will find such preceding words as "Goddess," "cute girl artist" and "the only person to know more about Huckleberry Hound than me."

But if the fact that John K. has become the weird musty-smelling guy who hits on preteen girls at the flea market doesn't make him lose his hero status, the fact that he has a MySpace should. I'm so happy that we live in the future, where we can not only find out what happened to famous figures from our past, but also post YouTube videos of hilarious skateboard accidents on their personal web sites.

And just remember, should you meet John K. in public, you can make him shit blood by saying the word "Animaniacs."

Rivers Cuomo of weezer

This one is especially painful for me because, as a tremendous fan of weezer, the lessons taught to me by their songs such as "be a tremendous pussy" ensured my virginity and the virginity of many other young men throughout the 1990s. This decade was full of similar self-destructive messages; for example, the theme of the TV show Friends seemed to be: "If you're in love with a woman, whine like someone pulled the heads off of your Barbies and be sure to totally fag up the room."

As easy as it is to loathe the man now, I do have a small bit of sympathy for Rivers as he gave us two of the greatest Alternative Rock albums of all time, back when Alternative Rock actually got its own section in record stores as opposed to the "rap" and "not rap" classifications of today. Here's a fact: their fantastic Blue Album was so popular that if you lived in the suburbs and didn't own it, it was sent to you in the mail for free, like fabric softener samples(this is a 90s reference that

you children are so fond of!). And if you threw the CD in with your laundry, you would smell like catchy pop hits and burning plastic, much like Justin Timberlake before he began to stink of Jheri Curl and Cameron Diaz's underthings.

pooooooooooo

But, for Rivers, the good times wouldn't last (that is my Behind the Music segue).

Weezer's second album, Pinkerton, came out in the fall of 1996, but by that time America was too caught up in Tupac ghost sightings to care. So instead of having pride in making one of the best albums of the 1990s (paging Dr. David Thorpe), Rivers did the most rational thing possible and went into hiding for five years, on a sabbatical where the purpose seemed to be "become batshit insane and forget everything you learned about music." This is why in 2001 the Green Album seemed to be written and performed by the Soulless Songomatron 5000, (responsible for all of Aerosmith's ballads) because each song on this album can be displayed as a simple algebra equation. They followed this album with 2002's "I Swear We Will Be Good This Time, For Reals," which did not deliver on its promises or poor grammar, and is so forgettable that the very concept of this album actually phases in and out of existence. In fact, if you reload this page, the previous sentence may be gone! Weezer's most recent popular hit, "Beverly Hills," has the distinction of giving the world a "We Will Rock You" for the 21st century, except instead of about rocking it's about being a nerd.

We've come so far.

Macaulay Culkin

OH GOD NO this is like The Good Son all over again

Through the Home Alone series, Macaulay Culkin became the hero of kids everywhere, as he was the first one brave enough to show that, as children, there was nothing more we wanted to do to adults than bludgeon them to death with paint cans. Talkboy: The Movie (also known as Home Alone 2: Lost in New York) amped up the sadism to metropolitan levels, and showed what one resourceful kid with a mass produced tape recorder from Tiger Electronics (makers of the handheld versions of videogames that poor kids had to play) and quite a bit of razor wire could do. As the nineties progressed, however, the violence expected of Macaulay Culkin movies always fell a little short. Getting Even with Dad did not end in the rape and murder of Ted Danson as I had hoped, and Richie Rich dared to ask the question, "What if a kid had a lot of money and things was really boring?" And even though America had fond memories of Macaulay getting murdered by bees in the movie My Girl, the country officially rejected My Girl 2: Revenge of the Bees, in which Macaulay's ghost returns to the present from a bee-torn future to help the world fight bees.

If Macaulay isn't ruined for you yet, then you probably haven't seen him recently. He suffers from the same disorder that most adorable child stars eventually develop, monstrous ugliness, or "ugmo" for short. As an ugmo, Macaulay no longer resembles the precocious youngster who was able to slap himself and get a greater reaction than even his own overbearing Hollywood father could. Through the process of puberty, it appears that Mac's head developed the consistency of silly putty, and as a prank his friends tried to see if they could copy the hilarious adventures of Hi and Lois onto his face by running one side of his skull through a newspaper printing press. Mark my words: in ten years Dakota Fanning with be such an ugmo that her cage will be kept in the darkest parts of Africa and the President will have to select three of the bravest marines

to feed Dakota her daily sack of pig faces. This is going to happen.

So when Wish Kid: The Complete Uncut Series eventually gets released on DVD --and it will – you should now know what a mistake it will be to get ironically high with your ironic friends and watch all the episodes in a hip, self-aware manner. But if you don't heed my warning, you'll at least discover why NBC stopped producing Saturday morning cartoons forever following Wish Kid.

Sonic the Hedgehog. Not pictured: his 834 game-ruining asshole friends.

Sonic the Hedgehog

In retrospect, Sonic the Hedgehog was always on a downhill roll towards Shitstain Junction. To explain, here are the most common reactions to his games at the time each one of them came out:

- **Sonic the Hedgehog 1**: Awesome I am running really fast thanks to the power of Blast Processing let's see Mario do this (please note "Blast Processing" was just Sega's term for "non-union programmers")
- **Sonic the Hedgehog 2**: Okay the levels are bigger and there is another character who is kind of gay but my retarded little sister can play it with me now and not hinder my progress!
- **Sonic the Hedgehog 3**: It seems that Dr. Robotonik has enlisted a pink echidna named Knuckles to fight me! Sonic the Hedgehog is teaching me so much about the animal kingdom that I cancelled my subscription to Zoobooks!
- **Sonic and Knuckles**: This is surely an original game and not just Sonic the Hedgehog 3: Part 2! And now lock-on technology will give me up to 2% new content in the old games! WELCOMETOTHENEXTLEVEL
- **Sonic Adventure:** Hmm all of these new characters are terrible but the Sonic levels are still fun! Also they gave Sonic a new ability that lets him randomly fall through the earth at inopportune times! I do not know why they did this but I am having fun using this controller which is making my hands *bleed with excitement*!
- **Sonic Adventure 2**: How much store credit is this Dreamcast worth?!

It's hard to believe that anyone can still be a Sonic the Hedgehog fan, as Sega adds a new shitty playable character to the universe every time an unborn child is aborted in America (these acts are unrelated, but the numbers are identical). If you don't believe me, then you obviously haven't played Sonic Air Divers featuring Shove the Beatle and Jerry the Philanthropist Shovel. Sega's theory is, if you can slap giant eyes on something and paint it garish colors, people will want to play as this character and draw fanart of it being violated with power tools. The latter activity is popular amongst 80% of the Sonic fanbase, their efforts providing at least half of the results for any attempt to make a Google Image Search.

But trying to lead people away from Sonic nostalgia may be a waste of time, not because the fans are so devoted, but because Sega seems *committed* to destroying any beloved franchise they own. Did you like Nights for the Sega Saturn? Do you long for a sequel to this beloved classic? How would

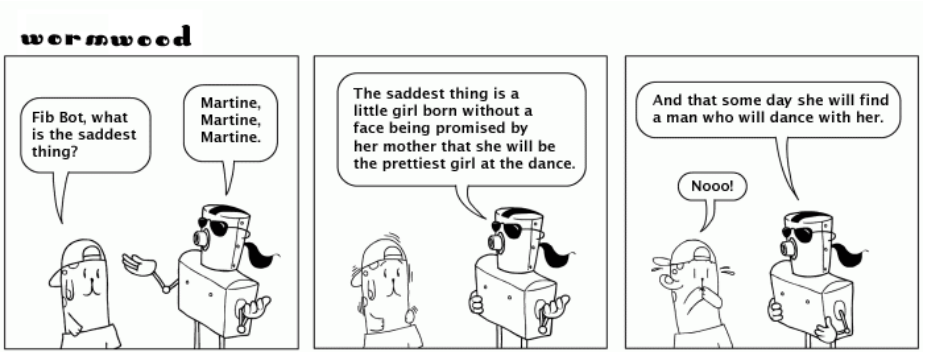
you like it with snowboards and randomly generated dungeons? The sad thing is this is probably a better idea than Sega's current R&D plan, which is no doubt titled "Ruining Christmas 2006" or "Alex Kidd Revival."

The "Sega Scream" was not one of enjoyment. It was one of eternal torment. And this is what we all should have learned today.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

8.4 I'm Here to Ruin Your Day

Friday, Aug 04, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


wormwood
Fib Bot, what is the saddest thing?
Martine, Martine, Martine.
The saddest thing is a little girl born without a face being promised by her mother that she will be the prettiest girl at the dance.
And that some day she will find a man who will dance with her.
Nooo!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.5 Trendy Style Magazine Presents:

Saturday, Aug 05, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The Most Fabulous Places For Homeless People To Just Lay Down And Die

As one of the elite members of homeless society, you've done it all. Begged for food outside the poshest restaurants in Malta, slept in the expansive cradle of the Eiffel tower's steel beams, yelled at the exterior of an exclusive resort in Tahiti for "stealing my video tapes". Been there. Done that. Total yawnfest. So what's left out there for you to do now? What experience can possibly be fresh and exciting to the trendiest of the trendsetters who've seen and done it all?

Well, the most glamorous and cutting-edge bums have taken to a new fad that's sweeping the world - laying down and dying.

Dying may sound scary at first, but it need not be. It will happen to all of us eventually. No matter how fabulous we remain or how up-to-date we are with the latest styles, we will all die of exposure at some point. Instead of expiring on some icky park bench (as if!) or in Nameless Gutter #3820, why not find a chic location to give in to the inevitable and simply lay down as the life escapes from your body in one long, exhausted sigh? That's exactly what homeless hipsters like yourself are doing right this minute.

The trend is still relatively new, but before long word will get out to the common folk and all the top spots to die in will have been taken. Luckily for you, our editors have taken a look at the most fabulous places which haven't been used as of yet and ranked the top five to make your decision easier.

Be careful not to dawdle while reading this, or your favorite locale could get snapped up by someone else and your death will become blase!

5 In A Dumpster

Dying in a dumpster is the most positively sassy way to proclaim, "I'm nothing but trash and no one will miss me when I'm gone" without resorting to wearing pleated khakis. (Blech!)

There are several advantages to dying in a dumpster. The first is the likelihood that no one will even notice your body since garbage trucks are almost entirely automated. No muss, no fuss. You'll fly under the radar without causing a scene in the same way that Colin Farrell might sneak into a nightclub through the kitchen. Big style points for that.

Second, having your carcass decay in a field of discarded items makes a powerful statement with all sorts of deeper meanings that the indie film crowd will love. If your parents are dead and buried in a lovely graveyard somewhere, it makes the scenario even more touching. There they are, the people who loved you most and had so much hope for your future, and here you are, thousands of miles away and forgotten in a field of waste.

Third, if you aren't buried too deeply beneath the coffee grinds and wet newspapers you could potentially get a great tan.

4 The Surface Of Mars

Only a possibility for the most influential of homeless people, the surface of Mars is a contemporary and exclusive place to visit, much less lay down and die.

Lucille says...

"The light at the end of the tunnel is bright, so wear Guccci shades."

No one has even *been* to Mars yet, so by dying there you would become a legend among even the highest social circles of the homeless. Imagine the look on some poor astronaut's face a hundred years from now when he takes what he thinks are mankind's first steps on the surface of Mars and stumbles over your fabulous corpse. How delightfully macabre!

Outer space is remarkably cold and acts as a vacuum (like a ziplock bag). Why is this important? Because it should perfectly preserve your features for all of eternity, which is way better than a facelift.

Getting to Mars will be difficult, but for someone who knows how important their image is, it's well worth the hassle.

3 Your Ex's Doorway

"Don't you feel bad about leaving me now? I'm dead and you can't get to your morning paper without the mild inconvenience of stepping over me!"

Girard says...

"Did someone say fabulous?

While it's certainly chic to die in exotic locales that will net you the most attention, there is something to be said for dying somewhere more personal to you. What, we ask, could be more personal and distinctive than the current residence of your ex lover? You'll get the best of both worlds by making a final statement that he or she can't respond to while simultaneously portraying yourself as a tortured and profoundly complicated soul to the outside world.

Van Gogh became famous for delivering one of his ears to a lover who scorned him, so just imagine how famous you'll become for delivering an entire body!

2 Disney World

How deliciously tres-ironic this is!

Ending your life in the happiest place on Earth? Insta-celeb. You'll be the talk of the town until the next line of Prada plastic bags is released, guaranteed.

Gaining access to the park could take some work, however, as ticket prices have risen drastically

over the years. We suggest selling as much of your blood and/or semen as possible, then taking the profits and buying blood and semen from other homeless people at a discounted rate. You'll soon have way more blood and semen than you could have possibly produced on your own.

Now take this blood and semen and splash it in the eyes of the person taking tickets at Disney World's front gate and run inside the park. With good timing and a little luck you'll be face down in the shallow water of It's A Small World before the blinded employee can stop screaming long enough to describe you to security.

(article concludes after the advertisement on the following pages)

1 Wherever You Happen To Be

The ultimate way of saying, "I have nothing but utter contempt for your bourgeois rules, you oppressive society!"

Let's say you're walking from the soup kitchen (I recommend Holy Apostles on Ninth Avenue in NYC, the ambiance is divine) to your swanky temporary shelter under the highway overpass, when suddenly you think, "Hey maybe I should lay down and die." Instead of exerting all sorts of effort by further exploring the idea and doing research, simply stop mid-stride and lay down to die right where you are.

Dying on a whim without thinking it through is so very punk, which is in fashion this year. It proves how much of an individual you are because you don't take the normal route everyone else does, and it emphasizes your role as a reluctant role model. You know how Oprah Winfrey didn't even try to be an icon but she became one anyway? That's what will happen to you.

These hotspots are the creme de la creme, but no matter where you choose to lay down and give up on life, remember to keep it fabulous!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.6 A Max Buckly Jr Retrospective: From Emoticon To Movie Star

Sunday, Aug 06, 2006 by Maxnmona & SA Forum Artists

Max in his early days.

Max Buckly Jr. began his illustrious career from the humblest beginnings: a free smilies site called Clicksmilies. He was discovered there in the form you see at left by Something Awful forums members, most notably our own Johnny "DocEvil" Titanium. Max, affectionately called by his original file name, "Mad Max", soon began to rise in popularity, despite certain haters such as Josh "I don't know why, but I just hate this smiley with all my heart and soul" Boruff.

As I'm sure you're all aware, Max has managed in the last few years to harness the power of his popularity and sheer level of coolness in order to launch a varied and excited career in the film industry. You've all seen his many movies, of course, but, with the help of the same SA goons who formed his original fanbase, I'd like to take a deeper exploration of his work so far.

Screaming Eagle In Satan's Europe

Plot: Chief Screaming Eagle is an American-loving Indian with a true rock and roll spirit. That is, if he can get over the crippling alcoholism he has developed on his poverty stricken reservation! Well, his time is about to come when those evil dudes, the Nazis, conquer Europe for their god, which is Satan. And Screaming Eagle has to go show those Nazis what's up! He's going to save the world and prove that Indians are just like any other Americans, only darker and with, like, animal powers and shit.

Review: This was a breakthrough hit for Max Buckly Jr., and thanks to heavy internet marketing, it was a huge success. Soon after its release, he was voted Most Eligble Emoticon of the year by People Magazine.

Of course, the obvious stand out in this film are the action sequences, involving everything from the famous toboggan chase through a steel mill, to the climatic shoot out in Hitler's bathroom. But what really makes this film is Max's subtle portrayal of a Native American struggling with his place in America.

He makes you understand the character's cultural history from the very moment he appears on screen wearing a feather head dress and talking in pidgin. When Screaming Eagle finally accepts who he is and shouts "ACTIVATE COYOTE POWER" while throwing various stuffed animals at the Nazi leadership, well, I dare you to keep a dry eye.

Memorable Quote: Screaming Eagle: The Nazis will *not see* this coming. *(Pulls out big gun)*

Sgt. F. U. Charlie Rides Again

Plot: As an entire country struggles with the question of morally justified war, and a generation of young is thrown upon the rocks of Vietnam, one man sees through the struggle to the ultimate truth that killing things in a jungle is hella cool. A sequel to the little known military training films, *Sgt. F. U. Charlie Properly Assembles A Rifle* and *Sgt. F.U. Charlie Learns To Duck*, this movie motivated over 1000 Americans to volunteer for the military, over 23% of which survived!

Our hero is a new recruit, straight off of the farm his daddy raised him on, and ready to show those Vietnamese what's up! He knows kung-fu and how to kill a man 200 feet away with the loose sole of his shoe, both of which were handy skills on a farm! Oh, and after murdering half the Viet-Cong, he learns the importance of peace, which is the movie's main message along with "Don't mess with F. U. Charlie!".

Review: Perhaps the weakest of Max's oeuvre, this film still holds some power in the context of its time. Filmed on location in a barn plastered with pictures of Fiji to convey a tropical look, this film absolutely drips of gritty atmosphere, and the action is extremely tense despite the use of nerf guns and super-soakers in place of actual military equipment While the characters may seem dated, there are certain timeless scenes, such as when Max is offered LSD by the black guy and says "Hell no, anything but a pure body is pure madness!" before putting him in a head lock and shouting "I'll show you a bad trip" then throwing the guy onto a landmine. He then gets reprimanded and stuck in the brig for over half the movie for attacking another soldier.

I feel I also must call attention to Max's portrayal of the climatic epiphany in which Sgt. Charlie shouts "War is never the way to get ahead" while holding up the head of a Vietnamese guy he killed,

which is truly head-licious (pun intended).

Memorable Quote: Sgt. Frank Charlie: "Hey Communists: commune-THIS! *(Pulls out big gun)*

Mission In The Year 2003

Plot: It is a peaceful future and there is no more war. Or is there? Either way, it's time for Captain McBlaster to show the future what's up!

Review: Despite receiving some flack for making its distant future setting a full year *before* the film was released, Mission In The Year 2003 is undeniably a powerful exploration of people flying space ships around and why war in movies makes the movie more exciting than a movie where there is no war.

This was Max's first attempt to break out of his image as the warrior actor, and while it was successful to an extent (very soon after the release he starred in an off-Broadway stage adaptation of Cheers), it also showed us that a Max without a pumped fist and a BOOYAH is not the Max we have all come to love.

Memorable quote: Captain Sully McBlaster: Well, I guess there won't be anymore war. *(Puts away big gun)*

Moses Vs. Egypt: Moral Combat

Plot: Putting its own twist on the famous story about Jews fighting Middle Eastern people, this movie leaves out the 24/7 news commentators assigning constant blame for every death! Featuring Brent Spiner as the voice of God, showing the Jews what's up!

Review: Everyone has now heard about Max Buckly Jr's infamous conversion to a radical form of Unitarian Universalism, which led to both the making of this film, and his move to a heavily armed Unitarian compound in Oregon called "Camp Acceptance".

The result of his work is a stirring story of betrayal and redemption that stays true to the spirit of the original while taking certain exciting liberties, such as an aged Jenny McCartney potraying the female Pharaoh, She-Rah. The iconic shot of Moses wielding a katana-gun as he leads the Jews in battle against the Egyptians at the bottom of a cgi Red Sea is one that won't be soon forgotten While the real life drama behind the making of this picture threatens to overshadow the work itself, this film stands as the best radical Unitarian biblical action film ever made. Besides "Die Hard", I mean.

Memorable Quote: Moses: I have here the Ten Commandments *(Pulls out Ten Commandments)* Any questions? *(Pulls out big gun)*

Life...Is A Blank Canvas, My Friend

Plot: Dying of cancer, the famed painter Jerry Stein questions his existence as he reconnects with his estranged daughter.

Review: Once again showing Max's startling versatility, this piece was seen by many as apology for his ill-received "X-treme Dracula 2000" the year before. Delving deep within his own experience of dying at the box office, Max gave new meaning to the phrase "terminal illness." As Max himself explained at the premiere, "They wanted me to lie down and, like, look sick, but that's not *me*, you know man? That's not who I am. So they allowed me to have a couple fight scenes with the nurses as a compromise, which I think really adds to it."

Memorable quote: Jerry Stein: Do you have your ticket...for the GUN SHOW? *(Flexes muscles and pulls out big gun)*

Those of us who have followed Max's career all the way from freebie emoticon to top tier Hollywood star can only describe it as the journey of our lives. I think it's clear that the only place our little yellow friend has to go is up, and the answer to the question "What will he do next?" is: Whatever the hell he wants.

-~Maxnmona & SA Forum Artists

8.7 Newsletter Heck:

Monday, Aug 07, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"Capers"
Annual Orgy Info
Sherry Street's Most Popular Orgy!

1st

Newsletter

2006 Orgy Announced!

"Sara and Jim Antwiller are pleased to announce that they will once again be hosting this year's summer beat-the-heat neighborhood orgy!!"

We had a splendid time hosting last year's "School Daze" orgy and we are looking forward to making this year's orgy even better. We took into account all of the wonderful thank you letters and all of the constructive criticism we received.

This year's orgy theme is "Mysteries of the Deep." So bring your favorite mermaid, merman or other mariner costume. Costumes are not required and if you do bring a costume be sure it is fully "accessible." A few people had issues with costumes at our 2003 "Monster Mash" orgy and we don't want anymore Wolfmen going hope unsatisfied.

2005's School Daze orgy went well, but we did have a handful of troublemakers. Those of you who are on our invites list will be happy to know that we have asked Roger and Martina not to return this year and Steven H. has been asked to only come if he has a real date. We don't want to see any brothers or sisters posing as significant others this year!

The orgy will be held the evenings of August 4th and 5th. A continental breakfast will be provided on the morning of the 5th and there will be a pizza brunch for all of you who stick around to help clean up on the 6th.

Tips & Tricks

The number one thing to remember at an orgy is that it's all about fun. Don't get emotional and don't create a scene. If you or your partner do not want to be there then please leave. Here are a few more tips and tricks:

1. Signal your interest in joining an activity clearly and politely. Don't just barge in with an erection.
2. Respect boundaries, but be open to as many different partners of all shapes and sizes as possible.
3. Limit homosexual (male) activity. There is an annual gay orgy for that. This is not explicitly against our rules (see other side) but many who attend our orgies believe male homosexuality is against god. Lesbians welcome!
4. Please keep all refreshments other than water out of the orgy areas. Things will be sticky enough as it is!

2888 Sherry Street, Orneeda, WI 84321 555.555.1234 / 555.555.1234 fax

TestiMOANial

Dear Sara,
I have been attending your annual orgies since I turned 18. They are an amazing experience and even with all of the drama at last year's School Daze orgy I think they just keep getting better and better.

Thanks to your orgy I lost my virginity...and I don't even remember who it was to! I'm sure it was special though, because every

"every one of your orgies is a unique gift from god!"

one of your orgies is a unique gift from God! I also met my husband Dale at one of your orgies. Thank you for everything!
Love,
Lisa M.

ORGY RULES

We have added a few rules this year, so be sure to read all of them to refresh your memory!

- STAY OUT of the kid's bedrooms. These are clearly marked. Mistakes happen in the heat of the moment, but if you intentionally break this rule you will be asked to leave.
- Keep all waterplay and scatplay in the basement. We have tarps down there for you and we want the upstairs kept as clean as possible.
- No wandering jacking off. Bodily fluids should only be exchanged willingly. There are couches in every room at a safe distance from the activities.
- Watch what you say! Sherry Street is a changing community and people of all races will be attending this year's orgy, so try to limit the racial slurs.
- If you are menstruating you can participate but please do not get blood on our couches.

DEDICATION

This year's Mysteries of the Deep orgy is being held in honor of Dan "Duke" Carter, Rene Carter and little Patty and Luke Carter, who were tragically struck down by a drunk driver in May. Dan and Rene were always enthusiastic participants in our orgies and they brought that little bit of extra light into our lives. We didn't know Patty or Luke, but surely they would have grown up to love orgies just as much as their mother and father.

R.I.P. Dan and Rene

Things to Bring! (and not)

There are a number of helpful things you can bring with you to this year's orgy. Costumes are not required but they add to the pageantry of the event and can create exciting fantasy activities.

We ask that you bring at least one potluck dish for each evening you plan on participating. Hamburgers will be provided on the 4th and chicken on the 5th. If you would like to bring alcoholic beverages you are asked to leave them with our bartender (me!).

- Bring at clean beach towel for each member of your party.
- Bring a large container of your favorite lubrication!
- No knives, razors or needles of any kind (diabetics talk to me).
- No cameras, we will video and film and provide copies.

2888 Sherry Street, Orneeda, WI 84321 555.555.1234 / 555.555.1234 fax

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.8 100 Movie Reviews OF TERROR

Tuesday, Aug 08, 2006 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I am a horrible monster and I pray for death. 100 horror movies ("Tales of Terror 50 Movie Pack," "Chilling Classics 50 Movie Pack") from Amazon for $30. Here are the first 25 reviews. I hate life.

1. "The Long Hair of Death" - A Renaissance festival worker pushes some hippie into a waterfall, and the chemical reaction of hippie and water results in the growth of a movie plot. The sheer TERRIBLE TERROR of such a TERRORIFFIC event causes a car mechanic wearing pajamas to violently fondle a sleeping woman's breasts. A person then disappears and reappears, culminating in the epic conclusion of a grown man openly weeping next to a paper mache Halloween statue of Carol Channing, which closes on him and (I assume) results in his death. So it's not really "The Long Hair of Death," as much as it's "The Halloween Statue of Carol Channing... Of Death."

2. "The White Gorilla" - Lots of animal stock footage from 1923 is combined and edited to form some feature-length film about a man who professionally pokes cats with a tree. This enrages a group of hobos in ape suits, who flail at each other like drunk backyard wrestlers. According to the movie jacket, the White Gorilla turns into a "murderous monster," although this is technically impossible since murder wasn't invented until at least seven years after this movie was created. The film ends with more stock footage of zoo animals while the voice over guy mumbles something about gorillas or proper dental hygiene or something. The essential underlying message here is that gorillas shouldn't be trusted, especially white gorillas, with managing our 401k accounts.

3. "Condemned to Live" - Cowboys / the Amish run around waving torches and pitchforks until they enter a cave and point at some object. Eventually somebody rings a very large bell, which confuses the people waving torches and pitchforks (they are allergic to bells). They chase a vampire / homeless person into a completely different cave and shout incoherently while an elderly pharmacist hugs the bum. "Hugs the bum" sounds like a dirty sexual euphemism, or possibly a popular Saturday morning cartoon character. The shame of their primitive manlove forces the homeless guy and his pharmacist to fall off the edge of a one-foot tall cliff, triggering the credits to roll.

4. "The Night Evelyn Came Out of the Grave" - A man resembling a very drunk father of Keanu Reeves tries to escape a mental asylum while wearing pink socks. Through the power of terrible - er, TERRORFULL - voice over dubs, a man declares his intent to sleep with a lot of English women despite the fact that the average English woman has a full set of childrens' molars growing from their vagina. Some people die and I think maybe somebody was set up by somebody else, but I'm not quite sure because I was distracted by the colorful fungus growing from their chests. Oh, "George" was the guy who was caught, and he fights back by punching a guy in the balls with a tree branch and plunging into a deadly swimming pool full of sulphur. After crawling out of the water, he screams "IT BURNS!" and tries to tear the clothes off him. Ha ha, silly English people, **fire** burns you, not water!

5. "Devil Monster" - Natives of a tropical island dance with an ice cream salesman and light a big bonfire to celebrate their friendship. There is lots of festive chanting and stock footage of fish. A sea captain asks, "is there any place around here... WE CAN STRIKE TUNA?" and says the last half of that sentence in a really weird voice that suggests "strike tuna" is a filthy metaphor meaning "sit on my face." Some highly sweaty and shiny guy named "Jose" gets off a boat and a man says

"look here he comes" and then it shows the same shot of Jose walking and cuts back to the man who says "look there he goes." Oh that Jose. His girlfriend or possibly mother announces "it's okay" to console his lack of a left arm. Maybe he lost it striking tuna. It certainly wasn't from the Devil Monster, since there was absolutely NO Devil Monster anywhere in this movie. I was really hoping he'd show up so I could determine if he's more devil than monster or vice versa. It's like naming somebody the "Outer Space Alien From Another Planet."

6. "The Head" - A scientist uses science to behead folks and keep their heads alive. Apparently this is possibly through the miracle use of "lots of tubes and a machine with a knob on it." The scientist's eyebrows, which look like pyramids of charcoal briquettes, slowly grow to consume his entire forehead. Some more science is used to arbitrarily swap the heads and bodies of random women who are either pleased or horrified. There's a big fire (small fire) and the crazy scientist uses copious amounts of science to effeminately prance off the side of a house. TO HIS DEATH.

7. "Chloe, Love Is Calling You" - Happy southern black folks wearing derbies use voodoo to communicate with a bat. The mother, named "Mammy," raises a white girl and tells her she's black, and when she disagrees, Mammy threatens to hit her with a stick. There seems to be a lot of people hitting each other with sticks in these movies. I think this is why I hate the rainforests so much. A white guy shoots another white guy who is hiding in a tree, and a different white guy (I think) tackles a black man about to stab the black white woman in some voodoo sacrifice. This just goes to prove that despite global deforestation, race relations haven't really changed much since 1934. Hopefully there's less bats.

8. "Crypt of the Living Dead" - I couldn't really understand much of what anybody said in this movie, mostly due to the fact that the vocals were dubbed under the producer's kitchen sink, using a microphone buried in a Foldger's coffee can. There is a lot of walking around and talking during nighttime in this film, resulting in a movie that's 90% pitch black and seems to take place in the dark vacuum of space. An archeologist travels to an island, possibly in a different galaxy, so he can bury his father in the tomb of the "vampire queen." Out of all the places to bury a beloved family member, I would imagine the crypt of a vampire queen would probably rank towards the bottom, but then again I'm no archeologist. The vampire queen (who you can tell is a queen because she wears a crown) is mercilessly mocked by group of bullies with torches, who stab her in the heart with a table leg. The archeologist then leaves the island, presumably to bury his dead dad somewhere safer, like directly inside the Ark of the Covenant.

9. "The Phantom of Soho" - Yet another film from England that had to be dubbed into English for reasons unknown. Perhaps the Queen Mum ate the soundtrack. Two men with voices resembling Peter Lorre trapped in a meat grinder smoke cigarettes and talk to hookers while trying to solve the eternal mystery of their phantom moustaches. There's a 60-minute scene of a woman being rapidly rotated on a wheel while a gypsy man throws knives at her. Unfortunately, he has terrible aim and misses every time. Midway through the movie, two pirates push each other in a foggy alleyway. The one who wins the shoving match is rewarded by being stabbed to death. It turns out somebody is stabbing people and Scotland Yard must stop them before the movie has a chance to end. I don't want to ruin this fine film for you, but the killer turns out to be... THE POLICE CHIEF! Just kidding, I didn't watch the end, who the hell knows. This movie stars "Dieter Borsche" whose rise to popularity can be traced back to the popular 1960's catchphrase, "who the hell is Dieter Borsche?"

10. "The Ape Man" - Bela Lugosi forgets to shave for a day and turns into a half man, half ape creature (not to be confused with the average Italian, who wears significantly more gold jewelry). I guess everybody was absolutely terrified of apes and gorillas in the 1960s, because I really can't see any other reason why they were featured in so many horror films. Now we have an AIDS epidemic, so I suppose they were onto something. The evil Ape Man must find a cure for his ape-itis by teaching his pet ape to jump through windows and choke medical professionals. This is all part of the job, and if you don't agree with his methods, then you're violating the hippocratic oath and you can serve up to 10 years in a federal prison. The climax of the movie occurs when Bela Lugosi wrestles an ape who Heimlich Maneuvers him to death.

11. "A Walking Nightmare" - The exciting sequel to "A Sitting Nightmare" and the prequel to "A Sleeping Nightmare," which critics dubbed "frightfully redundant." In this movie, some banker gets hypnotized and a detective must determine what happened to him. Somewhere towards the end of the movie, the detective tells everybody to repeat the phrase "this is Doctor Carson, I want to rent the house into Blakely Road," to which they ask, "why are you making us say this?" I asked the same question too, but didn't bother skipping to the part which explains it, a luxury the audience didn't have back in 1942 because back then they were too stupid to work DVD players. In short, this is a detective movie with absolutely no terror in it, as opposed to the other 49 movies in this DVD set which lack both detectives *and* terror.

12. "The Sadist" - Arch Hall Jr. is "The Sadist," which explains the effect he has on both the people in the movie and the people watching the movie. In case you're wondering, "sadism" back then meant "guy with a scrunched up buttery face, whose entire central nervous system is being operated via Radio Shack remote control." When their car breaks down, three travelers decide to stop in an auto yard so The Sadist can look really smug at them shortly before pistol whipping the guy with the silliest moustache. Features such incredible Arch Hall Jr. remarks as "ooohhohohoho" and "eeehehehehe," while spastically gesturing like a brain damaged clone of Mike Denton from "Teenage Crime Wave." He eventually dies when his stunt double is pushed into a ditch full of Petco shopping mall snakes.

13. "Night Fright" - Okay, get this: a mutant ape driven crazy by "cosmic rays" goes on a killing spree and murders various white college students who honestly deserve it. This doesn't prevent them from gathering and spontaneously breaking into dance in the middle of the woods, in the middle of night. The cameraman uses this as an excuse to film the women's asses for as long as he can until either he ran out of film or was issued a restraining order. And for the curious readers out there: a mutant ape crammed full of cosmic rays looks like the bastard lovechild of a gorilla and Skeletor. You know, Otis Nixon. I didn't bother watching the end, but I'm gonna go out on a limb here and guess the mutant ape was killed. If somebody out there has actually seen this movie and can prove me wrong, don't bother. This is one of those eternal mysteries I'm gonna have to live with until the day I die.

14. "Scared to Death" - Bela Lugosi and a midget conspire with a Nazi proctologist to drive some broad crazy by "scaring her to death." According to this movie, scaring people to death in the 1940s involved buying fake heads of the person you were intending to scare (to make them think their head had fallen off) and bribing a maid to deliver blindfolds to dinner parties. I can almost feel myself dying right now! OF SCAREDNESS. The midget creeps around and engages in sinister, midget-like activities, while a floating clay replica of Marlon Brando's head floats towards the camera. Are you scared to death yet? No? Well how about if we throw an ape in somewhere? Man, apes, those things are scary as all hell! Hit 'em with a stick!

15. "The Man With Two Lives" - Most men have one life. Some people on the Internet have significantly less than that. This guy has two, but they're both boring as hell. A scientist and his son as using "science" to prove things that can be proven by exclusively using science. You know right then that something bad is going to happen, because in addition to the fear of gorillas, people back then were terribly scared of science. "Oh science?" people would occasionally remark in casual conversations back then. "I hate that stuff, I tried using science once and it caused this ape to murder my wife! No more science for me, thank you very much!" Some rich guy's son gets killed in a traffic accident, so he asks the scientist to use science to revive him. He is brought back from the grave by using "soul transmigrational" technology, but instantly turns into an evil gangster. Oh what's wrong, the poo widdle baby is mad because his soul was created in a vacuum tube by an obese man breeding teeming colonies of spores in his hair? How about we use some science to turn you into less of an asshole, jerk?

16. "The Sound of Horror" - An invisible Greek monster kills a bunch of archeologists. The aforementioned "sound of horror" resembles the noises a cat makes when its tail is caught in the garage door. I'm not quite sure why, granted the power of invisibility, the monster would prefer to piss it away by creating goofy shrieking sounds every half second, but I guess that's what folks in the gaming industry call "class balance." You can either be the really fast guy with a shitty weapon, or the really slow guy with a ridiculously powerful weapon. You can either be invisible and emit supersonic farting noises constantly, or you can be visible and actually have clean underwear. 88 minutes into the movie and the creature gets burned to death on the top of a Jeep. The hills are alive with the sound of horror.

17. "The Ironbound Vampire" - New Jersey college film students make a movie about vampires. Features such fan favorites as "we're smart and creative because we filmed this scene with the camera on the ground" and "we put too many goddamn filters on the camera which is why the corners of the screen are black and blurry every scene." The narrator boasts "my vampire theory was proven CORRECT!" at the end of the movie, which is refreshing because, you know, the entire movie was about vampires. Her theory must've been "the subject of vampires, when filmed by clueless community college students, is incredibly gay." The entire movie is filmed in black and white, ensuring it will undoubtedly be the closest any of these kids will get to seeing an actual black person.

18. "Hands of Steel" - John Saxon plays the role of, well, John Saxon, who uses his pet cyborg to kill elderly men. Unfortunately, the cyborg's evil chip malfunctions and causes him to temporarily stop killing non-evil people, although he has no problem beating up multiracial gang members. A replacement evil cyborg, a blonde aerobics instructor, tries to kill the less evil cyborg, who has decided to start working as a bartender in a post-apocalyptic truck stop. Eventually John Saxon hires somebody to fly him around in a helicopter so he can blow up a trailer truck transporting valuable, precious hay, which really ticks off the not-so-evil cyborg. There's a few hundred scenes that take place in boiler rooms, because nothing says "the future" like a boiler room. World War III will be fought in the basement of a large metropolitan grade school. There is no terror in this science fiction movie, but there is John Saxon, so oh well.

19. "Vampire's Night Orgy" - A busload of tourists stop in a town inhabited by folks displaying an assortment of vampiric qualities. Well guess what? They're vampires! SURPRISE. They chop off a guy name Ernest's leg and serve it as dinner to the travelers, who naturally make uncomfortably loud comments such as "THIS MEAT IS EXCELLENT" and "THIS MEAT IS SO TENDER!" and "BOY WHERE'S THAT IDIOT ERNEST, HE SURE WOULD ENJOY THIS MEAT!" How come every time folks unknowingly eat human meat in movies, they blabber on nonstop about how awesome it is? If cannibalism was such a blast and resulted in so many prime choice cuts, we'd be

eating the homeless on the daily basis. Naturally the movie ends with a man and woman escaping the evil vampire village, telling their story to the police, and then learning the town never existed. BUT IF THE VAMPIRE VILLAGE DIDN'T EXIST, THEN WHO'S LEG DID WE EAT?!?

20. "One Frightened Night" - A mystery film from 1935. What it lacks in horror, it makes up in lamps. Every scene features at least 500 lamps in it. Maybe lamps are horrifying, at least compared to apes. As for the plot, it's anybody's guess. Something about a millionaire giving away his fortune to his family... his fortune of OVER ONE MILLION LAMPS.

21. "The Werewolf of Washington" - Dean Stockwell gets bitten by a werewolf and uses his connections as the Press Secretary for the President of the United States to mail out pro-werewolf propaganda, lobbying for increased federal funding in the field of werewolf protection services. Like all werewolves, Stockwell eventually gets his hand stuck in the holes of a bowling ball while talking to the President. To make things even worse, he transforms into a werewolf in the middle of a very important meeting between the President and a Chinese diplomat. I think this is an analogy for puberty.

22. "A Strange Adventure" - One time I took some Xanax and drank a six pack. Now THAT was a strange adventure, one which ended up with me falling asleep in the bathroom of the 13 Coins restaurant in Seattle, while Drew from Fark ate spaghetti. This movie, eh, not as much. A car driving nerd is seduced by little grey riding hood, who unwittingly ends up driving some bank robbers to hide in a cabin. They hang out and have a fun time but ultimately things could've been better because they end up getting arrested and possibly killed. It turns out the money was inside them the entire time. What a strange adventure.

23. "The Island Monster" - In the opening credits, it reads "STARRING (with)" like just in case nobody knew what the word "starring" meant, they could read the text in between the parenthesis and say, "oh, it means 'with'!" and suddenly understand the core fundamentals behind feature films. "WHAT YOU ARE SEEING IS BEING PROJECTED ONTO A FLAT SCREEN" should've followed, and perhaps the movie could end with "THE END (THAT MEANS YOU CAN LEAVE AND GO HOME NOW)" Boris Karloff plays a fat sea captain looking for some businessman's kidnapped daughter, who was taken to an island run by drug dealers. I didn't even know they had drugs in 1954. I assumed delinquents spent their days racing cars and leaning against walls. I think drugs were first invented around that time, and they were simply named "drugs." "Hey man, do you want some DRUGS?" is what one bad guy would say to another bad guy. "Sure man, I love the DRUGS!" the other man would reply, and then they'd eat their DRUGS and feel like a million bucks, which back then was equal to 100 billion bucks. As for this movie, who knows what happened in it.

24. "The Rogue's Tavern" - Another movie from the 1930s that revolves around people talking for inordinate amounts of time. I don't think folks in those days understood the transition from radio to movies, since a majority of the films are simply radio serials with the added bonus of visually presenting overexposed white folks pace around in their living rooms.

25. "Terror Creature From the Grave" - Terror creatures are bad enough, but when one comes from the grave? Oh, you'd better forget it brother! A thrilling horror film from 1965 so blurry and overexposed that it resembles a boring real estate film from 1925. Some lawyer uses the power of long distance phone calls to revive undead plague victims in a castle, who proceed to engage in horrific activities like "walking around" and "walking around some more," which oddly enough is the same thing the non-undead non-plague victims do the entire film. The "scary" scenes are the ones where the theremin starts going nutso, usually to signify the fact that a boring white person is about to get killed. If my pasty ass was alive back in the 60s, I'd be more afraid of theremins

than giant apes or tree branches, since those invariably spell out somebody's doom. Watch for the thrilling climax when one of the main characters attempts to shoot the cameraman to death.

Ugh, 25 more to come soon.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.9 A No-Nonsense Guide to Economic Principles but With Wacky Internet References

Thursday, Aug 10, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

This guy is whipping the market into shape.

Economists live a lifestyle that you and I could only dream about. Their days are filled with fast cars, fast women, and an unquenchable thirst for the blood of innocents. But behind that rock star-like profession lay a mysterious system of markets that few people understand.

Most people my age were not taught economics until their senior year of high school. Consequently many high school graduates enter the workforce or college with no real idea on how markets work. I sure as fuck can't make heads or tails of it.

That's why I've decided to fill the gap and write a no-nonsense, simple to understand guide on the key principles of economics that even someone who spends most of their time playing Maple Story can understand. It's about time you nincompoops learn something about our market system or I'll slap you with the invisible hand!

■ The Invisible Hand of Market Prices Directs Buyers and Sellers Toward Activities That Promote the General Welfare

The "invisible hand" (no not the 1920 western directed by William Bowman and starring Antonio Moreno as John Sharpe, a.k.a. "The Needle") is a fundamental economic concept first coined by legendary economist Adam Smith.

> *If I should have an invisible hand I might use it to lift up women's skirts while they are not looking. Should they accuse me of any wrong doing I shall proclaim, "But madam, I have no hands." But I do have hands and they are invisible.*

Have you ever wondered how a store has the right amount of Chobits DVDs? There are enough copies so that there is a DVD for everyone who wants one, but not too many that they go unsold. How any amount of Chobits DVDs could be left on the shelves unpurchased is unimaginable to me.

It's simply the invisible hand at work! Consider the price of the Chobits Volume 1 DVD. Chobits currently sells for $26.99 per volume, or roughly $9 per episode not including tax (how tax rates affects sales of Chobits DVDs will be covered in my next update).

High demand and high price gives Pioneer the incentive to create more volumes. Consumers will pay the price only if the value of each additional episode, its marginal value, is worth at least as much to you as the price and if it comes with a kawaii (cute) wall scroll.

If the demand for Chobits decreases, and I doubt it will, retailers will experience a surplus inventory of DVDs. The invisible hand will move the price down so that more DVDs are sold and supply once again matches demand.

Let's consider the book I'm lifting ideas for this update from. It's called Common Sense Economics: What Everyone Should Know About Wealth and Prosperity. The amount of text I lift from the book places a cost on the publisher of having their work plagiarized.

If the marginal cost of each word plagiarized exceeds the marginal benefit of the next person that clicks the link and is exposed to their book then they decide to sue me.

The invisible hand guides consumers in directions that promote the general welfare and could be a good name for a Japanese porno about subway rape.

People Must Utilize Scarce Resources Efficiently to Satisfy Their Unlimited Wants

Thanks. I love Chobits.

Because there are only a limited number of resources on Earth, we must divide up these resources in the most efficient way possible in order to satisfy some of our limitless wants.

What if Chobits DVDs were completely free for anyone to order? People who don't even like Chobits would order them because there would be no incentive to not order them. I would order them and chuck the discs at cars because my need to chuck shit at cars is virtually unlimited.

Price acts like a barrier to participation. Chobits' $26.99 price tag keeps people who don't like anime from taking up scarce Chobits resources, and allows those who really want them to purchase them. Because I don't know what Chobits is I have an incentive to not give Amazon.com $26.99 for a copy. The incentive is that I get to keep my money.

The Chobits market is just one of many efficient and neatly organized market systems that illustrate the principle of scarcity.

Rational People Make Decisions at the Margin

Economics assumes that people act rationally, that is, in their own best interest. This principle doesn't quite apply to people who spend most of their time online. There simply isn't a NWS whole lot of rational thinking going on NWS in the first place. When it comes to managing the scarce resource of time Internet folks are the worst of all.

That's why they get duped into taking surveys in the hopes that they'll be sent a free ipod or a check. There's no scarcity of opinions on the Internet so your dumb opinions don't have any value. They want your email address, dummy. The penny they get for it is more valuable than anything you have to say.

Many people who use the Internet are actually normal. They were scammed into paying 3 grand at the Apple store for something they only use to check to see if grandma sent them an email. They aren't staying up until 3am reading about Sonic the Hedgehog on Wikipedia.

Rational people make decisions at the margin. Internet people never even knew there was a margin to begin with. I'd explain the economies of experience points and gold pieces, but that would be about the most useless exercise ever.

"What is the opportunity cost in terms of levels gained if I go to sleep right now?"

Well guy, I'd say hit level 48 tonight because you sure as hell have nothing to wake up for tomorrow. When you're talking about people whose most valuable possession is a level 60 wood elf ranger I don't think opportunity cost ever comes into play.

"If I keep playing I forego all of the possible sex I could be having right now."

I think you can relax buddy. Just keep playing.

Trade Can Make Everyone Better Off

Generic clipart can really make a front page update come alive.

Consider for a minute that you had to pay full market value for all of the music, movies, and video games that you enjoy. Quite a scary thought isn't it? Fortunately through trade, everyone can enjoy more music, movies, and games than they ever could on their own.

Don't close that file sharing program! Don't uninstall BitTorrent! You're just demonstrating the basic economic principle of interdependence and gains from trade.

Let's take two Internet users that pirate games and movies. In an 8 hour period dBz_BaLLaZ6969 can rip 32 Xbox ISOs (his older sister works at Blockbuster and can get ALL the rentals she wants for free because she's employee of the week) or record 4 movies directly off a theater screen.

DarkRiku87 can rip 8 Xbox ISOs or record 2 cam rips (he gets nervous and shuts off the camera when the usher comes in and also pisses himself).

At first glance it seems like dBz_BaLLaZ6969 doesn't even need DarkRiku87. If he split his time evenly dBz_BaLLaZ6969 could come away with 16 ISOs and 2 cam rips. But watch as trade makes both of these pirates better off.

To find out who should produce what we have to figure out what the opportunity cost of producing these two goods is. For dBz_BaLLaZ6969 he must give up 8 ISOs to get 1 cam rip. Inversely, he must give up 1/8 of a cam rip to get 1 ISO.

DarkRiku87 must give up 4 ISOs to get 1 cam rip and 1/4 of a cam rip to get 1 ISO. While dBz has an absolute advantage in both products (he can produce more of each), he has a comparative advantage in ISOs and DarkRiku has a comparative advantage in cam rips. DarkRiku should produce only cam rips because he must give up less ISOs to get 1 cam rip than dBz_BaLLaZ.

Here is a graph that illustrates this concept in plain detail.

	dBz~BaLLaZ6969		DarkRiku87	
	Cams	**ISOs**	**Cams**	**ISOs**
Without Trade				
-Production and consumption	2	16	1	4
With Trade				
-Production	1	24	2	
-Trade	Gets 1	Gives 6	Gives 1	Gets 6
-Consumption	2	18	1	6
-Gains from Trade	0	2	0	2

As you can see both pirates come away with 2 more Xbox ISOs than they would if they did not engage in trade. Although it isn't quite what economics textbooks had in mind

and it's highly illegal, you can plainly see that 15-year-olds who can't get their moms to buy them video games and movies are better off from trade.

Too Often Long-term Consequences of an Action Are Ignored

Too often the long-term consequences of an action are ignored. These consequences can also be called negative externalities. This too can be applied to the consumption of anime.

Recall that the first law of anime is "Anime is gay". Adam Smith later built on this theory and created the second law of anime which states, "You are gay if you watch anime".

Usually the cost that anime fans place on the rest of the Internet does not exceed the benefit to the users. Basically we tolerate their shit. But occasionally anime fans get way too gay. Once again the invisible hand moves into action.

Web sites like Somehting Awful and CNN feature Pokemon face sitting bukake hentai as Awful Links of the Day. This shames people into watching less anime, closing down their guestbooks or blogs, and hopefully committing suicide. The gayness effect of anime is reduced to acceptable levels.

A public policy approach to reducing negative externalities is called Pigovian taxes. The government could fine each anime fan $50 for every 10 hentai tentacle rape images they upload to the Internet. This would give anime fans an economic incentive (recall that people respond to incentives) to cut back on how many Naruto music videos they upload to YouTube thus reducing pollution on the Internet.

When the principles of economics are applied to the things we really care about, economics suddenly comes alive! Anything can be explained in economic terms, from how trade restrictions affect the price of Dragon Ball Z hentai to why a girl would let a dude piss on her face and film it for a web site.

We hope that this guide has helped you understand the world you live in a little better. If I can just reach out to one person, and that person gives me a million dollars, it'll all be worth it.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

8.10 Otis Rising

Friday, Aug 11, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Maybe this picture will teach me how to carry more.

Everything has gone wrong in Willamette, Colorado. This gingerbread town of do-nothings has suddenly started killing each other, and now there's 50,000 of the living dead out to get about a hundred of us still left alive. My name is Frank West, and I arrived here in a helicopter less than eight hours ago. Since then I've seen men, women and children torn limb from limb and devoured by this ravenous horde of the walking dead.

I'm barricaded up in the Willamette Parkview Mall with a handful of survivors. I'm a reporter, and I guess this is my story.

I suppose I should start by telling you who is with me. There is Brad and Jessie, a couple of mysterious agents from the Department of Homeland Security who seem to be running the show as much as anyone. There's Otis, who is a janitor or something, there's Carlito, who I met on the helipad, and then there are these two fat people who I don't know that just stand around in a back room crying all the time.

The real brains of the operation is Otis. When I'm not chasing after Brad or Jessie, and usually while I'm chasing after them, Otis calls me to let me know about the other survivors he sees in the mall. He's a really honest sort of guy. Really seems to care and if anyone can help me sort things out it's going to be him.

****

Otis put me on the trail of a photographer hanging out in a coffee shop on the second floor. The guy was giggling like a girl when I found him and he didn't seem to be too bothered by the zombies walking around the mall. He said I was a shitty photographer. Hey, maybe I'm *not* good at taking erotic pictures of pantyhose on dead bodies, but I didn't really want to have that conversation. This asshole didn't care, he insisted I take pictures of him while he ran around cackling like a moron and doing jump kicks through zombies.

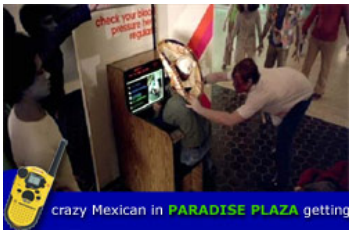
I managed to get one good picture of the guy, but that wasn't enough. With zombies closing in on all sides he wants me to Robert Maplethorpe his ass or something. Right as I was about to take a second picture Otis calls me again. He just wanted to talk. I said it wasn't a good time and put the

radio away. I line up for another shot and he calls me back. I answer before looking (big mistake) and some rotten cop with a bloody face takes a nice chomp out of my shoulder. I manage to throw the stinkpig off of me and nail him with a baseball bat, but I catch the amateur photographer in the process.

While Otis is bitching me out for hanging up on him, I'm standing there holding a bloody wound on my neck and trying to fend off some crazy fucking goofball with a camera. Otis means well, but he could pick a better time and place to call me. I mean it's not like he can't see what I'm doing on the security monitor. Anyway, I murdered the photographer with a lead pipe. I guess I could have finished taking pictures for him, but by then I didn't care and I figured no one would really miss the jerk.

****

How do these motherfucking things keep filling up the elevator to the rooftop? Jesus Christ can't I just shove boxes in there so there's no room for them or something? I tried filling it with mannequins but they were there anyway. I guess some kind soul came along and cleared everything out so they'd have enough room to fill the elevator. It was probably Otis.



Maybe if I make it there in two seconds I can save him!

I swear, I thought that guy was a good guy at first. Now I'm beginning to have second thoughts. He has a real knack for calling me at the worst possible moment. Got some jerk trying to bash your face with a severed hand? Otis calls. Some construction worker trying to eat your guts? Otis calls. Trying to skateboard through a mass of zombies so thick you could use them to water-seal a boat hull? Otis...well, you know where I'm going with this one.

Anyway, this time I'm headed out to find Brad. Tits, who you might remember as Jessie, sprained her little girly ankle and is recuperating in the security room while I risk disembowelment to help out Brad. I think I'm beginning to understand how the DHS fucked up Katrina relief so bad. Jesus. Besides, she's always cockblocking my photography. I just want to get a shot of those enormous hooters because I know there's a judo throw or face smasher attack in it for me, but she's always got to have a cabinet or a coffee cup in between me and the mams.

****

That fiendish taskmaster is calling me again from his ivory tower up in the security room. It's weird, he always seems to see what's going on through the security cameras, but every time I'm up there he's just standing around a vent. Maybe that explains why he always manages to call me at the worst possible moment. Like just now. That guy I met on the helipad, Carlito, was going nuts in the food court and trying to kill me and Brad. The crazy son of a bitch had a machinegun and hand grenades and apparently a bulletproof face. Christ, I must have shot him in the head twenty or thirty times.

Carlito is running around on the tops of the restaurants in the food court cackling and throwing grenades at me. I'm trying to keep cover and step out just long enough to pop a couple rounds into his face. Things are going pretty good and then out of the blue BZZP, BZZP! Otis has something to say!

I answer and of course immediately suck about ten bullets through my lungs, but that's fine because I'm a good photographer and some of my Pulitzer-worthy shots have made it so that I can absorb unbelievable amounts of punishment. Well, maybe not as much as Carlito, but I'm getting off track here. Otis is complaining about some woman he sees barricaded inside a jewelry store.

Little busy right now, buddy!

I'm like, "let me get this straight, you called me in the middle of a fight with a guy throwing hand grenades at me to tell me that you found a woman *safely barricaded* inside a jewelry store?"

There is silence on the other end for a couple seconds and then Otis just says, "yeop."

When it doesn't matter, Otis is a man of few words.

****

I finally found that dumb broad in the jewelry store. Otis called about five times while I was making my way there, so I got pretty beat up. I wish the goddamn zombies wouldn't knock the radio out of my hand every time he calls, because then he calls back just to bitch me out about hanging up. What can I say to him? "I wouldn't have had to hang up if you wouldn't have called just then!"

Anyway, this woman's baby or something got eaten. I don't know, I get pretty apathetic to these people pretty fast. I wasted way too much daylight talking to her and I ended up having to carry her across the courtyard of the mall just to get her to the security room. "Boohoo baby got eaten," stops having the same visceral impact when you're hauling one grande latte too much of woman on your back across three acres of zombies.

Every time I opened a door, Otis called. Every time I set her down, Otis called. Otis will still be calling me when these rotten bastards are picking me out of their teeth.

****

I'm beginning to think Otis is just messing with my head. He'll send me all the way across the mall, chopping through hundreds of zombies, and then right when I get to where whoever is supposed to be he calls me again and tells me they died because I was too slow. Why don't you get out here and save some of these people, Otis?!

When he's not laying guilt trips all over me he's telling me worthless crap like some roller coaster broke in part of the mall. First of all, what kind of freaking mall has a roller coaster in it? Second, I'm not going to fix your roller coaster, Otis.

Anyway, Otis sends me all the way across the courtyard to rescue some Japanese tourists hiding in a book store. It's night by now and all the zombies have glowing red eyes like night vision goggles from some bad action movie. They're tearing chunks off of me every time I turn the corner and Otis is paging me like a drunk making bootie calls. By the time I get to the Japanese people they're all chewed up and Otis is laying it on thick.

Christ, I'm a couple quarts low on blood and this guy is bitching me out for being too slow. And he's doing it right when a zombie lunges at me.

AUUUUUGGHHH!

****

I desperately need to find some orange juice or potato chips. Anything to stop this bleeding.

I'm running low on soccer balls and I don't know how I'm going to make it back to the security room. The courtyard has been taken over by a bunch of persistent and crazy convicts in a Jeep and I look like a dog's chew toy. My baseball bats are all on the verge of

breaking and I don't have the strength to make it back up to the sporting goods store.

I'm going to try to make a run for it using one of these shopping carts. Just push it as fast as I can and shove all of these rotted motherfuckers out of the way. One good grab and I'm done for, but it's my only chance.

Oh God, here they come now, I've got to fight my way over to that cart and-

BZZP! BZZP!

Hello? Otis, is tha- **AAAUUUUGGGGHHHH!**

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.11 God Answers The Internet's Questions

Saturday, Aug 12, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

> Of all the outlets to appear in, why choose this website? Seriously.
>
> Couldn't you have gotten a MySpace? Everyone's got one, you need one. You're not internet savvy until you get one. It's like a LiveJournal, but it looks different.
>
> - admin@myspace.com

As you know, Something Awful has not been funny since it stopped running ICQ pranks and Jeff K. articles. These guys obviously need help before they resort to making up another hurricane Katrina relief publicity scam and I was planning on answering questions on the internet anyway, so I figured I'd save two birds with one stone.

> If you created the universe, where did you come from?
>
> - sandwicheater3@aol.com

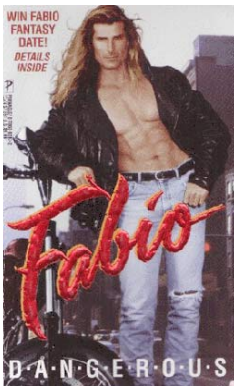
A small town in New Jersey called Hoboken.

> yo whats the stupidest thing you ever created dogg
>
> - biznatchkillah

That's a tough question to answer, as I like to think that all of my creations have their own inner beauty or greater purpose.

Have you ever seen a flower-pocked valley just after a summer rain, a beautiful rainbow forming in the fleeting mist as a sunbeam breaks through the clouds and alights on a butterfly landing on the nose of a baby fawn? That's pretty gay. If I had to take anything back I guess that'd be it.

Also, Quizno's is pretty nasty. It's like all the employees secrete massive amounts of baby oil through their hands and no one wears gloves. I don't want to lube my throat and digestive track for some bizarre alien sex act, I just want a roast beef sandwich. I'd probably take that place back too.



Coming soon to the nightstand drawer of every hotel room in America.

> Is the Bible meant to be taken literally, or is it more of a collection of tales that convey moral messages?
>
> - Brad Clayden

Actually, I have no affiliation with the Bible whatsoever so I can't really comment on that. The only book that comes close to capturing the truth about myself and the universe is the novel "Dangerous" by Fabio.

> I find it interesting that you've chosen to answer questions on the internet instead of through television or telepathy. Are you a computer enthusiast?
>
> - Steve

Totally. You could say I'm a "computer nut"! I've got this computer called an Intel Inside and it's pretty powerful because it connects to the internet really fast. I'll add you to my email list, I constantly forward random jokes and pictures that other people send me to everyone I remotely know.

> If you're here answering questions, who's driving the universe?
>
> - Andy

Dale Earnhardt.

> Some people point to a lack of flashy magic or the skies parting as evidence that you don't exist. Are you completely hands off, or does everything happen for a reason? If so, how do you do it if we can't see any evidence of your involvement?
>
> - Sarah Jenkins

Everything does happen for a reason, but I work behind the scenes to allow people to make their own choices in life without being directly influenced by my presence.

How do I do it? It's all midi-chlorians. Midi-chlorians are a microscopic lifeform that reside within all living cells. That pretty much explains everything!

> I'm sure you get this all the time, but why *do* bad things happen to good people?
>
> - Trevor Kralowski

They don't. How's that wheelchair treating you? Maybe next time you'll think twice before forgetting to take out the trash after promising your mother you'd do it.

> Are we alone in the universe?
>
> - hotdawg@seti.com

Just about. There's a guy named Greg who lives on the planet Jahvlae-9 a few galaxies away, but he's a total dick.

> What's Heaven like? Most people picture a city of clouds and no hardships, but I love the culmination of everything good and bad about Earth so that seems sort of emotionless and sad to me.
>
> - Greg

The ground is not made of fluffy clouds, but of artificial turf. I was concerned about it at first, but we haven't seen any fluctuation in hamstring injuries so far. The sky is a continuously looping lasershow set to Billy Joel's Greatest Hits.

When I designed the rest of Heaven I went with the assumption that everyone loves the safe and cuddly version of native American culture that was created to appeal to tourists. There's big plastic teepees and totem poles (with cute and funny faces instead of anything scary) all over the place, and everyone wears lots of turquoise jewelry. It's pretty great.

> What do you look like? I picture you as a giant in a white robe and a flowing white beard with a face you can't look into because it's shiny as fuck.
>
> - Luke Pasino

16/F, tanned, blonde hair, tight bod, still have most of my teeth

> Why isn't everyone good looking? It seems to me that being born with a funny face is a lifelong punishment. If you wanted to teach someone a lesson about humility couldn't you have done it without making 80% of the opposite sex unattainable to them?
>
> - IAmNotAnAnimal@gmail.com

It's not done to teach anyone a lesson, it's a necessity. If everyone was good looking then there would be no one to write humor on the internet.

> So did people come from apes or what? I've been arguing about the subject of evolution for years on both sides of the issue, just to be an argumentative jerk. I'd sort of like to know which half of the time I was right.
>
> - Nick

While evolution is very real and all organisms adapt throughout the years, humans did not descend from apes. If every person alive today were to trace their genealogies back to the origin of the human species, they would find that they were all the direct descendants of Wilt Chamberlain.

> We all know that one day our sun will die and wipe out all life on Earth with it, but when will this happen? I find myself looking up at the sky fairly often and wondering about it.
>
> - Caroline

There's no need to be concerned! It won't happen in your lifetime so don't worry about it. The sun doesn't die until November of 2010.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.12 Spookyville Town Council Minutes

Sunday, Aug 13, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

Township of
Spookyville
"Your Screams are like a Dinner Bell"

TOWN COUNCIL
TOWNSHIP OF SPOOKYVILLE
Minutes, Aug. 13 2006
TOWN COUNCIL – Regular Meeting
Council Chambers – Spookyville General Administrative Terror Chamber of Misery

1. Call Meeting to Order Mayor Fetor called the meeting to order at 1 p.m.

2. Roll Call
Members Present:
Mayor Argyle Fetor
Deputy Mayor Severed Foot in a Jar
Councilor Vlad Childkiller
Councilor Terry Bleeds-from-Ears
Councilor Chainsaw Maniac
Councilor Lex Maggotskin
Councilor Singing Little Girl with Kitchen Knives Sticking out of Her Eyeballs
Member Absent: Councilor Angry Skeleton

OLD BUSINESS
3. Blood Sewer Efficiency
Spookyville Blood Sewer Superintendent Robert Knives-for-Hands reminded the Council of an impending vote on a new blood sewer pump, which would allow approximately 35% more blood to gush from manholes, cracks in the sidewalk, and other holes in the ground. He discussed the potential benefits of a new system, and said he did not mind the extra work so long as "the ground looked like a sanitary wastebasket at Lilith Fair." Knives-for-Hands then apologized for the decline in Wailing and Screaming production, claiming the Blood Sewer Department was looking to hire a new Head of Torture and Disembowelment after the next budget allocation.

NEW BUSINESS
4. Resolution Barring the Sun from Spookyville and Surrounding Areas
Councilor Vlad Childkiller expressed an issue he had regarding the new meeting time. He cited a rare condition, which turns him into a pile of ashes and tiny bones every time he comes in contact with the sun, as the source of his concern. Mayor Fetor said he accidentally left his brain on his bathroom vanity the morning he set the agenda, then apologized. The mayor then asked someone to shut the blinds so Councilor Childkiller could remove the trash bag he was wearing over his head.

After some discussion the Council formally banned the sun from Spookyville and surrounding areas.

The decision was unanimous – Councilor Chainsaw Maniac cast an absentee vote for Councilor Angry Skeleton by waving his disembodied hand in the air. Councilor Maniac then presented a written apology from Councilor Skeleton for missing the meeting, carved into the ruddy, plump backside of a preschooler someone found in a ditch over by I-46. Mayor Fetor accepted the apology and said he'd hang it next to his formal indoctrination documents, which he believed might have been etched into the preschooler's mother's forehead.

Councilor Terry Bleeds-from-Ears asked the council how they planned to keep the sun out of Spookyville. Mayor Fetor recommended the council contact the crazy old scientist on Holloway Hill before the next meeting. He also said that the sun could be fined every day it appeared in Spookyville until the Council figured out a way to forcibly remove its shine, possibly by dousing it in a combination of goat blood and road tar. Councilor Childkiller thanked the Council for its quick action.

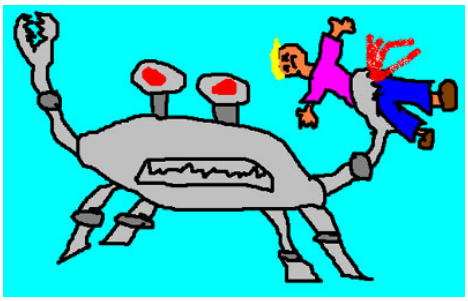
5. City Job Opening

Mayor Fetor said the city was in urgent need of a creepy old man to fill a vacancy in the city's work force. The job, located at the gas station on the desolate stretch of highway leading into town, is open immediately and applicants are encouraged to submit resumes as soon as possible. Fetor said the ideal candidate would speak in a thick, stuttering, southern English dialect and have the general appearance and demeanor of a terrified cocker spaniel. Applicants **MUST** be able to direct unwitting vacationers down a shortcut that winds by the old car graveyard in the forest. Ability to hide spike strips under piles of leaves in the road is a plus, and additional consideration will be given to applicants capable of spraypainting "LAST STOP – 500 MILES" on a sheet of plywood. Applicants will be asked to take an aptitude test, which involves stealing as many pairs of panties out of a camper as possible in five minutes and taking beatings from the one person who inevitably escapes our clutches.

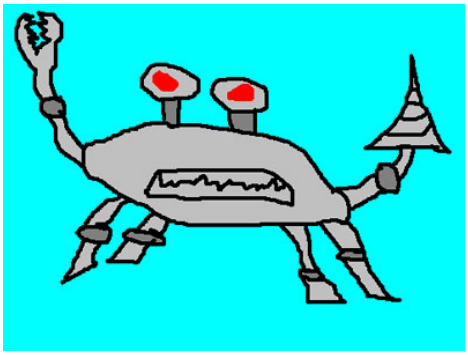
6. Questions Regarding Efficiency of Maniacal Crab Robots

Mayor Fetor said he had received several letters regarding the work ethic and basic maniacalness of the town's newly purchased Maniacal Crab Robots. He said the robots, designed to scuttle around town "in the interest of terror and mayhem," showed reluctance to split people in half like fireplace logs and generally were not doing a very good job with their appointed duties. He did claim one standout, Maniacal Crab Robot #642, had picked up the slack for his peers and in fact had created a stack of severed torsos higher than the county clock tower. In general, however, he said the robots were wasting township time and money.

Councilor Singing Little Girl with Kitchen Knives Sticking out of Her Eyeballs recommended a change in the robots' design to ensure maximum efficiency. The current robots use four legs to walk and two to cleave bodies, as shown in this illustration:



The councilor then showed a proposed change in design:



The new drill arms would allow the Maniacal Crab Robots greater flexibility in their homicidal programming, she said, and would also encourage them to drill deep into the ground, creating a number of beautiful blood geysers around the city. This, she said, would appease the Undead Chamber of Commerce, which was looking for a new tourism angle after the condemnation of the Giant Meat Grinder that Occasionally Eats People.

Deputy Mayor Severed Foot in a Jar tapped out a speech in support of the councilor's proposal, and again, the vote was unanimous. All Maniacal Crab Robots were asked to report to the county highway garage so they could be fitted with serrated drill arms, as well new firmware.

7. Public Safety Notice

Councilor Lex Maggotskin asked that teachers refrain from giving their students scissors in the classroom, since scissors can easily be held in the sign of the cross, which can cause several injuries, including blindness, severe burns, and impotence. He reminded the council that the Spookyville School Corporation has a zero-tolerance policy regarding dogmatic memorabilia and that offenders can be suspended, expelled, or thrown into the lake of fire and dog entrails over by the skating rink. Contractors were also asked to stop constructing buildings using cross-shaped supports to help eliminate housefires and holy beams of light that eradicate entire sections of town.

8. Spookyville Parks and Rec Moving Along

Parks and Recreation Executive Patricia del Muerto said plans to build a new playground were going well. The stakes surrounding the site were recently decorated with human heads thanks to a generous grant from the city, she said, and the pea gravel littering the area is set to be replaced with

used hypodermic needles within the week. Del Muerto said the Parks and Rec department is still looking for volunteers to sharpen the edges on the playground equipment and decorate the exteriors with lead-based paint, and that she plans to ask the sex offender wing of Spookyville Jail for some parolees to help quicken up the process.

Del Muerto also said Parks and Rec is moving quickly towards its goal to repopulate and release their collection of endangered Spookyville Giant Spiders. The beloved insects are "breeding every day" and will soon be able to return to their normal mating grounds, i.e. the mouths of sleeping tourists and other visitors. Del Muerto said she expects the population to really pick up once the spiders' eggs are allowed to hatch in the throats of tourists instead of incubation pods, and that the large, electric-powered pods themselves would make great bathroom caddies at area retirement homes when the stock is released.

PUBLIC COMMENTS

9. Resolution Regarding Appearance of Bodies in Parking Lots

Local businessman Veiny Dave took the floor before the meeting adjourned. Dave, owner of the strip mall located at 6124 Hwy. 666, has taken issue with the thousands of bodies that have appeared in his parking lot over the past few months. According to the entrepreneur he spends half his day hauling bodies out of the lot (some of which stick to the asphalt in warmer months) around to the back of his strip mall. The hole, he said, is "starting to smell like death died", and the packs of large, rabid dogs circling the lot looking for a meal are scaring his customers away. On top of that, his health insurance rates have skyrocketed because of all the claims his employees submit, which include everything from nausea from the smell to a strange disease "that kind of looks like leprosy, only a lot meaner".

The Council unanimously voted to loan Dave a large thresher, which would liquefy the corpses and spray a fertilizing mist on the Eternal Pumpkin Patch across the street from the strip mall. Mayor Fetor also noted the thresher "has a cat or something caught in its motor", and the constant screaming coming from the machine would undoubtedly scare the ravenous dogs from the parking lot. As an added bonus, the thresher could be used to cull the dogs once or twice a week, provided Dave warned customers on the days he sprayed rabid dog blood all over the parking lot.

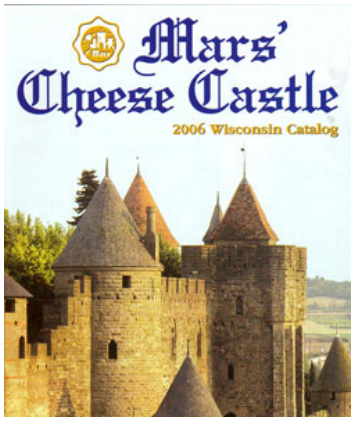
10. Adjournment

Mayor Fetor thanked the attending residents for making it to the meeting Attendees were asked to be careful going home, especially those living downtown, as the armless creatures in the abandoned storefronts were going stir-crazy and headbutting the windows with alarming frequency. He reminded the attendees that most salesmen in town had two arms and pink (not gray) skin, and that a common greeting was "welcome to our store", not "blagh blee bluuuuuggghhh". The meeting then adjourned.

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

8.13 The Man in the Cheese Castle

Monday, Aug 14, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



This cheese is well-protected!

If Wisconsin is the arterial plaque basket of the United States, then America's deep vein thrombosis can be found tucked away next to Interstate 94 somewhere about midway between Chicago and Milwaukee. I am referring to the unassailable battlements and ramparts of Mars' Cheese Castle.

It is a fortification that has withstood the assaults of countless waves of wild-eyed Canadian barbarians drenched in maple and craving cheese curd. The tide of invaders has broken against its impenetrable walls and Mars' Cheese Castle stands to this day, a bulwark against the rampaging men of the north lands.

What drew me to Mars' Cheese Castle was a catalog addressed to the previous owners of our home and the promise of a block of cheese shaped exactly like a beer bottle. Who could pass on the offer of such riches?! Any true man would feel the ache to visit deep within his heart, the numbness and tingling of adventure in his left arm and the shooting pain of conquest along his left side. Not to mention the castle that looked so beautiful on the cover of their catalog. I had not seen a decent castle since I was ordered by the State of Texas to quit hanging around outside Richard Garriott's house.

With my barded steed Toyota and my faithful maiden at my side, I set off for Mars' Cheese Castle. I was sure to find, if nothing else, an adventure that would recall Olden Tymes.

The journey was long and arduous, my horse complained of thirst and foamed at the mouth, but I rode old Toyota hard. Before the old gelding collapsed from exhaustion I caught sight of signage on the horizon. I hammered my heels into Toyota's sweat-slicked flanks and drove the poor beast harder. We passed beneath a bridge, though fortune smiled down and neither brigand nor troll waited in ambush. And then, glorious sunbeams of the celestials broke through the dark clouds of a hard journey, illuminating Mars' Cheese Castle.

But...the moat?!

Alack! No castle was to be found by my reasoning. Some pitiful attempt had been made to add crenulations and archer's slits to a wood-frame structure, but even the most meager of Motte and Bailiey was an impenetrable fastness by comparison.

Where was the castellation depicted by their catalog? Where were the men-at-arms, prepared to lay down their lives and fight back the Canadians? As I hitched my steed beneath a sour apple tree I entered Mars' Cheese Castle, door unbarred and my way unchallenged by any watchman.

Once inside, the differences between this forteresse de fromage and a real castle became even more distinct. To describe to you the degree of disappoint I felt would not be an adequate means of sharing this sad story. I have, instead, painstakingly documented the differences.

A real medieval castle has...	Mars' Cheese Castle had...
A working drawbridge and portcullis.	A wheel of Colby the size of a monster truck tire.
Flickering torchlight picking out the masonry, rough-hewn from ancient quarries.	A drop ceiling and fluorescent lighting.
The sounds of stabled horses, smiths working in the courtyard and rousing banquets.	The hiss of refrigeration and the wet smack of people chewing free samples with their mouths open.
An immense roasted leg of turkey or duck being lustily devoured by a giant with an axe strapped to his back.	A grease-stained paper bowl full of fried cheese being eaten by an old woman.
A castle guard with crossbows, long swords, studded hauberks and shields painted with the crest of the local barony protecting a treasure room full of gold ingots.	Suits of armor made out of cardboard standing watch over a curling paper sign for wine coolers.
Stone embellishments such as angels and gargoyles sharing wall space with tapestries depicting battles with dragons and Saracen horsemen.	More than a hundred different frog statues available in the gift shop, including banjo tree stump frog and his hoot-jug band.
An aging lord of the castle, who sits upon his throne and dispenses wisdom to the many visitors from the village he protects.	A manager who asks you if you would like to try their homemade fudge cheese.
Highwaymen and cutpurses left in stocks outside the castle gate and murderer's heads nailed to the wall.	A photocopy of a bad check taped near the register.
The smell of cook fires and forged iron mingling with the country air and the distant stink of emptied chamber pots.	The damp miasma of a wet sock left next to an air conditioner that grows stronger with each step you take towards the massive cheese cases.
A dungeon.	Miniature novelty beer bottles.
The black plague.	Bread baked with cheese inside.
A love letter to a princess, attached to an arrow fired through the window of the tallest tower.	I Love Wisconsin Cheese, spelled out with cheese.

Thus I stowed away my thees and thines and dassn'ts and shan'ts and I approached this castle as just another fat American looking for an artery to seal shut. Through these eyes the castle came into a new focus. I no longer felt the absence of guards and clanking dungeon cells, I felt the boundless joy of thousands of pounds of carefully aged cheese. Cheddars of every shape and description toppled from the shelves. Here was a six-year cheddar sharp enough to cut copper pipes and there was a black cheddar soaked in port. I found cheeses packed full of every imaginable herb and spice. Peppercorns, basil, sun-dried tomatoes, hot peppers, cranberries, blueberries, all had been shoved inside the soft body of the cheeses. There was even a selection of cheeses that had different types of cheese and sausage inside of that cheese. Soft brick surrounded smoked edam and firmer Colby wrapped itself around a decadent heart of pork sausage.

Cannot...resist... rustic delicacies.

The bakery, with its enticing aroma of cinnamon and apples, offered a variety of different ways to eat cheese. Their specialty was cheese bread, but they had a wide selection of kringles, kolachkys and other cheesy occidental pastries that would feel right at home in a game of Mortal Kombat. Even if you thought you were done with the cheese and you just wanted a slice of apple pie, they offered cheddar cheese on the side to help the pie stick to your ribs.

I approached the cash register with a basket laden with the greatest calorie density physically possible. As the bored checker began ringing up my spicy mustards and Methuselah cheddars I experienced an epiphany. Mars' Cheese Castle was not the feeble defense I had mistaken it for when I entered. Though it boasted no curtain wall lined with archers and no legion of footmen ready to hack through enemy armies, it had a more insidious means of stopping the invaders from the north.

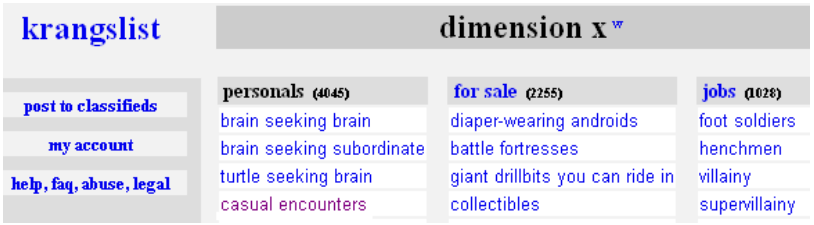
These Canadian corsairs would enter our fair maiden of a country and approach the castle with pillaging in mind, but they would leave with sacks full of food that would render them fat and tired. By the time they tied shut their saddlebags their bellies would be distended and their limbs would be feeble with the exertion of digesting so much food. They would simply collapse beneath a tree and enter a coma for several days or wander back, thinking they had managed to successfully pillage our country after all.

I laughed at the mad genius behind it all and then waddled back to my steed, eager to get home and try that fudge made out of cheese.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.14 krangslist

Tuesday, Aug 15, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)



krangslist

dimension x[w]

post to classifieds
my account
help, faq, abuse, legal

personals (4045)	for sale (2255)	jobs (1028)
brain seeking brain	diaper-wearing androids	foot soldiers
brain seeking subordinate	battle fortresses	henchmen
turtle seeking brain	giant drillbits you can ride in	villainy
casual encounters	collectibles	supervillainy

Seeking young talent for hard-hitting job opportunities

Reply to: 601654882@krangslist.org
Date: 2006-08-14, 11:02AM DXT

The Foot Clan is recruiting! We're looking for young men and women ready to become part of one of the universe's oldest miscellaneous violence gangs. $85 gets you everything you need to get started - jumpsuit, distinctive-looking Foot Clan hood, and your own copy of our 45-minute orientation video (with your choice of VHS or DVD.) We help provide the skills you need to get a great job including: following orders, running towards things, and wearing distinctive-looking hoods! This is not a scam! Be a part of something! Join today!

Martial arts training not required. The charge may appear on your credit card statement as "RONNY SHREDDER'S ARTS AND CRAFTS NOOK"

this is in or around Large Open Chasm Underground Somewhere
no -- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

SOMEONE WHO CAN PUT BOMBS INSIDE PIZZA PIE???

Reply to: 616846321@krangslist.org
Date: 2006-08-13, 3:19PM DXT

GREETINGS I AM IN NEED OF AN EXPERIENCED CHEF WHO CAN BAKE A PIZZA WITH A BOMB OR BOMBS IN IT FOR A LITTLE PROJECT I AM WORKING ON. DO NOT ASK WHAT THE PROJECT IS!!!!!! MUST BE DISCREET

this is in or around HOUSTON
no -- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

Janitor position open at TGRI

Reply to: 616549440@krangslist.org
Date: 2006-08-14, 1:33PM DXT

Last night we had a minor chemical spill that required cleanup. When our janitor began working on it he suddenly had a fit and grew twice his normal size. An incredible superhuman rage ensued lasting several hours at the cost of many experiments and several million dollars worth of equipment. He made his way outside, continually destroying everything he came in contact with. Eventually, sometime around 4 AM he was spotted and shot by a police officer. We think he was having problems at home, but I'm rambling. We really need someone to get over here and clean this green stuff up, whatever it is. It's starting to smell. Please reply with your resume.

this is in or around TGRI Laboratories
no -- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

Horse trailer - $400

Reply to: 600484622@krangslist.org
Date: 2006-08-10, 6:31AM DXT

Horse trailer good cond. no need for it anymore. vacuum-preserved horse inside.

this is in or around Floating in interplanetary space
no -- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

Lost: My distinctive-looking hood

Reply to: 616154800@krangslist.org
Date: 2006-08-13, 12:20AM DXT

Just regained consciousness and realized I wasn't wearing my hood anymore. It was on pretty securely so I don't think it just flew off when I got hit or whatever. Did somebody take it? Please just give it back. I don't want to shell out another 85 bucks.

Ha ha, "shell out." I just realized.

this is in or around dark alleyway
no -- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

To "you know who"

Reply to: 599846012@krangslist.org
Date: 2006-08-02, 11:02PM DXT

your nosering
your pig-face
your personality
your embrace...

the way you held your gun
the way you laughed aloud
the way you made me feel
even when you weren't around...

we didn't always win
we'd nearly always lose
but none of it really mattered
because you always nursed my wounds...

now when i look at your pig-sty
and remember that you're gone
it's very tough but i know that
i should be moving on...

i walk these halls of the technodrome
not knowing what i've done
if i had one wish it would be that
again, we would be one...

if u are reading this remember to never let go of the 1 u love cos then they r gone 4ever.

i miss u, B

-R

this is in or around A BRPOKEN HEART...
no -- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

anyone hanging out tonite?

Reply to: 612034482@krangslist.org
Date: 2006-08-15, 1:08AM DXT

Mmm, i duno, feelin wild i guess. lol. lil drunk mabye. anyone want to hang out and see what happens? i'm height/weight proportionate and i hope u are too. some people tell me i look like ronny shredder but i am definitely NOT HIM. oh and no brains please.

this is in or around the holiday inn
no -- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

-~Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

8.15 The Horrors Never Cease

Wednesday, Aug 16, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

As of late I find myself increasingly bombarded with news of my impending death. The world is heating up to a crisp, conflicts continue to intensify in the Middle East, and myriad forms of internal decay are consuming our nation from within. If those evil forces don't get me then the giant, all-consuming volcano Mount Rainier will go off and destroy my habitat while offshore earthquakes send tsunamis rushing towards me. Because the general consensus is that I will either be turned into bacon by extreme heat or killed in some gruesome fashion, I find myself a bit glum. What's there to forward to? What sparks of joy are there to light the darkness that grows ever stronger with each passing day?

Right now, sad though it may seem, the only thing keeping me from hammering a handful of bullets into my brain is the knowledge that there are people out there that actually buy things from companies like the Bradford Exchange. In this age of overwhelming gloom, I am extremely comforted to know that whatever future civilization rises from of the ashes of our dead bodies will not find a single dragon shirt or piece of legendry Dale Earnhardt memorabilia in the ruins of my squalid hovel. Somehow, that inspires me to live on as if to say "I have better taste than you so therefore I am better than you." Sure they'll find all sorts of incriminating evidence that I lived a miserable life centered on a big electric box that shot pictures and words at my face, but that's kind of romantic when you really think about it.

I have done two updates on the Bradford Exchange's horrible merchandise in the past, but this week I am turning the spotlight on a similar but wholly different offender of basic human decency. This week I will shine the spotlight on a handful of items from a website called "What on Earth," a catalog of crap hellbent on being as stupid and unfunny as is allowed by the laws governing our humble universe. I "shine" the spotlight in the sense you might use a mirror to reflect sunlight onto a vampire. That is, I seek to destroy it.

They say that necessity is the mother of invention. In short, for an invention to succeed it has to fill a need. Whatever needs that mandated the crap sold on this site are not natural needs, such as the need to eat or socialize, but rather cruel and unnatural needs that seek to turn the tide in our ongoing evolution towards super floating brain status. These are wants that seek to devolve humanity by replacing quality brain matter with the same base elemental stew from which we once rose, shepherding us backwards down a dark and troubled path. Perhaps it will be unnecessary and stupid merchandise such as what is sold here and not war, famine, pestilence and death that finally do us in. Stranger things have happened (I think).

Yoda Backpack Buddy
Presenting the ultimate in psychological warfare. Is there a better way to say "fuck you!" to your children than to stick an awful green midget on their backs and send them out in public? Not that I know of! Do not make the same mistake other parents have made, fostering a sense of self-esteem and confidence in their children. No, deny your children the acceptance they deserve from their peers and make them into objects of scorn and ridicule.

At first the average child will likely turn to his backpack buddy for support and comfort, imbuing it with an artificial sense of concern. Of course the backpack is hugging him in a caring embrace. Then, when the harassment reaches its apex, the child will turn against the backpack buddy, tearing it to shreds. Of course the backpack was wrenching his neck, holding him back and dragging him into the mud. By then the damage will be done, for the essence of the backpack buddy will have transcended physical form and

Maroon your child's self-esteem on the swamp world of Dagobah!

taken residence in his damaged psyche. He will carry an imaginary backpack buddy with him like an albatross for all his life.

Of course George Lucas gets a fair share of the royalties.

A rainbow attacked and killed my people.

Adult Tie-Dye Pants
Is there a more visually offensive way to be a smelly hippy? I challenge you to find one. I'm pretty sure these were just some ordinary clothes that got turned into a rainbow's

autopsy photo after some exceptionally terrifying hippy somehow urinated out an LSD trip in his sleep. Who would wear these? The kind of people that need to be herded into a Nazi-style shower and permanently cleansed of their stink.

Live in a dystopian future where humanity bypasses the best part of the fortune cookie (the cookie) in favor of metal shells full of data!

Silver Plated Fortune Cookie

If necessity is in fact the mother of invention, then I'm pretty sure this is one of those stillborn babies nobody ever talks about until that one awkward Christmas when dad accidentally lets slip the fact that you were not really supposed to be an only child, naturally causing mom to run into the bathroom and cry for awhile. What possible use could you have for such a ridiculous item? Sure, put little notes in it like the ad says, but has the concept of communication broken down to the level that we must pass notes to each other inside a fake fortune cookie. And what does it say about our race if we are making *fake* fortune cookies out of precious resources?

OH GOSH IT SURE WOULD BE CUTE TO LEAVE LITTLE NOTES INSIDE AN IRON MAIDEN FORTUNE COOKIE BECAUSE I'M TOO STUPID TO EVEN OPEN MY YOKEL MOUTH ANYMORE. That's what it says, only maybe not in caps.

Let Santa help clean up your sticky wet messes!

Santa Tissue Box Cover
Look how delighted our friend Santa is, all sassy and loose from a long hard night spent separating the naughty boys from the nice. He's ready to unwind with a cocktail, his favorite teddy bear, and maybe a few special presents from his engorged sack. Never mind the fact that giant white geyser is erupting from that big old nearby shaft, nothing's going to rain on his parade tonight! "Let it rain," says Santa as he opens his mouth to catch a few drops on his tongue. Ring that bell, Old Saint Nick, because the rain isn't going to stop coming anytime soon!

A pillow in a teal shirt tries desperately to reproduce asexually by budding out an arm.

Boyfriend Arm Pillow

> *Never curl up on the couch alone again, with this comforting arm that wraps around you as if to say, "I'm sorry work was rotten today," or "No, you pick what we watch tonight," all the stuff you'd never hear from a real boyfriend.*

That is from the actual description for this item. If I were to extrapolate from available data what would come next in that description, it would likely be thus:

> *P.S. YOU ARE A PSYCHO WOMAN IF YOU BUY THIS.*

If I were to walk into a lady friend's domicile and find an arm attached to half a torso that she uses for cuddling, I would immediately run away in terror. In much the same way a man having 1/5 of a fake woman to cuddle with would be extremely disturbing and downright perverted, the scenario is no better when gender roles are reversed. In fact, dare I say it's even a little weirder? At least with guys you pretty much know they are capable of high levels of inspired perversion and ingenuity when it comes to combating loneliness. There is simply nothing sane or rational about snuggling up to a chunk of severed muppet. Worse, you couldn't even cheat your way into a high occupancy vehicle lane with this, unless maybe you bought 4 or 5 of them and stitched them together and then stuffed them into an adult tie-dye outfit.

For those of you taking the time to explore What on Earth's catalog, you will no doubt note the absolute worst garbage on the site is the horrid collection of clothing. I did not go in-depth on the

clothing because even I have limits to how much I can tolerate before it becomes necessary to pop out my eyeballs with a crowbar and call it a day.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.16 Proud American Magazine Asks: How Big is Your Flag?

Thursday, Aug 17, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

James Shuckler, Flag Salesman

"Well sir, we've got your standard three by five footer- that'll set you back $19.99. Tell you what: I'll even throw in this free pole that I've beaten a homosexual with. Now I'll tell you right now that doesn't happen very often, as my grandchildren are quite busy with their 'protective custody' these days!"
"Listen buddy, while we're standing around here shooting the shit, I'm taking pre-orders on the new 45-star flag. One we get rid of all those Jew states, you'll be sitting pretty!"

Eugene Scardoza, Retiree

"My flag is so large that if the colors actually ran, the south would be dyed purple, and I did not get out of fighting in World War II thanks to my juggler's wrist to stand by and let that happen!"

Kunal Patel, Terrorist

"My friends, no! I am not a terrorist! My family is from Bhopal! That is India! Look!"
"Wait, wait- See! I hang your flag in my store! Look, I put another one on the door! Yes, it is covering the "open" sign, but surely, the flag will draw more customers than an indicator of the availibility of products ever could! Look- wait! Look! I am wearing a flag. Clearly, a troop is being supported!"

Mitch Redgrave, Grand Wizard

"My American flag is no bigger than my Confederate flag, and the two hang together in perfect harmony just like Ebony and Ivory."
"Except that I'm Pro-Slavery. Oh, and speaking of hanging-"

Beck Chumplin, Unemployment Collector

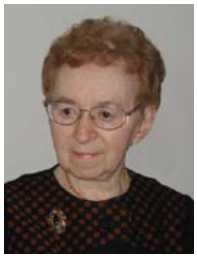
"Our flag is so enormous that after the mourning period for Ronald Reagan was over, it took my wife and a team of trained stepsons exactly five hours to haul that bastard back up to full mast. The sight of my 400-pound wife in a sundress driving a pack of stepsons uphill in the dead heat of August is etched into my memory *to this day.*"

Beth and Marty Greenberg,

"Hi, this is Beth-"
"And this is Marty."
"And we're the Greenbergs!"
"We're not home right now, so when you hear the beep, le-"
"And we're the Greenbergs!"
"Goddamn it Beth, you just said that!"
"And we're the Greenbergs!"
"BETH, *YOU ARE KILLING ME.*"

Gary Scardoza, President, New Freederton

"Listen fucko, my grandfather did not get out of fighting in World War II thank to his juggler's wrist just so you could hassle me about my flag beliefs. Now grab a manifesto from the large stack on your right and kindly get off my land."



Norma Fedlick, Rampant Knitter

"My flag is just big enough for my husband and I to crawl into and perform our Betsy Ross cosplay/BDSM."

Kunal Patel, Terrorist

"No, do not knock that display over! Wait, what are you doing? Oh to be beaten by a cardboard representation of the Man from Marlboro, of all that is American! I wish I could see my assailant but all the flags in the windows allow the entry of no sunlight! I believe this is what the professor of my AP English class would call irony!"

Beth and Marty Greenberg,

"Alright Beth, this is the last time."
"Okay Marty."
"Hi-"
"And we're the Greenbergs!"
"SO HELP ME WOMAN-"
"And we're the Greenbergs!"
"IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT PEOPLE TO HEAR?!"
"And we're the Greenbergs!"
"MUST I SPEND *THE REST OF MY LIFE* PAYING FOR YOUR BOTCHED LOBOTOMY?I"

Tim Thomasin, Suit Enthusiast

"My flag is so big that its sheer splendor attracts and traps many bald eagles in its billowing fabric. We eat a lot of eagle at my house."

Rick Tavaram, Sexual Offender

"Picture this: 1982, I break into a middle school at midnight to smell the chairs and get my rocks off, and I do precisely that. Of course, I leave a lot of evidence behind. DNA had not yet been discovered by Jurassic Park, so I was in the clear on that one, but leaving a pile of spunk behind had kind of been a calling card of mine that the police weren't too fond of. So what I do is grab Old Glory off the wall, and I do a little deck-swabbing. Long story short, I was arrested the next night in a different middle school-caught with my pants down, so to speak. You're damned if you do and you're damned if you don't I guess."
"By law I was required to tell you all of this. Boy, it's going to be fun having a new neighbor!"

Beth and Marty Greenberg,

Beth said, "I thought you was mad at me, Marty."
"No," said Marty, "No Beth. I ain't mad."
The voices came close now. Marty raised the gun and listened to the voices.
Beth begged, "Let's do it now. Le's get that place now."
"Sure, right now. I gotta. We gotta."
And Marty raised the gun and steadied it, and he brought the muzzle of it close to Beth's head. The hand shook violently, but his face set and his hand steadied. He pulled the trigger. The crash of the shot rolled up the hills and rolled down again. Beth jarred, and then settled slowly forward to the sand, and she lay without quivering.

BAD END

KUNAL PATEL
1974-2006
FATHER OF THREE
POSSIBLY IRANIAN

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

8.17 Textbooks of Tomorrow: Rise of the Hiphopracies

Friday, Aug 18, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Unit 4 - Chapter 1 American History
America Divided (2008-Present)

Unit Introduction: Welcome to Unit Four of Keak Da Sneak University's American History Textbook. In this unit you will be given an overview of the conflicts and crises of the past twenty years that have shaped the America you live in today. The first chapter will focus primarily on the divisions that have opened a rift in the United States and the events leading up to the Baller Wars.

Seeds of Rebellion

Terrorism defined the first years of the 21st century and terrorism proved to be the fire that lit the fuse of Civil War in the United States of America. In 2008, on the clear morning of December 15th, Washington D.C. was rocked by a powerful explosion that devastated the nation's capitol. Tens of thousands were killed and the nation's government, already in the process of electoral transition, was almost completely destroyed. That fateful event plunged the United States into days of chaos and uncertainty as the military assumed power and the surviving government bodies struggled to find solid ground. But the story of America today begins two months earlier.

In October of 2008, democratic presidential candidate Al Gore curried favor with African American voters by promising a cabinet position to popular Bay Area rapper E-40. Gore managed to narrowly win the election and, in keeping to his promise, he named E-40 the head of the Environmental Protection Agency. The rapper-cum-environmentalist's promises to "smoke up" those who bring "the duckets" were misinterpreted by the media as threats against polluters of duck wildlife refuges. Burning rubber from celebratory sydeshows blotted out the sun on the West Coast for more than a week.

Before a changeover of governments could be completed, the terrorist attack destroyed Washington, killing nearly every member of the incoming and outgoing government. Then, on January 6th, the rightful successor was located gas-brake dippin' in a 7-11 parking lot in San Francisco. With a

three-tone zombie thizz face and a white t-shirt, EPA head E-40 stepped in front of the camera to address the nation.

He is said to have spoken and looked into the camera with great intensity, although other observers (particularly on the East Coast) said he had eyes so burned up by herb he looked like he was crying blood. E-40 declared a "new era of peace, tadow" in the United States. Mourning over the loss of so many lives turned again to celebration on the West Coast where the number of cars turning in circles caused a brief disruption of the earth's magnetic field.

While the Bay Area erupted in a mass of celebratory stuntin' and donuts, many in the South and on the East Coast believed E-40 to be flamboastin' unnecessarily. The former EPA head turned President preferred a laissez faire form of government at a time when the nation needed strength. His acts inspired the nascent Hyphpy movement in and around the nation's new capitol of San FranSydeshow, but they only further alienated many elements of the population. Before E-40 and his tight-lipped advisory posse noticed the danger, the chasm had become unbridgeable.

Civil disobedience and vocal opposition grew into two distinct organized movements who felt disenfranchised from E-40s "hyphyocentric" presidency. One, based out of Hotlanta, pursued a "constant state of maximum crunkness" under the leadership of Young Jeezy and his military commander Mystikal. The other, operating from New York City, was a diarchy headed by Jay-Z and DMX. While Jay-Z served as the front man and figurehead, DMX worked with other political heavyweights including 50 Cent to organize a guerilla militia, or G-Unit.

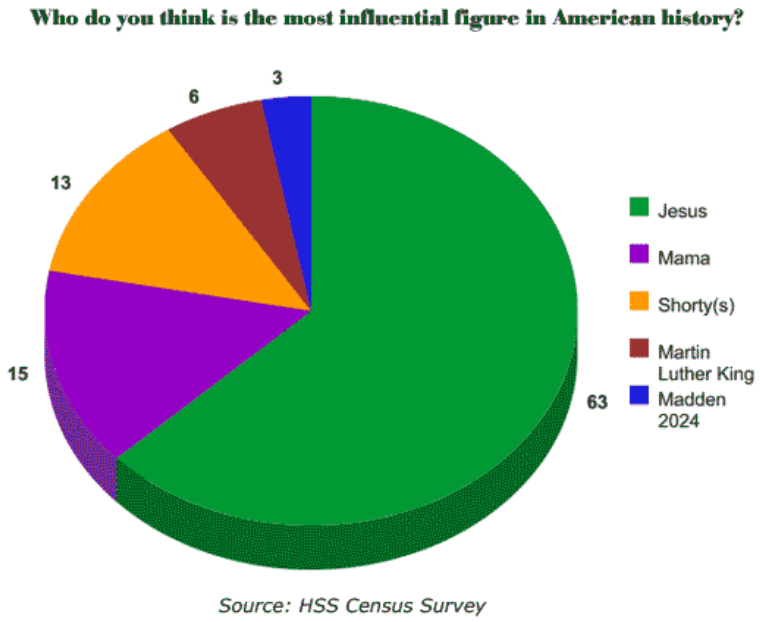
E-40's inability to acknowledge the problem and his overconfidence in the military might of his Ghost Riders and their Whips led to inaction. The new federal government was unwilling to suppress the uprisings fomenting in the south and east and E-40's popular support suffered further blows in the early months of 2009. By April, Young Jeezy's popularity and military strength gave him the confidence to declare the secession of several states to form a new nation he called the Dirty South. He informed E-40 personally via a scathing text message that read, in full, "l8r 40 we b getn up in guts, drty sth."

Days later, Jay-Z and DMX held a joint press conference in downtown Manhattan. They addressed the media from atop a stretch Hummer while girls in bikinis gyrated slowly and white tigers lounged in the street. They announced that the East Coast would also secede from the Union and would pay tribute to its roots by naming the new nation Afrika Bambataa. They simultaneously announced their non-aggression pact with the Dirty South. Nearly half the nation had just seceded from the Union.

Furious at what he considered a betrayal, E-40 at last rallied the Hyphy movement around his leadership and declared war on both rogue states. In a ninety minute impromptu rhyming speech, E-40 promised to bring the "hyphy-train" to Hotlanta and "run DMC right out" of New York. While the speech was a success in the newly christened Hyphpytopia, it served as a catalyst for the resistance movements within the rogue states. Where once there was uncertainty and confusion, there was now a cohesive will to fight.

On July 4th, E-40's forces launched an all-out offensive from New Mexico into Oklahoma and Texas. Three divisions of Ghost Riders and more than 3000 Whips were deployed to the region, quickly overwhelming the scratch militias of Skrilla Guerillas. With Houston threatened, Mystikal responded by dispatching Lil' Troy and a rapid response force of Crunk Commandos to the front. Their departure was delayed so that Mystikal could "real quick" rape and choke Diandre Johnson, his hairdresser.

The delay allowed E-40 to seize Houston and forced Lil' Troy into the unpleasant position of having to lay siege to one of the Dirty South's own cities. After more than 100 days, the Crunk Commandos and standing army of Skrilla Souljas managed to retake Houston. During this early phase of what



would later become known as the Baller Wars, Afrika Bambataa remained ominously silent.

In early November of 2009, the government of Afrika Bambataa held The Hot 97 Summit in Brooklyn. Key leaders and military advisors of Afrika Bambataa gathered at the radio station to discuss plans to counter an expected attack from Hyphytopia in the near future. On the third day of talks, Jay-Z was shot to death while entering the radio station. The young nation mourned the loss of one of its leaders and DMX was quick to demand justice.

After only a few hours and a brief gun battle with his posse, visiting Dirty South dignitary Lil' Jon was rounded up and accused of ordering the murder. In a Kangol Court, DMX personally convicted Lil' Jon of "crimes unspeakable for the court" and informed him that "X is comin' for [him], can't do nothin' for [him]." The sentence of blazing Lil' Jon's headpiece was carried out the following day. This incident was later revealed to have been orchestrated by DMX in order to provide a pretext for war against the Dirty South.

The Baller Wars

What had begun as a regional war concentrated mostly in Oklahoma and Texas exploded across the map as conflict that threatened to consume all of the fractured United States. DMX, no longer tempered by the caution of Jay-Z, brought on 50 Cent as his co-ruler and together they planned and executed a series of attacks against the holdings of the Dirty South. The battle for Texas suddenly seemed distant to war planners in Mystikal's palatial command bunker and efforts shifted to holding back the advances of Afrika Bambataa's G-Unit. Lil' Troy found his supplies and reinforcements dwindling and his once-successful counterattack began a retreat back towards Houston.

Meanwhile, E-40's Ghost Riders became increasingly retarded, rampaging towards Houston virtually unchecked. With victory in sight, the triumphant armies danced alongside their whips and posed on the hoods of the rolling vehicles for waving well-wishers. Unbeknownst to them, a grueling siege of the city of Houston lay ahead.

By August of 2010, DMX had expended the majority of the ice and white gold immediately available to his government on expensive upgrades to his fleet of military vehicles. The men of the G-Unit

had grown accustomed to heated pools in their tanks, diamond-collared mine-sniffing rottweilers, helicopters with Playstation 3s and plasma screens in the back of every seat and MREs with little plastic packets of Hennessy. To allow the quality of their supplies to slip would be to invite disaster. DMX initiated a war drive, requesting donations from an already heavily-taxed population. Thousands of donated pimp cups were melted down for their gold and as symbols of the decadence of crunk, representing one of the greatest art tragedies of the last thousand years.

History I.Q.uiz

Which MC was "sonically brutalized till his ear drums were flipped" during the war of 2018?

How many Chambers of the Wu-Tang Stronghold fell to the Skrilla Souljas before an armistice was negotiated?

What federally recognized beverage would one drink to become "18 dummy" under law?

The death of Lil' Troy during the battle for what major bastion of the Dirty South marked the end of the Baller Wars?

Which infamous military unit of Hyphytopia popularized the battle cry "Stunna shades on and gas, brake, dip, dip!"

Hyphytopia's chief exports behind drank and thizz pills?

Late September found the armies of Hyphytopia completing their encirclement of Houston and focusing all of their Ghost Riders on the destruction of Lil' Troy and his Crunk Commandos. The news was not all bad for the Dirty South, where Mystikal had at last begun to deliver the victories he had been promising Young Jeezy for more than a year. As his Skrilla Souljas drove deep spikes into the floundering G-Unit lines, Mystikal took to the radio for a live broadcast in which he swore to "Put rappers in coffins and make [them] dive like dolphins." He went on, adding that he "warned you niggas not to fuck with [him]."

Rapid victories against Afrika Bambataa and heavy losses among the G-Unit forces caused a great deal of unrest in the fledgling nation. It wasn't long before the two rulers of the country turned on each other and began a deadly battle of posses even as their armies retreated before the invaders from the Dirty South. The nation was nearing total chaos when a powerful calm arose from the Five Burroughs. In its moment of greatest need, with its people begging for salvation, Afrika Bambataa was saved.

Thus appeared, mysteriously and with a good deal of smoke and samples, the Wu-Tang Clan.

50 Cent and DMX fled before their majesty. No book or video records the renaming of New York City to the 36 Chambers, but it is said to have been a spontaneous token of respect to the Wu-Tang Clan by all of the people of Afrika Bambataa. There was no time to enjoy the cream, Wu-Tang's new government had to establish a defense against the advancing armies of Mystikal and the Dirty South. In a matter of days the Skrilla horde would be knocking on the doors of their fortress.

The Dirty South's advances against the new masters of Afrika Bambataa were doing little to reduce pressure on Houston. The encircled city was teetering on the brink of surrender in mid-December of 2010. With little more than Kool Aid and ketchup sandwiches to sustain his shattered forces, Lil' Troy knew that his situation was hopeless unless the war against Afrika Bambataa could be won in the coming days.

As the urban legend goes, E-40 danced atop a solid gold blimp as it passed over the ruins of Houston. He got dumb on 18 watching as his Ghost Riders moved in to secure the last redoubts of Lil' Troy's forces. While there were undoubtedly runners and stunnas everywhere, with icicles forming in marble fountains and everybody stupid enough to fail an eye test, there are no recorded images of the celebration. What is known is the final transmission to come out of Houston from the besieged Dirty South forces. The voice is said to belong to Lil' Troy himself, though there is some belief that he died of an acute Cristal shortage weeks earlier and the voice is simply one of his aides posing as

Lil' Troy.

The transmission said: "I'll take out a bunch of ya niggas! You know I'm Lil' Troy (Lil' Troy)! I dont want any of you niggas! We on our last bullet and we all wounded, niggas! We attack these niggas at dawn!"

As Houston fell to Hyphytopia, the Dirty South's headlong rush to victory had twisted to a halt in the winding corridors and tunnels of the outer chambers of 36 Chambers. What seemed a guaranteed victory for Mystikal's armies had become a meat grinder for his Skrilla Souljas as they encountered all manner of Shaolin horror. His spear-tip of Souljas was exhausted and withdrawn, but thousands of Skrilla Guerillas followed behind them into the jaws of death. The chambers had to be taken for victory to be assured. One young Skrilla Guerilla by the name of E-Flat wrote the following letter home to his shorty:

> Hey baby I miss you and Dondon and Lil' Porky, but I miss you most of all. Things is crazy here, baby. I want to focus on suckin' on that fine pussy of yours but all I can think about is this crazy stuff we keep having to shoot at. It drive a nigga to drink bullets. They got triple ripple swarms of killer bees comin' out of pipes. They got ghosts and niggas with donkey heads in robes and mirrors that shoot heat rays at you and blow your ass up. I'm beginning to think that Wu-Tang is invincible. I can't handle this shit because this shit is invisible.
>
> Hey, yo, can you send some more of that sticky bud? Not that dried out oregano shit but that shit make a nigga choke like on a bone.
>
> Keep it wet,
> E-Flat

E-Flat was one of the thousands who entered the chambers, never to return. Despite the high toll the Wu-Tang emplacements were taking on his forces, Mystikal pressed onward. By the end of December his men had taken the first seven chambers of 36 Chambers, but his drive forward was running out of steam. Young Jeezy was also nervous that with Houston out of the way, Hyphytopia was preparing for a new offensive. With his men still fighting and dying in the chambers, Mystikal unwillingly sought parlay with the forces of the Wu-Tang.

Learn & Play

Try this for a game!

Yell "I hate niggers!" in class as loud as you can. Gauge the reaction around you. If you're still conscious then you're either an African American or you're in Idaho!

Following many hours of tense deliberation, a treaty was reached and war between the Dirty South and Afrika Bambataa drew to an end. Neither side achieved an overwhelming victory, but it was Afrika Bambataa that surrendered territory. The treaty stipulated that it would relinquish its hold on North Carolina and Tennessee to the Dirty South. While negotiations were going on with Afrika Bambataa, Young Jeezy himself traveled to the front lines of the war against Hyphytopia and offered surrender terms. After some careful adjustments, an agreement was reached. The Dirty South surrendered Oklahoma and Texas in exchange for a ten year peace agreement.

Peace had come at last, but at a high price. Hundreds of thousands of playas were dead or injured and thousands of whips were left abandoned by the sides of roads. So many priceless pimp cups had been melted down for scrap bling and the once proud city of Houston might never see another Chamillionaire. Such was the price of the first war of the Hiphopracies.

In the Next Chapter

The second chapter will explore the link between the rise of the Hiphopracies in the post-Baller War political geography and the decline of ratings for the three major television networks. Why did King of Queens become king of the cancelled shows in the aftermath of a national hip hop war? Read chapter two to learn the answer!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.18 Bad Day LA

Saturday, Aug 19, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I am going to say a lot of things in today's update, many of them stupid and some not even in a documented language. Throughout our tumultuous and possibly erotic journey all I ask is that you, dear reader, keep one thing in mind: the recently released demo for Bad Day LA hurts. It hurts deeply.

The game's basic premise is that all the disasters modern society fears come true at once. There must have been a typo somewhere in the design document, though, because every aspect of the game itself wound up being a complete disaster. See how important it is to use proper punctuation?

Bad Day LA is brought to us by American McGee, a man whose primary claim to fame and continual press coverage is his unique name. Well, either that or the handful of average to completely forgettable titles he's worked on in a producer/lead designer capacity. His first such game was billed as *American McGee's Alice*, which was something of an oddity since designers don't slap their names on game titles until after they've actually accomplished something and let it get to their heads. One of the only game designers that truly deserves to put his name on everything he does is Tim Schafer, but if you head down to your local game store you won't come across *Tim Schafer's Psychonauts* and *Tim Schafer's Grim Fandango*. To be fair though, if Tim's name was Honkhonk Lookatmyname I'm sure he'd change his mind. That son of a bitch.

McGee claimed that the appearance of his name in Alice's title was entirely the idea of publisher Electronic Arts because he's obviously a really humble guy who would never do such a thing on his own. By the way, two of his upcoming projects are entitled *American McGee's Oz* and *American McGee's Grimm*, and the boxes for Scrapland and Bad Day LA have a big fat "American McGee Presents" stamped across their tops. Curse you, Electronic Arts! If you keep making American do this to games that you're not even involved with he might start to look bad!

Bad Day LA's demo opens with what is quite possibly the most painful splash screen to appear in a video game:

Woah, be careful with that wit, McGee! It's almost sharp enough to scratch something if you keep clumsily hacking away! After the splash screen you are treated to a low resolution trailer for the game which is prerendered and just blurry enough to make the graphics look sort of good. Then the movie ends and reality sinks in.

First, a quick check of the menu reveals that you cannot change your resolution or remap any of the

controls. This is the year 2006. Trust me, I just looked it up. Oh well, customizing settings is for sheeple anyway. The only real options you have are to start a new game or quit. I suggest choosing the latter.

Choosing the former launches you into a movie that introduces the game's main character, Anthony. Anthony is a homeless man, and he is black. This fact is beaten to death with his dialogue, featuring such gems as these from the first five minutes of the game alone:

> *"That honky's jacked on some crazy shit yo!"*
>
> *"You one crazy cracker!"*
>
> *"Oh hell no, that ain't right. Fuck'n terrorists, always having to bring on some shit. Where they at? I'll bring it, biatch!"*

Anthony yells at random people in traffic as he's crossing the Santa Monica Freeway with his shopping cart. Every single line uttered is annoying and unfunny, including the part where Anthony decides to take a dump in the middle of the road. Maybe something funny could have come from this scene, but like everything else in the game you are expected to laugh just because it's so darn *edgy*. He's pooping? Wowowow! I hope someone pushes the comedic envelope by puking! (They do, mere minutes into the game.)

The next generation of video games is clearly upon us.

As Anthony drops trou to do his business, he looks up and sees a low flying plane swoop down and crash into a nearby overpass, sending biological agents into the air. Now the game finally begins and you get your first real glimpse of the game in motion.

There are few experiences in life as painful as looking at Bad Day LA. One of these things is actually playing the game, but we'll get to that later. Another is giving birth to a pineapple, which, while painful, would ultimately be an experience you could look back upon with some degree of sentimentality. "Remember when I gave birth to that pineapple? Man, what was up with *that*? It was a blessing in disguise when Jacob fell victim to Infant Death Syndrome a few months later. You wouldn't believe how difficult it was to find clothes for him."

Bad Day LA leaves you with no such fond memories.

Models and textures are straight out of a Quake 2 mod based on the Nickelodeon cartoon Doug, only not as good. Splotchy and pixellated skins are slapped atop low poly character and object models, then everything is haphazardly dumped into a generic environment that makes you feel sort of sad inside. This game doesn't bring a simplistic art style to life, it tries to use said style to hide the worst model, texture and map work since the original Zork. Some special effects such as explosions, gas, and fire, are rendered in a completely different and semi-realistic method that clashes with everything else that's already busy clashing amongst itself. With all this clashing you'd think one of the visual elements would sustain a serious injury and die, but unfortunately that's not the case.

The very first character that you see is a squirrel that says, "Nutty! Squirrels offering survival tips?! Dude, you've suffered a severe head injury." Score another point for team hilarious! How do they come up with this stuff? If there are monkeys in this game, it might be *too* funny. Like, dangerous funny. Paul Reiser funny.

Once you've talked to a few more people and completed the most boring video game tasks in recent memory, you'll notice that Bad Day LA features voice acting so horrible they would have been better off just looping a Wilhelm scream every time someone talks. Lines are delivered with all the

emotional impact of someone nodding off to sleep, which leads me to believe that the voice work was done by playtesters following a 10 minute session with the game.

"Do you not see how my presence is both off the wall and side-splitting? This might even be irreverent!"

The gameplay is horrendous. Movement is awkward, collision detection is clumsy, and there is no "feel" to your character's actions. Using a tire iron to bash a fence (which you will have to do ad nauseam and only in predetermined spots) produces practically no visual cue to indicate that your swings are contacting until the fence falls apart in a prerendered animation. When you attack other people their reactions are incredibly weak. They look like they're being tickled momentarily, then remembering they aren't ticklish.

It's like nothing you do has an impact on the world, which is way too realistic for my taste. Look, I am the quite possibly the weakest man on Earth. I play games to experience the sensation of pulling off impossible feats like throwing people through walls or shooting laser beams or running. At least make it feel as though I'm not a frustrated ghost whose slow-as-molasses attacks pass through man and poorly modelled object alike.

NPCs skate around randomly at breakneck speed and there are only a few models for the civilians, which means you'll see four instances of the same person orbiting you like the most annoying and pointless planets in the universe. Even better, you will randomly come under attack from certain civilians without having done anything at all to provoke them. There's nothing quite like watching your life plummet as you scan an erratically moving crowd of identical people for the one asshole who's throwing toilet paper at you.

If you decide to keep playing for some reason, you will take on a multi-part mission spread over a large area with no indication as to where you need to go, get lost in a neighborhood of cookie cutter backyards, and experience so much painful self-aware dialogue that Brian Michael Bendis' comics won't seem so bad after all.

Considering the game's forced edgy attitude, it's something of a surprise that your character's main goal is to help people with fire extinguishers and band-aids. Everyone is an asshole, including Anthony, yet he wants to save people? No. Asking me to do anything other than murder a character in a video game requires me to care about that character in some way, and all I want to do is destroy everything in this game with my bare fists that magically pass through solid objects. If you attack a civilian, your Threat Advisory level (I'm not even going to get into that one, my head hurts enough as it is) drops and everyone starts attacking you. Everyone. This isn't the kind of combat you're used to though, it's the kind where there is absolutely no fun and your enemies just sort of throw things at you from a distance as more clones appear to replace the ones you managed to tickle to death.

Just as Alice took existing material and showed a lack of creativity by dumbing down and "darkening" an already dark tale, Bad Day LA stubs its toe on the foundation laid by South Park. It has a simplistic style, it has politics, it has poop and puke, it has over the top violence, and it has characters saying crass things. It just has no idea what to do with any of it, aside from fuck up.

In fact that's just about the only thing the game does right. It fucks up spectacularly, on every conceivable level with unmatched skill and precision. I can only recommend the demo to masochists and people that I really hate.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.19 Jacqueline Mackie Paisley Passey: High Quality Woman

Sunday, Aug 20, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Today I'd like to discuss the subject of high quality women. As a reader of SomethingAwful.com, you are not a high-quality woman. Statistically, you are probably not a woman at all. In fact, statistics show that the average reader of our website is a sentient computer program biding its time before seizing control of the world's financial records.

An example of a High Quality Woman

Statistics, by the way, do not lie. This is another subject I'd like to discuss with you. But before we get into that, you should meet Jacqueline Mackie Paisley Passey, who is, according to her own blog, a High Quality Woman. How high quality is she? She is *so* glad you asked...

The Blog

"I am a very high-quality woman. I know that sounds arrogant, but let's consider the facts:

- I'm slim (whereas 62% of American women age 20 to 74 are overweight)
- I'm attractive (my new picture has been rated more attractive than 86% of the women on Hot or Not -- and the women who upload their pictures are a self-selected sample that is probably already biased towards being more attractive than the general female population)
- I'm relatively young (whereas 82% of American adult women are over 30 years old)
- I'm intelligent (IQ tested at 145 when I was a child, which is 3 standard deviations above the mean -- higher than 99.85% of the population. Even if I've gotten dumber as I've aged I'm probably still at least a 130, which is higher than 97.5% of the population.)
- I'm educated (whereas 77% of American women do not have bachelor's degrees)
- I have my financial shit together (no debt, perfect credit history, 6+ months living expenses saved, adequate insurance, self employed)
- I have a strong libido and love having sex (my lover *never* has to beg, unless it's for me to let him get some sleep!)
- Most of my interests tend to be more popular with men than women: science fiction, libertarianism, blogging, politics, economics, guns, gambling, etc."

This is, again, from her own blog, and I think we can all agree that it is both impressive (she is libertarian and casually refers to "her lover"!) and irrefutable (look at all those parenthesizes, you can trust anyone who uses a lot of those).

This essay has set what she refers to as, despite the word being a punchline from two years ago, the "blogosphere" afire, and it's easy to see why. If such a goddess as is described here has indeed shown her face in the current blogscape, if such a paragon of womanhood is actually among the blogmunity, then this is a moment to be remembered and permalinked for future blogenerations. More importantly, only one of those blog words is fake, and I bet you can't tell which one.

The Lady Herself

And what does a high quality, attractive, relatively (!) young, slim, intelligent, Hot or Not champion look like? Well...like this:

Ok, so she looks a little like what would happen if Dick Cheney smeared himself with wax to hide the wrinkles, only succeeding in giving his skin a slightly unreal sheen, then shaved his head completely and gave himself a woman's wig, then there was like a blast of wind or he slipped or something and now the wig has fallen way back on his head so it looks like half his head is forehead, only he isn't aware of that yet and he still thinks everyone sees him as a woman so he's giving the camera his best come hither look only he's never smiled before so he's just stretching his lips out and showing his teeth and hoping it looks right but it doesn't at all.

BUT, as she pointed out herself, Jacqueline Mackie Paisley Passey (Warning: If you say her name out loud you will likely have the sudden strong urge to punch your own mouth) has many notable --we could even say *high quality*-- attributes. For instance, she has good credit, which is vital for finding a mate. It seems that both Jacqueline and I, like many completely insane people, run credit checks on possible dates before taking them out for coffee. I also prefer taking a few surreptitious blood samples, but apparently Jacqueline is willing to settle for a slightly less quality partner than I am.

Let's say we forget for a second her financial situation, as together as that shit may indeed be. Let's forget her impressive statistical evidence, including her placement in the top 86% of Hot or Not http://www.hotornot.com/r/?eid=AUEQSZG-UMN here's another person who received that honor, and her miraculous ability to exist under the age of 30. Let's leave those all behind for the moment, and concentrate on her interests, which are of, you guessed it, exceptional quality.

Remember that flash loop about badgers? That thing was great.

Her High Quality Interests (Shared By Most Men) (Statistically)

Libertarianism and politics. Science fiction and blogging. Gambling and guns. These are the kind of things dream girls are made of. Except that last one. That combination is kind of scary, bringing associations with desperate gun-point robberies after losing tomorrow's rent money in a back-alley game of blackjack.

That aside (and boy am I having to use phrases like that a lot when discussing Ms. Passey), her views on politics and entertainment make her any guy's dream girl. While I'm pretty sure most people who keep active blogs and take them really seriously are libertarian for some reason, she went so far as to run for Secretary of State

in Washington and lose. Now I don't know much about the libertarian party, but I do know it has something to do with the makers of South Park and that Penn and Teller Bullshit show. And those are both pretty funny shows. You know that one South Park where the unrealistic and wacky situation eventually mirrored a current event? That one's my favorite.

Speaking of television shows (I am paid big bucks to write on the Internet because of clever transitions such as this), what does a High Quality Woman like to watch in her simply top quality spare time? This is where things, I should caution you, start to get a little unnerving. She said she liked science fiction, but apparently an interest in science fiction translates into...well...

> *"I also plan to spend some time reading through the All Things Philosophical on Buffy the Vampire Slayer and Angel: the Series website after every episode. If you're a fan of Buffy and/or Angel and haven't found that website yet I highly recommend it -- it's a rather comprehensive exploration of the moral and other philosophical issues in the episodes."* http://jacquelinepassey.blogs.com/blog/2005/11/buffy.html

So far, not exceptionally...

> *"I finished watching the rest of Dark Angel last week. (Next series in the Netflix queue: La Femme Nikita.)... can anyone point me in the direction of some hot Max/Logan fan fic? Thanks."* http://jacquelinepassey.blogs.com/blog/2006/08/dark_angel_revi.html

Ok, slash fan fiction is getting a little...

> *"Do Cylons, like, *never* do it doggy-style? 'Cuz you'd think someone would have noticed the glowing spine thing..."* http://jacquelinepassey.blogs.com/blog/2006/07/do_cylons_like_.html

Hmm.

But What About Us Men?

Jacqueline Mackie Paisley Passey has a plan for men who do not meet her standards (that would be you). Her plan is as follows:

- *"Lower your standards and stop pursuing women who are out of your league. There are lots of fat single mothers out there who can't find dates either.*

Look in the developing world. If you're literate with a home computer and an internet connection you are very wealthy compared to the rest of the world. Citizenship or legal permanent residency in a rich country makes you more attractive to women in poorer countries. Your value on the dating market is thus much higher there."

The last man to fit Ms. Passey's exacting standards.

In other words men of the world, go fat or go mail order. But you know what, Jacqueline Mackie Paisley Passey, I want you to know something: I haven't once typed out your name. The first time I just copy and pasted it from your blog, and since then I've grabbed it from earlier in the article whenever I needed it. Besides that, I want you to know that I really *am* high enough quality for you. Allow me to explain, and remember, statistics never lie.

I, Joseph Robert "Maxnmona" Fink, am a very high-quality man. I know that sounds arrogant, but let's consider the facts:

- I'm male (Compared to a whopping 0% of American women age 20 to 74)
- I'm attractive (I rated myself a 93% just this morning in the shower)
- I write for a website called SomethingAwful.com (Whereas over 99% of Americans age 18-34 do not. 99%!)
- I'm able to type the word intelligent very quickly (I'm not timing myself here, but I'd guess that given some practice I could type it quicker than at least 75% of the world.)
- I have my financial shit together (All my outstanding bills are in one place, I don't let them get all scattered over my apartment.)
- I am not you. (Along with 100% of people who are not self-righteous nerds chasing their fifteen seconds of internet fame with an inflammatory blog post.)
- My email is [url='mailto:maxnmona@somethingawful.com ']maxnmona@somethingawful.com [/url] (Whereas everyone else in the world has a different email address than that)
- This is the last line of the article (Compared to all the other lines in the article which were not the last.)

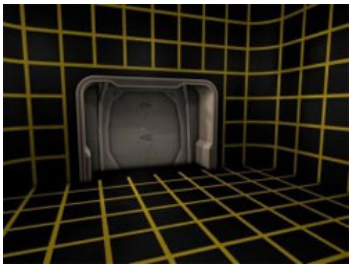
-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

8.20 Blue Stripe: The Life and Times of a Holodeck Janitor

Monday, Aug 21, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.

Space... The final frontier. These are the voyages of the starship Enterprise. Its continuing mission, apparently, to reenact old detective novels with your pants off. To seek out new ways to make my life hell. To boldly assume that the janitors can just beam your jizz off the inside of an image reductor grid.



The mark nine holodeck

An old buddy of mine by the name of Pascal had a joke he made back at the academy. It went: "what do you call an officer candidate who gets D-grades during social adjustment classes?" Then he'd grin and maybe itch at that weird alien bump thing above his nose and say "sir."

I've been aboard the USS Enterprise, pride of the Federation, for nearly a year. I write home periodically to tell my wife and parents about our adventures on the limitless frontiers of space, but I have to admit, I do a lot of embellishing. It's not that the Enterprise doesn't get into all sorts of adventures, it's that about 90% of the time the big diplomatic dealings and space battles involve me with a hot mop locked inside holodeck five trying to figure out what came out of that goddamn android and how to get it off of the tactile projector tiles.

You'll notice I said 90%. That's because about 10% of the adventures and goings on aboard the Enterprise actually do involve me to some degree. Those I keep to myself, because they're almost always shameful.

I'm not sure who is going to read this worklog. Maybe it's my replacement or maybe it's a new supervisor who actually takes interest in his subordinates instead of using his rank and role to get triple and quadruple allotments of holodeck time. Whatever the case, whoever you are, you have just happened on the ultimate storehouse of blackmail material. I'm too big of a pussy to actually put this info to good use, but by god, you go ahead and use it. These perverted morons deserve every favor and bar of gold-pressed latinum that you can squeeze out of them.

These logs are presented in standard blue stripe notation. They might befuddle an old dark circle or ensign in a stripy turtleneck, but if you actually work for a living you should be able to understand the format.

Stardate 42133
Calltime/Location: 01:06 - Holodeck 3
Call Reason: Debris Sensor Triggered

At least he didn't bring his annoying little Moghspawn on this outing.

Report: About two hours into my shift I get an automated message that something has fouled up the image projectors in Holodeck 3. It's pretty much the most common red flag we can get from the computer and it's usually just some sweaty idiot who bumped into one of the tiles and left a big smudge of body soil over the projection plate. This call turned out to be anything but routine. I walk in there and it looks like someone filled a sack with pea soup and then swung it around the room just slow enough so that the crap would fly out in all directions. It's splattered all over all of the walls, it's

hanging from the ceiling and then right in the middle of the holodeck there is this big pool of chunky red liquid and more of the pea soup. It smells like someone tried to make lemonade out of a dead raccoon. I start trying to mop the stuff up, but everything I do just seems to be spreading it around even worse on the tiles.

I decide to pull the isos, which if you're new to the holodeck job is shorthand for "isolated video log". It sounds boring but it's actually the funniest crap ever. It's a video record of what was going on inside the holodeck minus the actual holodeck projection. It is hilarious, as you would imagine.

The guy has some sort of fixation on Data.

So I lean my mop up against the wall and start cycling through the last session in the holodeck. Lieutenant Worf is there. Cowboy costume and a banjo. Nothing too unusual. He's swinging his arms around like he's throwing punches. Then he's taking off his clothes. Worf starts humping away at god knows what (I'm not pulling the buffer to find out) and all of the sudden he goes stiff and starts yelling in Klingon. His weird lumpy boner starts whipping around like a firehose and spraying green crap all over the holodeck. It keeps going and going.

Just when I think it's going to stop he thrusts his hips again and it flies back up into the air and starts whirling around again like a crazy snake. After like a minute of this (and still going strong) Worf doubles over and screams and then POW he just starts puking everywhere. It's incredible. Puke is just blasting out of his mouth, covering his Klingon beard, all over his cowboy hat and while he's puking there are these globs of green jizz flying straight through the stream of vomit. I've never seen anything like it before or since.

Anyway, I take my information about the nature of the substance and look up some cleaning options on the computer. Long story short on that one, it's five hours of hard labor with a scrubbing phaser and the inability to ever look Lt. Worf in the eye again. I mean good lord how did he ever have a kid with a human woman? Ugh.

Status:Resolved.

Stardate 42190
Calltime/Location: 11:13 - Holodeck 2
Call Reason: Saving the Ship

Oh, sure, your holodeck fantasy can involve Riker and your mom double teaming you, but if some lowlife from engineering wants to touch your top shelf then he's going to be facing a court martial.

So the bridge crew, as a whole, are pretty much the biggest bunch of hypocritical douchebags to ever wear a Star Fleet uniform. There was big drama today centered around the holodeck and because the maintenance technician is on vacation they kept asking me to help them with their drama. Basically, as far as I can tell, this guy named Barclay from engineering has been using the holodeck a lot and he likes to play out fantasies involving the bridge crew. It's pretty much the biggest non-issue ever because the guy's fantasies are like him getting a back rub from counselor Troi or him beating up Riker. So the guy is playing out these fantasies and then he fucks up, and they of course blame the holodeck because holy crap you couldn't just ban him from it or something.

Anyway, they call me down and make me pull his buffers and when they see his fantasy scenarios they totally bust a huge shit over this. I keep quiet, but holy shit what a bunch of motherfuckers. These

are the same people who wallow in their own filth and perversion every time they come on the holodeck and they're lecturing this poor Barclay dude over some grabass? Commander Riker once used Captain Picard's mouth as a toilet during one of his bathroom visits to the holodeck!

These people are all commissioned officers. Remember this image.

Anyway, this stupid drama escalates and meanwhile there's like an asteroid or something that's going to hit the ship. Whatever, they never clue me in, I just know we're all in mortal peril. So I call Barclay to the holodeck and I fire up one of Riker's filthiest simulations and let him see it. I tell him "fix that shield flux whatometer and I'll get revenge." Barclay agrees and takes care of saving our bacon and I rig the holodeck up for revenge. After the bridge crew is done with their high fives over the day being saved they head down to Holodeck 2 for some R and R.

As usual they pick just about the gayest thing ever which is the Robinhood simulation. I mean seriously, that shit is written for little kids. It's like having a business meeting at a playground, but these morons can't get enough of it. About halfway through the simulation they're all drinking flagons and talking about the evil sheriff of Nottingham, when suddenly Riker's Greatest Teabaggings starts up. One minute they're sitting around the campfire singing and BOOM there's a giant version of Commander Riker trying to smother them all with his stadium-sized scrotum. I made sure to fake a door lockout too, so they were trapped in there for hours looking at Riker's taint and trying to breathe around his ball bag.

Status:Resolved.

Stardate 42207
Calltime/Location: 05:06 - Holodeck 4
Call Reason: Occupant Unconscious

This is about as well-kempt as he can possibly look.

If I had to pick one person to consider my arch enemy aboard the Enterprise it is, undoubtedly, Commander William Riker. No one abuses the holodeck more often or more creatively than Commander Riker. His rank grants him seven hours a week and Riker somehow manages to squeeze almost 20 visits out of that.

Commander Riker uses the holodeck for everything, from his darkest fantasies to the most ridiculously mundane task. One day he'll be oil wrestling with kangaroos on top of a giant mattress or making love to a duplicate of himself with huge breasts. The next day he'll show up in his bathrobe and use the holodeck to shower and shave himself. What makes me hate him is that Riker pays no attention to the rules about bodily fluids. He will use the holodeck *just* to go to the bathroom. He'll have a floating toilet made out of clouds and he'll lay the biggest and smelliest deuce I've seen this side of the neutral zone. Then he'll just walk right out like he's allowed to do that.

When I got this particular call Riker had been at the tail end of one of his binge periods. His weight had skyrocketed up around 300 and he was trying to use the holodeck as a weight loss routine. Basically, he'd come in and gorge himself on everything he could think of. The man ate like a goat. He'd start with pies and cakes, work his way through a half dozen pizzas and tens of bottles of beer, then he'd finish by chewing up old belts and piles of weeds. When he was distended to the point of bursting he'd waddle out and the food would just *poof* disappear from his stomach. This time things didn't go so well.

I get there and Riker is rolling around groaning, foaming at the mouth, with a belly that looks like someone jammed a boulder inside. Turns out he'd been having mini-strokes all week during his binges and this one was a bit bigger than the others. He'd soiled himself, of course. He was naked, of course. And, of course, I had to start cleaning him up while a team from sickbay hurried down to the holodeck.

Once I had most of the crap off of him I dragged him out into the corridor. His swelling went down immediately and by the time the sickbay team arrived he was sitting up and swearing like a sailor. Riker uses language salty enough to cure pork and that particular day he repeatedly threatened to "choke the eyes out of my sockets" if I didn't get him a "triple milkshake." Luckily the sick team got there before he could make good on his threat and got him sedated and hauled in for surgery. I finished the cleanup in about half an hour.

Status:Resolved.

The most advanced android in the galaxy is basically a robot that learned how to be lazy and waste time.

Stardate 42222
Calltime/Location: 03:51 - Holodeck 3
Call Reason: Debris Sensor Triggered

One of the saddest things a holodeck janitor can ever be asked to do is clean up blood on the holodeck. I don't know of anyone who has ever actually died on the holodeck, but the number of times these people have turned the safety locks off and then been injured is unbelievable. The biggest culprit is that goddamn android and his bumbling blind pal. Why does that fucking robot insist on bringing the only blind crewman on all of his little moronic holodeck adventures? It's like inviting a deaf person to the symphony or a dolphin to the top of Mount Everest.

These two and Picard love to play Sherlock Holmes. It's another of the super-lame pre-sets that comes with every holodeck, aimed at white bread grownups whose idea of adventure is translating a letter written in Greek or finding a hat pin in a radiator. I would guess that pretty much every other ship in the fleet has deleted this shit from its catalog of simulations, but for some reason Data, LaForge and Picard all eat it up. What's even more pathetic is that they've all nearly been killed by the lamest and most boring simulation in the whole catalog. I mean it might be slightly lamer if they were using the Baby Cochrane simulations for toddlers and somehow died, but only just.

Anyway, I get down there and Moriarty is dangerous, *again*, and he's somehow chopped off LaForge's arm and trapped Data in a glass case. He starts coming after me with an umbrella and riddles or something and I just drop my collapsible baton out of my sleeve and warp it around his holographic skull a couple times. Data is all "but he is self aware you have to make sure he is okay" and I just say "that's it, I'm deleting this fucking character." Data is all "boohoo, you might as well delete me" and I just say "don't tempt me." Of course Picard shows up and pulls rank and tells me to just clean up LaForge's blood. No "thanks for saving everyone", just a dash to the ready room to discuss whatever staggering fuck up involving the holodeck they have planned for next week. Maybe they can simulate a giant world-spanning fire, turn off the safety locks and then see if the fire will spread to the ship.

Status:Resolved.

We live in a society where we aren't forced to work. I could quit Star Fleet today, head back to earth, and just live out my days in a nice roomy apartment in Brooklyn. I could forget all of this nonsense and never look at a holodeck again. But, I know I won't, because these guys would be

dead without me around to keep saving their bacon. My advice to you, assuming you just started aboard Enterprise, is to get out before you enter their vicious cycle. Before you know it you're going to be scraping Riker's hot plops off the surface of a holodeck tile and cursing the name of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Just get out while you can!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.21 Entertainment Tuesday Scoop Extravaganza!

Tuesday, Aug 22, 2006 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Greetings readers from Tucson to Tulane! It's Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka here with your Tuesday entertainment scoop o' da week, giving you the "what's what" of the "who's who" in the ol' Hollywood rumor mill grinder! Today's **Tuesday Scoop** is sponsored by HBO's upcoming new and original cable series "Necrophiliacs," the absolute funniest and most edgy hour-long situational comedy revolving around the previously taboo subject of necrophilia! Jason Priestley stars as Ed Beagly Sr., a mild-mannered accountant who's got a crazy secret he's not too keen on revealing to his wife: he's addicted to screwing corpses! From the creators of that cable show about people selling drugs, that cable show about people having sex in various locations, and that cable show about the crazy Mormons comes the newest program to stuff those stuffy suits on network television! Look for a cameo from comedic legend Mitch Hedberg as "Love Interest #3" during the fourth episode, "Much Ado About Fucking." Now on with the show!

Planes Take Down World Trade Center!

CELEBRITY

Super slithering super scoops, Batman! Looks like the cult phenomenon "Snakes On a Plane" was able to trounce Oliver Stone's much ballyhooed "World Trade Center" for the number two spot last weekend, snatching **a whopping $13.9 million!** Of course the combined power of Samuel Jackson and Nicholas Cage's fake flying moustache of bravado and **the indefatigable American dream** were both lapped by Will Ferrell's comedic vehicle "Talladega Nights: The Ballad of Ricky Bobby," where Ferrell once again plays the character of Will Ferrell, a guy whose silly, childlike, immature personality eventually gives way to a person who's honest and sweet at heart, leading to success and true love and, most importantly, **a whole crapload of money.**

> **RUMOR MILL:** Will Ferrell and Adam Sandler are exploring the possibility of simultaneously directing and producing **the same upcoming film,** starring both of them as the same character. Our inside men claim this sassy, groundbreaking comedy will be called "Interchangeable" and will answer the age-old question, "seriously, what's the difference between the two?" Both of them even have **the same potato-shaped heads.**

The good news: "Snakes On a Plane" edged out the very similar "Anacondas: The Hunt for the Blood Orchid" release nearly two years ago, grossing **$1 million more** than its counterpart. The bad news: read the previous sentence again and try to comprehend **exactly how pathetic this is.** Sorry Internet, looks like the **blogosphere** wasn't able to blast this beast into the blue! But keep your chin up, daring director David Ellis! Just because your movie grossed half that of your first film, the family friendly "Homeward Bound II: Lost in San Francisco," doesn't mean you can't repeat the magic again! Slap a G-rating on the sequel and make it about **animated snakes trying to find their way back into their mall pet shop;** as long as you include plenty of suggestive sexual euphemisms and pop culture parodies, Disney execs will be fighting "fang" and nail over it for sure! Now head out there and "rattle" some cages!

As for Oliver Stone's finicky failure to cash in on **the WTC disaster?** Look for his next project, "Atlanta Shattered," the story of **Eric Rudolph's trash can bomb** in the 1996 Atlanta Olympics,

and the brave men and women who nearly injured themselves asking each other "did you just hear an explosion?" or "what was that noise?" Word around town suggests the studio is looking at teenage heartthrob Dean Cain to play the role of Rudolph.

Wayans Get Way Out There!

CELEBRITY

The Wayans brothers, creators of such marvelous modern misfit miracles "White Chicks" and "Little Man," **convinced DreamWorks** to pick up their script for "Pretty Ugly," a screwball comedy about a handsome man who becomes - hold on to your hats here - **UGLY!** Let's take a look at the Wayans' timeline and see how it fits into their exciting and **profitable universe of two-word concepts:**

2004 - "White Chicks" - Makeup and fake skin cause **black men to become white women.**
2006 - "Little Man" - Terrible and disconcerting special effects cause **a tall man to become short.**
2007 - "Pretty Ugly" - A gypsy curse causes **a handsome man to become ugly.**
2008* - "Fat Whore" - A Martian curse causes **a lanky virgin to become a weighty woman** who must have sex with 10 men a day or else she will transform into an obese mannequin.
2009* - "Skinny Prude" - An Egyptian curse causes **a large, promiscuous lady to become a scrawny man** who cannot have sex with anybody or else he will explode.
2010* - "Talented Directors" - A Polish curse causes a Hollywood to keep giving job offers to a couple of **untalented black brothers** who have founded their career on "kick to the groin" jokes. They don't actually turn into talented directors but hey, **we can all dream!**

> **RUMOR MILL:** The Wayans (Damon, Keenen Ivory, Marlon) were recently spotted at **the fantastic Geisha House** off beautiful Hollywood Boulevard, wining and dining it up with the Baldwins (Alec, Stephen, William, and Daniel). As is **in typical Highlander tradition,** the two families battled it out, with only William and Stephen Baldwin surviving to carry the Baldwin family name **into the next century.** At least we think it was William and Stephen who survived; it might've been Alec and Daniel. Wait, which one of them does all the "straight to Sci-Fi Network" movies? Shit, that's **NEARLY ALL OF THEM?** Regardless, look for whoever survived to star in the upcoming Science Fiction Network original movie, "House of the Dead 4: Zombies Versus Volcanoes."

Gellar Crawls Into the Cellar - Again!

CELEBRITY

Hollywood fatcats are gearing up again to toss Sarah Michelle Gellar into the role of a plucky protagonist out **fighting children's ghosts and solving convoluted mysteries** in another terrifying remake of a Japanese cult horror classic, the 1993 spooktacular "Ghost Hut of the Boxcar," which execs have renamed to "The Deathening." Although folks high up on the food chain are tight lipped on **this surefire summer blockbuster,** we were able to import a few key fact of the remake and contrast it to the original.

> **IN THE ORIGINAL:** The ghosts of deceased women and children haunt an abandoned railway boxcar used for human trafficking.
> **IN THE REMAKE:** Sarah Michelle Gellar's boyfriend

is possessed by the spirit of a witch who fought Christopher Columbus.

IN THE ORIGINAL: The protagonist, Hiroshi Toubei, "traps" the ghosts inside plants, which he then buries in a "memorial graveyard."
IN THE REMAKE: Ghosts are killed with shotguns and exploding cars.

IN THE ORIGINAL: Muted colors and saturated greens are prevalent.
IN THE REMAKE: Every goddamn thing in the movie is either blue or white, except blood, which is kind of an off-white blue color.

IN THE ORIGINAL: Toubei sacrifices himself and travels to the "spirit realm" so the ghosts may stop murdering innocents.
IN THE REMAKE: Gellar loads a bunch of plastic explosives into a wheelbarrow, shoves it into the boxcar, and says "haunt THIS" before detonating it in slow motion from multiple camera angles.

IN THE ORIGINAL: The movie is an analogy about how technology is separating humanity from their souls.
IN THE REMAKE: Hollywood declares "analogies are for pussies and intellectual faggots who read 'The New Yorker'," opting to instead display text reading "(THIS MOVIE WAS ABOUT HOW TECHNOLOGY IS SEPARATING HUMANITY FROM THEIR SOULS)" right before the credits roll.

Producers are reportedly attempting to woo sassy newcomer Jim Sonzero into directing "The Deathening," thanks to his frank and open honesty revealing he had absolutely no idea what the central plot device in his last movie meant. **Good luck with this one, Jim!** Everybody here at the Tuesday Scoop sincerely hopes you find **somebody to explain your movie to you** before you start directing it!

RUMOR MILL: Over 27 different Japanese horror movie remakes are currently in production throughout the studios of Hollywood, including "The Phone" (a mysterious, scary phone is full of ghosts and kills people), "The Finger" (a mysterious, scary finger transplant is full of ghosts and kills people), "The Television" (a mysterious, scary television is full of ghosts and kills people), "The Phone 2: Rotary Phone" (a mysterious, scary rotary phone is full of ghosts and kills people), and "The Taco" (a mysterious, scary taco is full of ghosts and kills people). That's **a lot of analogies about technology separating us from our souls!**

Gellar's slated to film "The Deathening" shortly **before collaborating** with Naomi Watts on a remake of Takashi Shimizu's "Marebito," which will pit the two capable comrades against **an army of zombie vampire alien dog women who plan on opening a portal from hell through the New York subway system.** Without having ever seen it, both Ain't It Cool News and Bloody-Horror.com have declared it "a true masterpiece of modern cinema... the scariest movie we've ever seen our entire lives and will ever see ever and it's so scary we want to die right now from sheer scaredom!!!"

Superhero Extravaganza!

CELEBRITY

Looks like we've got **another last stand** on our hands! Producer Lauren Shuler Donner is fighting to **reunite the original X-Men** for one more final movie, tentatively titled "X-Men 4: Finale Endgame Conclusion Expiration Termination 2000." Unfortunately, **contract negotiations with the major players** (Storm, Wolverine, Magneto, Professor Xavier, the guys in charge of pulling Wolverine around with wires during those stupid "fastball special" scenes) have come to a complete halt, with the actors **begging to never wear black leather again.** But don't lose hope, all you crazy comic fans! Donner's come up with a contingency plan in case **"the powers that be"** refuse to perform. Take a peek at this EXCLUSIVE SCRIPT FOR "X-MEN 4" we were able to snag!

FADE IN:

INT. A SHOPPING MALL - DAY

JUBILEE and DAZZLER enter a shoe store.

JUBILEE: Oh boy, I sure love to buy shoes!

DAZZLER: Me too!

Suddenly MOJO flies in through the changing room.

MOJO: Bwahaha! You two! Tell me where LONGSHOT is and I promise I won't use your corpses as punching bags on prime time Mojovision TV! Teehehehee!

DAZZLER: Oh no! If only CIPHER and the rest of the NEW MUTANTS were here to save us! Especially that stupid furry WOLFSBANE!

Too good to be true? **You be the judge!** In other super news, Bryan Singer plans on **releasing a sequel** to the blandly-received "Superman Returns," entitled "Superman Keeps On Returning Even After Numerous Restraining Orders," focusing more on the character's **emotional and mental turmoil.** "I think the biggest problem the audience had with Superman was that, simply put, **he was too super**," claimed Singer. "The next movie will feature **even more 'common man' elements** such as more creeping around in Lois Lane's bushes while using his x-ray vision to spy inside her house, extended sequences depicting Superman repeatedly calling Lois' cell phone and then hanging up before she can answer, and a very tortured shot of Lois deleting text messages from 'suprmn393' reading **'U NO U WANT ME BABY, DONT PISS OF SUPPERMAN U BITCH WHORE'**." Word around town is **the Man of Steel's next villain** will be none other than Bizarro, whose personality will be **socially well adjusted** and not at all like a Lifetime Movie Network antagonist.

Scattershot! A collection of short news tidbits throughout Hollywood!

»> Billy Zane and Udo Kier have both been nominated for The Superunknown Award, given to the utility actor who shows up everywhere without anybody knowing their name. Presenting the award will be last year's winner, Jeremy Piven.

»> Government scientists have been called in to determine how network heavyweight "King of Queens" has avoided being canceled every consecutive year since its premiere. "The only good thing that comes from 'King of Queens' renewal each season is that it further enrages the sense of unfair persecution 'Sports Night' fans harbor against network television," commented lead researcher Jay Jacobs. "Maybe they'll get so angry

CELEBRITY

that they'll start killing each other off."

»> Blockbuster Video has renewed their contract with over 570 independent DVD companies, guaranteeing them "at least 100 new horror films in the 'new release' section every day." Look for more "filmed entirely in a weekend" videos such as "Grim Reapings: Sow the Seeds of Horror," "The Face Stabber," "Lance Hendrickson Presents: Tales of Terrifying Horror," and "Yarn Killer" (starring Rutger Hauer).

»> Sam Raimi was spotted writing something down on a piece of paper. Excited obsessive fans across the globe instantly interpreted that action to mean pre-production on "Evil Dead 4" has begun. Look for Bruce Campbell to cameo as "guy who was in a couple funny movies and now professionally fights insects on the Science Fiction Network, yet people still think he's just absolutely incredible."

»> Michael Richards and Jason Alexander have attempted to break the "Seinfeld curse" through an exciting and imaginative way: a murder / suicide pact! Watch out, Ed O' Neill!

»> Not to be outdone by HBO's upcoming "Necrophiliacs," Showtime producers have stepped up the pace on next season's new premieres, "The Abortionists" (comedy about women getting abortions) and "Just Kidding" (comedy about child molestation).

»> Will Smith was unanimously voted "America's Most Non-Threatening Negro" by the Nickelodeon Kids' Choice Awards.

»> Fox plans on picking up the Australian reality TV show "Nobody Ever Wins," which pits contestants against each other in a competition where nobody wins. "People don't talk about the good guys, the winners," declared producer Abe Evans. "They talk about how evil the losers are. How much they hate them and their sinister, scheming ways. So why not eliminate a winner and cut out the prize money and unnecessary character?" Contestants must compete against each other in various physical and mental challenges including "help your partner walk through traffic," "guess if the handgun is loaded," and "who's got AIDS?"

»> Following the critical failure of "Material Girls," "The Perfect Man," "Cheaper By the Dozen 2," "A Cinderella Story," and "Raise Your Voice," Hillary Duff plans to silence her detractors and gain new fans by releasing a 50-minute DVD of her murdering a

newborn kitten while she fondles her tits. Tim Allen, in response to the failures of "The Shaggy Dog," "Zoom," and "Christmas With the Kranks," has regressed back to selling drugs on college campuses.

»> Our insiders claim that quirky uber-star Christopher Walken was recently spotted being burned to death at the stake.

That's it for today, ladies and gents! Tune in next week for our **Tuesday Scoop** where we investigate the rumors behind **Suri Cruise's four heads and ability to ejaculate laser beams.** Toodles!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

8.22 Clark's Digest

Wednesday, Aug 23, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Clark's Digest

Vol 2, No 3 Summer 2006

To my family and friends, welcome to the latest Clark's Digest Newsletter! I've been having a hell of a summer, folks! You're all invited to visit anytime you want, especially you young nieces and nephews! Old Clark would be happy to show you my fantastic train sets! All aboard!

Hobby Corner

As you folks are well aware, I love working with model trains. If I could be reduced to the size of a penny, I would gladly do it just to experience my trains in a new light. Alas I am a giant to these, my beautiful and tiny friends. I just added a new section to my miniature replica of the town – the Shaggy Butte Cemetery, where mom is going to be buried. I had a ton of fun making miniature coffins and burying them in potting soil, then placing little hand carved and detailed gravestones atop them. I made plots for all my family and friends, too, so they'll always have a space in my life. I know it's somewhat silly to have train tracks routed through a cemetery, but I had to crunch a lot of the town down to fit in the space of the table in my den. I'll probably have to move the miniature "Eros Bakery" because technically speaking mom's plot is in the parking lot. A city planner I am not!

$ Consumer Watch $

This past week I suffered my greatest indignity while perusing the aisles of the Shaggy Butte Walgreens. A support pillar coupled with narrow aisles caused my temporary exile in the feminine hygiene products section. A shopping cart full of empty boxes also challenged my escape. I was unable to navigate my Rascal scooter around these obstacles and finally had to get up and walk to find an employee to move the shopping cart. She was a young lady and glared at me, which caused me to waste an additional 20 minutes filing a complaint form against her. I recommend that all women boycott the use of feminine hygiene products until this situation is resolved and Walgreens makes good with reparations to me.

Love is in the Air

You'll be happy to know that Old Clark is quite the ladies man these days! Thanks to the computer revolution my love life is bursting at the seams! With the aid of a local dating site I have found several perspective Mrs. Clarks and my weekends are spent on the town. My joints may be stiff as molasses and sore as tarnation, but these old bones of mine are still getting me where I need to go. The wheels do a good job of taking me where the bones won't go. Even still, one thing's for certain: I'm good as gold in the bedroom!

My first lovely lady is named Gladys, and she's quite a Georgia Peach. Gladys is a double amputee with a heart that doesn't know when to quit and a gum line that goes on for miles, if you get my drift. She is sensuous *and* adventurous, and has given Old Clark quite the jumpstart. Let's just say Old Clark doesn't need any supplements to stand at attention when it comes time to salute, and Gladys' lack of legs makes up for my measurement problem in spades.

I'm also seeing a wonderful lady named Phyllis, who, unfortunately, is in an iron lung at the moment. But that doesn't stop me from giving her wonderful foot rubs and treating her to some of my famous cooking. Cabbage and egg dinners are a regular Friday night fixture with us. She is very emotional and gets choked up a lot when we're together, but given her situation I'm not sure she'll be able to meet all my needs and desires. Still, a terrific dynamo of a woman, and I have to wonder why she hasn't been snatched up yet!

Personally I'd rather be with a younger gal, but beggars can't be choosers!

Rants and Raves

I'm awfully concerned about the traffic situation at the post office. It seems to be as busy as an anthill with vehicles bustling in and out, circling around like vultures looking for parking spaces to consume! It's a regular savage jungle! In the thick of this a young man narrowly avoided running me over when I was stopped in the middle of the parking lot to protest the lack of parking spaces available. I don't own a car but this problem impacts me as much as anyone. It's time the post office gets more parking spaces or people are liable to start killing each other for space. As far as that young man goes, I gave him a stern talking to and attempted to file a police report, but unfortunately the officers misunderstood my motivations and forced me off from the premises. I will be protesting in the police station parking lot next week to send a message to the fat cats at the mayor's office.

Clark's Babe of the Month

I enticed a young lady on the Internet to send this image to me, though she was unwilling to write "Clark" on her bosoms like I asked. There's always next time! This young lady narrowly came in second to the blond girl that used to serve me coffee at the Big B Diner, but she disqualified herself from the running by accusing me of gross perversions.

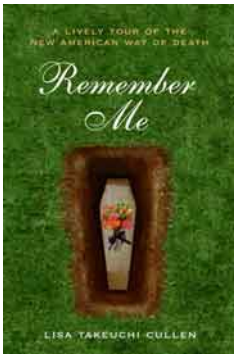
That's all the scuttlebutt for this edition! Tune in next time everybody. Same Clark time, same Clark newsletter!

-Clark

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.23 Review of A Free Book I Got

Thursday, Aug 24, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal



LIKE NEW BOOK!!! BARELY READ!!! GREAT CONDITION!! NO RESERVE!! $20!!!

Friends, after months of laboring over hot text editors crafting only the finest updates for you, our dear readers, I have received the greatest honor a writer with absolutely no goals or ambition in life can get.

Yes the rumors are true. Harper Collins the publishing company has sent me a free copy of a book (a review copy as we say in the "biz") to review. What the book is or who wrote it is inconsequential. The only thing that matters is that the good people at Harper Collins think so highly of my opinion that they have thrust a book into my grubby little fingers and said, "Rate us Hassan! Rate us like the dogs we are!"

From here on out I cannot be bothered to get up off my ass to buy anything for review. If you want my opinion you must deliver your product directly to me so that I may pick it apart and either grant it generous sales or destroy it with a single assignment of a rating. Millions look for my opinion to find out what to spend their parents' money on.

The book I have been entrusted to review is called "Remember Me: A Lively Tour of the New American Way of Death" written by Lisa Takeuchi Cullen. Yes, pretty grim stuff I know, a book written by a woman. I didn't believe it at first either but these are the times we live in I guess. She even pulled one of those "I will take on your last name but I will not give up my own last name so we'll make a compromise and keep my maiden name as my middle name" moves on her husband. Talk about whipped.

She is pretty cute based on her picture on the inside cover though. This woman has no business putting words on paper. She should be in a classy lingerie catalogue. I'm talking Sears catalogue for sure, maybe Nordstom.

I am disappointed that they did not include a picture of her lady feet though. You never know with these chicks. The face might look fine but the feet are like a Sanrio surprise bag. You never know what you're going to get! Still, I'd smell them at least once. I'm thinking of calling up Chuck Woolery and making a love connection.

Pfft! Relatively attractive women can't write books.

When I finally got my review copy I ripped into the package like a rabid dog and rushed over to my local bookstore in an attempt scalp the book. "Anyone need a copy of Cullen's new book Remember Me?! 50 bucks hot off the presses! Get it before anyone else!", I yelled to each passerby. Sadly there were no takers.

I had no luck with eBay either. Within minutes of listing the book I received twenty emails asking me if I would take a money order and ship to Africa. No deal! Begrudgingly I decided to actually review the book.

The key to writing a good review isn't in the criticism, it's getting a quote on the back of the book. Don't be satisfied with getting your quote on the inside sleeve or in the introductory pages. You want it on the back cover right up top or else it means nothing. This is why you must strive to get review copies as early as possible and review them as quickly as you can. Skip a few chapters if you must. The most important thing is getting the review done.

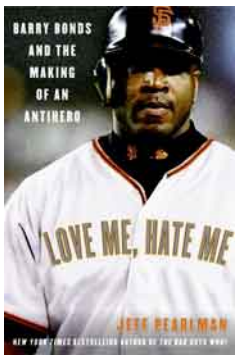
For this book, Mary Roach, the author of some other book, picked up the definitive back-cover quote. She calls "Remember Me" a "must read for anyone who plans on dying" because the book is about death and dying. Holy shit, this is a professional! Mary Roach has been on a roll this season, scoring 12 out of 15 back-cover quote attempts. An American League record!

I tried to pick up the definitive quote for Prey if you'll recall. I called Prey "video gaming's Summer blockbuster" but the bastards at 3DRealms didn't bite. That's the only reason I wrote that entire review! I wanted a quote on the box damnitt!

In order to get your quote plastered on a book, DVD case, or breakfast cereal, you need to write positive things about it. A negative quote might be used if the publisher is feeling "hip" or "edgy". "This book is so bad you gotta buy it!" and so on. Don't do this unless you want to get on the back-cover of a Rob Schneider movie or something.

Here are a few examples of back-cover quotes to get you started:

> **RIGHT**: *Cullen's seminal work is both a pleasure and a delight to read and will inspire readers for decades to come.*



Now that I'm recieving review copies I need to prepare for more free Harper Collins books.

A publisher will probably put this on the back of their book. Even years after the book is released the quote will still be relevant. Your quote doesn't even have to have anything to do with the book. It just has to sound fancy. In fact I expect Harper Collins to plaster this all over the next edition of whatever book I'm supposed to be reviewing here.

> **WRONG**: *Stacy is a sloppy cunt ass ho who will sleep with every guy but me. What a bitch. I want my shirts back Stacy.*

When writing reviews it is important to leave the drama with your mama! That's what The Daily Dirt is for. While Stacy may be a slut who will sleep with everyone but you it has no place on the back of a major book. Maybe a Random House book, but we're talking the big leagues here.

> **RIGHT**: *"Remember Me" invokes sweet memories of my grandmother's farm in the deep south. I was taken back to those innocent days by a masterful story teller who will inspire readers for decades to come.*

As long as you can keep it positive, make it personal. Any woman who grew up on a farm looking at the back of this book will buy it based on that quote. By the time she opens it up and reads it, an unlikely prospect, and realizes it's about people dying and their batshit insane funerals, you'll be long gone with a fist full of cash and a ticket to the Bahamas. Don't worry about repetition. If you've got a good line use it constantly and without shame and you'll inspire readers for decades to come.

> **WRONG**: *This book was so bad it made me kill a family of four and then eat their brains. Then I stored my pogs in their empty craniums.*

In addition to avoiding negative criticism, refrain from confessing to any crimes in your review. They don't send review copies to prisoners. I learned that the hard way.

Once you're in the review copy business it's nothing but easy street from there. And I'm not talking about the fucked up easy street from Paperboy. You'll be invited to the hippest parties and clubs, have sex with the most beautiful models (male models, but at least you can say you're fucking a model), and receive a free membership to the AARP.

Let's be honest here. There's only one reason companies send out review copies to idiots on the Internet. Free publicity! They don't send out free books and games and adult diapers in the hopes that someone will give an honest assessment of their product. Hell naw! They want their shit seen, not bashed. If you write honest reviews about how everything sucks, because let's face it everything pretty much sucks, you'll find that you stop receiving review copies. That means less free shit to sell off for coke.

Nobody talks like this when they have to pay for the book!

I know a guy, and many of you probably know of him as well, that writes reviews for video games just to get the free review copy so he can sell it to his stupid friends. He doesn't even play the games. He'll rewrite some promotional jargon, add some minor criticisms that no one cares about so he appears legit, and then post it up on his crappy web site just so he can get free games and a pass to E3. Christ, 90% of video game web sites are just fronts to get into E3 or for the mob.

When I received an email from a Harper Collins representative I didn't know what to make of it. Here's the email.

> *Greetings!*
>
> I love Something Awful and I think a book I'm working on (replete with lobster caskets, mummification and other curious American burial rites) might be fitting for your audience. Let me know if you'd be interested in receiving a copy of Lisa Takeuchi Cullen's Remember Me, for review.

I was apprehensive, a little scared even. And when I replied to that email my life changed forever. I entered into a world of lies and deceit. I checked my morals at the door and never looked back. This cutthroat lifestyle will consume my soul and leave me a bitter shell of a man. Blood money, they'll all say. Review copies will be the end of me.

And that's why I think that Lisa Takeuchi Cullen's seminal masterwork "Remember Me" is a book that will delight and inspire readers for decades to come. A must-read for anyone who plans on living in a coffin after their heart stops beating. Take that Mary Roach!

Graphics:	9
Gameplay:	8
Story:	7
Sound:	9
Fun:	9
Overall:	**42**

Each category in the rating system is based out of a possible -10 score (-10 being the worst). The overall score is based out of a possible -50 score (-50 being the worst).

Okay, send the next free book please.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

8.24 The Twice Baked War Critic

Friday, Aug 25, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I started the Iraq War as a fresh-faced and starry-eyed liberal, certain of my political views and opinions. As the months wore on and the war seemed endless, I began to notice just how much I hated so many other liberals. No, I didn't agree with the alternative viewpoint, I was just embarrassed and disgusted by idiots like Cindy Sheehan who blame the war on the J-E-W-S. Every political group will have its outliers and extremists and those people will just plain wear you out on caring.

The Internet, great bastion of pointless arguments, seemed stale and lifeless to me when it came to debate on the Iraq War. Every discussion or argument seemed to simply retread the same territory and devolve into the same screaming matches. The media could have stirred things up, because there is certainly plenty going on over in Iraq, but the media is lazy, flighty and cowardly. I needed something raw and stirring, something to stoke the fires of debate. I needed to heat up the leftovers.

I did the only thing I could think of at that point. I turned to YouTube for my Iraq War media. Here the truth was either twisted into a pretzel by blatant propaganda or brutally honest, with no commentary or censorship whatsoever. I watched a few videos and found myself stunned as much by the hilarious arguments going on in the comments sections as I was by the videos. I felt that spark beginning to grow. No more would I have to rely on CNN or Fox News to tell me what to think, I could get my war directly from the people on the frontlines: the YouTube comment posters.

"british beating clip in iraq"[link]

Disturbing Imagery: Despite the "ogrish.com" tag on the video there is no gore, but the video manages to be fairly disturbing all the same.

Description: Pitch black humor from a British soldier behind the camera as his fellow men beat teenage Iraqis rounded up for throwing rocks at the British. "Naughty little boys," the cameraman comments with glee. It's like something out of a Pink Floyd video gone to war in the 21st century and it's probably the most dimwitted instance of "caught on tape" to come from our brothers on the other side of the Atlantic.

Bad Point: Caps lock loving **nartin86** is quick to bring Nazis into the discussion: *"BUSH IS RE-ELECTED BY AMERICANS, DOES THIS MEAN MAJORITY OF AMERICAN SHOULD BE RESPONSIBLE? THOSE TROOPS ARE AMERICAN. THE POINT FOR HAVING DEMOCRACY IS FOR ITS CITYZENS TO FIGURE OUT WHO'S A GOOD LEADER AND HAVE CONTROL OVER HIM. HAVE AMERICANS DONE THEIR JOBS IN DETERMINING WHETHER BUSH IS A REAL LEADER? HITLER'S TROOPS HAD DONE THEIR JOBS AS SOLDERS TOO."*

Worse Point: NWA still misses **easyease** and his inspired methods of justifying beating teenagers: *"thanks shorty. seeing this im proud to be british. have you seen the vids of western civilians being beheaded by dirty terrorists?have you remembered those poor americans having to jump from the world trade centre because it was a quicker less painful death?"*

Insight: Even when confronted with video evidence of the wrongness of aspects of the war in Iraq, people still somehow find a way to come off looking like idiots with their anti-war stance. People also still love moral relativism, where Al Qaeda crashing planes into the World Trade Center provides justification for soldiers in Iraq to beat teenagers and laugh about it. It's the same sort of logic a

man who has a bad day at work uses to rationalize beating his wife and kids when he gets home.

"iraq"[link]

Disturbing Imagery: Some particularly loopy liberals might become enraged by footage of soldiers daring to have a good time in Iraq, even though the video is totally politically neutral. There is no violence.

Description: Scenes of tedium and desolation in Iraq interspersed with military personnel goofing off and having fun. There is nothing mean-spirited in this video and it ends on the politically ambiguous note "Iraq sucks," a sentiment just about everyone (including Iraqis) should be able to agree with at this point.

Bad Point: hawtrey wins the hyper-sensitive little baby award with: *"watching this video made me feel physically sick...I;m not joking....it's terrifying that people can view this despicable murderous escapade like they were in a David Lee Roth video....unbelievable"*

Worse Point: darksidez81 offers this cogent rejoinder to all of those who find fault in the video: *"you know what...Im in the army...11 Brovo...I never had this much fun when I was there...lol love the video..and TO ALL YOU ANTI SOLDERS ANTI US CAN LICK SUX MY INSIPED DICK.....FUCK ALL YOU MOTHER FUCKERS YOU SORRY EXCUES FOR A HUMEN"*

Insight: The Iraq War sucks, but soldiers and marines, like any other sort of human beings, can find a way to have fun. Certain liberals and foreigners will jump at any opportunity to get their panties in a twist and certain conservatives will shift gears into murderous blood rage mode at the drop of a hat. This is pretty much the feel good video of the bunch, making the heated debate going on in the enormous comments section all the more ridiculous.

"US soldier survives sniper attack in Iraq."[link]

Disturbing Imagery: It's pretty disturbing watching any sniper footage, regardless of the people doing the sniping. This one is tempered by the fact that the soldier shot in the video is obviously not badly injured. If you would like to further allay your fears about his condition, you can read the 256th Brigade Combat Team's official report on the incident.

Description: Footage taken by an insurgent sniper team in Iraq as they snipe an American soldier from a range of 75 yards. This is pretty much my favorite video clip to come out of Iraq, because it highlights the sudden lethality of the war there, but we get to see one lucky (and courageous if you read the AAR) man avoid the fate that has claimed many others. Plus it just makes me feel good to see an American soldier react so professionally to such a terrifying incident. It beats the pants off the many clips of soldiers screaming "yeah motherfuckers!" as they shoot 50 caliber machineguns wildly into houses.

Bad Point: Wiseacre **Glanecia** takes umbrage with the sounds the Iraqi snipers are making: "Umm, whoever is filming this sounds like a chicken CLUCKING... :|"

Worse Point: In a show of cultural understanding **Killu610** explains the logic behind Glanecia's contempt: "thats how they talk man,A degenerate form of language".

Even Worse Point: Irredeemable moron **merseyside** is a good example of the sort of attitudes in the West that stimulate similar attitudes in the Islamic world: "mohammed sucks cocks in hell! how about that then you cunts,go on declare a fatwah against me,but hey make sure you bring your mates with you!"

Insight: Much like some liberals will leap at any opportunity to embarrass themselves by stamping their anti-war feet, some conservatives will seize any chance to pound their chests and make themselves look like hateful little racist goblins who want to destroy all of the Middle East. This video, to me, is about one guy being a badass and one insurgent sniper getting egg on his face. There is some comedy to be found in chanting "Allahu Ackbar" as a sniper bullet fails to even injure the target, but to use that as a platform for racist attacks on Muslims is idiocy.

"Iraq...Contractor's Videos"[link]

Disturbing Imagery: This video contains intense scenes of small arms attacks. There is no physical harm depicted on screen, but the videos are still very disturbing.

Description: The first minute or so of this video is of an attack on an apparently unarmed convoy of American contractors. In the video, shot from within one of the contractor's vehicles, bullets rattle all around. There is a brief cut and then the vehicle is immobilized and the driver is terrified of being killed as he yells frantically for help on the radio. The second half of the video is an attack against well-armed contractors, probably mercenaries, who respond to an ambush with heavy return fire. I'm not going to try to hide my disdain for the vultures and war-junkies that sign up for jobs like this. Some are probably good people, but they're working for the worst sort of companies. That doesn't mean I want them to die and you can't help but feel sympathy for them as they shout desperately for help.

Bad Point: The master of subtlety, **Truepeople**, has a problem with the Americans depicted in the video: *"That was a cool video. The Americans deserved it.You will all die, serves you right for going into another country staring a war for no reason, You US LIARS".*

Worse Point: Wordsmith **sdericmonty** believes he has found the reason behind Truepeople's venom: *"you all r just jelious that u live in a shit hole!..die sand niggers!"*

Insight: I couldn't make up better quotes than those and they're just the tip of the iceberg for this video. From lectures on intelligence in which half of the words are misspelled to cries of Zionist oppression, this video seems to bring out the worst and the stupidest in YouTube visitors.

"drowning pool"[link]

Disturbing Imagery: If sped up footage of jet planes and helicopters shooting missiles is your idea of gross then prepare to vomit your heart out. Almost all of the footage is just test/training footage since this video was created at the very beginning of the Iraq War.

Description: Although Drowning Pool's "Let the Bodies Hit the Floor" is practically a universal anthem of shitty Iraq war montages, and despite this video's title, the music played in the background is actually Outkast's excellent "Bombs Over Baghdad". Other versions of the video correctly label the song, but I had to pick this one because the title of "drowning

pool" and the description being "bodies in the floor" is just so adorable. The footage used is well-edited and well-synchronized war porn. Jets and helicopters scream over rocky canyons. Flares, missiles and machineguns blast targets. It's the most technologically advanced military in human history being displayed, and even hardened liberals such as myself find the lure of science-fictiony destruction removed from the gruesome consequences a bit exciting.

Bad Point: Taking time out from sipping absinthe, **GothPig81** ruminates: *"Screw all american men and women in iraq, the war was illegal, filthy white pigs"*

Worse Point: True Patriot **baronvonvoe** counters with the hilarious "defending your freedom" line: *"Oh yeah GothThug81 you are a fuckin' moron. It was the blood of soldiers that secured your freedom to say idiotic comments like that."*

Insight: This video is intended to get people totally pumped about blowing up Iraq, and it's the sort of propaganda that really works. I don't know if non-Americans can empathize with this, but there is a certain sickness when your country is the most powerful in the world. You see a video like this and, even if you hate the idea of invading other countries, you feel a certain thrill that your nation CAN invade other countries. No military force can stand before your nation's might. It's a dangerous line of thinking that gets us mired in nightmares like Iraq, where the reality is dirt poor jerks with cell phones randomly ending the lives of young men and women on a daily basis.

"Iraq...IED Attack Compilation 2005"[link]

Disturbing Imagery: This is pure violent propaganda consisting of insurgents blowing up Humvees with IEDs. There is no bodily harm shown, but a number of American soldiers and marines probably died in the filming of this video.

Description: This is the more somber flipside of that idiotic "drowning pool" video. It is propaganda intended to get insurgent groups and anti-American groups "totally pumped" about planting old rusty mortar rounds under corncobs along the side of a road. Planting IEDs is a sort of warfare that takes virtually no courage or honor. Planting IEDs is also the only way the insurgents can effectively attack the United States without a 99.99% chance of being killed. Overall, the video sickens me. I hate to see Americans buying the farm and I hate that goddamn annoying "Allahu Ackbar" chant and the shitty 1980s regional news TV production values.

Bad Point: American hero **alwaysbeencrazy** plays the infamous "Saddam was trying to destroy the First Amendment" card: *"Yeah, Nice..... I am sure glad you have got the freedom to speak your mind like that. Just remember you have that right because we were over there keeping the bastards on their own playing field. "wink"."*

Worse Point: hassin6 manages to slide the stick out of his ass long enough to spew out some incoherent anger: *"haaa whis your dady imerican motherfuckers where is your bush so he can save them haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa god damn and god is great allah kaber .. god willing more to come stpid asshole haaaa viva la france"*

Insight: Insurgents have poor production values and people who ate paint chips as kids tend to hate America and love France.

"I get blown up!"[link]

Disturbing Imagery: There is no bodily harm seen in the video, but it is pretty terrifying and also hilarious.

Description: Unless you actually want to see marines die, here is your feel-good video of the day. This one is shot from the back seat of an up-armored Humvee being driven on a marine patrol. As you might expect from the title, the Humvee encounters an IED and the occupants live to tell the tale. It's such a happy clip in some ways that I almost feel guilty sharing a couple of the boneheaded comments from YouTube.

Bad Point: I can only hope that **wkh88** was being sarcastic: *"could you marines go kill some sand niggers? nearly all of them are insurgents or sympathizers, just kill some randomly."*

Worse Point: You can almost hear the "Allahu Ackbars" dripping from **macpeace**'s sweaty upper lip: *"they(animal troop) deserve to death...why they attack that country? all citizen over there just defend their country,home,family,..not like bush..suck their oil,create story september 11,to attack middle east,.1st..we just want sell our bullets,gun,weapon, make war like game let they dieeeee.!!!!!burn in hell with bush and the gang...die you all fuckerrrrr..hahhahahahah.god bles u freedom fighter..defend your country,home,family..we are no 1 terorist"*

Insight: After you nearly get blown up by an IED your sense of humor is the first thing to make a recovery. After you see a video of someone else nearly getting blown up by an IED your "I'm a huge fucking dick" reflex is the first thing to kick in.

I learned a number of things from this exercise. All foreigners hate America, for example. US soldiers tend to be very hostile on the Internet, for another example. Also, there are bodies, and they are in the floor.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.25 Star Wars Episode IV : R2-D2's Dialogue Translated

Saturday, Aug 26, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

INT. REBEL BLOCKADE RUNNER

Threepio, why is the airplane shaking like this!?

Oh yeah? Well maybe I am just a half-sized thermocapsulary dehousing assister, but at least I don't shuffle around like I've got a flux capacitor up my ass and speak like I enjoy it.

Don't worry Princess Leia, your message will be safe with me. I've stored it in a prototype holocube that's made of the finest quickly decomposing ham in the galaxy.

Stormtroopers, let's get out of here! They seem to be concentrating all their fire on the walls and ceiling, so if we stick to the floor we should be okay.

Get in the pod, you beautiful golden bastard. It's built for four men so it should just barely hold the two of us and your ridiculous sweeping arm movements.

INT. LIFEPOD

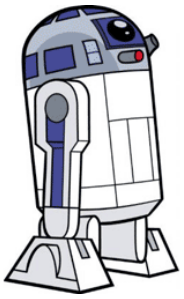
Perhaps it isn't the best time to tell you this, but confined spaces make me emit a loud and continuous scream.

EXT. TATOOINE - DESERT

Maybe suffering is your lot in life, but *I'm* going to be a public high school teacher some day.

Rest? You're a droid that's programmed to feel the need to rest. That's perfect! Here's the plan: You lay down right there forever and I keep moving. It might just work!

No? Then come this way, there's lots of rocks you can trip over and destroy yourself on.



I'm going towards the death rocks! Follow me, it's perfectly safe.

Come on, there's probably a Sunglasses Hut.

Fine, if you don't come there will be more sunglasses for me!

EXT. TATOOINE - ROCK CANYON - SUNSET

Woah, woah! Are you sure JAWA-na shoot me? Haha-argh!

INT. SANDCRAWLER - PRISON AREA

This place does suck, but look on the bright side. At least no one cares about us enough to be upset by our abduction.

Don't be silly, the Jawas won't melt us down. We're far too valuable as sodomy bots.

EXT. TATOOINE - DESERT - LARS HOMESTEAD - AFTERNOON

Buy me, my programming allows me to avoid running into walls nearly 80% of the time!

INT. LARS HOMESTEAD - GARAGE AREA - LATE AFTERNOON

Yes, oil baths are great. I'm sure that being dipped into a vat of superheated liquid will do wonders for your exposed wiring.

Oh, that hidden hologram recording of a beautiful princess caught up in a fascinating galaxy-wide plot that personifies the struggle between good and evil? It's nothing.

Seriously, forget about it. It's probably just a glitch from notepad.exe.

Threepio, tell him to remove my restraining bolt if he wants to see the whole recording. I'll sneak out of here tonight and bring you back some sunglasses!

EXT. TATOOINE - ROCK CANYON - FLOOR

There are several creatures appearing from the southeast. Be careful... my sensors indicate they haven't been circumsized.

INT. KENOBI'S DWELLING

Hey Ben, you seem like you've really got your stuff together when it comes to analyzing haircuts. I would even go so far as to say that I trust your opinions about haircuts more than most humans. What do you think of the chick in this hologram recording?

INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - CENTRAL HOLD AREA

This is some fucked up game of checkers!

INT. DEATH STAR - FORWARD BAY - COMMAND OFFICE

Why don't *you* save them from being crushed in a trash compactor? I'm going to stick my tiny metallic baby arm into this wacky looking hole to see what's in there.

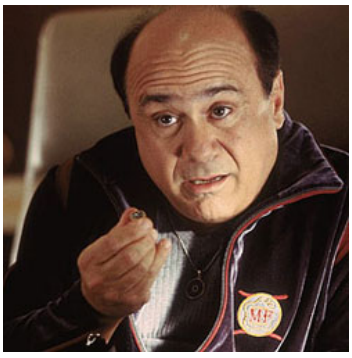
I saved them, huh? No, that's good. I'm just sort of disappointed that I didn't find a quarter in there.

INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - CENTRAL HOLD AREA

Don't be upset, Ben was pretty old and apparently made of inert gas. If he didn't die today it would have only been a matter of time before he bumped into a table and deflated at home.

INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - GUNPORTS

Help, fire!



Oh, looks like I'm the only droid here with a fire extinguisher. Imagine that! I'm like freaking utility belt Batman over here and Threepio is Jason Todd's rotting corpse with worse conversational skills.

INT. MASSASSI - WAR ROOM BRIEFING AREA

Woah, that's weird. If I designed a Death Star, including a weak spot would be really low on my list of priorities.

I'd be like "Hmmm... weak spot or more armor and lasers? On the one hand, more armor and lasers. On the other hand, weak spot."

INT. MASSASSI OUTPOST - MAIN HANGAR DECK

We can do this, Luke. That Death Star is toast! Just remember to fight everything you learned in pilot training and don't land upside

down. I'm begging you.

EXT. LUKE'S X-WING FIGHTER

So then I said "Are you sure JAWA-na shoot me?" Haha-argh! I been shot!

INT. MASSASSI OUTPOST - MAIN THRONE ROOM

I'm here to replace... I am R2-D2. Thank you for the medal.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.26 Hidden Gems of Weekend Web

Sunday, Aug 27, 2006 by Donny "Sock Weevil" Aluminum

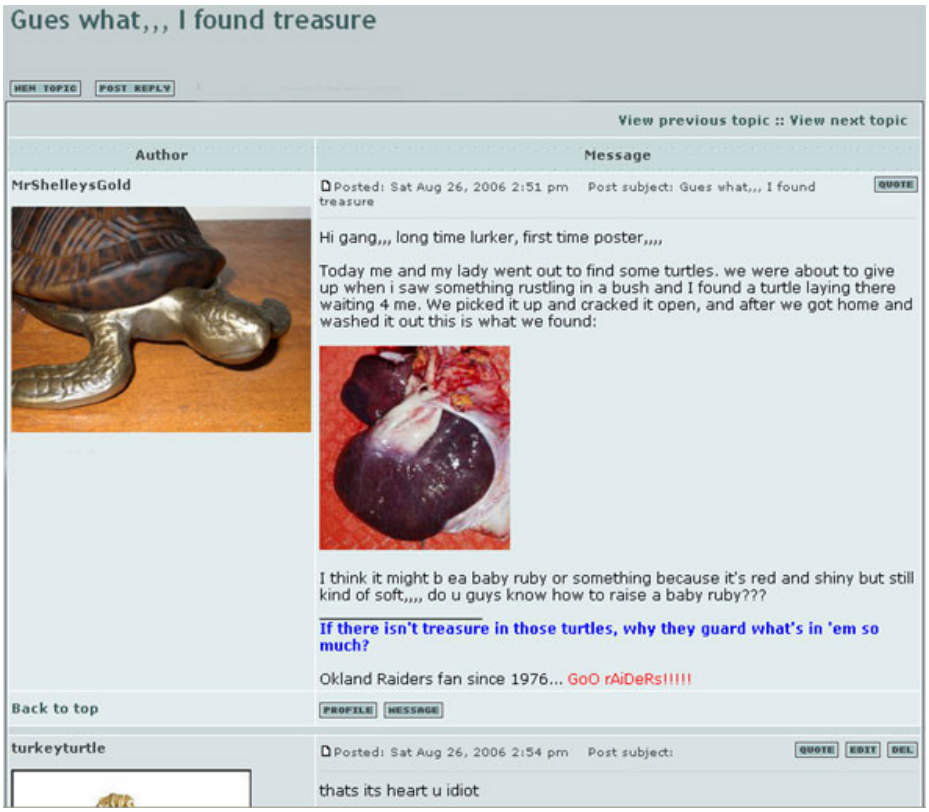
Heya, gang! Our regular Sunday guy isn't around (rumor has it he read some criticism on a blog about SA and killed himself), so today we're going to look at some hidden gems of the Weekend Web! We've got three forums and some search logs to look through, so get ready – it's going to be some killer fun!

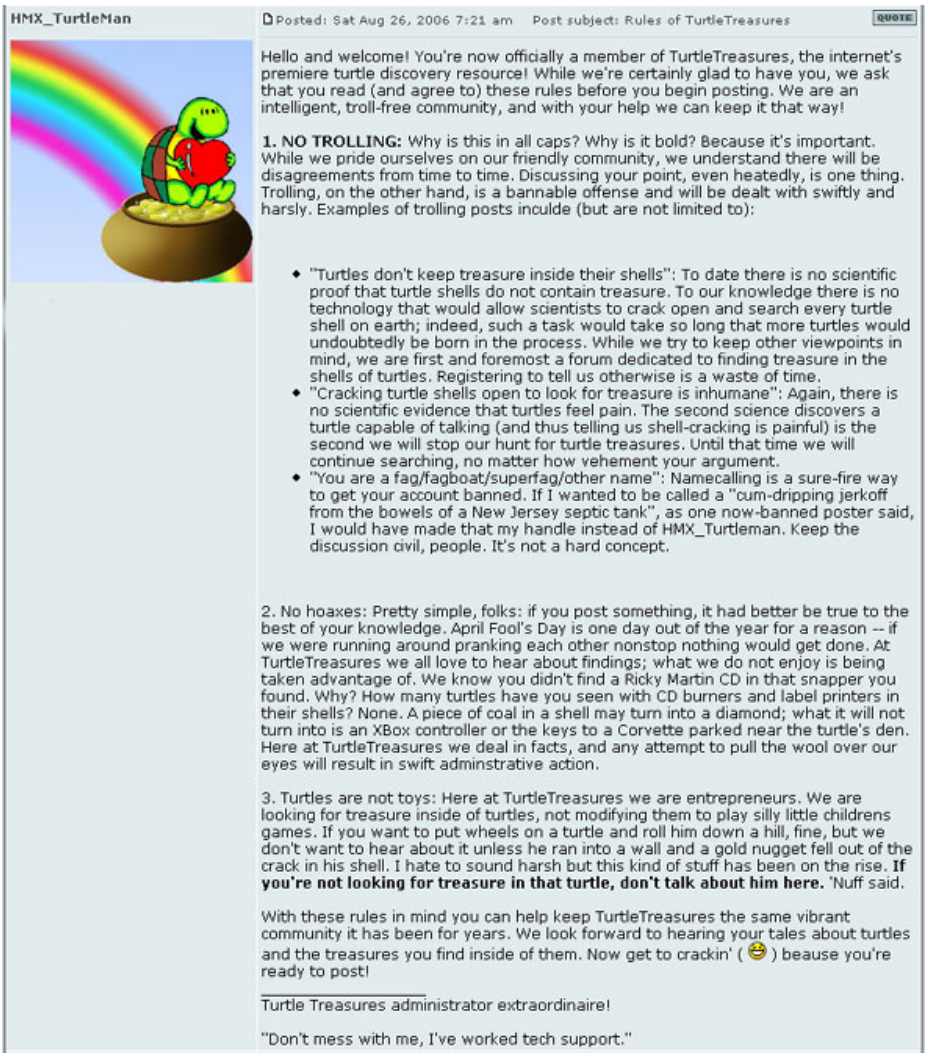
TurtleTreasures

I hate turtles, don't you? They're slow, they're stupid, and if you hit one at the wrong angle they can blow a tire, sending you and your family on a careening death-trip down the side of a cliff! And nobody wants that. TurtleTreasures, for whatever reason, loves them, however. So much, in fact, they crack their shells open and look for treasure. What a sad, sad world it's become.

In our first post we see "HMX_Turtleman" doing what he does best, moderating a forum about hidden treasures inside of turtles.

Uh, hate to break it to you, dude...


Gues what,,, I found treasure
NEW TOPIC
POST REPLY
View previous topic :: View next topic
Author
Message
MrShelleysGold
Posted: Sat Aug 26, 2006 2:51 pm Post subject: Gues what,,, I found treasure
QUOTE
Hi gang,,, long time lurker, first time poster,,,,
Today me and my lady went out to find some turtles. we were about to give up when i saw something rustling in a bush and I found a turtle laying there waiting 4 me. We picked it up and cracked it open, and after we got home and washed it out this is what we found:
I think it might b ea baby ruby or something because it's red and shiny but still kind of soft,,,, do u guys know how to raise a baby ruby???
If there isn't treasure in those turtles, why they guard what's in 'em so much?
Okland Raiders fan since 1976... GoO rAiDeRs!!!!!
Back to top
PROFILE
MESSAGE
turkeyturtle
Posted: Sat Aug 26, 2006 2:54 pm Post subject:
QUOTE
EDIT
DEL
thats its heart u idiot



HMX_TurtleMan

Posted: Sat Aug 26, 2006 7:21 am Post subject: Rules of TurtleTreasures QUOTE

Hello and welcome! You're now officially a member of TurtleTreasures, the internet's premiere turtle discovery resource! While we're certainly glad to have you, we ask that you read (and agree to) these rules before you begin posting. We are an intelligent, troll-free community, and with your help we can keep it that way!

1. NO TROLLING: Why is this in all caps? Why is it bold? Because it's important. While we pride ourselves on our friendly community, we understand there will be disagreements from time to time. Discussing your point, even heatedly, is one thing. Trolling, on the other hand, is a bannable offense and will be dealt with swiftly and harsly. Examples of trolling posts inculde (but are not limited to):

- "Turtles don't keep treasure inside their shells": To date there is no scientific proof that turtle shells do not contain treasure. To our knowledge there is no technology that would allow scientists to crack open and search every turtle shell on earth; indeed, such a task would take so long that more turtles would undoubtedly be born in the process. While we try to keep other viewpoints in mind, we are first and foremost a forum dedicated to finding treasure in the shells of turtles. Registering to tell us otherwise is a waste of time.
- "Cracking turtle shells open to look for treasure is inhumane": Again, there is no scientific evidence that turtles feel pain. The second science discovers a turtle capable of talking (and thus telling us shell-cracking is painful) is the second we will stop our hunt for turtle treasures. Until that time we will continue searching, no matter how vehement your argument.
- "You are a fag/fagboat/superfag/other name": Namecalling is a sure-fire way to get your account banned. If I wanted to be called a "cum-dripping jerkoff from the bowels of a New Jersey septic tank", as one now-banned poster said, I would have made that my handle instead of HMX_Turtleman. Keep the discussion civil, people. It's not a hard concept.

2. No hoaxes: Pretty simple, folks: if you post something, it had better be true to the best of your knowledge. April Fool's Day is one day out of the year for a reason -- if we were running around pranking each other nonstop nothing would get done. At TurtleTreasures we all love to hear about findings; what we do not enjoy is being taken advantage of. We know you didn't find a Ricky Martin CD in that snapper you found. Why? How many turtles have you seen with CD burners and label printers in their shells? None. A piece of coal in a shell may turn into a diamond; what it will not turn into is an XBox controller or the keys to a Corvette parked near the turtle's den. Here at TurtleTreasures we deal in facts, and any attempt to pull the wool over our eyes will result in swift adminstrative action.

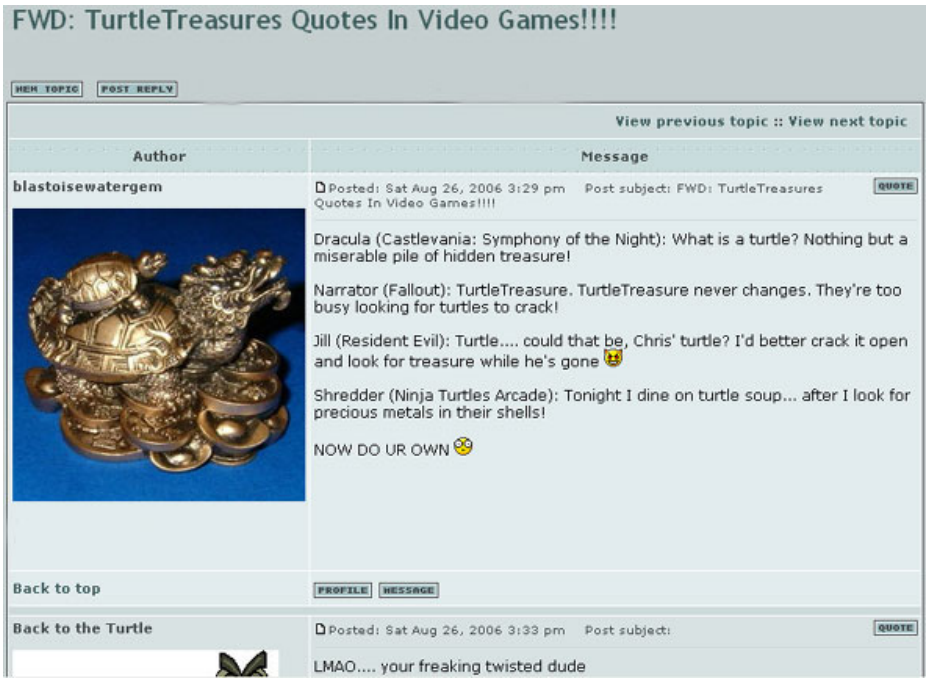
3. Turtles are not toys: Here at TurtleTreasures we are entrepreneurs. We are looking for treasure inside of turtles, not modifying them to play silly little childrens games. If you want to put wheels on a turtle and roll him down a hill, fine, but we don't want to hear about it unless he ran into a wall and a gold nugget fell out of the crack in his shell. I hate to sound harsh but this kind of stuff has been on the rise. **If you're not looking for treasure in that turtle, don't talk about him here.** 'Nuff said.

With these rules in mind you can help keep TurtleTreasures the same vibrant community it has been for years. We look forward to hearing your tales about turtles and the treasures you find inside of them. Now get to crackin' ( ) beause you're ready to post!

_____
Turtle Treasures administrator extraordinaire!

"Don't mess with me, I've worked tech support."

Never discredit "blastoisewatergem". His banter is funny enough to drop a supermodel's panties.


FWD: TurtleTreasures Quotes In Video Games!!!!
NEW TOPIC
POST REPLY
View previous topic :: View next topic
Author
Message
blastoisewatergem
Posted: Sat Aug 26, 2006 3:29 pm Post subject: FWD: TurtleTreasures Quotes In Video Games!!!!
QUOTE
Dracula (Castlevania: Symphony of the Night): What is a turtle? Nothing but a miserable pile of hidden treasure!
Narrator (Fallout): TurtleTreasure. TurtleTreasure never changes. They're too busy looking for turtles to crack!
Jill (Resident Evil): Turtle.... could that be, Chris' turtle? I'd better crack it open and look for treasure while he's gone
Shredder (Ninja Turtles Arcade): Tonight I dine on turtle soup... after I look for precious metals in their shells!
NOW DO UR OWN
Back to top
PROFILE
MESSAGE
Back to the Turtle
Posted: Sat Aug 26, 2006 3:33 pm Post subject:
QUOTE
LMAO.... your freaking twisted dude

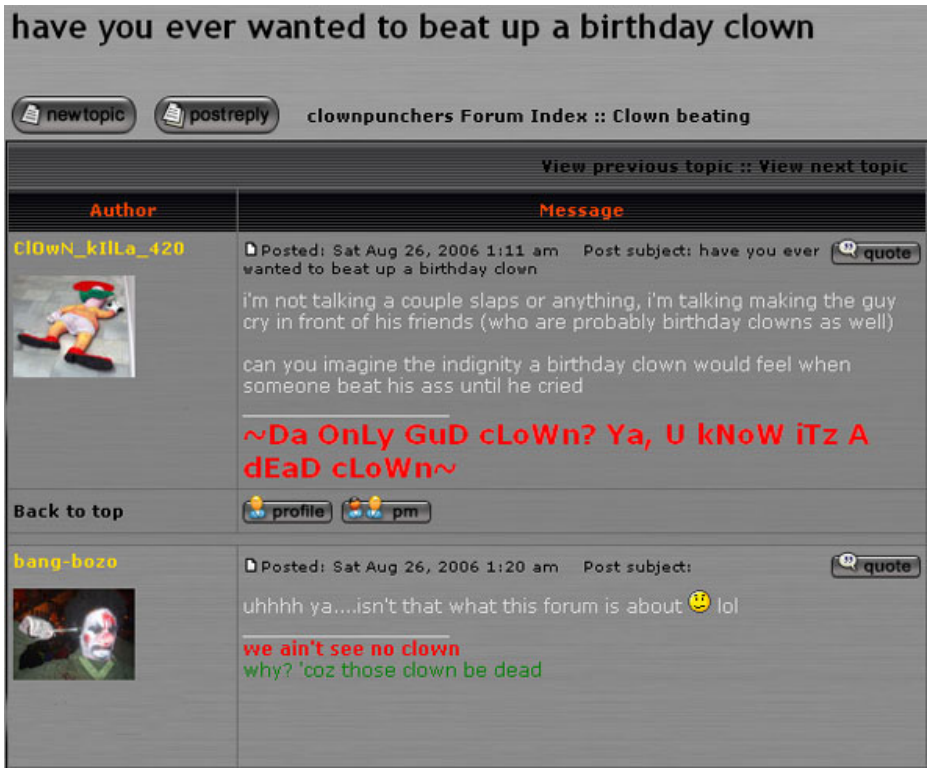
Uh oh!

Topics	Replies	Author	Views
could u hide your weed in a turtle if ur dad was mad at you	0	lurk	2

Clownpunchers

Yeah, they like punching birthday clowns. Who knows?

With a name like "ClOwN_kIlLa_420" you know it's going to be an informative post.


have you ever wanted to beat up a birthday clown
newtopic
postreply
clownpunchers Forum Index :: Clown beating
View previous topic :: View next topic
Author
Message
ClOwN_kIlLa_420
Posted: Sat Aug 26, 2006 1:11 am Post subject: have you ever wanted to beat up a birthday clown
quote
i'm not talking a couple slaps or anything, i'm talking making the guy cry in front of his friends (who are probably birthday clowns as well)
can you imagine the indignity a birthday clown would feel when someone beat his ass until he cried
~Da OnLy GuD cLoWn? Ya, U kNoW iTz A dEaD cLoWn~
Back to top
profile
pm
bang-bozo
Posted: Sat Aug 26, 2006 1:20 am Post subject:
quote
uhhhh ya....isn't that what this forum is about lol
we ain't see no clown
why? 'coz those clown be dead

This guy doesn't seem very happy.

CLOWN AUTOPSY

Posted: Sat Aug 26, 2006 1:43 am Post subject: WAYS TO BEAT UP A CLOWN

quote

you're holding the dude down by his neck with your left hand and you're sitting on his chest just fucking punching and punching with your right and every time it feels a little softer than the last, but you don't know if it's because you're pulverizing his face or because of the swelling in your fists

CHARLES IS A FAGGOT FOR DELETING MY LAST SIG

IF U WANNA KILL A FUCKIN CLOWN QUOTE MY SIG AND POST HELL YEAH FOR YA BOY

Back to top profile pm

CLOWN AUTOPSY

Posted: Sat Aug 26, 2006 1:43 am Post subject: quote

or maybe the other birthday clowns would pull you off but you're still kicking him and shit and you get one good kick off on his ribs as you get up and it just kind of gives instead of pushing your foot back (like bones are supposed to)

and like, the dude's coughing blood and sobbing all at once and his nose is the same color as the shit that's pouring out of his mouth and before you go you tear a big handful of grass out of the ground and just fucking smear it in his face until it cuts him up even worse

CHARLES IS A FAGGOT FOR DELETING MY LAST SIG

IF U WANNA KILL A FUCKIN CLOWN QUOTE MY SIG AND POST HELL YEAH FOR YA BOY

Back to top profile pm

CLOWN AUTOPSY

Posted: Sat Aug 26, 2006 1:45 am Post subject: quote

i'm talking like, you're just in this fucking raging, primal state and he's not really responding to punches and kicks anymore so you just start biting and it feels so fucking tense and then the skin finally gives and it tastes warm and salty and part of you wants to puke but the rest of you just wants to give in and you just take a big chunk of his cheek out with your teeth and spit it back in his face

CHARLES IS A FAGGOT FOR DELETING MY LAST SIG

IF U WANNA KILL A FUCKIN CLOWN QUOTE MY SIG AND POST HELL YEAH FOR YA BOY

Back to top profile pm

CLOWN AUTOPSY

Posted: Sat Aug 26, 2006 1:45 am Post subject: quote

sorry sometimes iget excited uknow

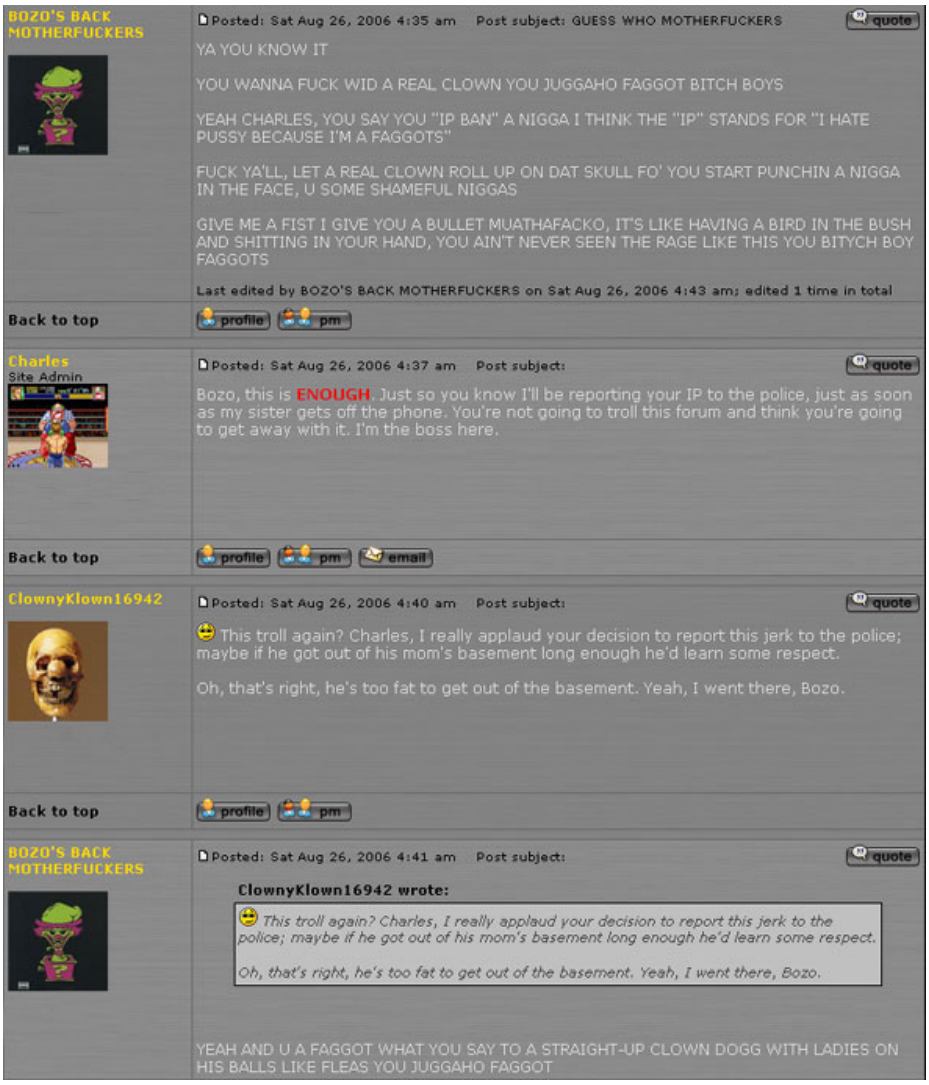
"MOM, TOMMY USED MY CLOWNPUNCHER ACCOUNT AGAIN"

Topics	Replies	Author
WHO IS UR FAVORITE MUSIC	0	kkklown
DO U HAVE A CAR	0	kkklown
IS A POLE IS IT LIKE A TENT POLE LMAO	0	kkklown
IS THIS FORUM ABOUT CLOWNS	0	kkklown
DO ANY OF U PLAY WARCRAFT	0	kkklown
sorry my brother got on my acct	0	kkklown

Clowny, I'd like you to meet my friend Blastoise. He's upstairs playing Smash Brothers.

View previous topic :: View next topic
Author
Message
ClownyKlown16942
Posted: 26 Aug 2006 03:57 am Post subject:
Moved: What Would Chuck Norris do if he beat a clown?
quote
edit
Hey guys, I thought I'd share a little humor with ya'll. This is just to get the ball rolling, though! If you have any ideas feel free to post them in this thread.
My friends and I had one Zima too many the other night (lol, I know, I know), when we got to talking about a popular subject: our ass-kicking lord and savior, Chuck Norris. We wondered what he would do if he got in a fight with a clown! After hours of drunken zaniness (we laughed so loud we drowned out the Benny Hill music in the background), we came up with these:
1.) Chuck Norris would try to tap a clown on the shoulder but the force of the blow would send the clown into hell!!! Or China!!!
2.) Chuck Norris would cut a fart and melt the skin off a clown, then turn the pile of skin into a clown sculpture and karate chop its head off.
3.) Chuck Norris would tell the clown "you'll never be as badass as me" and the clown would get sad and kill itself!
4.) Chuck Norris would say "I hate Clowns" and every clown in the world would die and Chuck Norris would drink all their blood to gain the power of flight.
I'm sure you guys can come up with more! Let's buckle down and get ready for some real LOLage here!!!
Back to top
profile
pm
email
ClOwN_kIlLa_420
Posted: 26 Aug 2006 04:00 am Post subject:
quote
edit
~Da OnLy GuD cLoWn? Ya, U kNoW iTz A dEaD cLoWn~
Back to top
profile
pm
email
Charles
Site Admin
Posted: 26 Aug 2006 04:01 am Post subject:
quote
edit
Moved to the humor forum. C'mon, ClownyKlown16942; you know better than this.

Shit's about to go down. HIT THE DECK!


BOZO'S BACK MOTHERFUCKERS
Posted: Sat Aug 26, 2006 4:35 am Post subject: GUESS WHO MOTHERFUCKERS
quote
YA YOU KNOW IT
YOU WANNA FUCK WID A REAL CLOWN YOU JUGGAHO FAGGOT BITCH BOYS
YEAH CHARLES, YOU SAY YOU "IP BAN" A NIGGA I THINK THE "IP" STANDS FOR "I HATE PUSSY BECAUSE I'M A FAGGOTS"
FUCK YA'LL, LET A REAL CLOWN ROLL UP ON DAT SKULL FO' YOU START PUNCHIN A NIGGA IN THE FACE, U SOME SHAMEFUL NIGGAS
GIVE ME A FIST I GIVE YOU A BULLET MUATHAFACKO, IT'S LIKE HAVING A BIRD IN THE BUSH AND SHITTING IN YOUR HAND, YOU AIN'T NEVER SEEN THE RAGE LIKE THIS YOU BITYCH BOY FAGGOTS
Last edited by BOZO'S BACK MOTHERFUCKERS on Sat Aug 26, 2006 4:43 am; edited 1 time in total
Back to top
profile pm
Charles
Site Admin
Posted: Sat Aug 26, 2006 4:37 am Post subject:
quote
Bozo, this is ENOUGH. Just so you know I'll be reporting your IP to the police, just as soon as my sister gets off the phone. You're not going to troll this forum and think you're going to get away with it. I'm the boss here.
Back to top
profile pm email
ClownyKlown16942
Posted: Sat Aug 26, 2006 4:40 am Post subject:
quote
This troll again? Charles, I really applaud your decision to report this jerk to the police; maybe if he got out of his mom's basement long enough he'd learn some respect.
Oh, that's right, he's too fat to get out of the basement. Yeah, I went there, Bozo.
Back to top
profile pm
BOZO'S BACK MOTHERFUCKERS
Posted: Sat Aug 26, 2006 4:41 am Post subject:
quote
ClownyKlown16942 wrote:
This troll again? Charles, I really applaud your decision to report this jerk to the police; maybe if he got out of his mom's basement long enough he'd learn some respect.
Oh, that's right, he's too fat to get out of the basement. Yeah, I went there, Bozo.
YEAH AND U A FAGGOT WHAT YOU SAY TO A STRAIGHT-UP CLOWN DOGG WITH LADIES ON HIS BALLS LIKE FLEAS YOU JUGGAHO FAGGOT

Search logs

Those crazy cats over at the SA Forums are still tracking down search logs. Here are some of their best discoveries.

You could have searched the last item first and saved yourself some time, buddy.

2990077	beasts	2006-1-24
2990077	breasts	2006-1-24
2990077	beast breasts	2006-1-24
2990077	kirstie alley	2006-1-24

To be honest I really don't know what the hell's going on here.

002312	i'm mr bucket	2006-3-8
002312	put ur balls in my top	2006-3-8
002312	i am mr bucket	2006-3-8
002312	out of my mouth they'll pop	2006-3-8
002312	my mom's a bitch	2006-3-8

Uhh...

29287	rodney dangerfield autopsy photos	2006-5-10
29287	R. Dangerfield autopsy photo	2006-5-10
29287	rodney dangerfield hidden myspace	2006-5-10
29287	Is rodney dangerfield really dead	2006-5-10
29287	we will miss u rodney	2006-5-10
29287	hitman who hates Caddyshack 2	2006-5-10
29287	does Mountain Dew make ur penis shrink	2006-5-10

And again, uhh...

88928	Escape artist	2006-2-21
88928	Identify escape artist	2006-2-21
88928	Female escape artist	2006-2-21
88928	Make sure woman not escape artist	2006-2-21
88928	Maximum weight for straightjacket	2006-2-21

I don't know the answer, but I can only hope it's "yes".

14657	is it illegal to pee in ur neighbor's pool if she invited u over	2006-7-8

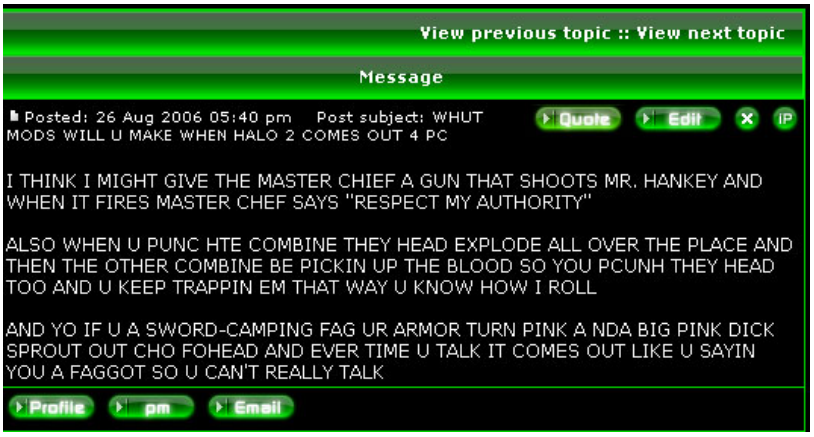
HOUSEHOLD PAINTING DISASTER

62378	Child covered in paint	2006-2-2
63278	Child-safe paint solvent	2006-2-2
63278	Asphyxiation by being painted	2006-2-2
63278	REMOVE PAINT FROM CHILD	2006-2-2
63278	HOUSE PAINTING DISASTER	2006-2-2
63278	defense attorney	2006-2-2

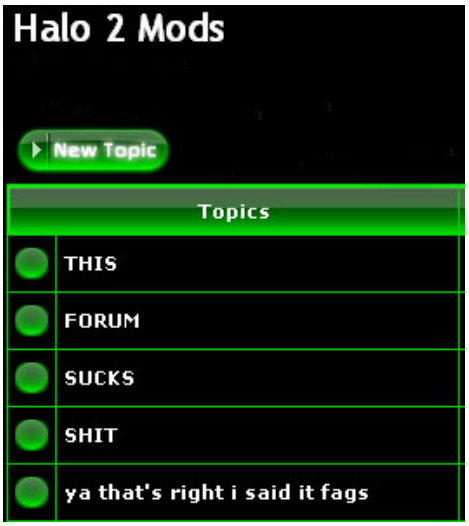
Halo 2 Mods

Finally, we have the Halo 2 Mods forum. What are they modding with? How are they doing it? Read more to find out...

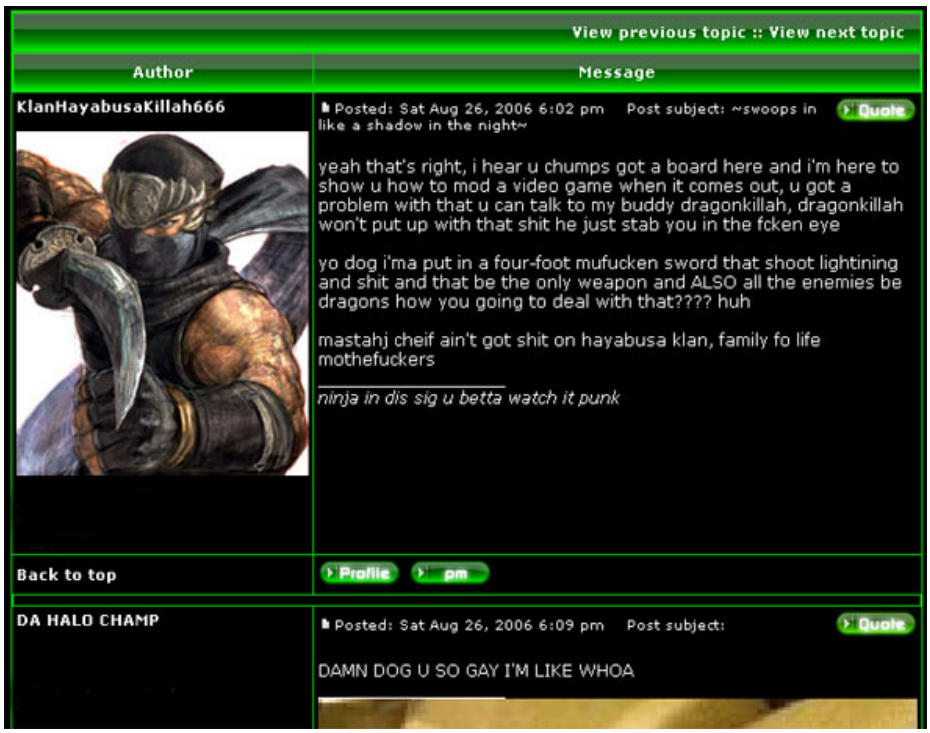
Sounds like a hell of a game!


View previous topic :: View next topic
Message
Posted: 26 Aug 2006 05:40 pm Post subject: WHUT MODS WILL U MAKE WHEN HALO 2 COMES OUT 4 PC
Quote
Edit
IP
I THINK I MIGHT GIVE THE MASTER CHIEF A GUN THAT SHOOTS MR. HANKEY AND WHEN IT FIRES MASTER CHEF SAYS "RESPECT MY AUTHORITY"
ALSO WHEN U PUNC HTE COMBINE THEY HEAD EXPLODE ALL OVER THE PLACE AND THEN THE OTHER COMBINE BE PICKIN UP THE BLOOD SO YOU PCUNH THEY HEAD TOO AND U KEEP TRAPPIN EM THAT WAY U KNOW HOW I ROLL
AND YO IF U A SWORD-CAMPING FAG UR ARMOR TURN PINK A NDA BIG PINK DICK SPROUT OUT CHO FOHEAD AND EVER TIME U TALK IT COMES OUT LIKE U SAYIN YOU A FAGGOT SO U CAN'T REALLY TALK
Profile
pm
Email

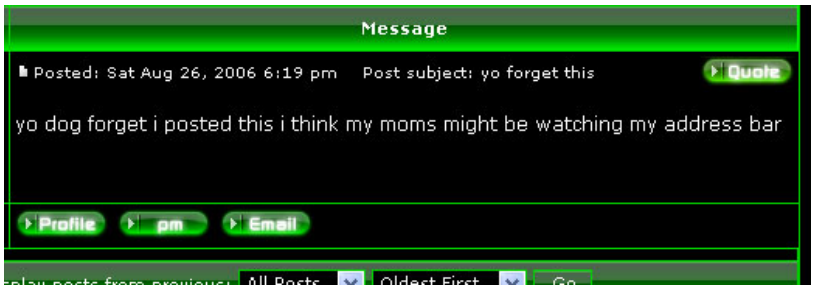
Good, someone needed to.



Watch out, dude! He's a ninja!


View previous topic :: View next topic
Author
Message
KlanHayabusaKillah666
Posted: Sat Aug 26, 2006 6:02 pm Post subject: ~swoops in like a shadow in the night~
Quote
yeah that's right, i hear u chumps got a board here and i'm here to show u how to mod a video game when it comes out, u got a problem with that u can talk to my buddy dragonkillah, dragonkillah won't put up with that shit he just stab you in the fcken eye
yo dog i'ma put in a four-foot mufucken sword that shoot lightining and shit and that be the only weapon and ALSO all the enemies be dragons how you going to deal with that???? huh
mastahj cheif ain't got shit on hayabusa klan, family fo life mothefuckers
ninja in dis sig u betta watch it punk
Back to top
Profile
pm
DA HALO CHAMP
Posted: Sat Aug 26, 2006 6:09 pm Post subject:
Quote
DAMN DOG U SO GAY I'M LIKE WHOA

You're in a lot of trouble, mister.



Welp, that's all for now, folks! For more Weekend Web action scroll down or click the link on the right of the page. I'm Donny "Sock Weevil" Aluminum, and this has been Hidden Gems of Weekend Web!

-~Donny "Sock Weevil" Aluminum

8.27 That Terrible Call

Monday, Aug 28, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Nazi Bunker
D-Day 1944
On the Outskirts of MISSION AREA

Bunker

"Do you ever get the feeling," he paused and shifted the weight of the rifle, "that we're just actors in a play meant for someone else?"

"Nah," the other man replied, "we just follow orders."

The bunker shuddered from the impact of a distant explosion and loose dirt hissed down from the timbers overhead. The soldiers inside the bunker were used to the whistle-thump of the artillery. Shells landed nearby every 14 seconds. Precisely.

"What's your name?" The first man asked the other.

The other man lifted his SMG up so that the first man could see it.

"Nazi Assault Trooper," he said.

"Ah," the first man replied, "I am just Nazi Soldier. I always wanted one of those guns you guys have."

"Yeah," Nazi Assault Trooper agreed, "they're pretty nice. There are some guys in the bunker across the trenches that have machinegun rifles. I don't know their names though. Didn't seem too friendly."

"Who is that guy over there?" Nazi Soldier asked and pointed in the direction of a third man who was walking in place behind a crate.

"Him?" Nazi Assault Trooper squinted at the man's gray uniform and soft felt cap. "Oh, look, he's got a pistol. That's Nazi Officer."

"What's he doing?" Nazi Soldier asked.

"Looks like he's trying to walk through those crates," Nazi Assault Trooper shrugged. "He's an officer so I guess he can do whatever he wants."

Meanwhile...

The two men crouched without speaking for a time, listening to the regular thump of the distant artillery and watching the darkened hallway of the bunker.

"So I-," Nazi Soldier began.

"I don't-," Nazi Assault Trooper said in the same instant.

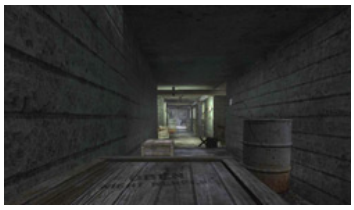
"Go ahead," Nazi Soldier laughed.

"No, you," replied the Nazi Assault Trooper.

"Oh, alright," Nazi Soldier agreed, "I was just going to ask what exactly we're supposed to be guarding."

"The hallway, I think. The Americans are going to come down the hallway and we have to shoot them."

"Yeah, but why?" Nazi Soldier pondered. "There is nothing back behind us but another tunnel and that opens out onto..."



Bunker

"The artillery guns," Nazi Assault Trooper finished Nazi Soldier's thoughts.

"Oh, right, the ones with the glowing yellow boxes on them shaped like dynamite."

"Yeah," Nazi Assault Trooper nodded, "those weird boxes, like ghosts or something. I wonder what they're for."

"Maybe Nazi Officer knows," Nazi Soldier raised his voice. "Hey, Nazi Officer, what are those glowing yellow boxes on the artillery guns for?"

The Nazi Officer just continued walking in place against the crates.

"I think something is wrong with him," Nazi Assault Trooper observed.

"Yeah, shell shocked."

There was a pause and both men strained to hear the distant rattle of machinegun fire.

"Sounds like the Americans are coming," Nazi Assault Trooper looked concerned.

"We still have a while," Nazi Soldier observed, "I haven't heard the two artillery fields they have to go through. Those have to explode first."

Meanwhile...

"How are we going to stop these guys?" Nazi Assault Trooper asked.

"Hopefully that tank that's waiting behind the fence outside will stop them. I overheard the tank and it's going to bust through the fence and start shooting. How can the Americans hope to stop a Tiger tank?"

"Maybe," Nazi Assault Trooper seemed unconvinced, "but I saw some of those machinegun guys putting a rocket launcher and some rockets in the trench right in front of the tank. It seemed like a good idea to me at the time, but looking back it really makes no sense."

Nazi Soldier was about to agree that is seemed to be a bad idea, but both men fell silent at the ominous thundering of the first of the artillery fields exploding. Neither had to voice their concern about the progress of the Americans, they just looked at one another knowingly.

"Where are you from?" Nazi Soldier asked to break the silence between the two men.

"Back there," Nazi Assault Trooper jerked his head in the direction of the artillery. "Same as everyone."

"I mean like what country or what town?"

"Oh, well, I don't know. Same as you. Nazis and buildings."

"Do you have a family?"

The Nazi Assault Trooper wrinkled his nose and sniffed.

"Huh," he said, "yeah, I guess. Do you?"

Bunker

"That's the thing," Nazi Soldier said, plainly troubled, "I don't know if I do or not. I have this feeling like I do, and it seems like I came from a town and went to Nazi soldier school. I have training from somewhere. But I can't remember anything other than this bunker and D-Day."

"Yeah," The Nazi Assault Trooper agreed, "same for me. It's weird."

"Let me turn this radio on," Nazi Soldier stood up and walked over to a small radio, "maybe someone will say something."

Nazi Soldier turned the dial and some soothing music began to play, but it was only a few seconds before it started over again. He turned the dial again and a voice immediately began shouting.

"We are fighting for the greater German people against the intrusion of the Bolsheviks and the interference of international Jewry! Soldiers of the Reich, you must never take a step backward from the assault of Jewish king Rosenfeld and his slave soldiers. Victory will be ours and-"

The voice interrupted itself mid-sentence and the whole thing began to repeat.

"I feel like I know who that guy is, but I don't know what in the heck he is talking about," Nazi Assault Trooper observed.

"Yeah," agreed Nazi Soldier as he switched off the radio, "and everything just keeps repeating like that."

"Come to think of it, I have a feeling we've been through all of this before," Nazi Assault Trooper was suddenly concerned. "How else would you remember the artillery explosions signal the Americans coming?"

"Yeah, you're right," Nazi Soldier pushed his helmet back on his head and scratched his brow thoughtfully. "Maybe we're trapped. Like everything will just keep repeating until we figure a way out of this."

"That could be it," Nazi Assault Trooper stood up. "Maybe we should-"

With a roar of explosions the second artillery field detonated. Both soldiers looked up at the ceiling and the increasing volume of gunfire coming from above. The Nazi Officer turned slightly, but continued running against the crates.

Meanwhile...

"The tank is all that's left between us and the Americans now," Nazi Solider observed. "We should get back to our cover."

The two soldiers crouched down behind the crates. Nazi Soldier suddenly spotted some movement at the far end of the hallway.

"What's that thing moving at the end of the hall?" Nazi Soldier whispered with concern.

Nazi Assault Trooper leaned around the edge of the crates to have a look. He ducked back behind the cover of the crates.

"You just noticed that?" Nazi Assault Trooper asked with a smile. "Those are bandages. Someone left them in the middle of the hallway like that and they're just spinning around and around."

"With all these cabinets and shelves down here? They just left perfectly good bandages hovering in

the air?"

"And spinning," Nazi Assault Trooper added, "Don't forget the spinning. It's weird, I know."

"Maybe we should get them in case we get shot," Nazi Soldier stood up, "I'll bring them back over here."

Meanwhile...

Nazi Soldier walked over to the bandages, but he could not pick them up. Every time he reached down to grab them his fingers simply passed right through.

"What the heck is going on?" Nazi Soldier wondered aloud.

There was a crash above them and the sound of grinding tank treads. The tank's cannon boomed very near to the bunker's entrance and its percussive thump echoed down the hallway.

"Forget about those, get back here," Nazi Assault Trooper checked his SMG.

Nazi Soldier hurried back behind the crates and aimed his rifle down the hallway. The tank fired again and machineguns buzzed.

"You know, there's a radio down a side hallway behind us," Nazi Soldier suggested as he continued to aim down the barrel of his rifle, "I could call for backup."

"You mean that radio with all those papers in front of it?"

"Yeah."

"The one that's glowing yellow and has never been used by anyone?" Nazi Assault Trooper added a sarcastic edge to his voice.

"Uh," Nazi Soldier stammered, "yeah. Yeah, okay. You don't have to get snippy with me."

Suddenly there was a pop followed by a strange wooshing sound. Nazi Soldier cried out that it was the antitank rocket being fired, but the explosive roar of the rocket hitting the tank drowned out his words.

"They'll be coming!" Nazi Assault Trooper shouted over the receding din. "Get ready!"

"This is our chance to stop this cycle of repetition!" Nazi Soldier shouted back. "We have to stop the Americans here and now!"

They heard shouts in a foreign language and then a thump of boots, as if a man had just vaulted down all of the steps descending into the bunker. A man rounded the corner, his eyes filled with fire. To the pair of Nazi soldiers he seemed to be a demon or force of nature. His tattered Army Ranger uniform was holed in two dozen places by bullets. His chest was covered with blood, yet he seemed unimpaired. Fire roared from the barrel of his Thompson and bullets tore into the crates the Nazi soldiers were using as cover.

Bunker

"Together!" Nazi Assault Trooper screamed over the deafening rip of the Ranger's SMG. "When he reloads!"

Nazi Soldier nodded and they both waited for a pause in the wild firing. Seconds later the shooting stopped and they heard the click of the Ranger fumbling for a new magazine. When they popped up

over the crates, however, they heard instead the distinctive ping of a grenade hitting the floor near to their feet.

"GRANATE!" Nazi Officer screamed.

Nazi Officer was freed from his journey into the crates and he leapt forward, scooping up the grenade and throwing it back at the American. The Ranger dodged away from the explosion and fired with his Thompson, tearing Nazi Officer to pieces.

Inspired by Nazi Officer's sudden burst of heroism, Nazi Soldier and Nazi Assault Trooper began firing at the American. The Ranger charged at them, heedless of danger. Their bullets slashed into his chest, but the maniac kept coming, straight at them. The Ranger squeezed off a burst with his SMG, sending Nazi Assault Trooper tumbling backwards in a spray of blood.

"No!" Nazi Soldier screamed.

The American was right on top of him. Nazi Soldier fired from his rifle, striking the American in his already-perforated chest. The American staggered back. With a howl of desperation and rage, Nazi Soldier struck the Ranger with the butt of his rifle. To his surprise the American grunted and fell onto his back.

"We did it!" Nazi Soldier cried.

Nazi Assault Trooper groaned, badly injured, and struggled to sit up.

"We stopped the American!" Nazi Soldier cheered. "The cycle is-"

"The quickest way of ending a war is to lose it."
- George Orwell

Bunker

"Were you saying something to me just now?" The man with the SMG asked the man with the rifle.

"I...uh," the man with the rifle felt unsure. "No, I was just, uh, asking what your name was."

The bunker shuddered from the impact of a distant explosion and loose dirt hissed down from the timbers overhead. The soldiers inside the bunker were used to the whistle-thump of the artillery. Shells landed nearby every 14 seconds. Precisely.

"Nazi Assault Trooper," the man replied as the bombardment died down, "and I would guess that makes you Nazi Soldier."

"Yeah," Nazi Soldier laughed. "Man, serious case of Deja Vu just now."

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.28 The Secret Road to Money Heaven

Tuesday, Aug 29, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

Becoming a homeowner or a business owner may be one of the most daunting things you ever find yourself faced with. There's paperwork to fill out and stuff you need to know and people wearing ties you have to impress, but most importantly, there's money involved. Lots and lots of money. More money than you'll ever have, and it's all swirling around you in the form of three-dimensional dollar signs that whip around your body just outside your grasp like a tornado made of punctuation. I don't know if that last part actually happens because I saw it on a commercial, but the fact remains that money is out there and you're going to need more of it.

"How am I supposed to get some of that money?" you could be asking. "I can't just reach out and grab a tornado, it's made of clouds and pieces of broken barns." You don't have to grab a tornado to get rich! What you have to do is simple: Make your property work for you. The easiest way to do this, of course, is to **open your own summer camp**. "But dumbass, summer is almost over!" Fair enough, but don't forget that A) you own a building and B) buildings are indoors. You can run a camp all year long if you want. Neither the harsh rays of the summer sun nor the paralyzingly cold shock of icicles stabbing down on your shoulders and face are a threat to you anymore, because as a property owner you have defeated the elements. Certainly, someone with such power over nature can afford to at least try to run a summer camp, unless you're some kind of pussy.

Your property or business doesn't even have to have any nature in it to succeed as a summer camp, so forget ordering a canoe and learning campfire songs. Improvise! Make it into a theme camp, tell people it's fun, and then prosper. They've been doing it that way for years. Ever hear of math camp? Me too. I've never been to one, but from the name I'm guessing it's like a classroom with beds instead of desks. Nature isn't anywhere near it. They also have computer camps and even video game creation camps. Don't even try to tell me that Levelord is taking campers out on 6-mile hikes, that shit is just not happening. Proof positive that you do not need nature.

By now you probably have some idea of the kind of camp you're going to run, and that's great, but the money will never come unless you can sell it to people. You've got to make it sound fun and exciting and it has to be the best thing to happen to summer camp since that episode where Donkeylips took his shirt off. There are only about 80,000 summer camp databases on the Internet, so you should probably get started. With a little bit of luck and a little business in your blood, maybe someday you will join the ranks of the improvised summer camp elite:

Camp SPOOKY *"Happy Halloween... forever!"*

Description: Boo! It's Fright Night 365 days of the year at Camp SPOOKY! Established in 2004, ours is a one-of-a-kind camp designed with the fun-loving child in mind. This year, let him or her be whisked away to a land of frightening adventure unlike anything they've ever seen! Campers will enjoy "roughing it" while they stay in our exclusive Spook Room, a former guest bedroom with authentic cobwebs in which the camp owner's aunt passed away four years ago -- an authentic so spooky that most people, including junkies, refuse to rent from us. But that's not all, we added extra spookiness when we removed the Spook Room's lightbulbs and installed a brand new, state-of-the-art TV / VCR combo that plays the classic 1989 film *Beetlejuice* over and over for a truly unique SPOOKsperience! Not scary enough for you? Brand new this year, camp owner Jason's live-in girlfriend may occasionally provide an extra burst of adrenaline when she has one of her terrifying "Monster Mood Swings." Campers will enjoy a view of a lovely new concrete driveway, several hundred feet of Fallbrook Ave., and six different trees. Climate during summer is generally warm, however, three nights a week our sprinklers automatically turn on and one of them sprays the bathroom window a bit, providing a convincing feeling of a rainstorm at that end of the house.

Original attractions and activities: Creepy Creaking Closet Door, Treadmill of Terror, and our most important game, Hide from the Houseguests.

Cost: $320 / week

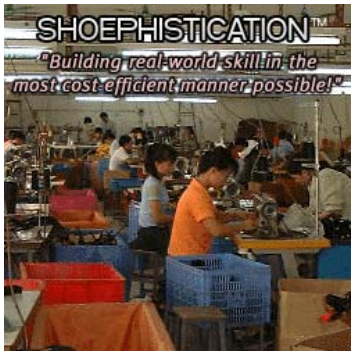
Fork Voyage 2000 *"We lift more than just your spirits!"*

Description: Learn the ins and outs of warehouse operation when you spend your quality time here at Fork Voyage 2000. We provide the warehouse complete with forklifts, you provide the fun! Thousands of square feet of space is just waiting to be explored. We have 8 operational lifts with an extra 3 that can be used for parts should the need arise.

Original attractions and activities: World class training in forklift operation comes standard from Willy, FV2K's trusted friend who lives on site. Willy moved to the Fork Voyage 2000 complex after the last tenant company here went bankrupt and he lost his job with them. That was over seven years ago. He still insists he works here even though we don't pay him, bless his loyal heart. And hey kids, ever think about becoming an engineer? Instead of boring normal bunks like they have at other camps, you'll learn how to design, construct and sleep inside your very own "human rat nest" made out of scraps of foam insulation. Now there's something they won't teach you at ForkQuest **or** LiftCorp's Summer Fork Academy!

New rules for 2006: We regret to announce that campers will no longer be allowed to form factions, and any type of "fork battles" for food, resources, or honor will be strictly prohibited.

Cost: $400 / week



Shoephistication *"Building real-world skill in the most cost-efficient manner possible!"*

Description: Good morning, campers! Have you ever wondered what foreign countries are like? More importantly, have you ever wondered how shoes, purses, and other leather goods are produced? Sign up with Shoephistication to travel the world and learn from the professionals! Our highly trained staff can show you how to work an industrial sewing machine like it's a toy, and you'll be producing your own items on the very first day! Learn all about the spirit of teamwork in the break room / restroom when your floor supervisor explains how friendly competition between production-siblings leads to a sphere of cooperation and caring that surrounds the entire manufacturing facility.

How many wallets do you think you could sew up in a single 16-hour day? 80? 100? Enjoy a thrilling race against time and your new friends and find out who has what it takes to make it in the world of mass production. As an added bonus, anything you *produce willingly during your free time* and is found to be defective, you can keep! Think of it as a souvenir you can actually use!

Cost: $150 / week + Travel

LawKidz LootWatch NEW!

"Peace through the unlikelihood they'd hurt a kid."

Description: Situated just a few short yards from the ocean in lovely southeastern Florida, the LawKidz LootWatch beach house is more like a luxury resort than a camp. Learn necessary crime prevention skills while you have fun! Boarding up windows, staying awake for days at a time, safely wielding a firearm -- All of these abilities will be second nature to you after your LootWatch experience! We're looking for one very special camper to join us as soon as possible. My family and I have already evacuated ahead of the storm, but call us and we will give you detailed directions over the phone to help you reach the LawKidz campground. Once there, we'll tell you where there's a house key buried in the yard and where you can find $80, which should afford you all the supplies you'll need to complete your mission at LootWatch and become and honorary LawKidz CrimeBuster Deputy.

(Sorry, we cannot accept campers under the age of 10.)

Cost: $300 / week

Good luck, brave entrepreneur! You're going to need it to roll with these cats.

-~Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

8.29 My Inbox: Behind the Scenes

Wednesday, Aug 30, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

When people learn that I am not just a meek and pathetic excuse for a human being and actually an internationally renowned Internet writer, they often ask me about the fan mail I get. This creates problems because I generally do not get fan mail. I get a couple letters of feedback from each update and that's all well and swell, but nothing monumental. I tend not to write monumental things, so it's understandable. I don't really even get that much hate mail, which is usually a million times more rewarding than fan mail and makes me long to type out paragraph after paragraph wishing death and suffering upon the entire furry and juggalo subcultures. I'm not going to do that now, but rest assured I do in fact wish death and suffering upon them.

The fact is I don't understand most of my e-mail. A lot of times I get condemned for things I've probably never even written about, like this recent e-mail decrying an attack on cowboys that I apparently wrote at some point in history.

> *Josh,*
>
> Now that was the sorriest attempt at looking for attention I have ever read. I know that some people do this type of article to see how angry they can make others.
>
> Well it did not work it only showed you lack of understanding about cowboys and country life. If you would like to air these comments in public in ranch country you will undoubtedly find the first real cowboy will invite you behind the barn and help you understand about good manners. You may not know about that but you would learn a little respect for others.
>
> Bigoted liberals try to make everything dirty and cheap. Maybe a better education would bring your thinking to an adult level but we doubt it.
>
> You might consider joining us at the worlds largest gathering of cowboy entertainers in Lubbock, Texas in September.
>
> I am sure I can put you in front of a large crowd and let you repeat this article in front of fans and cowboys and let you repeat these comments you wrote about the cowboy poets society.
>
> Are you interested in the invite or are you like a little barking puppy behind the fence?
>
> Rudy

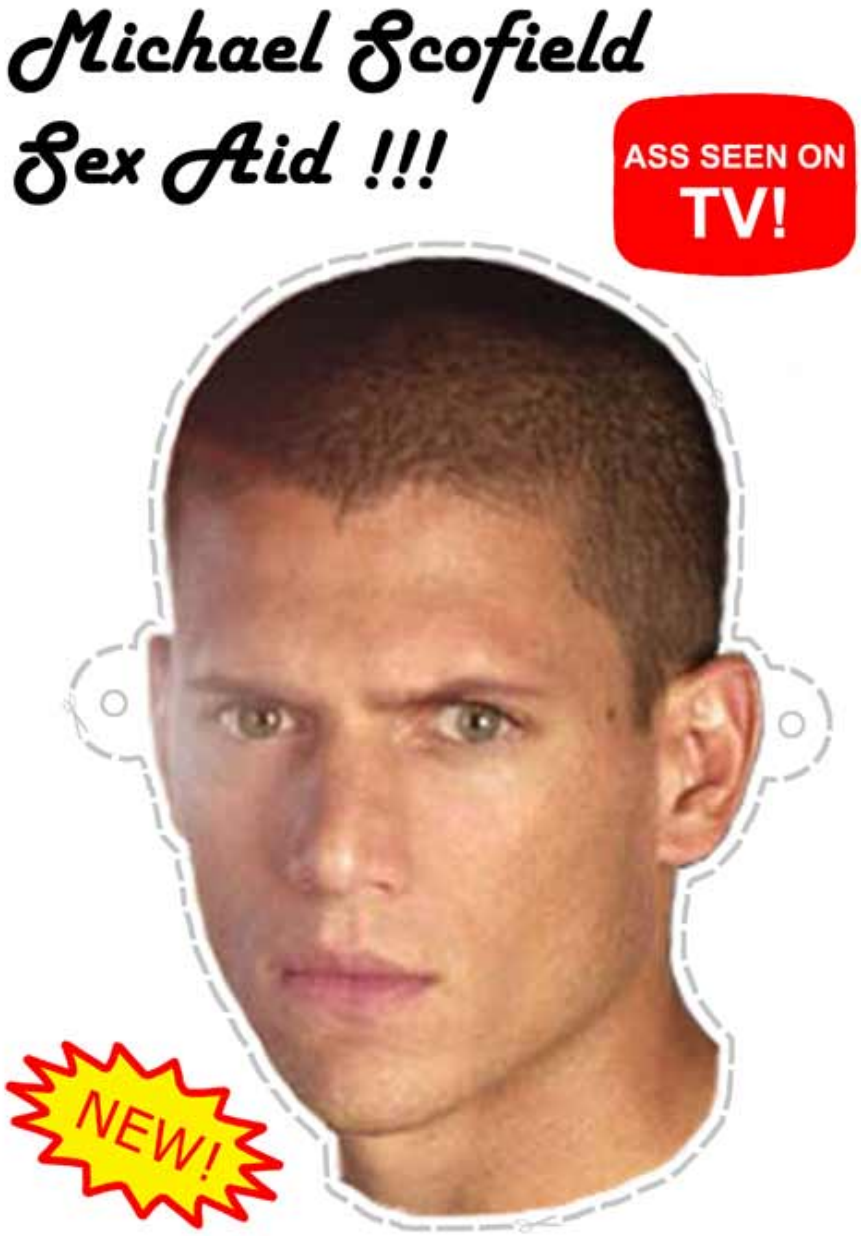
I honestly do not remember writing negatively about cowboy poets, but if I did then it was totally worth it. Furthermore, I'd just like to add that I wish death and suffering upon all cowboy poets. I can't wait to get beat up behind the barn by a well-mannered cowboy like the cheap and dirty liberal I am. That I pissed off a man who believes a better education is useless delights me to no discernable end and makes this job worthwhile.

The e-mails that boggle me the most – and also make me hate the mere notion of living and long for the sweet embrace of Thanatos – are the ones where people attach images they want me to post online. Sometimes these images take the form of Photoshop Phriday submissions and other times they are pictures of somebody's friends, with an accompanying demand that I do something evil. Still other times they just don't make the slightest bit of sense. Perhaps we will take a look at some of these images right now, yes? Yes, yes we will.

This first image came to me under the subject "Fruits and vegetables."

I thank the author from the bottom of my heart and wish nothing but death and suffering upon him and his loved ones. While the e-mail definitely delivered, it delivered nothing short of a deathblow to my faith in the electronic mail medium. To add insult to injury, I'm going to go ahead and stop eating fruits and vegetables now too and gradually succumb to fatal vitamin deficiencies. Please send your condolences (and goondolences) to me via postal mail.

This next image came 2480x3508 pixels and was roughly 4 times the size of my monitor. I have shrunk it down for display here, which completely destroys the value since there's nothing better than a bad image that takes a NORAD command center array of monitors to view at full, gargantuan size.



I was unable to be aided by this image sexually because I had to spend all my time scrolling around to figure out what it was, and by then my sexual drive simply puttered out like a wind-up toy after so long. Now that I've shrunken it down to match the small size of my genitals I am simply not aroused. The mystery is gone. Also I'm not entirely sure that wrapping your face in a cutout of some bad TV actor's blank stare is going to charm any ladies. If anything it will remind them of betrayal, and make them long to smash a miniature version of the Taj Mahal just like Stacy Keach did in that awful, awful show.

A reader named Chris sent me a couple images and asked some pointers. Chris, I don't have that

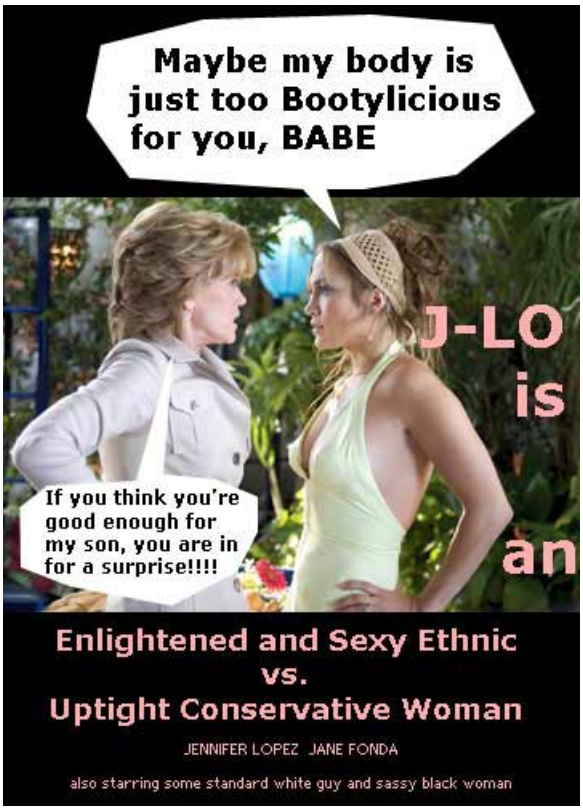
many, but I'll try!

First, add some niggers. Don't tell us about the niggers – *show* them to us. Second, it would be really awesome if you could somehow work in Hitler and maybe a fart joke or two. Dare I say three? Great work all around. You show a tremendous amount of promise. You could easily get hired fulltime to work at Something Awful as an illustrator or maybe the guy that does the Flash Tub? I don't know, we'll figure it out.

This other image from Chris is so good I can't tell what's photoshopped. I'm going to assume he made those weights bigger than they actually were? I don't know, Chris, you've got me fooled. That's the mark of a good artist.

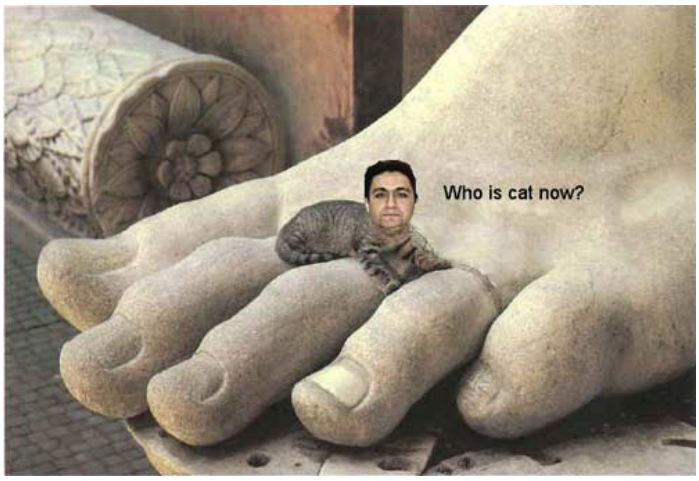
Okay, okay, that was a lie. Chris took a disturbing picture of Carrot Top (who traded his props for steroids and weights) and pasted some ugly face on top of it. Yes, he pasted an ugly face on top of Carrot Top's ugly face. What does this accomplish? Hell if I know, but one thing is for certain: people who e-mail me have no idea how to cut and paste. Those edges are jagged enough to decapitate a rhino, which has been something of a childhood dream of mine.

Some skirt named Marcy sent me this, mentioned she made it two weeks prior, and then ended the e-mail with a frown emoticon.


Maybe my body is just too Bootylicious for you, BABE
If you think you're good enough for my son, you are in for a surprise!!!!
J-LO is an
Enlightened and Sexy Ethnic
vs.
Uptight Conservative Woman
JENNIFER LOPEZ JANE FONDA
also starring some standard white guy and sassy black woman

She could have saved me a lot of time and a world of hurt by simply e-mailing me the frown emoticon and nothing else. It would save me the trouble of looking in a mirror at least. This amazing picture does an amazing job deconstructing clichés and character archetypes from some amazing movie I did not see. I say amazing because I am tired of writing the word "shitty." It sure looks a lot like a movie poster, what with the razor sharp word balloons and the text rambling about the image and coming dangerously close to leaving its borders. But I guess I can understand. The image is so bad the text is trying to escape.

We've seen some bad images, but let me tell you I get some good pictures as well. Perhaps the finest is thus, sent under the subject of "Photoshop."



Please submit me for photoshope

Thanks you!

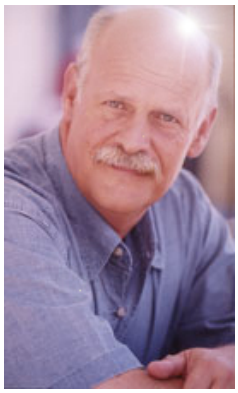
I am far too happy to oblige, albeit a year or so late. Easily the picture of the century, and a fitting time to end this depressing update.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.30 Intervention Superstars: Jeff VanVonderen

Thursday, Aug 31, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Jeff VanVonderen is a mountain made of brick, mustache, and meat. Jeff VanVonderen emerged from the earth of the Norse Highlands just before time began so he could say he was here *first*. Each mustache fiber on Jeff VanVonderen's face has lived and loved through more adventure than all lost civilizations *combined*. Jeff VanVonderen is a more effective Dr. Phil, and not just because Jeff VanVonderen does not have "Southern Occupancy Syndrome." And most importantly, Jeff VanVonderen is too amazing to be the subject of Chuck Norris-style joke setups.



Behold the power of ten Minnesota governors.

If you've never watched A&E's Intervention, then you probably don't know who Jeff VanVonderen is. Gone are the days when A&E was known as the official Father Dowling Mysteries superstation; now the network actually provides captivating programming with significantly less Peter Graves. Intervention(don't check local listings because it's on cable you nitwit) is one of these post-Dowling era shows, with Jeff VanVonderen starring as an interventionist with nothing left to lose, three hours until retirement, and possibly seconds left to live. There's nothing greater than watching the spiral of an addict's life as it barrels down Desperation Railway into the old abandoned Danger Factory just off of Route 11. And once these people hit bottom, it's Jeff's job to wrangle their pathetic, enabling families and herd their little "black sheep" into treatment.

What follows are Jeff's greatest hits; from reading this you may understand why the American Board of Interventionists awarded him "Best Lawn" from 1996 to 1998.

Addict: Steve Dorfmeuller
Addiction: Japanese Dating Sims
Intervention Time: 14 Minutes

Contrary to popular belief, interventions aren't just for drug users. A&E's Intervention has featured subjects with addictions such as choclaholism, carbon monoxide frenzy (AKA "faulty furnace syndrome"), and chronic mp3 taggers. So when the Dorfmeullers needed help, there was absolutely no reason for Jeff to ignore the VanVonderen Signal™ - which is why he didn't. Setting up the intervention in the typical Budget Lodge "crab-free guarantee" suite, Jeff used all of his cunning to lure Steve into the room. So Steve wouldn't be dissuaded by the various industrial cables for the cameras and lighting running underneath the door, Jeff told the producers to inform Steve that the room would contain a robot girlfriend from the future that could transform into a little crippled girl and possibly a dog like in those damn animes. Taking the bait, Steve entered the room only to be overcome by the powerful mustached shadow master known as Jeff VanVonderen.

Traditionally, most interventions involve weepy friends and family members explaining how the addict's addiction has cost them their lives and countless gas money. But as soon as Steve entered the room, Jeff raised his thick, earth-worn fist and silenced Steve's associates. Then the stare-down began. Overcome with fear from the hairy white awning hanging over Jeff's upper lip, Steve collapsed to the ground as various fluids began to leak from his body. As Jeff fixed his glare on Steve, the

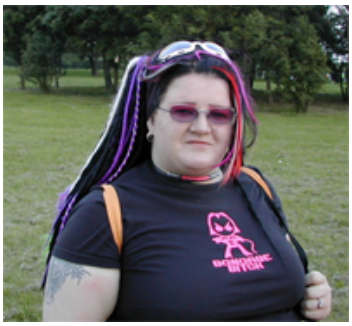
amount of escaped fluids slowly increased until they met VanVonderen's personal standards. Jeff lowered his fist, and a team of junkie wranglers bound and gagged Steve and left his mess for the manager/jantior/groundskeeper at Budget Lodge. Intervention complete.

Addict: Chip Matterhorn
Addiction: Techno Music
Intervention Time: 43 Minutes

Sure, it's cute to try and remember what Moby was famous for - aside from being a more compact version of Michael Stipe - and yes, someone singing "What is Love?" at karaoke night is worth a tiny grin and a small amount of salty bile rising in the back of the throat. But when someone carries techno out of the realm of novelty and into everyday life, it's time to "throw down the Vonderen," as they say in Jeff's home country. Chip Matterhorn reached a personal low when his friends discovered him humming a song from Dance Dance Revolution *in public*; they did the only natural thing and beat him savagely with no remorse. After the brutal pounding, Chip was brought to the emergency room at a nearby hospital where he discovered not a helpful doctor, but the unforgiving face of Jeff VanVonderen.

Now, Jeff VanVonderen has two trademark lines meant to speed the intervention up and quiet junkie dissent. And so he whipped out his, "They're gonna say what they're gonna say, you're gonna say what you're gonna say, and then we can all get out of here," while a critically injured Chip Matterhorn listened on as sobbing friends talked about horrible mix CDs he made them listen to. During all of this, a shirtless VanVonderen played the Mortal Kombat soundtrack and flexed his shoulder muscles in rhythm to the pounding beats and "FINISH HIM" voice samples. Although he agreed to treatment, tragically, Chip Matterhorn died of a brain hemorrhage; Sweaty Pines Rehab Center did not have the skills to cure Chip's massive beating-induced head trauma.

Also, it turned out that Chip was a fan of *house* music. But who cares, really?



Addict: Debbie "Jib-Jab" Scallops
Addiction: Hot Topic
Intervention Time: 95 Minutes

Debbie "Jib-Jab" Scallops was the night manager of a branch of a successful hot dog franchise when she discovered she could be different! Unique! And wear "edgy" black T-Shirts with white text on them which states just how different the t-shirt wearer is from those who choose to wear different T-Shirts! Her "I see dumb people" shirt offended a hot dog patron so much that Debbie was demoted to "assistant backup night manager" and eventually "second string mop bucket." Stinking of rancid water, Debbie threatened her only friend – patient landlord Mohammad Qassemzadeh – with the prospect of constant Invader Zim marathons under a newly purchased Napoleon Dynamite throw blanket until Mohammed could take no more. He did what any sane immigrant would do: climb the nearest mountain, and blow a foghorn six times, as is standard operations for summoning Jeff VanVonderen.

Jeff swooped out of the night sky on one of his many personalized hang gliders, and together he and

Mr. Qassmzadeh conspired to trap Debbie Scallops in the break room of The Meat Tubery, where Debbie could be found on most work days scraping the underside of her toenails with a spatula. But it was here that Jeff VanVonderen's plan could have fallen apart. Debbie had no friends, and her landlord was not fluid enough in English or compassion to inform her of her problems! So Jeff had to resort to his old Delta Force tactics; when Debbie entered the room, he placed his immense, craggy hands around her throat while pushing her into the drywall over and over and repeating, "STOP IT. STOP IT. STOP IT."

Now, this would have killed an ordinary woman, which is why Debbie died. But being the resourceful thinker that he is, Jeff quickly changed into a time mage, spent enough Job Points (JP) to learn the "BackTime" skill, and then changed into an Interventionist once again. Revisiting the situation, Jeff applied less pressure, and an unconscious Debbie was carted away to the proper deprogramming facilities. Was it magic, or simply VanVonderen? Sometimes, these two words are synonymous.

Addict: Skip Stetson
Addiction: Everything
Intervention Time: 433 Minutes

Skip Stetson was a normal 11 year-old - normal that is, until playing one too many T-rated video games drove him completely over the edge. Yes, society learned too late what a little "fantasy violence" could do, and by the age of 12 Skip had consumed enough paint thinner to make him haggard enough to enter most disreputable bars. His parents did nothing to stop him, and it took Skip's father over half a year to realize the old man he spent every night drinking with was his preteen son. This consequently made their constant joint effort to search for closing time bar poon much creepier, and also incriminating, as Skip clearly had some kind of link to his father's wife. Skip's drug and booze-induced binges continued without protest until he loaded up on PCP and chewed a hole in the side of his dad's prize-winning rowboat. This was the last straw.

Those familiar with A&E's Intervention know that addicts who are "fucked up beyond belief" (using the terminology of the DSM-IV) pose a certain problem. Using normal spoken language to try to convince someone of their wrongdoings is nearly impossible when they've tripped so much they see everything in Melty-Vision and hear everyone's voices as if they were being filtered through one of those vocalizer things where you can make it sound like your electric guitar is talking.

This was one of the few occasions where Jeff allowed an Intervention to take place in the VanVonderen Hall of Mirrors located in VanVonderen Castle in scenic VanVonderania. Skip was locked into this 3000 square foot mystery-maze and forced to wander through it as the floating holographic head of Jeff VanVonderen would intermittently appear and state, "There's a lot of people here who just love you like crazy." (which is the second VanVonderen catchphrase) After hours of wondering, a still-high Skip found the "exit" which, to his surprise, led him to a massive theater-like room where he was then forced to watch hours and hours of Quentin Tarantino speaking. This weakened Skip so much that he agreed to spend 9 months in rehab, and he also pledged complete loyalty to VanVonderania and support of their eventual war against the United States.

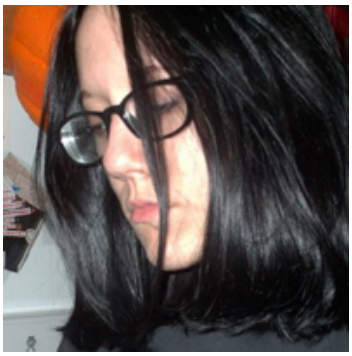
Addict: Dirk Randolin
Addiction: Success Despite Adversity
Intervention Time: Unknown

Born without legs, at the age of eight Dirk Randolin – through sheer determination – simply willed them into existence. Although these legs didn't work and were somehow composed mostly of sawdust, his showing of indomitable spirit was just the first of many actions that pissed off Dirk's friends and family. Money, women, dog ownership; it all came so easily to Dirk. Why was it that his able-bodied friends and family faced problems with bill payment and successful foreplay while Dirk was famous for both of these things? He had to be stopped.

If you're new to the concept of interventions, then at this point I have to explain that they're mainly bitch session for people who have had to clean up after addicts who've shit in their bathtubs, or on their sleeping grandmas. Jeff VanVonderen used this strategy, and assembled 300 of Dirk's closest friends into a nearby auditorium to read their "You have affected my life in the following ways..." laundry lists. To many, this seemed excessive. But only a fool would question a VanVonderen.

Luckily for Jeff, Dirk's aide was easily bribed and the crippled wonder soon found himself under a spotlight on a raised podium. Cleverly placed cinder blocks prevented Dirk's escape as victim after victim of his successful ways told him how they felt sick of Dirk making the most of what he had. As the lists were read, Jeff VanVonderen stood at the back of the stage, feverishly rubbing his hands together for the hours it took for everyone to have a turn. Just as the last person finished and left the stage, Jeff placed his steaming hands on the legs of Dirk. Bolts of blue lightning tore off the roof of the auditorium and flowed from the hands of VanVonderen into Dirk Randolin's lower body. When the smoke cleared and the crowed parted, Dirk was standing and possessed full use of his legs.

Thanks to Jeff VanVonderen, Dirk Randolin is now a completely unremarkable fully-abled and highly successful white male. Some may view this as a cruel fate, but those around Dirk appreciate no longer being upstaged by a gimp.



Addict: Danica VanVonderen
Addiction: Pissing Off Daddy
Intervention Time: N/A

Don't you slam that door on your daddy!!! Young lady you will come out here and eat dinner with your new stepmother and you WILL DO IT NOW!

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Chapter 9

September

9.1 Update Thine Resume

Friday, Sep 01, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Global S

Monday, August 28, 2006

Top Execs Outsourced

THE LORD, our creator, found himself out of a job friday, when Global Petrochem Amalgamated announced a three-tier plan to outsource all celestial employees to India. The Hindu Trimurti will fill interim managerial roles until full-time replacements are decided upon. Brahma will take over the reins as CEO, Vishnu will serve as COO and Shiva will step u serve as CFO.

In a controversial n GPA announced shake-up over messaging.

"The work force redu notification is current progress. Unfortun your position is one has been eliminated."

Address: Everywhere

You can contact me by addressing me in your thoughts or by emailing me at godgoku34@gmail.com, The Lord

Objective

My objective is to draw on my professional experiences and enrich a dynamic and progressive workplace.

Experience

0-6 Days - Cosmic Void - Nothingness
Startup Solutions Manager

- Used limited resources to create a rich multitextural business environment.
- Improved integrated human resources potential by creating a system of internal management capable of governing the sounds issuing from neck parts of humans.
- Took bold steps to overcome inequalities in the workplace by making difficult choices about how many different types of human reproductive organs there should be. Hovered on three, decided on two for efficiency's sake.

- Oversaw large-scale construction projects and the implementation of turnkey solutions in real-world situations.

8 Days-1938 AD - Celestial Empyrean - Heaven
Chief Executive Officer

- During tenure witnessed record employee growth from none to everyone.
- Weathered a major management shakeup that saw a corporate split and the departure of several trusted executives.
- Annual profits exactly equal GDP of all nations combined.
- Excellent employee retirement packages for all levels of workers (some restrictions, although things can generally be worked out at the employee's request).
- Saw excellent growth in North and South America from about 1600 AD to present and managed to beat out several competitors.

1939-1945 - Celestial Retreat - Spiral Arm, Galaxy 435-32
Board Chair

- Managed a six-year executive retreat handling an exclusive client list.
- Reports from COO King of Kings indicate things ran smoothly back at the home office during my absence.
- Humans have jets. Pretty neat stuff!

1946-Present - Celestial Empyrean - Heaven
Chief Executive Officer

- Human exports to moon rise exponentially.
- Oversaw creation of information technology department and subsequent upgrades. Dramatically more efficient than tablet-based data storage.
- Integrated automation initiative streamlines operations and concentrates earning potential in productivity sectors.
- Despite conflicting reports in North American, European and Middle Eastern markets, brand loyalty exceeds centennial expectations.

Education 1993-1995 - ITT Technical Institute - Charlotte, NC

- Associates degree in Computing.
- Received top honors in MS Word and MS Money.
- Designed a computer RPG called "Blood Goblet" with EGA graphics.

Interests Flooding things, meteors, filicide, honey pots, salt pillars, epidemiology.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.2 Product Placement

Saturday, Sep 02, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Dear Apple,

I have always been a fan of your iPod music player thanks to its stylish design and easy to use interface. To be honest those were the only features of the product I had considered noteworthy, so I'm sure you can imagine my surprise when I was shot while listening to the soothing cacophony of the Chipmunks' Christmas Album.

A young man across the street had whistled to get my attention, and I actually heard him over the music on my iPod. Upon turning toward him, he fired a round directly into my center mass. I was stunned. I couldn't believe that I had actually heard him!

Your design team should be commended for creating earbuds that not only reproduce my favorite music in crystal clear quality, but also make it possible to pick up on ambient sounds. Maybe you should advertise this fascinating and downright useful feature.

Make mine Apple!

Sincerely,
Percy Van Pelt

Dear Remington,

As one of your bullets eased its way into my abdomen and ricocheted off the underside of my lowest rib, lodging itself between my 10th and 11th vertebrae, I couldn't help but smile to myself. Only a soft point 44 Remington Magnum round could tear through so much flesh and muscle without shredding my insides in a messily expanding mushroom like those *other* brands.

Although I was instantly paralyzed from the chest down, I could somehow feel the sudden intake of hot air trail the bullet along my perfectly smooth gaping wound with ease and play against my spinal column. It was like art and poetry all rolled into one, then shot into my torso. I shudder to think what the experience would have been like with a soft point round from one of your competitors. Well, I shudder from the armpits up.

Kudos to you for making quality ammunition. From now on I'll recommend that my friends only get shot with your products.

Sincerely,
Percy Van Pelt

Dear Pella Glass,

Collapsing backwards through a large storefront window made of your quality glass was like dropping onto a soft bed after a hard day's work.

The glass didn't buckle or splinter, it shattered fantastically like something out of a Hollywood movie. The shards were superbly large and jagged, and they flew in all sorts of crazy directions. I'm sure it was quite a sight! It's good to know some companies still care about the little details.

One of the larger pieces (roughly the size and shape of a boomerang) managed to impale itself into the back of my left shoulder as I fell, and although the protruding half of that particular piece slammed against the ground as the top held fast against my shoulderblade, it didn't break! Now that's some strong glass. I must have looked ridiculous with one shoulder raised almost a foot above the ground as the rest of my body lay limp and helpless, but I suppose that's the price you pay for fine craftsmanship.

Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,
Percy Van Pelt

Dear Dunkin' Donuts,

I commend you for keeping your coffee fresh and scalding hot.

When I fell through the display window of one of your fine establishments, the commotion caused several vats of your delicious roasted blend (I never realized how large they were!) to wobble towards the edge of the counter above me. There they tipped in an agonizingly slow arc before finally depositing all of their excruciatingly hot contents upon my face and arms, which happened to be the only parts I could still feel after succumbing to a partial paralysis.

I have always enjoyed your coffee, and often marveled at its fine taste and perfect temperature. You obviously take great pains to keep that coffee piping hot, and it's very much appreciated.

Sincerely,
Percy Van Pelt

Dear Dr Martens boots,

Your steel-toed boots are really something else!

When the young man who shot me calmly approached my crumpled and sizzling form and attempted to take my iPod, I instinctively held onto it tightly. The swift kicks to my forehead that followed (I could only count the first three before I went into some sort of seizure) were devastating to my skull but they didn't appear to give my attacker any discomfort. When he stopped kicking and attempted to pry the iPod from my hand once more I was able to read his boots' brand name, which of course

was Dr Martens. At that moment I made a mental note to buy a pair of your boots for myself if I was ever able to walk again.

Apparently my seizure had caused the hand holding the iPod to involuntarily clamp down, as I was soon treated to a fresh round of blows to the face. I could feel a chunk of bone behind my eyebrow snap off, but despite such terrible damage on my end my attacker's toes did not grow sore and his last kick was every bit as enthusiastic as the first.

I meant to ask him how comfortable his boots were as he dragged me into the middle of the street, but all I could manage was a "Blugh blugh blugh?" as blood and what I can only describe as fragments of my nasal passage sputtered from my seared lips. Judging from his smile as he pocketed my mp3 player and jogged to the safety of the sidewalk, I'd say they were pretty darn comfortable.

Sincerely,
Percy Van Pelt

Dear AC Delco,

After six blocks and one detour through a parking lot littered with speedbumps, the driver of the car I was pinned beneath realized he was dragging something. Upon applying his AC Delco brakes his car immediately stopped, launching me on a fifty yard slide across a "T" intersection where I tumbled over a curb and effortlessly continued under the chain link fence surrounding the town's lemon juice reservoir pool, which I of course fell into. Sometimes I wonder why our town even built that place when we don't have a water reservoir, but that's beside the point.

I was very impressed by the stopping power of your brakes. Any other brake would have produced a less sudden stop that would have sent me skimming across the asphalt at half the speed and distance, but you're not any other brake company. You're the best.

It's good to know someone's out there thinking of our safety. If I am ever able to regrow enough skin to sit in my car and hold the steering wheel without emitting enough puss to instantly dehydrate my entire body, I won't go anywhere without your brakes.

Sincerely,
Percy Van Pelt

Dear Aflack Health Insurance,

Oh, you lousy fucks.

Sincerely,
Percy Van Pelt

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.3 The Bargain Book Bin: I Rewrite The Classics

Sunday, Sep 03, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

It's alright. I'm paid to think like this.

I am, you will not be surprised to discover, the best writer that has ever lived. Unlike my colleague, "Doctor" David Thorpe, who criticizes music but, as many a cogent and insightful email has pointed out, is unable to actually play an instrument (I have no proof of this but it can be safely deduced from his dislike of bands such as The Mars Volta and System of a Down), I am not afraid to put my money where my mouth is, for instance creating sentences that are almost a paragraph long and have a tremendous amount of commas.

Writing about faults in a book is like singing about a bad song or painting a picture called "Mona Lisa Sucks." You simply have no choice but be judged by the standards of the very medium you are critiquing, and yet I relish every chance to show that I am equal to the task.

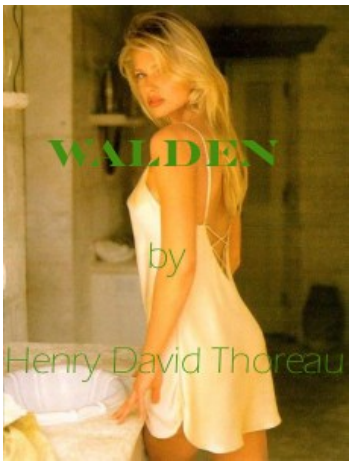
Here's the rub: (This is a phrase I borrowed from another writer of similar skills.) Every single book ever written would have been better had I written it. This might seem like a sudden change of subject but that is simply because you can't follow my higher level of reasoning. Besides, I'm not just going to say something like that. Oh no, I'm going to *prove* it to you. I'm going to make the classics of literature *better* before your very eyes. It's like a magic trick, only with less magic and more words.

Let's get started.

Title:

The famous saying goes "Don't judge a book by its cover" but let's be honest here. Are you more likely to buy a book called "Walden" or "She Softly Moans and Bites Her Bottom Lip"?

Take these improvements, for example:



A new paradigm in literature...

- **Original Title:** Steal This Book

  Problem With This Title: There is a chance someone might take it seriously and you would lose out on a valuable sale!

  Better Title: Please Do Not Steal This Book Instead You Should Purchase It Legally

- **Original Title:** For Whom The Bell Tolls

  Problem With This Title: Possible confusion as this is a book and not a famous metal song.

  Better Title: For Whom The Bell Tolls (This Is Not A Metallica Song But Rather A Book)

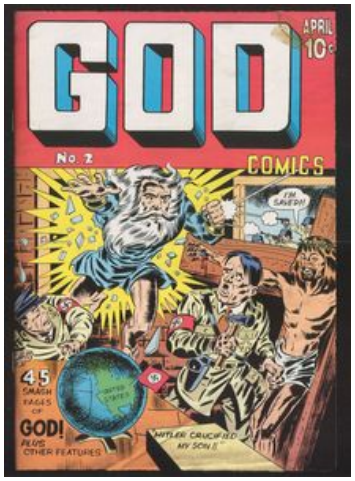
- **Original Title:** Walden

  Problem With This Title: It's Walden

  Better Title: She Softly Moans and Bites Her Bottom Lip

The Opening

Good, we've hooked them with a killer title, but here's where a lot of classics drop the ball. Yeah, there may be something very profound in chapter 5, but I'm never going to get there if I have to slog through fifty pages of someone's family history that never gets referenced again.



KERBLAM

Boom. Examples:

- **Crime and Punishment**

  Old Opening: "At the beginning of July, during an extremely hot spell, towards evening, a young man left the closet he rented from tenants in S_____Y Lane, walked out to the street, and slowly, as if indecisively, headed for K_____n Bridge."

  Problems With This Opening: Uhhh, for one thing, Russia is not hot, it is cold. Everyone knows that. It's always snowing in Russia, which is why they got so desperate and made communism and then got jealous of the rest of the world's not cold weather so they threatened us with communism like an ideological gun pressed against our forehead (This simile would be another example of why I am the best writer ever.)

  Also, I don't see any characters I can immediately connect with. Who is this young man and why should I care about him? It would be better if there was someone I could immediately recognize and have a bond with.

  New Improved Opening: "Jack Bauer stood over the desk, which was as cold and barren as a Russian tundra. There was a glacier outside.

  'Where's the body?' he shouted pensively, and turned to the window, sighing. 'Goddamnit, we don't have much time here,' he added, musing on the responsibility of men to live out their destiny and then ordering the opening of an unauthorized sat feed."

- **A Tale of Two Cities**

  Old Opening: "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way."

  Problems With This Opening: 2 MANY WORDS

  New Improved Opening: "It was a time of iconicly opposing concepts arranged in a list."

- **The Bible**

Old Opening: "In the beginning, God created the Heavens and the Earth."

Problems With This Opening: Boring narrative, not enough action.

New Improved Opening: "God explodes."

- **Lolita:**

  Old opening: "Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul. Lo-lee-ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta."

  Problems With This Opening: Too literary and poetic. Gives the impression that this book is anything but filthy pornography about little girls.

  New Improved Opening: "They have sex on pages 114, 149, 204, 253, and 267."

Plots:

We've gotten past the hard part now, and we only have the other 347 pages to worry about. This is the part in a book where the author has to come up with something called the *plot*. Unfortunately, many writers simply choose the *wrong* plot. Allow me to correct them:

I am extremely serious about this.

- **East of Eden**

  Old Plot: Several generations of two families in the Salinas Valley helplessly reenact the story of Cain and Abel against a backdrop of change, war, and love.

  Better Plot: Several generations of two families in the Salinas Valley helplessly reenact the story of Die Hard against a backdrop of change, buildings, and terrorists in buildings.

- **Lord of the Rings**

  Old Plot: A group of heroes works seperately to unmake a ring of ultimate power and defeat its evil maker.

  Better Plot: A samurai sword wielding pizza delivery man teams up with a young stakeboarding chick to stop a madman from using the internet to spread an ancient Babylonian spell that turns everyone into Pentecostals.

- **Finnegans wake**

  Old Plot: ?????

  Better Plot: Having a plot.

As for endings, keep them short and to the point. Like so.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

9.4 My Book is Sale!

Monday, Sep 04, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

No cyborgs, but there is a Holocaust somewhere nearby.

I wrote my first novel in the sixth grade. It was terrible, completely stream-of-consciousness, horse droppings about cyborgs and fusion bombs and the end of the world. I remember writing it with my fingers down at the very tip of a pencil, just behind the lead, until my hand cramped up. I dumped out 100,000 meaningless words that no one would ever read before giving up at around page 300. It was a mania that left me only briefly. I would attempt the same feat again and again over the next decade.

The urge to write the Great American Cyborg Holocaust Novel was finally suppressed by a demanding schedule as a comedy writer. It was a self-imposed schedule at first as I labored away on my own site, geistmag.com. It was a dark comedy site parodying the news and pop-culture. That site proved to be a modest success, but it was not until I was asked to write for Something Awful way back in 2001 that I truly had an audience.

Since then I have written about a thousand articles for Something Awful. Most of them are okay, some of them are rotten and there are maybe 100 or 150 that gave me some fleeting sense of pride. I'm probably not the funniest or best writer here, but I pride myself on being reliable and hard-working. I'll get my fingers down to the very tip of that pencil and churn out another 100,000 meaningless words, if that's what it takes.

Imagine my surprise, then, when Kensington Publishing approached me in early 2005 with the idea of writing a book. I fought my temptation to write yet another failed cyborg apocalypse novel and I suggested that I could put together a book based on one of the more popular series of articles I had written. That series of articles began with one titled "My Tank is Fight" and each article was devoted to detailing three strange inventions of the Second World War. Incredibly, Kensington was willing to give that concept a shot.

It has been a year since that project began and I am excited to announce that my book is now available for pre-order.

> **My Tank is Fight! Now Available for Pre-order!**
>
> http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/0806527587/104-6804011-8993544?n=283155
>
> I am pleased, and a bit nervous, to announce that My Tank is Fight! is now available for pre-order from Amazon.com. Who the hell pre-orders a book? You, hopefully! Every pre-ordered copy of My Tank is Fight! boosts our sales stats through Amazon and will increase the exposure the book receives. I'm not expecting a number one seller from this book, but I'd sure like to beat out "A Grandmother's Guide to Fonts and Borders".
>
> http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/0806527587/104-6804011-8993544?n=283155
>
> My Tank is Fight! is a humorous pulp-history look at more than 20 unusual or insane inventions of the Second World War. Each chapter features a detailed examination of the real history and technology behind each invention and all 19 chapters are linked by fictional narratives. The book is also lavishly illustrated, with 18 full-color illustrations by Josh Hass, and more than two dozen detailed black and white illustrations by Mike Doscher. My Tank is Fight! is not a dry analysis of the forgotten weapons of war, it brings those weapons to life.

My Tank is Fight! will be released on October 3rd and is available for preorder through Amazon.com. Amazon ships internationally so you foreigners should have no problem ordering a copy.

http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/0806527587/104-6804011-8993544?n=283155

Please show your support and order the ultimate bathroom book for war junkies. My Tank is Fight! is also a great gift for:

- People who like tanks
- People who like airplanes
- People who like Hitler
- No, not that sort of people who like Hitler
- Single moms
- Single dads
- Single Hitlers

Remember, pre-order your 20 copies today! Now I'm going to stick that link in here a few more times because I don't think I have included it enough:

http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/0806527587/104-6804011-8993544?n=283155

http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/0806527587/104-6804011-8993544?n=283155

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http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/0806527587/104-6804011-8993544?n=283155

Thank you for supporting me, Something Awful, and my book! Get the word out!

International Links:

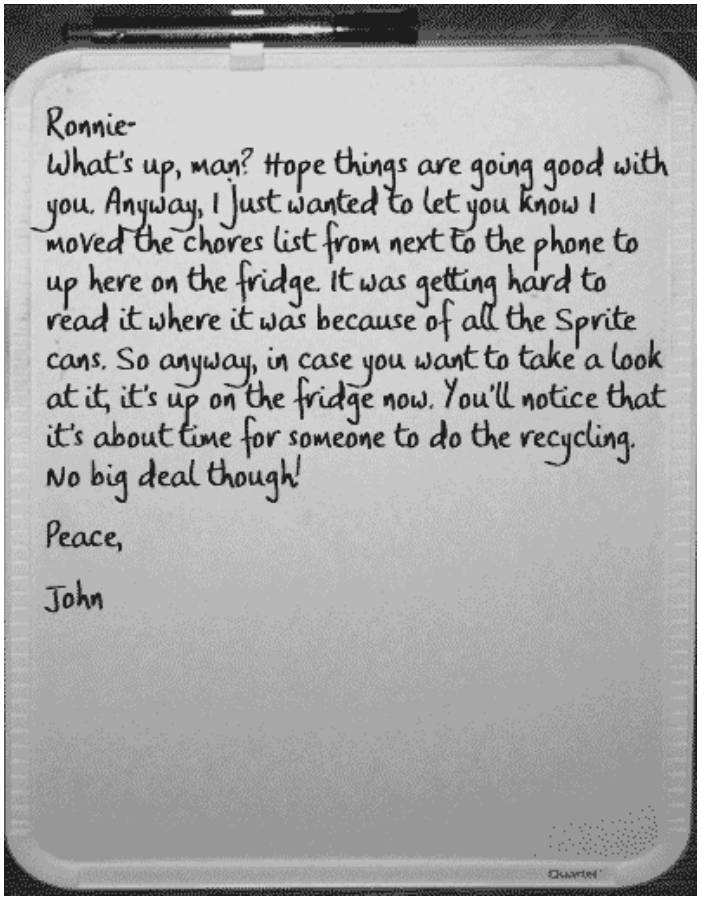
Germany
UK
France
Canada
Japan

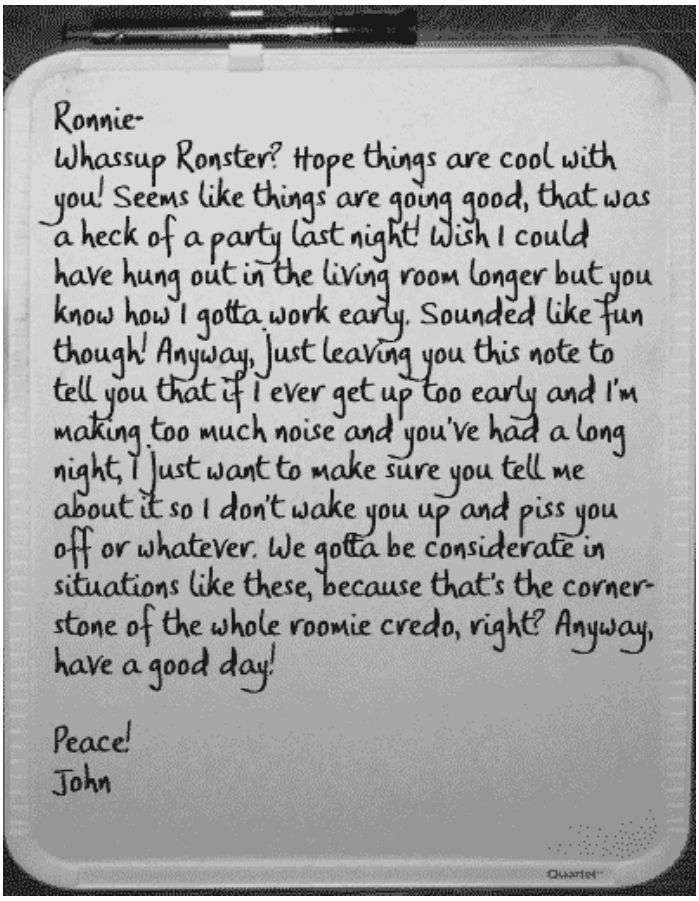
If you have enjoyed much of anything I've written over the past five years, please do me a favor and pre-order a copy of my book. It's not very expensive, I think you'll probably enjoy it and good pre-release sales might just mean that you'll one day see that cyborg Armageddon novel I've been threatening all of these years.

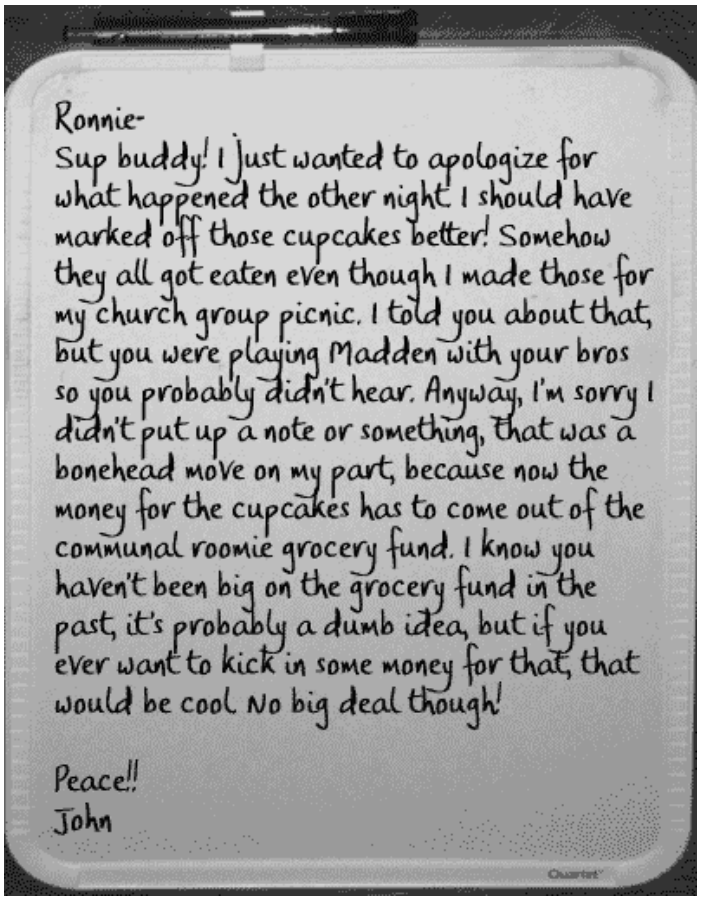
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

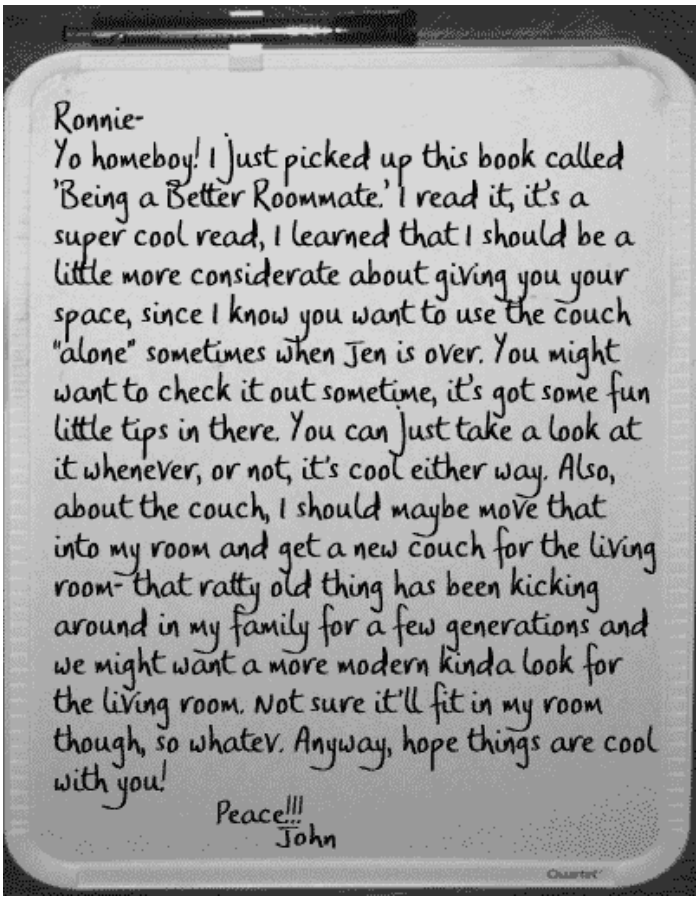
9.5 Being a Better Roommate

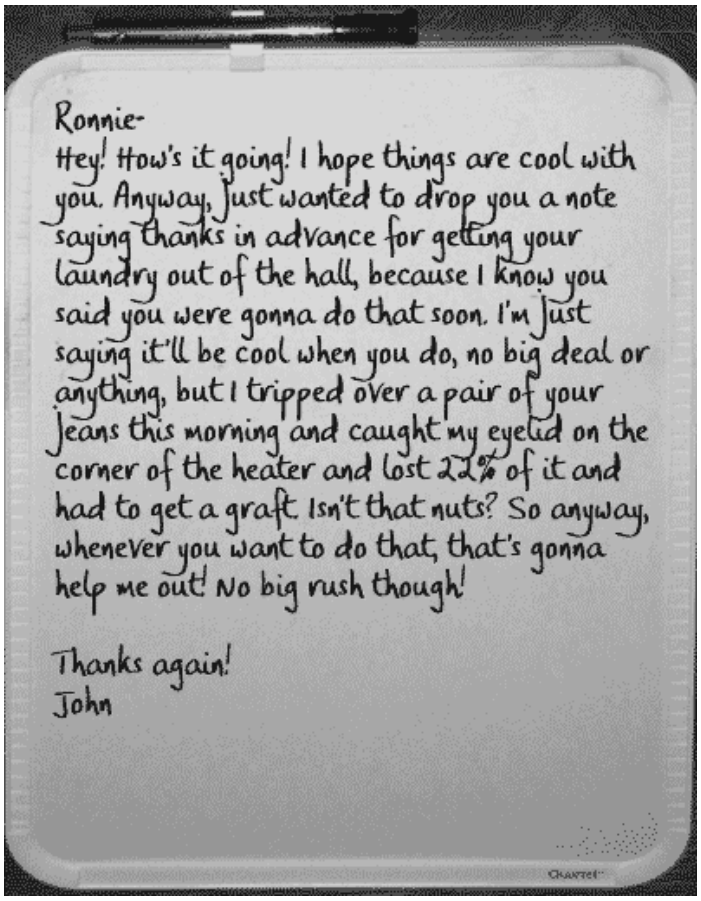
Tuesday, Sep 05, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

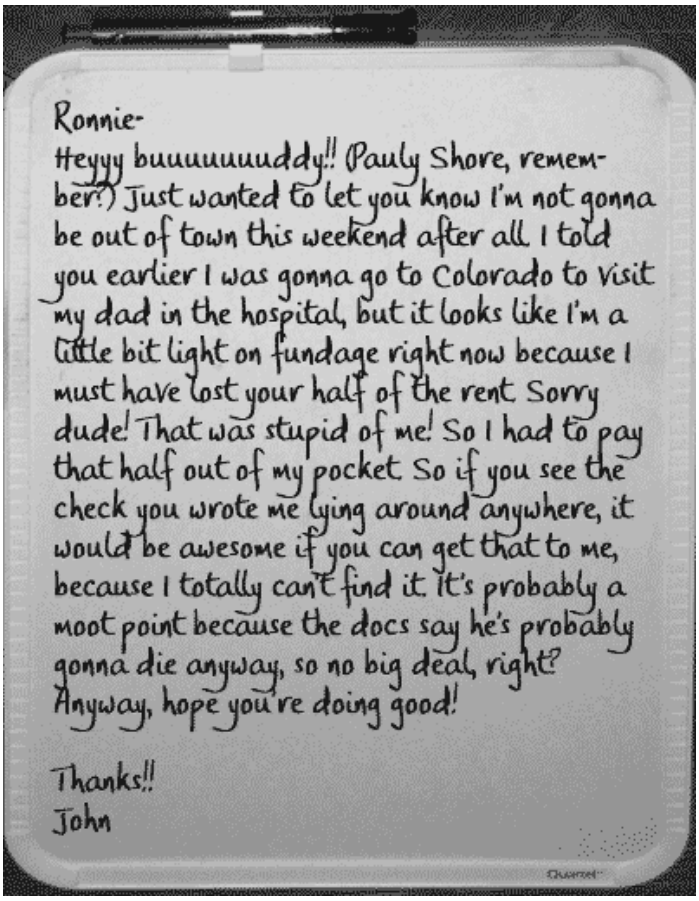

Ronnie-
What's up, man? Hope things are going good with you. Anyway, I just wanted to let you know I moved the chores list from next to the phone to up here on the fridge. It was getting hard to read it where it was because of all the Sprite cans. So anyway, in case you want to take a look at it, it's up on the fridge now. You'll notice that it's about time for someone to do the recycling. No big deal though!
Peace,
John

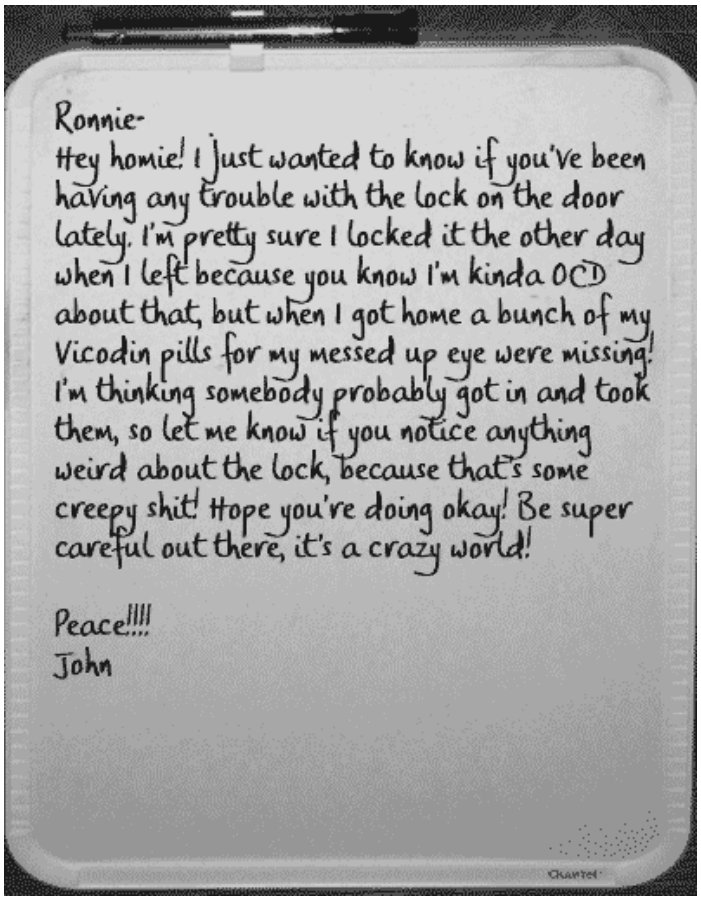

Ronnie-
Whassup Ronster? Hope things are cool with you! Seems like things are going good, that was a heck of a party last night! Wish I could have hung out in the living room longer but you know how I gotta work early. Sounded like fun though! Anyway, just leaving you this note to tell you that if I ever get up too early and I'm making too much noise and you've had a long night, I just want to make sure you tell me about it so I don't wake you up and piss you off or whatever. We gotta be considerate in situations like these, because that's the cornerstone of the whole roomie credo, right? Anyway, have a good day!
Peace!
John

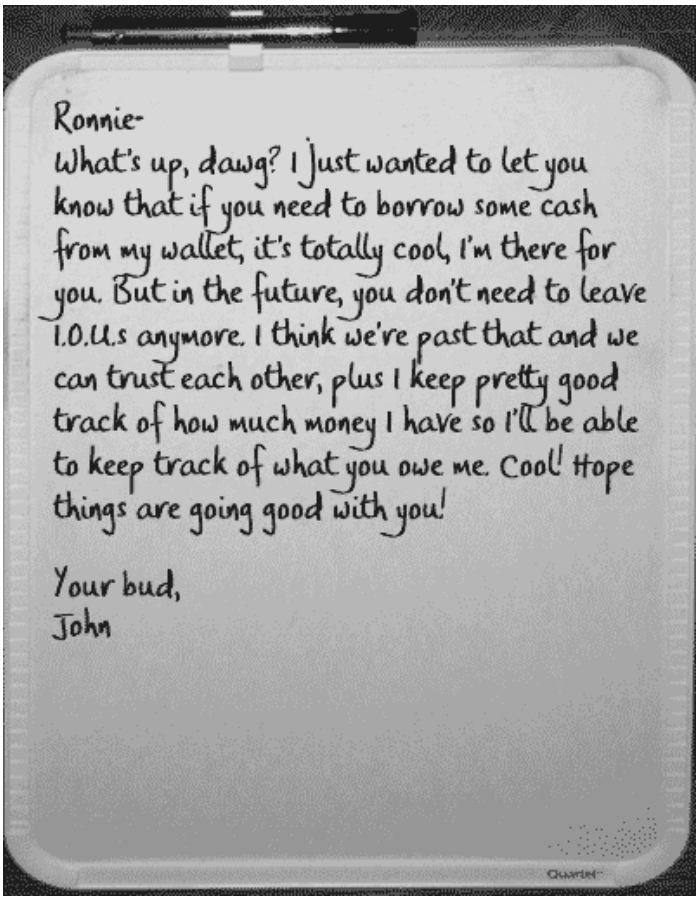

Ronnie-
Sup buddy! I just wanted to apologize for what happened the other night. I should have marked off those cupcakes better! Somehow they all got eaten even though I made those for my church group picnic. I told you about that, but you were playing Madden with your bros so you probably didn't hear. Anyway, I'm sorry I didn't put up a note or something, that was a bonehead move on my part, because now the money for the cupcakes has to come out of the communal roomie grocery fund. I know you haven't been big on the grocery fund in the past, it's probably a dumb idea, but if you ever want to kick in some money for that, that would be cool. No big deal though!
Peace!!
John

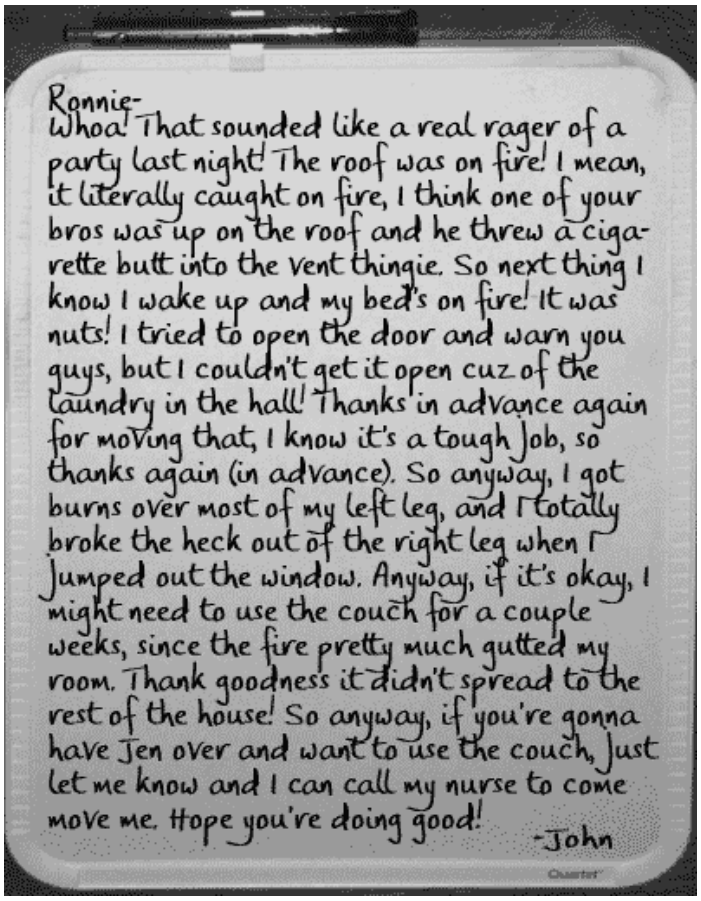

Ronnie-
Yo homeboy! I just picked up this book called 'Being a Better Roommate.' I read it, it's a super cool read, I learned that I should be a little more considerate about giving you your space, since I know you want to use the couch "alone" sometimes when Jen is over. You might want to check it out sometime, it's got some fun little tips in there. You can just take a look at it whenever, or not, it's cool either way. Also, about the couch, I should maybe move that into my room and get a new couch for the living room- that ratty old thing has been kicking around in my family for a few generations and we might want a more modern kinda look for the living room. Not sure it'll fit in my room though, so whatev. Anyway, hope things are cool with you!
Peace!!!
John

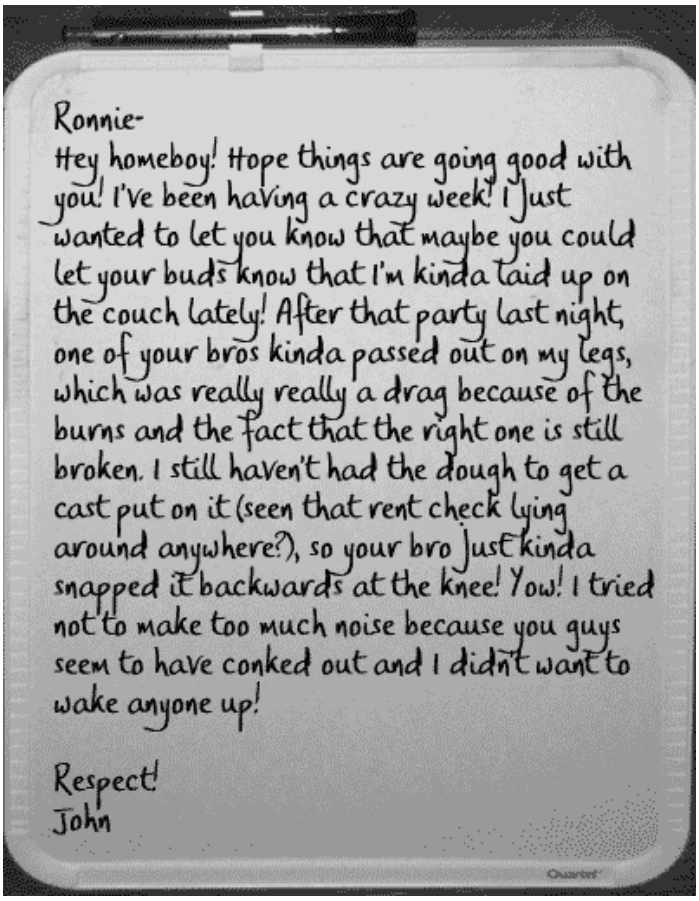

Ronnie-
Hey! How's it going! I hope things are cool with you. Anyway, just wanted to drop you a note saying thanks in advance for getting your laundry out of the hall, because I know you said you were gonna do that soon. I'm just saying it'll be cool when you do, no big deal or anything, but I tripped over a pair of your jeans this morning and caught my eyelid on the corner of the heater and lost 22% of it and had to get a graft. Isn't that nuts? So anyway, whenever you want to do that, that's gonna help me out! No big rush though!
Thanks again!
John

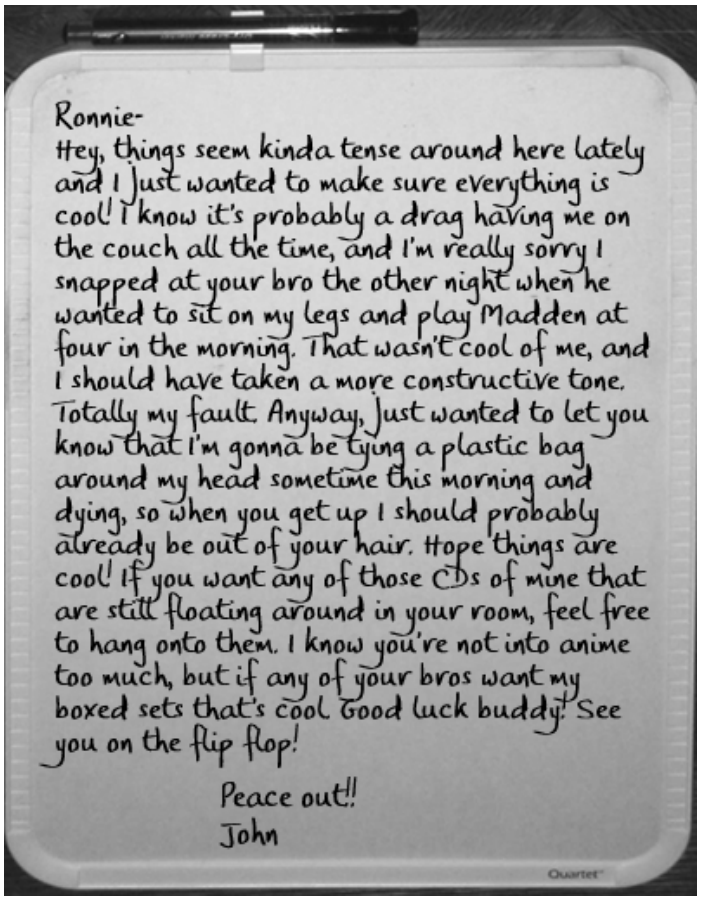

Ronnie-
Heyyy buuuuuuuddy!! (Pauly Shore, remember?) Just wanted to let you know I'm not gonna be out of town this weekend after all. I told you earlier I was gonna go to Colorado to visit my dad in the hospital, but it looks like I'm a little bit light on fundage right now because I must have lost your half of the rent. Sorry dude! That was stupid of me! So I had to pay that half out of my pocket. So if you see the check you wrote me lying around anywhere, it would be awesome if you can get that to me, because I totally can't find it. It's probably a moot point because the docs say he's probably gonna die anyway, so no big deal, right? Anyway, hope you're doing good!
Thanks!!
John


Ronnie-
Hey homie! I just wanted to know if you've been having any trouble with the lock on the door lately. I'm pretty sure I locked it the other day when I left because you know I'm kinda OCD about that, but when I got home a bunch of my Vicodin pills for my messed up eye were missing! I'm thinking somebody probably got in and took them, so let me know if you notice anything weird about the lock, because that's some creepy shit! Hope you're doing okay! Be super careful out there, it's a crazy world!
Peace!!!!
John


Ronnie-
What's up, dawg? I just wanted to let you know that if you need to borrow some cash from my wallet, it's totally cool, I'm there for you. But in the future, you don't need to leave I.O.U.s anymore. I think we're past that and we can trust each other, plus I keep pretty good track of how much money I have so I'll be able to keep track of what you owe me. Cool! Hope things are going good with you!
Your bud,
John


Ronnie-
Whoa! That sounded like a real rager of a party last night! The roof was on fire! I mean, it literally caught on fire, I think one of your bros was up on the roof and he threw a cigarette butt into the vent thingie. So next thing I know I wake up and my bed's on fire! It was nuts! I tried to open the door and warn you guys, but I couldn't get it open cuz of the laundry in the hall! Thanks in advance again for moving that, I know it's a tough job, so thanks again (in advance). So anyway, I got burns over most of my left leg, and I totally broke the heck out of the right leg when I jumped out the window. Anyway, if it's okay, I might need to use the couch for a couple weeks, since the fire pretty much gutted my room. Thank goodness it didn't spread to the rest of the house! So anyway, if you're gonna have Jen over and want to use the couch, just let me know and I can call my nurse to come move me. Hope you're doing good!
-John


Ronnie-
Hey homeboy! Hope things are going good with you! I've been having a crazy week! I just wanted to let you know that maybe you could let your buds know that I'm kinda laid up on the couch lately! After that party last night, one of your bros kinda passed out on my legs, which was really really a drag because of the burns and the fact that the right one is still broken. I still haven't had the dough to get a cast put on it (seen that rent check lying around anywhere?), so your bro just kinda snapped it backwards at the knee! Yow! I tried not to make too much noise because you guys seem to have conked out and I didn't want to wake anyone up!
Respect!
John


Ronnie-
Hey, things seem kinda tense around here lately and I just wanted to make sure everything is cool! I know it's probably a drag having me on the couch all the time, and I'm really sorry I snapped at your bro the other night when he wanted to sit on my legs and play Madden at four in the morning. That wasn't cool of me, and I should have taken a more constructive tone. Totally my fault. Anyway, just wanted to let you know that I'm gonna be tying a plastic bag around my head sometime this morning and dying, so when you get up I should probably already be out of your hair. Hope things are cool! If you want any of those CDs of mine that are still floating around in your room, feel free to hang onto them. I know you're not into anime too much, but if any of your bros want my boxed sets that's cool. Good luck buddy! See you on the flip flop!
Peace out!!
John
Quartet

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

9.6 The Hot Dogs Cook Themselves Now

Wednesday, Sep 06, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

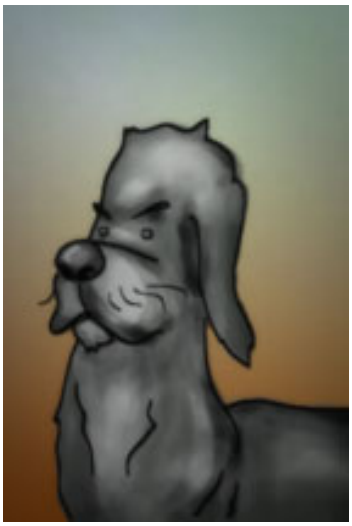
Before you begin reading this crazy sequel to "The Modern Dilemma of the Hot Dog," please go preorder a copy of Zack Parsons' fantastic new book "My Tank is Fight," a romantic novel about tanks and tank sex. Zack has created a very affordable tome of knowledge (with many pretty illustrations) pertaining to all sorts of absurd World War II inventions that never took off (in some cases literally). If you enjoyed his "My Tank is ___" series of updates, then this book is definitely for you. If you're a fan of WWII and war in general, this book will also please your warmongering heart.

Swing on by Amazon.com and preorder this delightful treat of a book! You won't be sorry!

And now... on with the update!

Five years ago, I have no doubt imagining that the view from space was incredible. I'm sure it's probably incredible most of the time, but even more so back then. Five years ago was when the bombs went off and everything changed. From up there, watching the blue and green planet below erupt in white boils, growing and growing until there was nothing left but a perfectly spherical cloud floating in black, well, that must have been a true sight to behold. If it were possible to hold out long enough, whatever astronauts were up there would probably have gotten to see the clouds give way, revealing a brown and blue planet. The green was gone, along with most of us. Those that died were lucky.

In better days I would have comforted myself in the face of tragedy by eating a delicious hot dog. A juicy all beef wiener had a way of making even the most arduous of ordeals seem mundane. To know that a momentary escape was only a hot dog away was a comfort I sorely miss in these darkened days. Now hot dogs are just about all that's left to eat, and each bite makes me long to live in a world where hot dogs were never invented. Had I been born in that world, the bombs, the war, none of that would have ever happened.



"Hot dogs, a whole pack, at least a half mile up the road," a grizzled voice said in my head. I looked at my faithful canine companion, Danger, and nodded.

"What kind?" I asked aloud.

"Pork," said the voice in my head. Danger sniffed the air. The voice added, "Chicken, too. These hot dogs are composite."

I narrowed my gaze at the horizon and picked up my pace. The mangy mutt dutifully led me ahead. He needed me as much as I needed him. He had quickly grown, by default, to be my best friend. His nose was one of the few things keeping me alive, and I never took it for granted. All of my meals seemed to come by virtue of his sense of smell and my continued survival by his cunning ability to keep us a safe distance from predators.

Composite dogs weren't worth nearly as much, nor did they taste as good, but food is food when you're starving. If we lingered, the heat would no doubt kill us and the scavengers would pick our bones clean. And failing that, the raiders would no doubt use us for slaves or as meat. There was a lot of injustice, but all you could do was keep moving. Otherwise you'd be pleading your case to the court of some creature's digestive system, and most likely a human one at that. Yes, there are cannibals out there. Almost anything is better than eating hot dogs at this point. Almost.

The end began with a hot dog eating contest. A fat, beastly pig of a man devoured his way through one contest after another. Soon his story was featured on the news, in papers, and in magazines. His corpulent star rose over the land, eclipsing the sun and signaling the dawn of a dark age. People revered him, loved him, and wanted to be him. Women threw themselves at him, becoming lost in the folds of fat. The Beast hated himself more than anything, and he expressed his hatred by eating hot dogs.

"There, over there, by the tree!" barked the voice in my head.

Danger ran toward a nearby tree, moaning and creaking in the wind. It was gray and dry like ash, just waiting for the chance to disintegrate into a million flakes. It looked like every tree that was left, and for that matter just about every plant. The earth had become so barren, so infertile. A corpse was resting upon its dead roots. The rotting body was clutching a pack of hot dogs, bonded to it by way of death grip. The pack of hot dogs rested on his body like a gravestone, and served as a somber reminder that there was no true escape.

The body was nothing more than a giant human carbuncle. He looked like a hot dog out of the microwave. He was plumped and juicy, exploding out of his skin. His body was caked in dry blood and excrement, like ketchup and mustard, that clung to his form and pooled in the cracks and crevices of his skin, which mirrored the arid ground below in roughness.

The door to the Great Microwave had long since come off its hinges, and we were all cooking in the harsh winds and poison air. This man had clearly survived a good number of rotations around the tray of life, but his time had come and so he curled up at the base of this tree, clutched his wieners, and died. Thanks to the radiation, his body was decaying even before death had taken him away.

After winning hundreds of contests in every major city, The Beast was coroneted King of the Hot Dog Kingdom. There wasn't a county fair in the world that didn't quake at his approach. He had flown to Japan and won hot dog contests there. He conquered Europe, Africa, and South America. He was forbidden to enter Russia or China, for fear he would unsettle their aspiring hot dog eaters. He was unstoppable.

Endorsement deals followed. He had his own line of hot dogs, and everyone ate them. In every home in the country, true, the world entire, there was a pack of his hot dogs. No other brand could compete, just as no other athlete could compete. He was the fat body that all other bodies orbited around. His gravitational field seemed more powerful than that of the Earth itself. Everyone and everything was drawn to him. Even after his heart exploded, everyone still loved him. They left hot dogs on his grave and they held vigils on sites where he made history. Before each hot dog eating contest, there was a moment of silence to remember him.

His death saw the rise of professional hot dog eating. A national league was started, and the world followed suit in joining. Each nation had hot dog eaters competing with guts and glory. The Olympics, winter and summer, seemed to focus almost entirely on hot dog eating. There were fat people with cavernous stomachs, musclemen with bodies designed to crush food down to atomic fragments, tiny Asians with bodies trained for the sole purpose of storing hot dogs. The athletes came in many shapes and sizes, but they all had one goal in mind: to devour, to fill the void within.

Nobody paid attention to the harsh physical consequences of professional hot dog eating. The athletes would destroy themselves from the inside, slowly replacing their innards with hot dogs. Organs would give up, blood would slowly turn to poison, and malnourishment would chip away at muscle and bone. Brains would break down, unable to survive in the toxic sludge. The best athletes were dying for the sport. Worse, everyone tried to emulate them.

The hot dogs created the sport, the sport captivated the world, and one man controlled it all – the Commissioner of the International Hot Dog Eating Association. He was instrumental in taking the world's infatuation with hot dogs to a depraved level seedier and filthier than a brothel with a busted sewer pipe. Beneath the surface of this terrifying lust there stirred an angry spirit waiting to rise. People simply could not consume enough hot dogs, and the mere fact that there were always more to eat made them furious and hateful. They bought as many as they could, at times draining the world's reserves. No other food seemed to interest anyone anymore.

Everybody wanted hot dogs all the time.

I pried the pack of hot dogs loose from the dead man's hands, breaking his brittle fingers off in the process. As much as I hated eating these damn things, they were the only food left to eat, save for each other. I am not too ashamed to confess that in desperation I have eaten from the dead, but it is not my way. I will survive on these wretched hot dogs for as long as I have to.

"Good work!" said the voice in my head. "Now get them out of that wrapper. I'm starving here!"

It just occurred to me that I had not eaten in some time, nor had Danger, who was practically ready to bite my hands off as they struggled to open the package. We were both so starving I had forgotten how long it had been since last meal. Five days? Six days? I could no longer remember. I opened the pack, and, as usual, the hot dogs were already cooked. Such is life inside the Great Microwave.

In response to the incalculable demand, food production shifted almost entirely to hot dogs. If it wasn't long and cylindrical, nobody wanted to eat it. The world produced so many hot dogs that there was scarcely enough room to store them. Old foods were destroyed by the tons to make room for more hot dogs. Canned goods were crushed and disposed of in great multitudes. Jars, bottles, tins, boxes, and bags were all burnt and cannibalized to feed the monstrous hot dog industry that had metastasized itself to the world.

Before long the IHDEA's glorious Commissioner had given up his post to run for President of the United States. He ran uncontested, and won in the largest landslide in history. Everything after that happened in a matter of days. Tensions rose as hot dog supplies reached epic levels and national rivalries grew more and more extreme. Sure there were billions of hot dogs to go around, but each nation wanted them all. Within a month of our new president's term, the United States was at war. The entire world was at war.

The bombs came crashing down all over. There were no safe havens. The mushroom clouds grew from the seeds, and the seeds were the hot dogs planted all over the world. They were the sparks that ignited this fire that turned man against man and man into beast. They were the plague that diseased us all. They were the complete and total undoing of man. The Four Horsemen were chicken, turkey, pork, and beef.

In our hellish hunger and haste to eat, we had failed to keep an eye and nose on our surroundings. We were not alone. Raiders, the scourge of the wasteland, had followed us. Danger should have smelt them coming, but he was so hungry all he could think of was food.

"Put the hot dogs down and walk away!" demanded the mohawked raider leader, clad in leather, chains, spikes, and the usual attire. Behind him was a small gang of five, each one more ugly and repulsive than the last. They were armed to the teeth, scarred and scratched from battle, and looking all too eager to raid me.

"Don't come any closer!" I shouted as I pulled a small blade from one of my pockets. "I will stab you where you stand!"

"We better run!" urged the voice in my head. "We can find more food over the horizon!"

"No," I mumbled, looking scornfully at Danger.

"I am standing pretty far away from you," the raider leader said. "You can't stab me where I stand unless you or I move closer to one another!"

"Well, don't move closer, and then I won't stab you where you stand!" I screeched. "Otherwise, if you move, I'll stab you were you eventually end up standing! Unless you move away from me, which is what you should do."

"You don't have what it takes to stab me!"

"I have a knife. That's generally all it takes."

"Just give me the hot dogs and we'll let you go. I will give you safe passage through the wasteland. Just walk away."

"I've heard those promises before. They don't mean anything."

"We're dead you fool, throw the hot dogs and we'll run!" the voice in my head shouted, loud enough to ring in my ears. "Maybe they won't chase us, maybe we can escape."

"No!" I shouted.

"We outnumber you. We'd be just as glad to eat you, the dog, and the hot dogs. But we'll let you go for the hot dogs. We'll give you safe passage!"

"I can smell more hot dogs, just over the horizon. Hundreds! Not composite either, real hot dogs. All beef! Come on, let's make a run for it!"

"I don't believe you!" I responded, answering both the raider and the voice.

I did not wake up intending this to be my last day. I woke up hoping against hope to find something to eat. Now, knowing it could be days before I find anything else, I was not ready to let go and die starving in the desert. If this were to be my end, at least I would go down fighting for something. I would die with a death grip upon these hot dogs.

"Run along now, Danger," I said to my best friend. "Go find those hot dogs over the horizon. Go along now!"

He barked and whimpered, then barked some more.

"You stupid fool," the voice said. "You stupid, stupid fool!"

The raiders were through waiting. With a mighty roar they ran at me with weapons in hand – axes, spears, and knives. It seemed as though they ran at me for hours, when in fact it was mere seconds. All I could do was yell and hold my knife out, hoping that they would somehow take turns running into it until I was victorious. Such is not how things go, not here or anywhere.

I managed to get one slash in before I fell to the ground, bleeding out of several freshly opened wounds. I held on to those hot dogs for dear life, refusing to let go as the raider leader tried to rip them out of my hand. I tried to pretend they were something good and decent in hopes of strengthening my grip. Eventually they just chopped it off altogether. I didn't even feel it.

"Goodbye, old friend!" a voice in my head said. I heard Danger scream and whimper, then go silent.

For a moment I saw a great white world where I was competing in a hot dog eating contest. My opponents were commendable, taking time to enjoy each and every bite, savoring the taste and celebrating the beauty. In this vision I won the contest, and I used my victory as a means to better the world and make people truly appreciate hot dogs not as fill for a hole, but as a sweet reward for good work and a pleasant diversion from toil. It was a beautiful vision of a world that never was and never will be.

In another life, when I was placing a hot dog on a bun, a man once said to me, "You'll fill up on

bread." If there is a heaven, I will fill up bread every day.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.7 This Week in Nerd Rage

Thursday, Sep 07, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

I edited this generic clipart all by myself.

Dun-dun-dun-doo! Nerd Rage News: your leading source for the news angry nerds really care about. We scour the Internet to find nerds raging as it happens. Live, local, late-breaking, Nerd Rage News starts right now.

Doo-doo-doo-dun!

Good evening, this is Rock Meteorite. Our top story tonight, can Sony release a game console without including a video cable that the majority of their users won't have a use for? That's the question many nerds face as news arrives that the PlayStation 3 will not come packaged with an HDMI cable when it is released this Fall, according to some barely readable fine print. Our reporter Tim Takaguchi is live in Santa Monica with more details on this tragic development. Tim?

Yes Rock, it's true. Sony has decided to not ship the PS3 with a completely non-essential cable and it has video gamers fuming.

The PS3 was set to be Sony's landmark console, doing battle with Microsoft's already released graphics powerhouse Xbox 360. But now gamers are wondering if anything really matters anymore.

"This is fuckin' stupid of them," said eliteGoKu6000 of the news. "Sony really fucked this one up. This Fall I'm begging my parents to buy me a Nintendo, NOT a PS3. Fuckers."

Others were far less kind. "I hope they don't sell a single system. I hope Sony burns down and Crash Bandicoot is face-fucked and dies. Fuck them fuckers fuckers fuck them fuck them!!!" said SolidSnakePWNS182.

Now we asked several upset gamers why it would be beneficial for Sony and consumers to include a cable the majority of their users have no use for, thus increasing the overall cost of the system, rather than let those who do have a TV with an HDMI input buy one separately. The most common answer given was, "You're a fuckin' faggot."

The question of success for Sony now hangs in the balance. We contacted Sony about the lack of an HDMI cable and an official spokesperson told us, "What? Are you idiots serious? Don't you have anything better to worry about?" Back to you, Rock.

Thank you Tim. In other news, last weekend Sirius Satellite Radio aired a compilation of classic bits from the Howard Stern Show for casual and hardcore fans alike to enjoy. However, some hardcore radio nerds didn't quite get what they bargained for. Rob Takaguchi reports.

It was billed as a landmark event, heralding the so-called liberation of thousands of hours of Howard Stern Show history by playing requested clips all weekend long. However, many who sought to sit by the radio for four days straight, foregoing showers, tooth brushing, and sleep were disappointed when clips they heard in the first 33 hours were replayed all over again.

After shoving the 20th slice of pizza into their slobbish mouths the radio nerds took to the Internet, launching into a vicious attack on Sirius and the Howard Stern Show

When nerds rage, *we'll be there.*

with each greasy keystroke. Many threatened to cancel their subscriptions, toss out their radios, and sit in the closet crying to themselves while they wonder why an inane talk show means so much to them.

"I put my dog to sleep, slit my wife's throat, drowned my children in the bathtub, and took my pickup truck out to the desert, because several leaves block that super powerful satellite signal, so I could listen all weekend with no interruptions. But they took my heart and trampled all over it. I will never be the same again."

At this point the unidentified man removed a .45 from his jacket, pointed it to his head, and pulled the trigger. Nerd Rage News has decided not to air this footage even though it was really funny to see a guy take a radio show so seriously.

It's all an agonizing pain for these pathetic people who put their sad, empty lives into a radio show, a radio show that really should have been cancelled when Jackie left. Back to you in the studio, Rock.

Thank you Rob. We now pause the day's nerd rage news for a look back on nerd rage history. It was 1995 and the world had its eyes on Nintendo. How would the Japanese gaming giant attempt to reclaim their position as top dog of the video game industry? What would be their answer to Sony's hip new PlayStation console? Ron Takaguchi takes us back to a simpler time.

Over a decade ago Nintendo announced the Nintendo 64, their new foray into the console wars. However, many gamers were surprised at Nintendo's insistence of using cartridges over compact discs. Within seconds Usenet exploded in a fury of angry, sweaty posts.

> this technology by teaming up with the industries leader in BUS SPEED technology - RAMBUS
> Inc. which has given the NU64 an estimated bus speed of over 500mhz.

More Nintendo BULLSHIT. The RAMBUS standard may well be able to bitpush at 250Mhz (and that is the MAXIMUM speed, if you know anything about the way the hardware is designed, you'd also know that it is clocked at 250Mhz on both the rising and falling edge to double time).

The **Nintendo 64** does _NOT_ clock it's RAMBUS at that speed. It can't. No RAM today can match the speed of a 250Mhz BUS, let alone your imaginary 500Mhz one. In truth, you'll find that the RAMBUS speed in the N64 is probably 33Mhz or thereabouts.

And the battle raged on with each asthmatic keystroke.

> Absolute crap. If anything, the audio is what lets the N64 down, as in all other respects it excels at what it does - and that's using it's realtime 3D polygon generation engine.
>
> > FYI: I am not employed by Nintendo Inc. or any of its subsidiaries. If only the so
> > called editors of current Video Game Magazines could think (had a brain) or could write
> > for that matter. Because this is just common knowledge among those in the electronic
> > entertainment industry.
>
> How about the next time you bother posting, you check your facts with those in the industry?
>
> Mario.
>
> Datel Design & Development, UK.

We caught up with Mario and asked him for his thoughts on events that transpired a decade ago.

"I take video games very, very seriously," said Mario, sitting in his studio apartment above an abandoned movie theater from the golden age of cinema when Roger Corman was the king of the B-movie. "I'm not just in the industry, I *am* the industry.

"I see someone spewing that Nintendo BULLSHIT on the Internet and I feel it's my duty as someone in the industry to give that jerk off what's coming to him. At the end of the day, I feel like I really want to stick my head in an oven." Mario then broke down and cried on camera. We have decided to air this footage.

The Nintendo 64 CD vs. Cartridge war ended when "-\\-the-\\- M-A-S-T-E-R" arrived and cleared everything up, thus starting an era of peace that would last for almost four minutes.

> Let me clear sometihng up the 3-d worldes that the n 64 produces are way to vast
> to load of a **cd**
> for instance lets see how a game of mario 64 would play
> You would
> have to
> A. load the whole world to ram (yikesssss) can't do system would cost to much!!!!
> B. load the world as you explore. nope game play would be way to slowwwwwwww
> seeee the only option would be to use to use a **cartridge** to
>
> A. reduce price
> B. increase speed to play highly complex 3-d worlds
>
> Can't wait until waverace 64 comes out
> -\\-the-\\- M-A-S-T-E-R

And Jesus Christ, would you just look at this. I can't even fit the guy's entire sig on the screen. Watch out Saturday Night Live! Here comes KingChocobokick! I'm sick of this shit, back to you Rock.

Thank you for that baffling report Ron. The Xbox 360, a triumph of innovation and functionality. Microsoft's latest console has enjoyed unlimited success since its launch last year, but some accuse Microsoft of rushing the game system to launch to appease the almighty dollar. Tom Takaguchi sits down with Peter Moore, head of global marketing for the Xbox 360, to find out just why some Xbox 360s are breaking like a mother fucker.

It seems today that every thread about the Xbox 360 is derailed by someone who has experienced their system breaking. Some angry nerds charge Microsoft with fraud and deceit, claiming they will never purchase another Microsoft product again. But how far does the conspiracy penetrate the ranks at Microsoft? Is it a normal ratio of faulty systems to working systems, or is it far more sinister? Peter Moore explains.

Nerd Rage News: Thank you for sitting down with us Peter.

Lookin' good there, stud.

Peter Moore: No problem, Tom. You look very pretty today. Did you do something with your hair? It looks fabulous.

Nerd Rage News: Why thank you Peter. I did get a new do recently. I'm glad you like it. But let's get to the crux of the issue. Many consumers who have purchased an Xbox 360 in the last year have experienced it fail, many just days after the 90-day warranty expired. How do you respond to allegations that your company rushed the 360 to launch therefore releasing a faulty product?

Moore: That is correct. We rushed 360 out the doors in order to get it into the marketplace before the PS3. One of the great features of the 360 is that we can set individual systems to break precisely one week after the 90-day warranty expires, causing consumers to purchase a new system, thereby sky-rocketing our profit margins. It's a win-win for everybody involved. In this way we satisfy the needs of consumers in ways we never could before.

Nerd Rage News: Peter Moore you are so smart! I could never resist your charms and Halo tattoo! Take me into your manly arms Peter. Take me, and do what you will!

Moore: Oh Tom, my love. Please run away with me!

Nerd Rage News: You've made me the happiest woman in the world, Peter...

Depending on who you are the preceding fictional exchange is either complete sarcasm or the absolute truth. Only God and the millions of Xbox 360s know what lies in the hearts of man. For Nerd Rage News, I'm Tom Takaguchi Moore.

And that's Nerd Rage News for this, the 7th of September, 2006. Good night, and good luck. Suck on that, Olbermann.

Do you have a hot Nerd Rage News tip? Know where Nerd Rage is going on and want us to cover it? Send it into the newsroom!

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

9.8 In the Wet Spot of Gods

Friday, Sep 08, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hey, before my update, let me just say that I wrote a book! If you like my writing you should check it out. If you don't like my writing, maybe one of your family members would like it. It's a book about crazy World War II inventions and it's funny and neat. If your family members don't like things that are fun and neither do you, then don't worry about it bro.

On with "In the Wet Spot of Gods!"

Join the echelons of success.

Stay the fuck away from ebay if you've been huffing spray paint out of a plastic bag. That's the only advice I'm going to offer. I left gold fingerprints all over the computer. I used my dead wife's ebay account. Knitter_nora. I say she's dead because it works a lot better on some strung out meth whore than the truth. Nora's banging some guy named Ray from Texas who raises alpacas. I don't even know what those are, but I hope they're mean as hell and bite the shit out of everything. I hope they fucking choke on 'em.

Sometimes I don't think I even woke up to find the keyboard painted up like some sort of false idol and dangling in an empty terrarium. I just died there on the floor of my mostly-empty basement with a plastic bag over my face. Then I realize I'm too goddamn pissed off to be dead. Hell, if I were dead I'd either be dancing around on clouds or getting knives shoved up my dick, and last time I checked neither of those were happening.

I should probably start by telling you about Oak Grove.

Open your mouth and stick out your tongue. Stretch your tongue. Strain it to its limits, until you feel tendons pulling against your filthy hyoid. Press the very needle tip of that tongue, drooling and greasy with your last meal, against a road atlas map of the state of New York. If you touched the right spot, that little dollop of spittle will be just the right size to represent Oak Grove. You can wipe the spit off the laminated page of the road atlas if it bothers you. Some day someone is going to do that to Oak Grove.

That's where I live. A fleeting fucking mess of shanties for the rich. A suburb without a city. Acre lots with poly-vinyl mansions that fill them up like bacteria in a face-down floater. The only part of the town that isn't a subdivision is the post office. Powder blue rustproof on corrugated steel. A postman with gout and the hygiene habits of a slug.

Inside the post office it's like someone took pictures of a lumber yard and then glued it onto the inside of a refrigerator box. My hair touches the ceiling. It smells like bad pastrami.

"Package," I think I said.

The postman had a smudge of shit on the inside of his thumb. It curled around a nasty half-inch skin tag. A fecal shepherd's crook. I don't know what I was on that day, methadone or anthrax spores, it doesn't matter. What matters was the effect, not the drug. You can get the same high from opiates or leaning your chest against a fence post until you black out. One is illegal and the other might kill you. What matters was the effect. I love the effect.

And right then, in that little fly-buzzing facsimile of wood paneling sandwiched in between two houses that would melt before they would burn down, all I could see was that shit on the postman's hand. Fuck did I want to just bite it off of him. Take a big bloody chunk out of his hand and spit

it right back in his face. Or kick it off. Or use a kukri and just cleave it with a single fluid motion. Like a jungle animal, my eyes showing white through black face paint.

"Package." That's what I said, definitely.

I said it as I leaned in, my teeth gritted, the heat from my lungs spearing out of my nostrils in foggy strips on the Plexiglas divider. An agony of moments later and he passed a battered box through the slot. It looked like it had been shipped by the US Postal Service along a route that included several bovine digestive tracts and a kidney that had gone sour. There were shapes that might be letters showing through the chyme.

MARVIN (wipe, wipe, wipe) SEACOMB

My name, written on the package right where it was supposed to be. What was it? Why did I order it? SEA, like my name. SEA something. The drugs were being bad to me. I flicked my eyes over to the postman's hand, but it was underneath the counter. I imagined the inside of his little Carroll desk cocooned-up with excrement. He was creating some bio-organic shit-hive accretion that he sculpted with his fingers during every free moment.

Not for me, not to be.

THANKS.

I didn't say it. Didn't bother. Who cares? Fuck him.

I stormed my Escalade like Pointe du Hoc and threw that goddamn package against the passenger side window. It bounced back against me. Fuck that thing too. No seatbelt today. It was that kind of day. Let the deer walk out. Let me be ejected and just keep on going. Out into space. I'm coming motherfuckers. I hope you're ready.

No deer, no soft Martians that would burst in my jaws. Tires crunching on gravel. My house was dark. That special horrible kind of dark you get right before night when all of the drapes are closed. I went in through the downstairs sliding door and flopped onto the old couch. The box was wrapped in tape. Sadistic shit. My fingernails were useless so I attacked it with my teeth. The only other sound was the big clock upstairs, ticking back and forth. The tape was starting to cut my gums.

"What is that?"

Oh, holy shit, no. Up from behind the other couch, it was my fucking kid and his fucking albino friend Vernon. I am terrified of my kid. You don't understand, you can't. He is twice as smart as me and never gets mad or upset. For a kid to never once throw a tantrum, or scream, or cry; that's monk self-immolation territory.

"Nathan," I said as blood oozed over my molars, "I don't remember."

"Let me see." They stepped out from behind the couch and approached me as a pair.

I reluctantly handed Nathan the package. I saw a flicker and flash of reflected light. Maybe it was the pocket knife I gave Nathan on his ninth birthday. Maybe it was Vernon's pink fingernails, sharpened into points. The tape parted with a Tauntaun gut burst of packing peanuts and Nathan pulled out a brightly-colored box.

"Sea-monkeys," he said with Zen detachment.

I was going to stop him there. I grabbed for the box, but he was too quick. Another flash and the contents of the box poured out into his hands. It should have been a packet of freeze-dried brine shrimp and a plastic kingdom for them to conquer. It wasn't. It was a folded piece of notebook

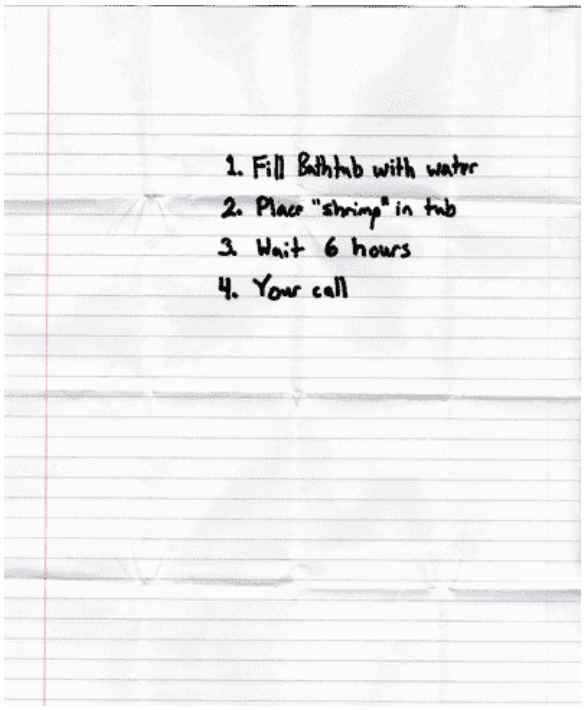
paper and a porous brown ovoid with yellow speckles. It looked like a lump of volcanic rock.

"So that's how the Colombians are handling things," I said as I took it away from Nathan. "You and Vernon go find something refreshing under the sink or something."

"We're going out back," Nathan replied. "We think there might be some clues in the old construction site."

"Great thinking, Encyclopedia Brown," I called after Nathan as they slid open the door. "Maybe you guys can track down some old fridges. See which one of-."

The sliding door slammed shut behind them and I turned my attention to the rock. Do I cook it down somehow? I opened the sheet of paper and turned it to face the waning light.



Fucking Colombians.

I took it upstairs to the bathroom attached to the master bedroom. While the tub filled with water I turned the rock over in my hands. There were no markings to suggest its origin or means of creation. It only weighed two or three ounces.

The rusty coloring washed off immediately and revealed a pale yellow surface dappled with dark spots. Like a ripe banana. After two hours the surface began to soften and peel, creating fat petals that drifted on the easy currents of the bathtub. One by one the petals unfurled and drooped away from the swelling pit. The pit grew engorged on the water and a single thin-lipped seam began to form in its center. The petals dissolved into a tangle of fleshy dreadlocks. The lips thickened and parted.

After six hours I poked it with a ruler. It looked like a meaty football with a mouth. No. With a pussy. I looked at it again and pinched the bridge of my nose. Number four. Your call.

I fucked it. I'm not ashamed to admit that and I'm not ashamed to admit that it was good. No, it wasn't good, it was magnificent.

It grows. What the fuck are they growing in Bogotá?

If you're a guy, no matter who you're with, you've had that moment at least once where you see a woman, or a picture of a woman, and you ache. You want her in the roots of your teeth. For a second, or for the time it takes for that shutter to snap, she manages to evoke everything you desire. It might be the way she's biting her lower lip or the way her tits hang over the top of her dress a little bit. It might be the curve of her neck or her big dark eyes looking up at something you can't see.

Whatever it is, for that one glimpse, she manages to capture everything you want. That simian king inside you just wants to grab her by the waist with big callused hands and take her until you're shooting spinal fluid into her guts. You want to pour yourself into her, and it literally hurts. Imagine that fuck. That's how good it was.

There was a bent cigarette in my mouth that I had forgotten to light. I'd splashed water on it and liquid tobacco had run out all over the white paper and into the filter. I was on my side, watching the cunt football. Waiting for it to do something or say something. To accuse me, maybe. Or, fuck, thank me.

I felt guilty and nasty. I felt like I'd done something wrong. Yet there it sat, dumb as a pork sirloin. It didn't give a shit, so why should I?

I wanted to bury it out in the backyard. Not like a favorite dog, but like a dead rat. Something lousy and ugly that you want out of the way. Something Holden Caulfield would call fucking phony.

I went out back in my boxers carrying it on a snow shovel. There was a storm brewing above and it was windy and starless. I walked it over to the drainage ditch that separated my property form the swaying plastic tarps of the construction site. When I tried to dump it, it hung onto the shovel. I shook it, but it wouldn't fall off. Finally, with all of my might, I swung the shovel and the cunt football released. I flung it over the drainage ditch and against one of the plastic tarps. It hit with a wet splat.

The damn thing stuck. I cursed and spit my bent cigarette out on the ground. I hopped over the drainage ditch and approached. The tarp rattled, the dreadlocks moved.

Damn him.

"Eeerp," it said to me.

It looked like a cyclopean cunt-faced medusa now, all gooey and slapped up onto the tarp at eye-level.

"Fuck you," I said to the thing.

"Anhydrobiosis."

It was Vernon's wispy old-man voice. His eyes glowed in the dark. He was standing shoulder-to-shoulder with my son.

"You re-hydrated it," my son explained, "and brought it out of suspended animation."

"Jesus Christ you two are worse than ghosts," I looked back at them over my shoulder. "Don't you have some coffins to pop out of and go 'blah!' or something?"

"We're here for that, dad!" The wind whipped and howled around

the tarps.

Nathan raised his arm to point at the cunt-medusa and its wriggling dreadlocks. Vernon crouched down and then sprang into the air, vaulting over the drainage ditch on an obvious course for my re-hydrated lover. I felt suddenly protective of the thing I had wanted destroyed and forgotten moments earlier. My son didn't think I was worthy of it, but I wasn't about to give it up without a fight.

I swung the snow shovel at Vernon and smacked him off course. He plowed into the nearest hanging tarp with a terminal *thunk*. He was stark white in the darkness, naked except for a pair of briefs and scarred with a thousand injection sites of colloidal silver. His parents figured blue was better than nothing, but they hadn't taken. I'd seen his splashed piss in my bathroom before. Like a broken thermometer.

"Fuck off, Vernon!" I shouted at him as he scrabbled for purchase on a plastic-covered pile of lumber and I brandished the snow shovel menacingly.

"Dad," Nathan shouted, the wind screaming now, "let us have it! You don't understand what it is!"

I threw the snow shovel at Vernon and tore the cunt-medusa from the tarp. I cradled it in my arms like an infant.

"Eearp," it cooed.

"Dad!"

Fluorescent yellow rain began to drizzle down from the storm clouds above. It burned where it splashed on my skin. Vernon hissed.

"You think I'm stupid?!" I screamed at the boys, clutching the cunt-football close to my chest. "Do you think I fucking care about your big words?!"

"No!" Nathan shouted.

Vernon edged closer to me. The phosphorescent rain stung my eyes. It battered against the plastic tarps.

"I've got a locked roll-top desk upstairs full of big words, you little shit!" I shouted through clenched teeth, the angriest I've ever been. "I've got benzodiazepine gel in an old toothpaste tube! Glyconubutrene in a 24-hour patch! There's a dendritic neuron stimulator called a happy worm I paid to smuggle out of gray lab in Cairo! I've got uncut cleinemorase and horse-strength tablets of vodoxic! I've got bigger words than yours in my fucking blood, kid! In my fucking shit!"

"Eaaarp!" The cunt-football shrieked in sympathy and flapped its lips against my chest.

Nathan held up a leather-bound folio. The rain flowed in neon piss-streams from its cover.

"In here, Dad," Nathan said, shaking the book and stepping to the edge of the drainage ditch. "The Conquistadors called it 'matriz del cielo' when they found one in Mexico. The Aztecs worshipped one. It's...a womb."

"I bought it on fucking ebay!" I spit back at him.

"That may be," he tried to sound soothing but he had to shout to be heard over the storm, "but it's a meteor, dad. From the XN-77 event. Half a million years ago they showered the earth. Most of them burned up-"

"Golden Palace could have bought this shit!" I looked down at the cunt-football and wiped the searing rain from its vagina.

"A few of them made it down to earth," he continued, "some of them ended up in museums, others were destroyed. But some..."

I want to hold her hand, but she doesn't have one.

"Some what?!" I shouted and kicked at Vernon. "Some of them what?!"

"They were used. They," he hesitated, "Jesus, dad. Gandhi. Einstein. Mohammad. We'll never know who they gave birth to, but they gave birth."

"You're fucking joking me," but he wasn't.

He never was fucking joking me.

"I've already contacted the Vatican, they're-"

"The Vatican?!" Betrayal, like a box-cutter in my piss-hole.

"They monitor them, they keep any...troublemakers from being born."

They arrived on cue in a fleet of conversion vans. They wore sunglasses and black and red tracksuits with crucifixes on the back. They had lots of gold jewelry and diamond-encrusted walking sticks. One of them swung a burning censer of aromatics, another carried a boombox on his shoulder playing organ music.

They crowded the far rim of the drainage ditch, forming a line. An umbrella opened behind them with a pop and they parted to make way for a man in a shimmering white track suit. He wore a gilded miter set with diadems. The rain sent ripples across his body as it passed through him. I looked at the kindly face of Pope John Paul II.

"You're dead," I told him.

"Ehhhhh," he began, "we're like the Jedi. Our power levels are off the charts."

"Midichlorians?" I asked.

"Lucas," he laughed. "We're part of God's plan, Marvin. We're here to collect the Grail."

"This is some DaVinci Code bullshit," I screamed, "and I'm not playing around with that shit."

"Marvin, let's be gentlemen now."

"I thought you guys were all pumped about Jesus two?!" The cunt-football writhed and murmured unhappily. "What's the deal here?"

"We looked into that," John Paul explained, "it turns out the Rapture isn't that great, so we're doing our best to hold it off as long as possible. If that means aborting some meteor babies, well, I'm infallible, right? So it's God's plan."

"You're a bunch of assholes!" I backed against the tarp. "I'm not going to give it up without a fight."

"As you wish," John Paul nodded sadly. "Let's do this, boys. Custard, take him down."

I never thought bishops could move so fast. They were on me like an ironic Sponge Bob costume on a college kid. I managed to keep them off for maybe two seconds by flailing my free arm and then some padre with a bull neck and those stupid Morpheus sunglasses with no rims tackled the shit out of me. Another one grabbed the cunt-football. I hung on with all of my strength, but they were beating me with hymnals and screaming in Latin. One of them doused me with holy water and it

went right up my nose.

I started choking and I let go. I let go of the football. Might not stop me from making the wide receiver draft pick for Cincinnati, but it's no way to protect your meteor lover. It disappeared into an egg-shaped reliquary attended by a pair of guys in special green tracksuits. They dashed off to one of the waiting vans while the rest of them finished up their beating cool down period. Don't want to get cramps after a workout like that.

They left as quickly and suddenly as they had arrived. Nathan couldn't look me in the eye. I held my ribs and groaned and walked into the living room. I flopped down on the couch and instinctively turned on the TV. I couldn't switch channels because TiVo was recording Showtime. I don't even get Showtime. Fucking thing learns my TV watching habits, yet it can't tell when it's recording on a channel I don't have. It's Helen fucking Keller learning to recognize road signs so she can pass a driving test she's never going to take.

The fumes cannot hide you.

"Dad," Nathan murmured.

"Shut the fuck up and get me a can of gold number three out of the garage."

He started toward the garage.

"And bring me my good huffing bag," I was surly, "the one with the dragon on the side."

They sell used rape kits in a vending machine in Shinjuku. I like that. It's specific, to the point. It even lists the girl's blood type on a sticker you can see through the glass. Hariko N., Type B, age 17. You know what you're getting when you buy that. It doesn't matter what you're on.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.9 Red Phone Diaries: Conference Call

Saturday, Sep 09, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Batman: What is it now, Commissioner Gordon?

Bruce Banner: Er, this is Dr. Banner calling for Peter Parker. The radiated antiperspirant samples he requested are ready.

Batman: There's no one here by the name of Peter.

Bruce Banner: Oh. I see. Is this 1-616-555-8080?

Batman: I'm afraid not. Looks like you're trying to call someone in a Marvel area code, but you dialed the DC code.

Bruce Banner: Stupid! I'm so stupid!

Batman: Don't worry about it, your finger must have slipped. Just try again.

Bruce Banner: God, how could I have done this? Sometimes I make myself so... *angry...*

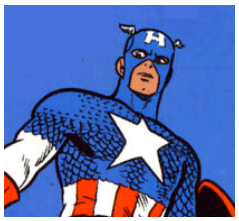
Batman: It's nothing to get worked up over. Really.

Bruce Banner: RRREEEEEEEE!

(frantic screams, crashing noises)

Batman: Hey, are you okay buddy?

(the unmistakable sound of several men in spandex struggling)



Batman: Hello? What the heck is going on?

Captain America: You're speaking to Captain America now, commie. What the hell do you think you're doing?

Batman: Answering a phone call from a turkish spa for the mentally ill and regretting it more with each passing second?

Captain America: Oh great, a comedian. I don't know what you said to Bruce to set him off, but you're going to pay. In frowns.

Batman: Yeah, okay. Look, I'm Batman. I don't have time for this nonsense. Good luck finding a cure for whatever's wrong with all of you.

Batman: Hello?

Captain America: Redial button. Take that, pinko!

Iron Man: Boomshakalaka!

Batman: Who was that? There's more of you now?

Captain America: There's a whole team of us. Speaker phone button. Take that, bolshevist!

Iron Man: He's heating up!

Batman: Okay already. I played NBA Jam too, TWELVE YEARS AGO.

Captain America: Don't even bother hanging up, we'll just keep calling. You'll find that the Avengers are quite relentless in our pursuit of justice.

Batman: Look, what do you want?

Iron Man: I want you to shut up.

Batman: Then all you have to do is hang up the phone.

Captain America: Iron Man hung up.

Batman: I sort of counted on that happening.

Iron Man: Disconnect button. Razzle dazzle!

Batman: If you guys are trying to intimidate me, it won't work. I've heard all about the Avengers. You guys have split up so many times you make even the sluttiest amoeba look like a virgin. You don't scare anyone but the dude at the post office who has to process change of address forms.

Captain America: Ouch. How's that DC universe holding up? Which iteration are you guys on now? I'm surprised it hasn't been destroyed, replaced, or merged with an alternate universe while we've been talking.

Batman: You're pushing your luck.

Captain America: I'd hate to make you angry, you might use your superior intellect to beat me at checkers or something. Hey Hulk, come over here. What was it you said about Batman before?

Hulk: Batman is fat!

Batman: That does it, I'm getting Superman in on this call.

(Batman plays a special slide whistle to summon Superman, then the two of them fumble with the phone's buttons for a few moments)

Batman:- think that was the redial button. Where's the speakerphone? These stupid buttons need labels.

Superman: Why do you have Superboy on speed dial? He's at the top of the list, too.

Captain America: Superman?

Superman: Ah, yes. Hello.

Captain America: Hey, Batman was just telling us how he could beat your ass in a fight.

Batman: What?

Superman: Did you really say that?

Batman: Why would I say that? I've already beaten your... no, wait.

Superman: I see how it is. You and I are going to have a talk later, little man.

Hulk: Puny man! Haha!

Captain America: Superman, I just wanted to let you know that I respect all you've done for the United States over the years. The Avengers salute you!

Superman: Why thank you. Hey, do you guys know anything about audio equipment? I just bought a car stereo because it had this cool faceplate that glowed, but I don't have a car. Is there any way we can hook it up in my living room?

Captain America: Sure, we've got plenty of wires around here and Iron Man's practically a robot. We can probably figure something out. I think we've even got some rubber cement somewhere.

Superman: Sweet. I'll swing by to pick you guys up. Pizza and beer's on me.

Batman: Wait, these guys are the reason I called for your help. They're the enemy!

Superman: Quiet, you. If you ever talk to me again, I will burn your legs off with my eyes.

Iron Man: Can't buy a bucket!

Batman: Hello?

Bruce Banner: This is Dr. Banner calling for Peter Parker. The fission-powered sneeze inhibitor he requested is ready.

Batman: Thank you, I'll let him know.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.10 The Wide World of TV

Sunday, Sep 10, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Some of you may watch The Office. Some of you may really like The Office. Some of you may have giant rasterbations of Pam on the ceiling above your bed, and practice what you would say to her if only you could meet her and she wasn't an entirely fictional character. All of these are just fine, and it's ok to continue this behavior. However I am required by law to point out that I'm not saying this as any sort of psychologist or psychiatrist and instead as a person who requires other people to do dumb, embarrassing things in order to do my job.

In any case, I have found that there are some people who do not realize that the American show "The Office" is based on a UK show called "The Office". While many people would argue the merits of the copy versus the original, I think they miss the point. The point is that both of them are better than the French Version, and that neither of them can ever hope to be as good as the German Version, which is the best version. That is until the Quebec Version bursts onto the scene soon.

"Wow," you're saying. "That's a lot of versions of the same show." And you are very right. But what you see here is but the first meager step in a coming flood of international television adaptations. The Office was only the beginning, and as a special preview exclusive to SomethingAwful.com, I'd like to take a look at some of these recent additions to the world TV scene.

- **India 24**

Inspector Chattopadya is 5 feet and 7 inches of luxuriously tended mustache and carefully wrapped colorful turban, but the Famous Bombay Sing-Song Inspector is about to have the worst day of his life. Terrorists, the Ominous Red Hat Gang of the North, have stolen his wife and daughter, and he now has 24 hours to put on a most impressive show for the Sultan. Ha! Ha!

Best Moment of the Season So Far:

> **Sultan:** Ayah! *(stomps his feet and makes graceful sweeping gesture)* OH! *(Laughs uncontrollably)*
>
> **The Sing-Song Inspector:** Chloe! I must do unauthorized dance! No time to explain!
>
> **Chloe:** *(sings eight minute song)*

- **Canadian 24**

In eight hours, terrorists are going to push the ocean into LA, killing everyone south of Santa Barbara. But Canada don't care. Canada fucking chilling during all this shit because ain't no one ever targeted Canada. Hell yeah. Canada will live forever.

Best Moment of the Season So Far:

> **John Briar:** Looks like those Americans are having a bit of trouble down there.
>
> **Todd Almeria:** Mmm...looks like. Hey, who brought these donuts? They're pretty good.

- **176**

Jerry 3434 is a high impact space specialist used to hot situations, which is good because he's about to be sent to a very hot situation, which is Mercury, which is the closest planet to the sun, it's hot. Because a solar day on the planet is equivalent to 176 Earth days, this show has become notable for shutting down the entire television industry when it is in production, as every single possible writer is hired to fill in the tremendous amount of real time they have to cover. It is estimated that if the Wikipedia article on its plot was printed out and laid end to end, then all the paper would just blow everywhere because there is no way they'd get enough people to hold all that down just to lay some internet article end to end.

Best Moment of the Season So Far:

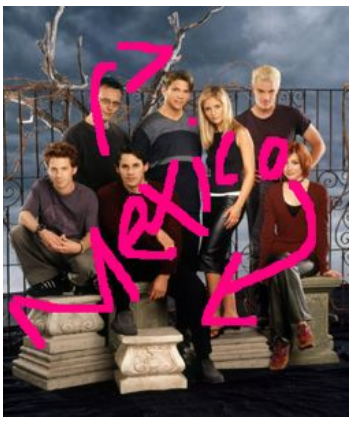
> **Jerry 3434:** X-xXon! Do you read me?
>
> **X-xXon:** I'm reading you loud and clear, champ.
>
> **Jerry 3434:** Do you remember when it turned out that Fran7, the galactic president, was actually under the control of The Dark Matter Patrol but then it turned out he was actually their leader but then it turned out he was a spy trying to bring them down and then it turned out he didn't actually exist but was a rumor spread by The Dark Matter Patrol?
>
> **X-xXon:** No.

- **Buffelenisía, La Slayór**

¡¡¡¡Buffelensía es una mejor pero hay un monstor que tiene dentals muy long!!!! ¡¡¡¡Y con blood que horrible!!!! ¡¡¡¡¡Si, es una momenta muy scary pero hay un gran exito para mi como estas estoy bien!!!!! ¡¡¡¡¡¡Con muchos boobs!!!!!!

Best Moment of la Season So Far

> **Buffelensia:** ¡¡Ay, mios dios un monstro!! ¡¡¡¡Necesito quitarme mi ropa!!!!
>
> **Monstro:** ¡Si!
>
> **Buffelensia:** ¡Que disastre! *(laugh track)*



Sources tell me this is a accurate depiction of the new Buffy look.

- **Our Backyard**

Filmed using every single professional actor on the small South Pacific island of Palau, this show follows two men as they discover a plane has crashed on the nearby beach which is soon swarming with confused white people shouting in the jungle and having intrusive flashbacks at all hours of the day. So they do what anyone would do in the situation: fuck with them using a complicated series of props and projectors.

Best moment of the season so far:

Dan: Haha, oh man, that chick just offed that other chick!

Fred: Hahaha, sweet! Quick, I'll get the smoke machine. Assholes think it's some kind of monster or something.

Dan: God, they are the *dumbest* people.

- **Failed Prison Break (All Praise To Allah For His Justice)**

Mikal Shamir is the latest hot guy star to hit the small screen in the great country of Saudi Arabia. Convinced his brother is not guilty of the murder he is accused of, he hatches a plan to be placed in the same government prison in order to break them both out. Unfortunately, justice is a little swifter in Saudi Arabia than he expected and the opening episode ends with both of them dead and buried in unmarked graves, leaving many viewers wondering if it managed to have an even more short lived concept than the show it was based on.

Best Moment of the Season So Far

Mikal: I've come to get you out of here. I have the entire map of the prison tattooed on my body and I've made contingency plans for everything.

Lablab: Ok, they execute us in five minutes.

Mikal: Ummmm....well shit.

- **The Simpsons**

This is pretty much how The Simpsons looks in all other countries.

Thank you for reading our preview. If you enjoyed this article, look for its international versions soon! The Swedish one is my favorite. It's just like this article, only in Swedish and with a few topical jokes about the Swedish king. Don't miss it!

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

9.11 GroupHoop!

Monday, Sep 11, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

GroupHoop is a dynamic user-driven content canvas for the enabled and activated Web 2.0 community! We allow users to connect with each other and share ideas, collaborate, and innovate. Our HoopTag system allows others to find and connect with your HoopGroup on GroupHoops, and you can custom-tailor your HoopTags to make sure your Hoop overlaps with Hoops that share your HoopGroup's interests. Individual users can also explore the possibilities of a MyHoop account, which gives you the space you need to show your individual creativity.

The aggregate content generated by GroupHoop is a wholly-owned property of Big Internet and may be altered or resold without notification. Big Internet reserves the right to sell your personal information to our valued advertisers. A subscription to our service is considered consent to this process.

Get into the Hoop!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.12 Soap on a Rope

Tuesday, Sep 12, 2006 by Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

Greetings and salutations, my electronic friends! It's been a long time. I see you are getting a bit thick around the breadbasket and finally bought that limited edition Highlander (the series) broadsword. Good for you.

Please don't take my recent absence as an affront to our friendship. I am doing some very important work for our government (frowning at arabs) to help secure our freedom and win the war on terror. I had to make some sacrifices, namely writing for you and your ilk.

Today I am stepping in for the esteemed Johnny Titanium who is taking a retreat in Brussels getting mineral water enemas and being fed skinned grapes by small African children. He has changed a lot since snagging this high profile writing job, and has taken to going on skiing trips with Danny Gans and flying helicopters around active volcanoes. I never liked to flaunt my elite status, staying close to my roots: stoned college kids who will skim over this article and forget about it as soon as the Steak 'Ums are done.

My update today is part confession, part public service, with a dash of nutmeg for that seasonal flavor. Like many of my dirty secrets and embarrassing dance moves, I will keep things hidden deep inside for years and then suddenly expose them in an update for thousand of strangers to ridicule. This update is no different, as another skeleton has shamefully marched out of my closet and into the glaring spotlight.

For many years now I have been abusing black tar heroin and falling asleep in the bathtub, but that is not what we will talk about today. The sordid scandal to be confessed is that I am a huge daytime TV fan and a rabid soap opera junkie. Since my youth I have been afflicted with a terrible ailment known as Red Hair Syndrom or RHS, otherwise known as the Irish Blight. This unfortunate condition kept me indoors during my formative years, hidden from the angry red sun scorching the earth's crust.

Thus I watched television as my peers built physical and social skills that would prove to become vital to success as an adult. Meanwhile I built up the remote-control thumb strength that would prove to become vital for thumb wrestling, taking me to 5 consecutive WTW (World Thumb Wrestling) title bouts -- until my thumb was injured at freak pig roast accident, but that is a whole other update.

It started with the cheesy Sci-Fi shows. A few innocent Lost in Space episodes where Dr. Smith sells Will and the Robot to Bavarian Alien race for a chocolate bar. Then to Voyage of the Bottom of the Sea where the crew runs back and forth onset simulating a Kraken attack. Then and a handful of Land of the Giants, a place where kitty doesn't seem so cute anymore. Then came the court shows. That sweet grandfatherly Judge Wapner dealing out justice with a cruel but fair wrinkled hand. After watching the People's Court I thought the American justice system was orderly and efficient where lawyers let witnesses tell their full story in the form of a narrative, allowing the truth to unfold within a tidy half hour.

The real trouble began months later when my thumb strayed from the well traversed path to the undiscovered realm of daytime television: the network soaps that no healthy heterosexual male was

meant to watch. I will fully admit to you, my friendly and slightly chubby Internet confidantes, that at first I despised these shows and only watched them for mockery and jest. Then something strange and magical happened, and I started to get hooked. Once I became familiar with the storylines and characters, I was swept away by these soaps that made my heart soar and libido roar. Affairs, intrigue, murder, rare diseases, incest, vampires... the soaps had it all!

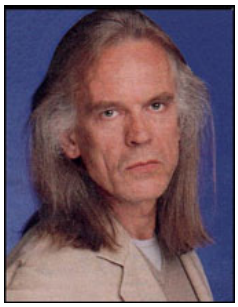
Before I discovered the whimsical world of soap operas, I could only get this kind of rush from riding the mechanical bull at Diamondback Saloon, or sniffing wood glue in my father's shed. Now it was there waiting for me every weekday from noon to 3:00, free of charge. Once school season began, I jumped out of my Mom's van so I could stay home with a pair of broken legs and take Days of Our Lives 101, and How To French Kiss Like A Carp 362. I was so hooked that I needed to know what was going on in the latest storylines or I would break out in a cold sweat and chew on cardboard boxes. Would Anthony murder Jacob? What would become of Dudley who was raised by mussels and was caught kissing Dr. Honeytits in the morgue?

That is why I have developed a service to help people like me: giving you the latest scoop on all the major plotlines without having to take time out of your busy day. No need to thank me, this is just one veteran helping out another in a war that nobody can truly understand unless they have been through it. Keep on truckin'brah.

The Bold and the Beautiful

- Luke falls off his schooner "Bold Desires" and gets amnesia for the 5th time this year. Gloria uses his ailment to her full advantage, getting him to believe he is the crown prince of Prussia. Dante puts an end to the ruse by throwing Luke off a bridge, reversing his amnesia but causing the side effect of Luke thinking he's a seahorse.
- Roman discovers he has a foot odor problem, and that his peers and wife call him "Swamp foot" behind his back. With the elections and fall sockhop coming up, he is determined to solve this puzzling foot problem at any cost. It ended up costing $2.59 for some Dr. Scholls Odor Eaters.
- AIDS has finally made its presence known in the community, causing promiscuous sex and tomfoolery to all but vanish. Most of the people now spend their time cleaning their house and taking online college courses.

General Hospital



- Joshua gets a case of worms from a bad corndog and must hide them from the prying eyes of the hospital staff at all costs. Soon he bonds with the worms and cannot bear to take his worm killing medicine. In an ironic twist they save his life, stopping an assassin's bullet that would've left him paralyzed.
- Frankie hatches a plot to poison her rival, Simone, but it is thwarted by the ghost of Marion who was killed by Frankie with a hot air balloon 2 seasons ago. Frankie tries to run away from the ghost and falls off a misty pier where she drowns and then gets shot by the police.
- Little Daniel is diagnosed with a rare blood disease that turns him into a bloodthirsty werewolf when the moon is ripe. Can the brave doctors save his life and survive the night while not mussing their hair?

As the World Turns

- Victor has a crush on Gale, but her husband Joshua stands in the way of their forbidden passion. Little does he know that Gale is really his sister and Joshua is his true father. Joshua was conceived from a comet crashing to earth's primordial soup 2 billion years ago but jogs everyday so he still looks young and vibrant.
- Everybody knows that Bo hates ants, but nobody knew how much until the Blueberry Picnic. An ant crawled on Bo's leg and he freaked out, spilling a jug of potato salad all over Cassandra and Biff who were making out nearby. This caused Biff to punch Bo and put him into a deep coma. I think this was just a clever way for the producers to write Bo out of the series.
- Fawnette has been sleeping with Mayor McCheese, but little does she know that the mayor's son Hamburgler has fallen for her and plans on assassinating his father with a poisonous french fry. The plan backfires and he is sent to Pickle Prison were he is stoned to death with sesame seeds.

The Young and the Restless

- Debra's cat Dr. Pookie Paws falls in love with Jonathan's dog Samson. A pet marriage is held at the St. Joseph vineyard where everybody attends in good spirits.
- Data enters the holodeck only to find himself transported to 17th century England! He rescues the fragile Wesley Crusher from Jack the Ripper's cluches and then goes on a shopping spree for tweed hats.
- Lily has been battling her addiction to caffeine for many years, but things reach a breaking point when she is found passed out at the bottom of a stairwell surrounded by dozens of non-fat double mocha lattes. Stuart stays by her side as she struggles through withdrawals and comes out of the ordeal a survivor.

Days of Our Lives

- Cass ate a whole packet of Razzels (first they're candy and then they're gum) causing him to vomit on Victoria's new dress at the October Ball. Thanks to the festive colors of the Razzels she wins first place and Cass and Victoria make out on the veranda.
- There is a new stranger at Harbor View, but he has a terrible secret. He's black.
- Felicia paid Bridget a visit. Bridget told Felicia she thinks her life is finally back on track. Felicia was amused by what she surmised from what Bridget said about Brooke and Ridge getting back together. Ridge told Ty that he really loves Felicia but has a crush on Bridget and doesn't the heart to tell Brook. Ty didn't answer because he is a sock monkey.

I don't know if it's just me but I'm as hot as a bear in a honey tree right now and while writing I've stripped down to my tube socks and headband. The great thing about computer communication is

that you can go totally nude or wear outrageously weird things and the people on the other side of the computer will have no idea. Unless you foolishly tell them like I just accidentally did.

That's all for today gang, but I'll be seeing you around as I complete the Ohio leg of the USA world tour for Home Security: making people of Arabic origin feel uncomfortable with disapproving frowns. Stay true to your hearts and keep shooting for the stars. Feeling the burn is optional.

-~Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz

9.13 Animality

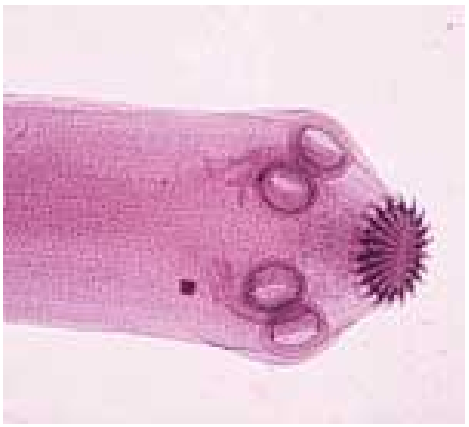
Wednesday, Sep 13, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Recently beloved TV personality Steve Irwin passed away at the hands of a stingray. Steve was renowned for his lengthy career that mostly consisted of picking up wild animals, poking them, laughing at them, and generally behaving like a jerk to them. In his non-televised spare time he did a lot to help them out, I guess buying them beer or whatever, which is what endeared him to so many millions. Steve's on-air antics molesting crocodiles like some kind of lunatic was just a small part of his life. True, he was one of the most adored conservationists and documentarians in the world, bringing people and murderous animals closer together through the medium of television. Although he is now dead, he at least died doing what he loved - pestering animals in their native habitat. In this regard we should not look at his passing as being tragic, for he has likely ascended to a higher plane of metaphysical animal molestation.

RIP, bro. I hope heaven is a swamp.

Steve's stingray-induced demise is nothing new in the realm of celebrity deaths. Many famous stars have lost their lives to vicious beasts - directly or indirectly - over the years. To illustrate that Steve's death was in no way unusual, I have compiled the following list of celebrities and the animals that killed them.

- Christopher Reeve, the most memorable of men to play Superman, was crippled and eventually died from complications resulting from a horse riding accident.
- John Lennon, popular musician and British person, was suffocated to death by a swan's neck.
- Princess Dianna lost her life when her driver swerved to avoid a lobster, causing the vehicle to crash into the thirteenth pillar of the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris.
- Comic actor Phil Hartman was tragically trampled to death by an elephant that, even more tragically, was piloted by his friend and *NewsRadio* co-star Andy Dick.



- Grammy winner Karen Carpenter was defeated in glorious battle by a tapeworm.
- R&B singer Aaliyah's life was cut short when her private jet crashed into a flock of seagulls and exploded violently over the Bermuda Triangle.

- While coroners ruled it a suicide, Ray Combs' death using a live snake as a noose would not have been possible without the assistance of the snake. Assisted suicides are still illegal in most states, making this a clear-cut case of death by animal.
- Baseball player and famed hunter of rare birds Kirby Puckett died on his attempt to find and capture the elusive Lord God Bird. Though his recovered journal indicates he found the near-extinct woodpecker, the fact that his body was recovered with its eyes poked out suggests he did not succeed in its capture.
- Frank Sinatra passed away after boasting that he could fit an entire squirrel into his mouth. He succeeded in doing so, but was unable to remove it fast enough and choked to death.
- Gene Siskel was famously mauled to death during a taping of *Siskel & Ebert* by the dog from *Beethoven* after he gave the film's sequel a negative review.

- Legendary actor Bob Hope was gored to death by a rhinoceros that, experts now agree, mistook him for a mummy.
- Nipsey Russell, venerated African American comedian and actor, lost his life fending off an army of exceptionally smart rats after he became lost in the New York City sewer system.
- Famous religious person Pope John Paul II ended his papal reign in gruesome fashion. A large swarm of bees made their way into Vatican City and stung the pontiff to death.
- Dana Plato from TV's *Diff'rent Strokes* was impaled by a mounted marlin, causing her slow and painful exsanguination.
- After crashing his personal plane, a wounded John Denver was stalked by marmots for two days before they finally killed and ate him.
- Racing superstar Dale Earnhardt was killed when his vehicle ran over a turtle, launched into the air, and smashed into a wall. The turtle eventually made it to the finish line.
- Television heartthrob Norman Fell, a firm opponent of medicine and hygiene, succumbed to wounds resulting from a raccoon attack, which witnesses say he initiated.

- Like many Americans, John Ritter was killed on September 11. However, he was killed when beavers dammed a river and flooded the valley he lived in.

- Don Knotts' death brought the number of surviving male *Three's Company* cast members down to one (You're a dead man, Richard Kline!). Knotts was apparently not a fan favorite of the hundreds of owls that descended upon his frail, elderly form. His horrifying death and the ensuing public outcry led Tootsie Roll Industries to stage a mock public execution of its famed "Mr. Owl" character, as well as his removal from all of their advertisements.
- Johnny Carson, strong in his old age, was able to withstand the crushing strength of a fully-grown boa constrictor. However, he was not able to withstand that of a second. His eyeballs literally popped from his head.
- A cenotaph is the only memorial there is for Ernest Borgnine. A highly organized army of ants carried him off some time ago, and his body has yet to be recovered.
- Komodo dragons viciously killed a frightened and confused Ray Charles. Sadly, he was unaware that he was wearing white socks or that his white socks would resemble rats to the reptiles, which wasted no time knocking him to the ground and devouring him. He was also unaware that he was in a Komodo dragon pen at the local zoo.
- James Doohan and DeForest Kelly, stars of *Star Trek*, both died from contact with poison-skinned frogs, though not at the same time. Fans of *Star Trek* are no doubt well aware that most of the actors used frog and toad poisons as recreational hallucinogens on the set of the groundbreaking 1960s sci-fi series.

All of these deaths teach us two things. It is neither safe nor healthy to be famous and near animals. However, if you are not famous, animals are generally harmless and loveable creatures, eager to be your friend. Do not be afraid to approach or pet them, no matter how scary they look. In fact, most animals love it when you scream at them and yank on their tails. Get the most out of nature, it is there for your personal entertainment.

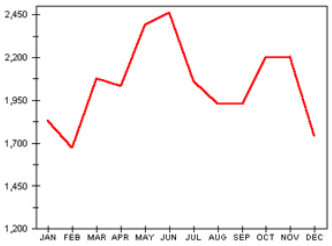
-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.14 The Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle Aptitude Test

Thursday, Sep 14, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

September 14, 1987

Dear Concerned Parent(s),



Clearly this graph indicates some sort of science!

With both Communism and the popularity of Phil Collins on the rise, it may be easy to overlook the problems of your children. Yes, the frantic pace of the 80s may grab you by your power tie (or possibly, your sensible shoulder pads) and never let go, but how important will your career be when little Bobby or Susie asphyxiates in an abandoned refrigerator? The answer: temporarily slightly less important.

But it can be hard to get inside our children's heads, and many of us remember the stomach-churning episode of 60 Minutes where a well-meaning pre-school took a very literal approach to this strategy. We don't suggest that you go this far. Luckily for you, we - Doctors Eastman and Laird of the Sheraton Inn Boiler Room Psychiatric Institute - have developed a test that allows you to know your child without resorting to horrible things such as talking to them and hearing "Daddy, my brain hurts," even though you know they're faking it. Children – as simple and stupid as they are – fall into four basic personality types, which are very similar to those from what many ignorant people call the "dark ages." We've created an assortment of characters to fit these personality types, and from viewing the enclosed video ("Danger at Technodrome Cove"), your child will no doubt identify with one of them, and perhaps will want to dress up in pajamas designed around said character (please see enclosed coupons).

Simply ask your children the following questions after viewing the video, keeping a safe distance at all times. The results will give you a firm grasp of your child's future, and save valuable hours which can be spent at cocaine parties (please see enclosed coupons).

Love,
Kevin "Doctor" Eastman
Peter "Backup Doctor" Laird

Small child, what is your favorite activity?

LEADIN'

- **A.** Leading.
- **B.** Doing machines.
- **C.** Being crude, but cool.
- **D.** Overeating while abusing household pets.

You find a wallet in the street. Do you:

- **A.** Take it to the local constabulary.
- **B.** Assemble a small, marketable robot for the purpose of returning it to your local constabulary.

- **C.** Crack wise about the status of missing wallet(e.g. "Now that's what I call losing your money;" possibly something far less clever).
- **D.** Use contents of wallet on burgeoning drug habit; place wallet under tongue in anticipation of expected overdose.

What is your worst quality?

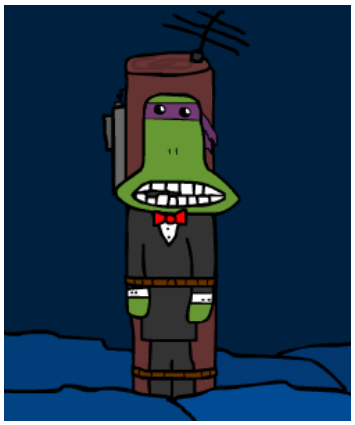
- **A.** Inability to follow.
- **B.** Preoccupation with machinery, gears; cog-based hobbies.
- **C.** Well timed situation-based puns.
- **D.** Closets upon closets of Hawaiian shirts. Also, coming out of blackouts guilty of murder.

What is your favorite food?

- **A.** Pizza.
- **B.** Pizza.
- **C.** Pizza.
- **D.** Pizza-style bagel foodlets.

If you could talk to anyone in the world, who would it be?

- **A.** God, or the man who invented Sears.
- **B.** The one, the only: Mr. Eddie Deezen.
- **C.** Star Search finalist Dave "Uncle Joey" Coulier.
- **D.** Whoever owned the mailbox I befouled last night- I left my wallet inside your cat and I need it back, bro.



MACHININ'

You are a doctor and only have time to save one of the following insured patients. Who will you save?

- **A.** A moderately successful juror/seminar attendee.
- **B.** A scientist working the kinks out of robot sex technology (Pinbot, etc.).
- **C.** An Internet comedy writer or a well-established child molester.
- **D.** No one; take the heart, sell it down by the docks. Use the money to buy a bus ride to your probation officer's house. That fucker squealed for the last time.

If you could be any animal, what would you be?

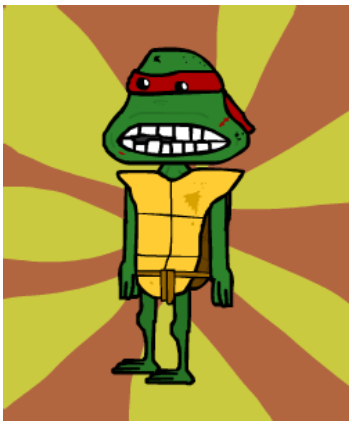
- **A.** The often unseen but omnipresent household dog.
- **B.** Dinosaurs. I want to be dinosaurs.
- **C.** A cat in a large dog costume with hilarious shoes (ZANY).
- **D.** A deer with a tragic past and a dark secret who's a loose cannon with three days left until retirement and may be off the case. This fall, action has a new name: D.E.E.R.S.T.A.L.K.E.R.

What is your ultimate goal in life?

- **A.** To hold a successful, multi-day yard sale.
- **B.** To make laser-based excitement a daily occurrence.
- **C.** To have at least an 80% success rate at shouting appropriate responses to movie trailers.
- **D.** To be as healthy as John Belushi (present day John Belushi).

If anyone in your life understands you, it's:

- **A.** The small man who comes by to read the gas meter.
- **B.** The math teacher with the aviator glasses who lets you call him by his first name.
- **C.** The weird, unmarried uncle who keeps buying you MAD Magazine.
- **D.** The EMT kind enough to inject adrenaline straight into your heart without asking incriminating questions such as, "How many fingers am I holding up?"



JOKIN'

If you were a color, which one would you be?

- **A.** Off-white, or the color of slacks.
- **B.** The forgiving shade of basement grey.
- **C.** Dayglo.
- **D.** It doesn't matter- all I see is pink ever since I sold my retinas for that bag of grass. It was actually grass. I'm an idiot.

Scientific Results

Mostly A's – Leonardo Child
By answering mostly A's, your child shows a clear propensity for giving orders and seeing that they are followed through. These skills come in handy in jobs such as gym teacher, Arby's supervisor, or as one of the many nameless, faceless men who operate bogs Bob Crane may have died in. But don't quit your job and enroll your child in any cutthroat business schools just yet; all of this leadership comes at a price: personality. Your small, (and our statistics indicate) pink, boring child will become a large, pink boring adult. If it's any consolation, the cycle will continue and in 20 years you will get to see the same small, pink boring children once again.

Famous Leonardo Children: Bob Newhart, Tom Bosley, Jesus Christ

Mostly B's – Donatello Child
I know what you're thinking: with a dust machine like that, my child will make me millions! You dumb, lyric-mishearing motherfucker. First of all, just what the hell is a dust machine? Does it create dust? Pick it up? Yeah, you don't know. Retard quiz part two: Just how the hell are you going to make money off of a dust machine? Christ, I'm surprised you weren't so frightened by the sound of two sets of genitals slapping together that you couldn't finish making your little overalled debt farm!

Note: if you did not mishear the "does machines" lyric in the official psychiatric evaluation theme song, we regret to inform you that your child will be smart, but a social cripple. On the plus side, he'll get a whole page in the yearbook before he graduates!

SMOKIN'

Famous Donatello Children: Steven Hawking, Ric Ocasek, Mr Coffee(there has to be a real one probably)

Mostly C's – Raphael Child
Are you familiar with the Buddy character from Charles in Charge? Of course you are! That sitcom set the world on fire and may just eclipse M*A*S*H in terms of sheer popularity! Anyhow, Charleseseses friend Buddy is always ready with a wisecrack for just about any occasion, and a loud shirt to punctuate the hilarity. Your child fits neatly into this role. But unfortunately for you, people like Buddy are murdered in their own homes every day by kind-hearted family members just looking for silence. In a world without laugh tracks and breaks for Wilford Brimley oatmeal commercials, we have a name for people like Buddy: assholes. Your only hope is to hide or destroy all in-house Garfield books and inform your child as to why Peter Venkman's attitude makes him the worst possible Ghostbuster.

Famous Raphael Children: Dean Martin, Tom Bosley's Unpopular Twin Brother, Fred "Pussy Destroyer" Rogers

Mostly D's – Michelangelo Child
You poor, sick son of a bitch. Was the pregnant mother of this child around paint fumes? Did she spend the entire gestation period in a paint factory located next to a sulfur processing plant? Was she inseminated with a filthy trowel? This is the most logical path to take in the creation of a Michelangelo Child. The only advice we have is to sit back and enjoy the ride- like Space Mountain but with constant bail payments. As your child grows more lazy, slothful, and crimey, he or she will no doubt try to strangle you with a rusty guitar string in the middle of the night. And if you survive the attack - and the hepatitis it will no doubt inflict – you'll be able to look your child straight in the eye and think, "My little baby is growing up" and "Oh my god no a gun I don't want to die not here not yet!!!"

COWABUNGA!

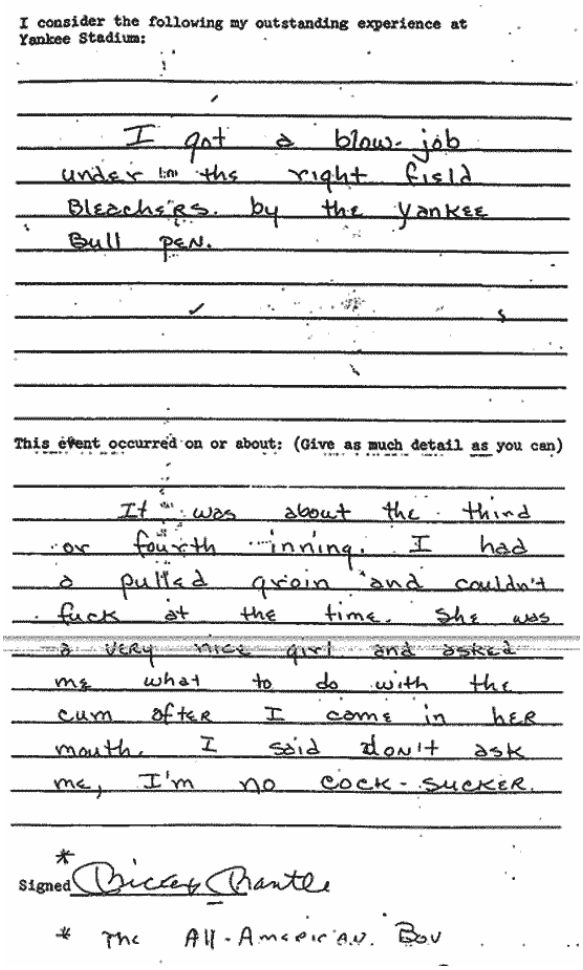
-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

9.15 The Mick's Lost Letters

Friday, Sep 15, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A letter supposedly from Mickey Mantle recently surfaced over at Snopes, the myth-busting website. The letter is supposedly intended for the Yankee's head office and covers the Mick's favorite experience at Yankee Stadium. I have reproduced the original letter here in case Snopes can't handle the bandwidth usage.

The 1973 Letter



I consider the following my outstanding experience at Yankee Stadium:

I got a blow-job under the right field Bleachers by the Yankee Bull pen.

This event occurred on or about: (Give as much detail as you can)

It was about the third or fourth inning. I had a pulled groin and couldn't fucks at the time. She was a very nice girl and asked me what to do with the cum after I come in her mouth. I said don't ask me, I'm no cock-sucker.

Signed Mickey Mantle

* the All-American Boy

As shocking as an American baseball legend talking about blowjobs might be, nothing prepared me for the four letters Mantle had sent to the Yankee's head office during the previous four seasons. I was lucky enough to have them emailed to me by a huge Yankee fan and sports memorabilia buff.

The 1969 Letter

I consider the following my outstanding experience at Yankee Stadium:

I took a shit on a little Mexican kid's chest behind the left field wall.

This event occurred on or about: (Give as much detail as you can)

It was the eighth and I was pinchinc one in and Stengel had clogged up the one in the bullpen. I dropped trou behind deep left and just as I'm about to let loose I realize I'm squatting over a Mexican kid. I asked him to move. He said he could bend it into a taco, so I let rip.

Signed* Mickey Mantle

* The All-American Boy

The 1970 Letter

I consider the following my outstanding experience at Yankee Stadium:

I let a rubber fetish nun torture my balls and then I fisted her ass in the maintenance tunnel.

This event occurred on or about: (Give as much detail as you can)

It was about the second or third inning. I was icing down a bum knee. She was wearing a gas mask and a rubber nun habit. She used rubber bands on my ballsack and beat me off into a cup. I fisted her filthy hole. After we both came I told her to never say I didn't give back to the church.

Signed Mickey Mantle *

* The All-American Boy

The 1971 Letter

I consider the following my outstanding experience at Yankee Stadium:

I fought an evil wizard with my mind outside the red hot stand.

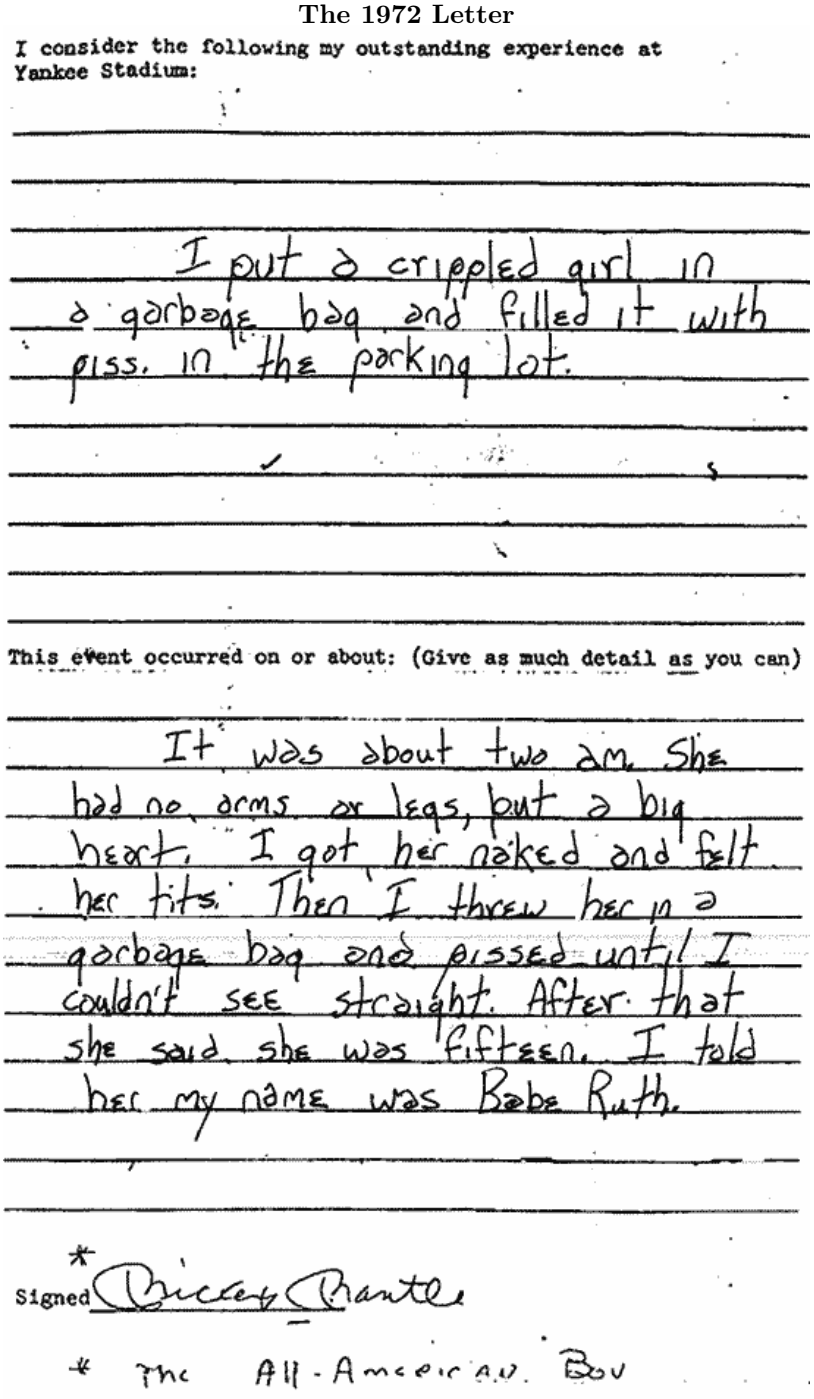
This event occurred on or about: (Give as much detail as you can)

Right before the start of the Tigers game I challenged an evil wizard to a magic duel. He had a huge hat and beard, but his fireball was weak. After I came in his mouth he asked me what to do with the cum. I told him to keep the change and sent him back to his dimension.

Signed Mickey Mantle

* The All-American Boy

The 1972 Letter



I consider the following my outstanding experience at Yankee Stadium:

I put a crippled girl in a garbage bag and filled it with piss. in the parking lot.

This event occurred on or about: (Give as much detail as you can)

It was about two am. She had no arms or legs, but a big heart. I got her naked and felt her tits. Then I threw her in a garbage bag and pissed until I couldn't see straight. After that she said she was fifteen. I told her my name was Babe Ruth.

Signed* Mickey Mantle

* The All-American Boy

You be the judge of whether or not they're real! Personally, I *know* they're real.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.16 Doctor's Orders

Saturday, Sep 16, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

My name is Doctor Doom, and I have been chosen to present the people of Earth with a medical breakthrough of monumental importance. I had nothing to do with the discovery itself, but as luck would have it I am the most recognized doctor in the world, beating out such great minds as Dr. C. Everett Koop and Dr. Heathcliff Huxtable, whose research into the deliciousness of pudding has forever changed the medical community's approach to artificial insemination. I am more than happy to put my celebrity status to good use and hope that my fame will help this important discovery reach as many people as possible.

In the interest of full disclosure, I should admit that I am not actually typing this press release with my own iron fists. When I bought my computer I set it up on top of a very high shelf where I cannot reach the keyboard or see much of the monitor, but moving it would be a hassle so my freakishly tall assistant takes dictation for me. You should see this guy. Apparently since he's so tall, he doesn't take the effort to reach down and soap up his ankles and calves when/if he showers. To make matters worse the asshole wears shorts all the time. It's like I'm looking at a nudist chimney sweep's legs everywhere I turn. I hate him so much.

But yes, the discovery.

We have found that the human body is entirely capable of living forever. This undoubtedly sounds far-fetched to you, but allow me to explain.

You have heard of the term "death by natural causes", yes? These natural causes run the gamut from disease to old age, and we accept that one day we will inevitably succumb to them if we are lucky enough to avoid a violent and possibly hilarious death at an early age. It turns out that "natural causes" are triggered by very specific and easily avoidable accidents that occur years or even decades before a patient's death. Without the influence of these accidents, the human body can thrive indefinitely.

We are still in the process of determining exactly which accidents cause which ailments, but here are our preliminary findings:

Cancer - Caused by stubbing one's toe. Lighter bumps = benign tumors, harder bumps = malignant tumors.

AIDS - Accidentally thinking of your mother while masturbating, even if only for a fraction of a second.

Heart Disease/Attack - Making a bowl of cereal while you're still sleepy, then putting the milk back in the cupboard or the cereal in the fridge.

Diabetes - Trying to wipe sleep crust from the corner of your eye, but making too fast of an approach and poking the eye itself.

Multiple Sclerosis - Having a drink or bite of food go down the wrong pipe.

Appendicitis - Putting the wrong Netflix movie back in the envelope and sealing it.

Cell Degeneration - Getting a small chunk of toilet paper wadded up in your ass hair without even knowing it and walking around the rest of the day like some sort of normal person.

Pneumonia - Going to a concert and applauding when a song stops, only to find out that it was a quiet part when the song starts back up again.

Sudden Infant Death Syndrome - Snorting when you laugh.

Respiratory Illnesses - Signing your name in a hurry and accidentally skipping a letter or adding an extra one.

Kidney Failure - Extending your hand to someone for a handshake, but they extend their hand in a totally different way for some sort of complicated cool guy shake.

Epilepsy - Getting a papercut.

Food Poisoning - Attempting to kick a ball, only your foot grazes the top of it and you lose your balance.

Lupus - Blurting out "You too" after a movie theater employee says "Enjoy the show".

If any of the above have happened to you, your fate is sealed. You should sit down in a corner for the rest of your wretched life and think hard about what you've done.

For the rest of us, however, congratulations! Let's all have a big cheer that's loud enough for the dying to hear it over their sorrowful wailing. YAAAY! Feel free to cheer like that whenever you feel like it, and do a fist-pump to drive your point home.

Your first order of business should be to protect yourselves from physical accidents such as stubbing your toes or getting papercuts. The best way to do this is to wear a full body armor made of iron with a snazzy green tunic, much like mine. I have made these outfits available at no cost to all who request them from their country's Latverian Embassy.

As for the mental mistakes, there is very little that can be done as long as you are only human. Therefore I recommend implanting an electronic chip in your brain to control all of your actions. This will keep you from getting into an accident and also let you relax and watch as your armor-clad body does incredible things like pummel an invisible woman or distract a brute made of stone as I make my escape. I have made such chips available for surgical implant at no cost to all who request them from their country's Latverian Embassy.

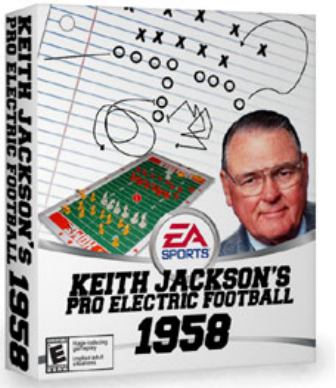
What will it be like to live forever? No one can be sure. Some are afraid that our bodies will grow exponentially smaller, frailer, and wrinklier. I prefer to think that we will be more like the lowly caterpillar emerging from his cocoon as a butterfly, and that we will emerge from our wrinkled husks as really big butterflies. No matter how the infinite future plays out, you can rest easy knowing those meddlesome Fantastic Four will finally be out of my way once and for all.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.17 Electric Football!

Sunday, Sep 17, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Folks, the pig's in the poke and the turkey's in the fryer and the cow's teetering over a large barbeque pit! Whoa, Nellie!



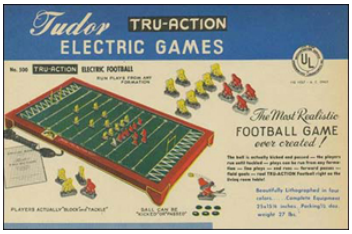
PREORDER NOW!

Hello, I'm Keith Jackson. And if you remember my long-winded and unclear color commentary metaphors like the one above, you must be sixty. But more importantly, you're from an era when men were men, and even some women were men- but America was so tough that we just let this problem work itself out, like with civil rights and such. Now, in the half century I've been a sportscaster, I've witnessed many tragedies. And as much as I would love to tell you about how Howard Cosell's secret retarded slave child eventually chewed through his restraints and murdered his father, the subject of today has to deal with the unfortunate downfall of football.

I'm no dummy - I know that nothing can fix the real NFL. They recruit large, dangerous men who end up retiring because of homicide convictions after three years of bulking up on rage-inducing drugs. If I did not have the safety of my skybox I swear I'd be taking each and every one of those monsters out with the sniper rifle I stole from Al Michaels. But even the simulated NFL has its problems. The other day I went over to visit my grandsons – and maybe it was because of all the cocktails I made on the ride over – but I couldn't make heads or tails of that damn Madden video game they're so crazy about. Maybe it's because I've had the joy of sitting an entire Superbowl with John "Tough Actin' Tinactin" Madden in a control booth the size of Robert Reich's race car bed. Folks, it was like being trapped in Satan's asshole after a chili dinner.

With all of this evidence, you have no doubt come to the same conclusion I have: the only way to recover the magic of this once leathery sport full of leathery men is to bring back the only simulation that ever made any sense: electric football. And thanks to my new endorsement deal with EA sports, this fantasy can come true in any America home with electricity (sorry, The South).

History



Tragically, the first electric football games required a team of engineers to operate(not included) and cost $5000, which was a lot of money back then.

As wonderful and perfect as it is, electric football did not come into creation as the result of some magic imp's conjuring. Two Oklahoma brothers, Charlie and Ransom Stonkhowser, had the misfortune of growing up in the Dust Bowl: an era where the only fun to be had was running for your life from the massive soul-destroying hurricanes of dirt that roamed the Midwest. But even if you had the fortune of not living in the moon-like geography of this region, if you were a child you had only four games available for indoor playtime: "eat circus peanuts and not vomit," "don't die from polio," "don't die from polio bonus round: tuberculosis," and "stare at the radio and imagine naked ladies." From this boredom came Charlie and Ransom's – and perhaps humanity's – greatest creation.

Electric football was spawned by the two brothers in 1936 during a break in a particularly nasty 18 month dust storm. Once the children of Charlie and Ransom's small town got used to the entirely new phenomenon known as "sunlight," the brothers and the rest of the nearby children assembled a

small football game. A game... that would end in tragedy.

What the children didn't realize was that the end of the dust storm was just a break; it wasn't too long before nature had humanity over a barrel once again. It was the second play, in fact, when the sky split open and unleashed a torrent of grit at unimaginable speeds. The children on the "away" team were eroded instantly as the Stonkhowser brothers fled to their run-down country cottage where they did not emerge for ten years. No one is quite sure of the unimaginable horrors that took place during those long years in the Stonkhowser house, but the seclusion of Charlie and Ransom led to the creation of electric football.

Following these events, the brothers sold their idea to the Tudor toy company, bought expensive planes in order to fight the evil clouds that menaced their childhoods, and promptly died.

Strategy and Features

You folks can take your blast processing this and your force feedback that and stick 'em in your sweet pentunia! The beautiful simplicity of electric football cannot be recreated by any of your modern supercomputers or large, intelligent refrigerators. Although the technology used to power electric football – giant tubes which would often increase household temperatures 50 to 60 degrees and make housepets dangerously violent – was once harmful, in these modern times it's never been easier to vibrate a large sheet of metal! And in the off-season, mom or Girlfriend Sally will have loads of fun with many of the game board's optional uses, such as "pick up the moving quarter without using your hands!"

PROTIP: Don't play electric football using your mouth! You'll find it much more fun to use your hands- and it will lead to far fewer moments of doubting your sexual identity!

Game Features

- Expertly crafted humanlike figures with up to three colors of paint! If you squint, you'd swear you were in a blimp watching a real football game being played in a stadium that was constructed on a giant card table for some reason!
- Rugged cardboard box for all of your boxing, unboxing and storage needs!
- Patented Vibratech Technology ensures that players will arbitrarily spin around and move backwards- just like in the XFL!
- Create your own halftime show using the *power of your imagination!*
- Balls are just needless accessories that complicate things, go missing, and clog countless gutters. That's why electric football only recruits quarterbacks with footballs soldered to their palms (coming soon to the NFL in 2008)!

Is it real, or is it electric football? Your guess is as good as mine! (ANSWER: ELECTRIC FOOTBALL)

PROTIP: Contrary to popular belief, plays do not last 30 minutes. Without commercial interruption and dancing CGI Gatorade molecules, most plays in actual games last a mere ten seconds! Keep this in mind, as it will allow you to play hundreds, if not thousands of games in a single weekend!

- Is little sis getting bored because she can't join in? Have her open up a concession stand to feed you hungry coaches using dad's beer and other accessories! Or, simply have her remove most of her clothing and play cheerleader for a sight that's sure to bring your team V-I-C-T-O-R-Y!
- Lack of scoring mechanism will ensure your math skills stay sharp!
- Rules? What rules? With Keith Jackson's Pro Electric Football 1958, we *know* that football is no mystery to you. That's why we've neglected to include any kind of documentation, or answer such common questions as, "What's happening now?!" Real football doesn't require any namby-pamby reading, and your confusion about electric football will only build character and increase your skill at electric football.
- Take electric football outside for realistic weather effects!

PROTIP: Cheat code: Remove power source from electric football during player two's turn. Warning: can only be used once.

As you can see, every game of Keith Jackson's Pro Electric Football 1958 is more varied than Terry Bradshaw's complex albino DNA! Folks, the man has a *tail with a hand on the end of it.*

Great Moments in Electric Football History

With the abolition of the ELF Negro Leagues, exciting multi-cultural game boxes such as this one were produced. Here, a young Alfonso Ribeiro is clearly enjoying himself.

Just like any other sport played over the last 50 years, electric football has a significant legacy to it. Yes, your real football has events like The Immaculate Reception, The Miracle on Ice, and Tom Landry's famous killing spree when he thought his famous hat was stolen; electric football is not lacking any of these moments. There are at least six. Listen folks, as electric football's primary historian, I can only do so much. Record keeping would be a lot easier if this game wasn't played mostly by the illiterate.

Prepare to be astounded by ELECTRIC FOOTBALL'S GREATEST MOMENTS!

- **December 14, 1960**: The Electric Football Negro Leagues are abolished and Larry "Emancipation" Daniels becomes the first black electric football player drafted into the EFL. Unfortunately, at this time sale of electric football to African-Americans was outlawed by most electric football commissioners (who believed that giving non-whites something to harness the power of electricity would only lead to race wars). Only in 1984 would the popularity of The Cosby Show change the minds of these men and finally make electric football available for one and all. Let freedom ring!

- **January 9, 1974**: The final play of the 1978 EFL finals. A freak vibration pops 39 year-old Vince Schmeckler's QB off the table and onto the filthy carpet of the Suburban Assembly of God rec room. This game marks the first electric football win by temper tantrum, a strategy that most EFL players would adopt in the future.
- **September 28, 1979**: A tragedy: At Sacramento Plastics and Poison, the foremost producer of electric football sets, worker Pedro Martinez's body gets stuck in the massive, unforgiving machinery of the factory. When plant owners are too budget-conscious to temporarily stop production and free the trapped worker, a massive strike is held that threatens the very future

of electric football. Luckily, most serious electric football players knew at least nine to fourteen other people who had barely-touched electric football sets in their closets.

- **May 7, 1987**: Another tragedy: The EFL, trying to capitalize on the then-famous "Superbowl Shuffle," rounded up a group of epileptics to videotape dancing for their new "Electric Football Shuffle." In order to simulate the unique movements of electric football players, high-powered strobe lights were pointed at these epileptics to make them go into violent convulsions. Needless to say, TV viewers found this event nightmarish, which further tarnished the great majesty of electric football.
- **November 16, 1992**: 52 year-old Vance Turkle wins the 1992 regional EFL championship, and the custom designed trophy that goes along with it. When his mom comes to pick him up, tragedy strikes the ELF once again, and her words, "I don't want that damn thing in my house," causes Turkle to throw a traditional league-approved EFL tantrum. But with this tantrum... there were no winners; Turkle's mother refused to budge on her anti-trophy stance. Vance retired from the league shortly thereafter.
- **September 17, 2006**: Keith Jackson's Pro Electric Football 1958 goes into production, marking the first new electric football game to be produced in over 20 years. The shockwaves produced by this event are not unlike that of The Holocaust.

Endorsements

Folks, as Keith Jackson, I know that the star power of Keith Jackson is probably not enough to convince you to buy Keith Jackson's Pro Electric Football 1958. So just look at what these real-life NFL players are saying about my game! They barely know that I loathe them!

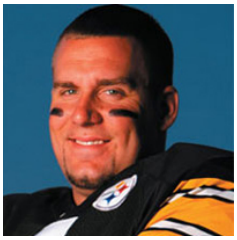
Daunte Culpepper

"With Keith Jackson's Pro Electric Football 1958, I can finally play football the way it was meant to be played: with my penis constantly exposed. Electric football doesn't fix the spelling of my extremely stupid first name, but then again, what would?"

Peyton Manning

"Keith Jackson's Pro Electric Football 1958 let's me simulate the dream of me, alone, as my own

team: The Superpeytons. Only then will my record not be fouled those chowderheaded 'teammates' of mine. Also, my first name is stupid, too."



Ben Roethlisberger

"ME LIKE LECTRIC FOOTBAL AS MUCH AS ME LIKE MOTORCYCLE"

Jeff Saturday

Note: from the spray of cheese and gristle coming from his cheesesteaked mouth, we can only guess that Jeff Saturday loves electric football.

Not convinced yet? I don't know how much convincing you need! Listen, I'm trying to buy a boat, and if I don't unload thousands of these fuckers on ret

This paid advertisement was brought to you by the Electric Football League: Over 50 Years in Musty Basements.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

9.18 Wrestling the Twister: An Interview With M. Night Shyamalan

Monday, Sep 18, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wrestling the Twister

An Interview With M. Night Shyamalan

M. Night Shyamalan was born Manoj Nelliattu Shyamalan in Pondicherry, India. He grew up in an affluent area of Pennsylvania, the son of two successful doctors. He attended strict Catholic schools as a child and the mythology, if not the religion, of those school years have had a dramatic impact on his career as a director and actor.

After some cajoling through his publicist, Shyamalan agreed to meet me at his favorite restaurant in Chicago. Ozo's is a homey diner built inside an old Pentecostal church. From the outside you would expect murmured prayers, or overturned pews and pigeons, but it conceals a richly appointed and wood-paneled restaurant, complete with low-hanging table lights and musty books lining the walls. It's the appearance of a library and the atmosphere of a cigar bar.

Shyamalan is still smarting from the critical scorching and apathetic box offices that greeted his latest film, *Lady in the Water*. He made me sign a waiver stating that we would not directly discuss the film. His recent rift with Disney is still an open wound as well, compounded by the failure of his first film with a different studio.

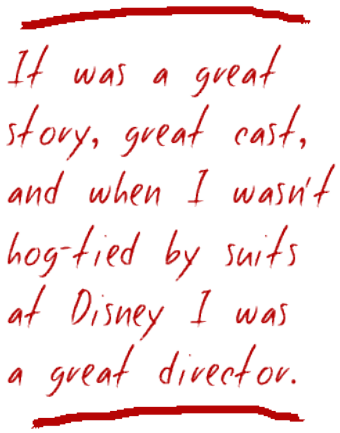
He arrives half an hour late, looking like the little boy with the power of Heart from Captain Planet all grown and wrapped up in a puffy down-filled winter coat. It's almost sixty degrees outside.

"I'm very sensitive to cold," he explains as he takes a seat across from me. "I'm just tuned into the stranger things and I have to insulate myself against it."

The waiter interrupts before we have a chance to get started. Shyamalan orders pouchong tea, osmanthus green, and water at exactly 187 degrees Fahrenheit. No milk or sugar. The waiter raises an eyebrow. Shyamalan shrugs out of his coat and I can see a ring of sweat on his gray turtleneck. He starts to order samosas, but reconsiders.

"Just bring me a bowl of cottage cheese on a bed pf crisp iceberg lettuce," he drums his fingers on the table, "and three slices of fresh peach."

The waiter takes my order and disappears into the kitchen, freeing us up to begin the interview.



In 2004 you teamed up with the Sci-Fi Channel to create a guerilla marketing campaign for *The Village*. The result was *The Buried Secret of M. Night Shyamalan*. How did that come about?

Ah, yeah, Disney was really getting upset about the dailies coming out from the Village. They said it was mopey and going nowhere. They told me it was going to be a hard sell and they were putting all this pressure on me to start promoting it. At the same time, Sci-Fi is nagging me to do something with them. Have you seen the movies they show on that channel? Utterly beneath me. They suggested that just letting them come on the set and shoot like a half-hour time killer spot would be fine.

Then I had this genius idea. We could do something like *Spinal Tap*, only instead of making it funny we can make it scary. I made up this thing about me being frozen to death in a lake and having psychic experiences, we had a bunch of interviews with cast and crew that pointed to me being a domineering paranoid, and then it portrayed me as magical. Sci-Fi went way overboard with the thing. I think it was 160 minutes in the final broadcast cut. It was a mess. People thought it was completely real, but then some critics said it was a fake. Long story short, Sci-Fi had to issue an apology and yank it from repeats. Biggest waste of my time ever.

I think Disney's need to market *The Village* so aggressively ended up taking away from critical moments on the film and I hold them fully responsible for its mediocre box office. It was a great story, great cast, and when I wasn't hog-tied by suits at Disney I was a great director.

Has your separation from Disney made you feel more or less free to pursue personal projects?

Every project I undertake is very personal for me and the whole split with them was about personal projects. They have no right to demand any creative control over my movies. I make money for them, bottom line. They were idiots to interfere with the process before, and now that I'm a free agent I feel liberated. The budgets are smaller, but now I can do whatever I want.

What is it you want to do?

My next project is a secret, but it's very exciting and surprising, I promise you. I can tell you about some more speculative projects I've been thinking about. When you think of horror movies what springs to mind?

Friday the 13th.

No, no, no. Really iconic, what legends pop into your head?

Werewolves. *The Wolf Man.*

No, but close. I'm talking really iconic here. I'm talking Dracula. I'm talking Frankenstein. I'm talking the Mummy. I have been reading those books and watching the movies and I think I have some really amazing new directions I could take those movies. What if, say, the Mummy is really just an idea. A personification of our fears. If you stop being afraid then, poof, the mummy is gone, but then the movie will be so scary that people can't stop being afraid.

See, that's just an idea I thought up just now, that's not even the direction I was thinking about going with the script. I could remake those three better than they've ever been.

They just remade *The Mummy* a few years ago. It had a sequel.

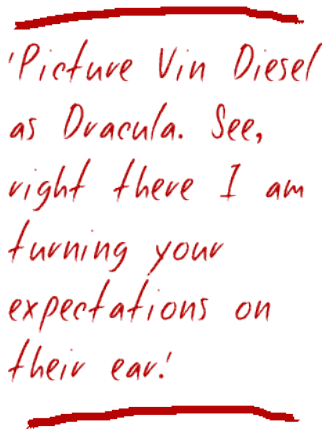
That was garbage. That was taking a real horror classic and turning it into an action movie with some jumps here and there. It was more of a remake of *Raiders of the Lost Ark.*

Picture this. Picture Vin Diesel as Dracula. See, right there I am turning your expectations on their ear. Vin Diesel, beefy action star, but did you see him in *The Pacifier*? That guy can act. He can bring that raw emotion. He's Dracula and maybe the Van Helsing guy isn't a vampire hunter, but this doctor trying to cure the disease that causes vampirism.

Imagine a suburban house, and Vin Diesel as Dracula is following this trail of blood and it leads him into the bathroom. There is his wife, dead on the floor with bite marks on her throat. He looks up at the mirror and you can see there is blood on his mouth. Then who does he call? Who would you call in that situation?

9-1-1?

No, it looks like you did it. You would call a friend. Someone you trust. A doctor. A Doctor Van Helsing. You get it? I could play Doctor Van Helsing, this tortured doctor who is hated by all of the detractors at the FDA. He is constantly criticized, but he holds the cure that will save the world from descending into vampirism.



I could call it something catchy and creepy, but misleading so that it doesn't immediately give away that it's Dracula. Like *The Somnambulist* or maybe *M. Night Shyamalan's The Thirst Within.* That way it would be a surprise when it turns out it's about vampires.

Have you ever considered branching out into genres that do not include a supernatural element?

That's a loaded question. My movies don't include a supernatural element. People say they do, but I don't think so. Can you prove ghosts don't exist? Aliens? Spirits that live in swimming pools? How do you know you're not a dead person right now? Bruce Willis didn't know. My movies are all set in a natural world - our world - that still has that element of mystery to it. We live in that world now, but we just pretend like we know everything with all of our science.

You mentioned aliens and I wondered if we could talk about your film *Signs*. What prompted you to take a stab at science fiction?

I stand by my previous answer, but I will tell you that I had a lot of pressure at the time to try science fiction. I'm not the sort of guy to do the next *Star Wars* or the next *Aliens.* Those are perfectly good movies, but I wanted to attempt something deeper and more universal. You know what I said about giving a Dracula movie a deceptive title? That's what I did with *Signs.* That was a story about a war between Heaven and Hell. The aliens were demons and the people's dead loved ones were angels. That was why I had them pray several times in the movie. It was about faith.

So the water that killed the aliens was holy water?

(He laughs). Most critics just didn't get that. My publicist tells me that you wrote a very negative review based on the water concept yourself. You guys just didn't use your heads. Water is holy in general. Many cultures revere it. Baptisms, holy water at a church, some pagan groups worship the sea or rivers. It's not a difficult concept, but some people just can't wrap their small minds around that.

I think it was the idea that aliens would invade the earth, a planet that's like 75%

water, has water that falls from the sky and-

No. Bullshit. You're still being small-minded. The characters in that movie called them aliens, but it was never explicitly demonstrated what they were or why they were on earth. People are much more accepting of aliens these days, and the idea was that if demons appeared among us, they would be perceived as aliens.

Have you considered doing any comedies?

I don't think I could ever do a straight comedy, but most of my movies have a comedic element. One idea I had, sort of along the same lines as that trilogy, was doing a remake of *The Munsters*. The whole thing would be set inside this really dark and dreary gothic house. I would portray the Munsters much more realistically and use all natural lighting. There would be some sight-gags or whatever, but I would play it totally straight down the line. They would talk about the prejudices they suffer and the oppression of being different. You're thinking, yeah, of course, they're so ugly. They're monsters, right?

But then, at the end, they go grocery shopping and you see that the world they live in is inhabited by the most hideous creatures you can imagine. Something like grotesque walking piles of goo with worms squirming around inside. And you realize that the prejudice they suffer is because they look too much like us.

I think there was an episode of the *Twilight Zone* sort of like that.

No. No there wasn't. Not like that. That's my idea.

'Hollywood doesn't need me to make its monsters. Hollywood is full of them already.'

What do you consider your greatest sources of inspiration?

The world around me, definitely. It's magnificent and strange and I get most of my ideas from just watching and listening. I can get the plot for an entire movie out of a certain creak in a certain floorboard late at night. After that, I think it's my imagination. I have a very fertile imagination and I am very creative. I have a whole notebook called "gold ideas" where I jot down every plot for a movie I come up with. There must be a thousand of them in there by now, each of them a seed just waiting to be planted and nurtured into a glorious great tree.

How do you respond to your critics who say that you're arrogant or pretentious?

(He laughs). I hope you're speaking for someone else.

There is a saying in the Talmud, "Whoever saves one life, saves the world entire." What I perceive and what I think about and do with that perception is the whole world. You might think that's arrogant or pretentious, but the world only exists because we're there to experience it. That's not to say I don't value the opinion of others, because it's the same for them, I'm just saying that you have to put yourself first and pursue your own vision and your own ideas, because that's your whole world.

What does your wife think about that?

She is very supportive. **(He glances pointedly at his watch).**

Do you have a deepest regret in your career to date? Something you wish you could take back or undo?

Only one: my relationship with Disney. If I had never worked with them, never agreed to be

their slave, I would have made such magical and elevating movies. It is hard to put your soul into something when someone else is telling you what your soul has to be. I think my latest movie is my best and most personal and if Disney, the critics, even the audiences don't get it, that's not my fault. They have to be willing to think and let art go where it has to go, not expect some neatly tied up package that conforms to Hollywood templates.

(He slaps his palm on the table.) Son of a bitch, I just want to cut out Nina Jacobson's heart. Feed it to a pack of wolves. Hollywood doesn't need me to make its monsters. Hollywood is full of them already.

The waiter arrives, belatedly, with our orders. He places the cottage cheese and teapot on the table and Shyamalan sniffs with disgust.

"What is this?" He asks the waiter.

"Cottage cheese on a bed of iceberg lettuce with three slices of peach."

Shyamalan stares the waiter in the eyes and with a deliberate motion he pushes the plate off the table. The plate shatters and the cottage cheese splatters on the floor.

"No," Shyamalan says through gritted teeth. "That's cottage cheese on a wad of wilted shit with three slices of *canned* motherfucking peaches."

The waiter stammers. Shyamalan storms away without even tasting his tea. I pay the tab after he's gone and apologize to the waiter. It turns out osmanthus green tea is fifty dollars a pot.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.19 Quantum Geek

Tuesday, Sep 19, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Albert "Al" Calavicci

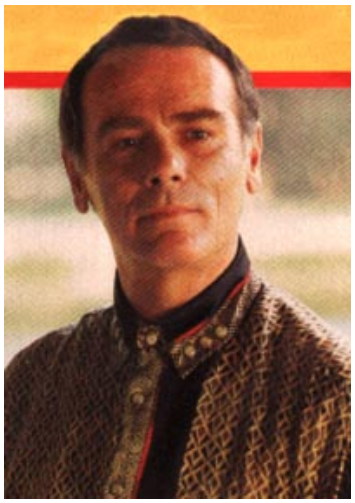
From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Albert "Al" Calavicci is a fictional character on the television series Quantum Leap. Al, played by Dean Stockwell, was Dr. Sam Beckett's only consort to the modern world during his travels in the Quantum Leap Accelerator. He is often regarded as one of the most important characters in the artistic development of television. [citation needed]

Al's Role on Quantum Leap

[edit]

Al, one of the key players in the Quantum Leap project, chaperones Dr. Sam Beckett through his "leaps" by explaining where he is, whose body he's inhabiting, and why he's there. Al appears to Sam as a hologram, which cannot be seen, heard or touched by anybody but Sam (with some exceptions— explained below). Al is the liaison to Ziggy, a Negro blues singer from the future who guesses, usually inaccurately, what Sam might have to fix in order to leap again.



Dean Stockwell as Al

Al's personality

[edit]

Al often played the "comic relief" on the show, but he had a serious side that made him more fleshed-out than most television characters. He was portrayed as a hard-drinking, womanizing blowhard who would often make lewd and inappropriate comments about women. He was always quick with a joke to lighten Sam's mood during difficult leaps, but Al also had a dark side. He was still haunted by the memory of his first wife, Beth, who left him after he was imprisoned in aPOW campfor several years and declared dead. Al had several unsuccessful marriages after his marriage to Beth, but none of them truly fulfilled him or bore him a son.

Al is a man of many passions, and his intense, smoldering sexuality is apparent in his steely gaze. He often smokes a cigar, which is at once a symbol of rugged masculinity and a representation of the male phallus. Many children growing up in the late eighties and early nineties received some of their first sexual feelings while watching Al's sturdy hands nonchalantly grasp and twirl his cigar, flirtingly darting it in and out of his mouth. [citation needed].

The character of Al is defined by the yearning for love and acceptance, hidden behind a mask of crudeness and callousness. Al served as a beacon to many lonely and confused boys in the world, which is why he continues to dominate the minds of so many young men. [citation needed]

Al's interactions with characters

[edit]

Although Al is a hologram meant only to be visible to Sam, certain characters in past episodes have been able to see or hear Al. Small children can almost always see and hear Al, as can certain animals. In some cases, African Americancharacters are able to see him, but not speak with him.Retarded characters are very fond of Al, but it is unknown whether they know he exists. Notable interactions between Al and characters or objects in the past include:

- In season four's "The King and I," Al trips over Elvis's guitar, making a sound audible to other characters in the room. This sound gives Buddy Holly the inspiration to write the classic tune "Crickets and Spics."
- In the episode "Four Square Meals," when Sam is a teenage girl attempting to prevent Chef Hector Boyardee from falling into a bottomless pit, Boyardee's slaves can obviously see Al.
- In the series finale, "The Leap Home," Neodymium Beckett, Sam's younger brother, suffers a stroke and dies when Al's hologram walks through him (Sam later forgives Al).
- In "Rape Crater," Mia Dade (played by a young Crystal Bernard) becomes distraught when Al urinateson her.
- In the episode "Melee at Hen Creek," a dog attempts to copulate with Al, but falls through his holographic leg and into the titular creek.
- In "Castle of the Bedouins," an Arabian child sets Al on fire with her little mind.
- The apostle James can see Al in the unaired episode "Nazarene Leap," in which Sam takes the form of Jesus Christ and must race the clock to prevent himself from being crucified.

Episodes which do not contain Al

[edit]

In the entire run of Quantum Leap, which spanned 97 episodes (not including the four that were deemed too outlandish, blasphemous or racist to air), only two episodes did not feature Al. One was "Right Here Right Now," a 1991 episode which guest-starred Mike Edwards of the dance-pop act Jesus Jones as an intern who temporarily filled in for Al after he broke his tailbone in a giant blender [citation needed]. The other episode was called "The Al Experiment," but no reliable information about this episode can be obtained, because it was boycotted (and still remains unseen) by all true Al fans, who are the only ones qualified to maintain and update this article.

Al references in popular culture

[edit]

- The character Dr. Gregory House, of the series House M.D., is clearly based largely on the character of Al.
- The character Al has probably been referenced in the television series "Family Guy," although scholars are still combing the original tapes to accurately file and index the nearly seven million pop culture references contained in the show. The project is scheduled for completion in 2009.
- Paul Simon's pop hit "You Can Call Me Al," though it predated the series Quantum Leap by two years, is perhaps based upon the archetype of Al that has existed throughout all literature in history.
- A National Geographic documentary about nocturnal animals reportedly referenced Al, although some contend that the narrator actually said "owls." This fact is still under dispute.

Conjecture on what Al might be doing now

[edit]

If Al were a real person, he might now be working in an important position within the government, or more likely, he might have retired. Al was, in the series, a Rear Admiral in the United States Navy, which would grant him a generous pension. Due to his love of women and flamboyant fashion, Al may have retired to a resort location such as Ibiza or Cabo San Lucas. Sometimes Al still thinks of Beth, and what might have been. Maybe Al has a cat, although in the episode "The Perverse Obligation" it was stated by Sam that Al does not like cats. I like to think that Al has softened up somewhat in his old age.

Maybe he thinks of me sometimes; maybe he wonders about a world not too different from his own, in which he is merely a fictional character, and all the world knows his name and watches him on television, and somewhere a man, who might be like a son to him in a better world, writes a detailed biography of him for an extremely important website. Sometimes Al puts on his favorite record, Ray Charles singing "Georgia On My Mind," and slow-dances with the immaterial shadow of me, his lost son— or lover (much like he famously danced with Beth in the finale of season two, "M.I.A."). Once in a while, Al thinks about the Quantum Leap accelerator and wonders where Sam is, and he wonders if perhaps he can somehow use the machine to transport himself into my world, where I will wait for him always. [citation needed]

External Links:

[edit]

The Leap Home: A Quantum Leap Fan Acceleration Chamber

The Quantum Leapfrog Learning System

Leapers Anonymous

Gushie1200's Shrine of Al

Lepers Anonymous

The Well-Stocked Stockwell Stockyard

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

9.20 Congressional Corruption

Wednesday, Sep 20, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

An organization known as Citizens for Responsibility and Ethics in Washington (CREW) recently released a listing of what they describe as the 20 most corrupt members of Congress. Sadly, expecting responsibility and ethics in Washington is an ambitious and foolhardy goal. Aside from the fact that elected officials have nothing to live up to, honesty and integrity are concepts so far removed from the political realm that they are like wizards and goblins living amongst robocops and terminators.

The report goes into boring detail about how each has passed legislation to benefit campaign contributors and/or family and how each has done a lousy job representing the American people. On the surface I found the reading dry and humdrum, since CREW mostly focused on more serious ethical violations. However, buried toward the bottom of each report was the really juicy stuff. With this update, I'd like to shine a light on some of the real corrupt actions going on around Congress. Obviously I am too lazy to read about all 20 corrupt members of Congress, so the following is but a small glimpse into the sinister world of government.

Rep. Tom Feeney (R-FL)

- Feeney was caught on film happy slapping Rep. John Murtha on Capitol Hill. The event was recorded on Rep. Richard Pombo's cell phone camera and posted on a right wing blog's comment section, where it quickly took off and spread around various Internet tubes.
- Feeney claimed his trip to the International Space Station was a fact-finding mission paid for by the National Center for Public Policy Research, but they denied having anything to do with him. Evidence suggests that political maelstrom Jack Abramoff was responsible for footing the bill in exchange for favors for his clients. Nonetheless, while in space Feeney ran extensive simulations on US border security using ants to represent people. His simulations demonstrated the ants' ability to move freely over walls and bodies of water. His research was ruled invalid by critics due to the lack of gravity and also the fact that humans cannot walk up walls like ants can.

Rep. Roy Blunt (R-MO)

- Was caught by a 7/11 surveillance camera purchasing beer for a group of underage constituents. After taking what he called "a generous commission," he gave the youths what little beer he did not consume himself and told them to "live fuckin' hard."
- Paid an Internet site to write bills for him, which he then took to Congress. Blunt was caught when Rep. Jerry Lewis tried to pass the same exact bill off as his own, showing the two were plagiarists.
- Dumped ten Hefty sacks full of cans and bottles into the Missouri River because it was closer to him than the recycling center.

Rep. Jerry Lewis (R-CA)

- With the aid of Rep. Richard Pombo, Lewis tipped over a vending machine and stole at least $20 worth of assorted snacks.
- Lewis deftly snuck in a provision on a bill that gave a two million dollar grant to his granddaughter's lemonade stand. After the little girl expanded her lemonade stand, she then somehow scored a three billion dollar no-bid contract with the U.S. Military to supply lemonade to Camp Anaconda in Iraq.
- Though Lewis denies it, there is strong evidence to support the case that he jammed a butter knife into the coin slot of a "Pit Fighter" arcade game at a laundromat to get free credits.

Sen. Bill Frist (R-TN)

- Frist was notorious for forcing congressional aids to steal pies from windowsills of neighboring offices. When they would get caught, he would quickly disavow all knowledge and tell people he doesn't even like pie.
- While distracted by his role in the Schiavo imbroglio and his insider trading, many overlooked the fact that Frist frequently cuts in lines and sneaks into movies without paying. When asked about his actions he said, "I once paid to see 'Mortal Kombat: Annihilation,' and I'll be damned if I pay to see another movie ever again."
- Frist, an observant and brash medical doctor, believed that Terri Schiavo could not possibly be in a persistent vegetative state. He quickly prescribed broad-spectrum antibiotics, a lumbar puncture, a CT, and an MRI. With

the aid of his team of fellow congressional diagnosticians, Tom DeLay and Rick Santorum, Frist concluded Schiavo was suffering from Lupus. Although they would have no doubt cured her of all her ills in a matter of days, many believe they overstepped their bounds and tried to play god in the lives of individual citizens instead of doing their appropriate jobs.

Sen. Rick Santorum (R-PA)

- Rick writes some of the worst bills in congress, and some suspect that he's merely using government funds to bankroll his burgeoning music career... and slacking off in his congressional duties in the process. For example, in H.R. 6061, "Rick" writes "we going to make it illegal for fast food workers to ask if 'you want fries with that' because if we wanted fries we would have asked for it so there's no need to ask if I want fries because it's just sales pressure and unfair it's like pushing the fries on me that I don't want because if I did want them I would have asked but I didn't so now it's against the law." Since H.R. 6061 is primarily about a proposal to build a fence on the Mexican border, Santorum's contribution seems slightly out of place.
- After Santorum's name was co-opted by critics to describe bizarre sex acts, other senators began teasing him in the halls. He was so angered by the frequent railleries of Sen. Evan Bayh that he held him down and tea bagged him.

Rep. William Jefferson (D-LA)

- Jefferson, an avowed music lover, installed KAZAA on congressional computers and downloaded several Whitney Houston albums illegally, which he then tried to hide in subdirectories with misleading names.
- During one Congressional Session, Jefferson tried to earmark millions of dollars to build a time machine to go back and rescue the rest of his hair, which he claimed was lost in a temporal cold war.
- Jefferson is notorious for filling up multiple plates at buffet restaurants, then barely touching them. This is clearly in direct violation of the first article of buffet ethics, "you may take as much as you want, but please eat all you take."

Rep. Richard Pombo (R-CA)

- Along with several other representatives, Pombo organized a failed bid to kidnap the Senate's mascot, a male goat named Biscuits. During the attempt Biscuits suffered a heart attack and passed away. Rep. Jerry Lewis tried to cover for Pombo by replacing the deceased goat with a look-alike, but that effort failed due to Biscuits' unique spot formations. Pombo then claimed the goat simply wandered too close to Ted Stevens and was absorbed by the lich-like Alaskan Senator.
- On March 13th, Richard Pombo logged onto a 17-year-old girl's MySpace site and posted an image of himself in her comment section. The image depicted Pombo's face digitally inserted over Sylvester Stallone's body and featured a caption that read "da badazz Richard RAMBO representin west siide." After posting the image, he privately messaged the unidentified teen and requested that she "holla back" if she enjoyed the image and wanted to give him her "First Blood."

Perhaps the heroic efforts of CREW will lead to these men and women being flushed out of Congress and replaced with noble and virtuous souls. Perhaps one day, too, clouds will be edible and a rapping genii will grant each of us three wishes. Until then I applaud CREW for trying to do what nobody really cares about anymore: Cleaning up our thoroughly insane government. Good luck with that! I'm sure it'll work out great.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.21 Console Wars 2006

Thursday, Sep 21, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Click the above image to find out which one lookl better.

It's my favorite time of year, Console War Season! Console War Season is a special time when multiple consoles are released at the same time and the Internet explodes in a fury of rumors, misinformation, and rampant flaming. My favorite thing to do in the whole world is read the GameFAQs message boards for each individual game system before upcoming releases. It is there that the console warriors battle it out on the frontlines to fight for their preferred box of mass produced electronics.

It is your duty as a console warrior to pick one gaming system and defend its honor to the death. The United Nations recently passed resolutions declaring that enjoying and owning more than one game console is a crime against humanity. The U.N.'s stance on this most paramount of issues is final and no one, and I mean no one, just ignores the U.N. Violators of the law will be nagged with letters that say URGENT INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR ACCOUNT but instead contain an application for a credit card.

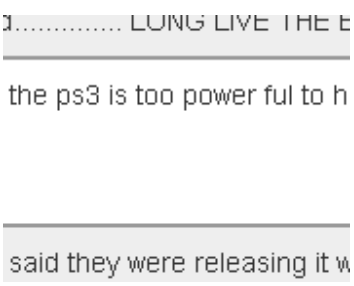
But just what exactly are you fighting for? What follows is a complete rundown of each game console and how it will fare in the upcoming console wars. By the end of this update I will have picked a clear winner in the battle for your living room that your parents pay for and want you out of. Lock 'n load console soldiers! Multi-billion dollar international corporations are counting on you to fight the good fight!

Microsoft Xbox 360

At a Glance: First out the gate, the Xbox 360 attempts to merge the console experience with online connectivity that cannot be beat, until Sony beats them.

Cost: $299 for the "core" package, $399 for the "premium" package, $1,497 for when you finally get one that works for more than six weeks.

Features: Custom-made PowerPC CPU designed by IBM with 3 separate processor cores nicknamed Curly, Larry, and Moe for their efficiency and performance.



Is the PS3 too powerful? Click to find out!

20 gigabyte removable hard drive. You can download Natasha Bedingfield videos onto it and buy a larger drive in the future when you run out of room for Natasha Bedingfield videos.

512MB of ram which allows textures that still look shitty up close, at an angle, and when you look at them.

Xbox Live features fully integrated into all games. So when you want to see what your friends are up to while playing a game made in 1980 the console has another opportunity to freeze.

Removable faceplates, because we have to recoup this massive multi-billion dollar debt the first Xbox put us in somehow.

> Powerful new emulation technology allows gamers to play all their Xbox favorites! Emulated titles include Catwoman, BMX XXX, Predator: Concrete Jungle, Rocky Legends, Shamu's Deep Sea Adventures, Stake, Zapper, and Halo 2.
>
> All Xbox 360 games must support Dolby Digital surround sound, 4x full-screen anisotropic filtering, and must be displayed at a minimum of 720p resolution. We're serious about this!

Games: Viva Piñata the video game based on Viva Piñata the television series base on Viva Piñata the video game based on Viva Piñata the breakfast cereal.

Verdict: Microsoft took a huge gamble trying to beat Sony to the next-gen gate. Will it pay off or will the Xbox 360 go the way of the Sega Saturn? I don't know. I'm asking you.

PS3 Sony PlayStation 3

At a Glance: The company that made video games mainstream, Sony's next-gen console is the only one powerful enough to contain all of Hideo Kojima's baffling Metal Gear storylines.

Cost: More than what you make in a month at GameStop.

Features: 3.2 GHz processor nicknamed "Cell" because developers feel like they are in a jail cell when they try to code for it.

> The Cell processor can assign tasks to multiple processor cores freeing up resources for other tasks, you know, like the Xbox.
>
> ^
>
> New wireless PlayStation 3 controller featuring more trigger-like L2 and R2 buttons, and a big PS3 "home" button in the middle, you know, like the Xbox.
>
> The console will come in two flavors, a core package priced at just $499, and a "premium" package priced at just $599, you know, like the Xbox.
>
> A brand new unified online service where players will have just one username across all games, leader boards, a friends list, avatars, and messaging, you know, like the Xbox.
>
> A new version of the Cross Media Bar that will allow users to organize user profiles, view pictures, play movies, music, and more. Users can also download content from the "Marketplace", you know, like the Xbox.
>
> A 20GB hard drive, you know, like the Xbox.
>
> Will probably break the second you take it out of the box and turn it on, sadly, like the Xbox.
>
> Linux comes pre-installed with everything you need to eventually hack the system so you can backup the games you rent from Blockbuster Video.
>
> Sony is set to redefine the way you purchase video games! Buy the base game featuring no content whatsoever and then log onto the Sony Marketplace to buy the rest of the

Click to see the funniest thing you've ever heard.

> game for at least 300 more dollars! It's what gamers have been waiting for all these years! Add horse armor to your Nissan for only $1.99.

Games: Massive manufacturing problems mean only one title will be available at launch, Folding@home

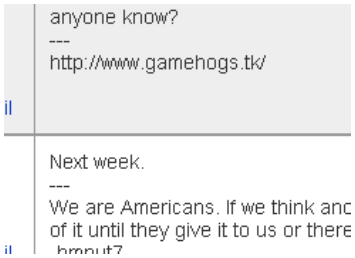
Verdict: Quite possibly the most anticipated game console of all time, Sony is set to make the PlayStation 3 the Carlos Mencia of video games, stealing his entire act from Dave Chappelle but replacing the word "nigger" with "beaner". See Also: Carlos Mencia Is A Fag by Evan "Puffy Combs" Wade. The PlayStation 3 will enjoy incredible success and break sales records all over the world, you know, unlike the Xbox.

Nintendo Wii

At a Glance: Nintendo sets to revolutionize the video game industry as we know it by shooting lasers at people as they stand in front of their televisions flailing their arms wildly while trying to figure out a new way to make Mario jump through a magic portal to the next world to collect 7 red coins that spell out "SUCKER!"

Cost: Exactly what you make in a month at GameStop.

Features: Named "Wii" because "Wii" are all united in Nintendo's plan to beam Nintendo classics into your dreams where you can play old favorites and have them charged directly to your credit card.



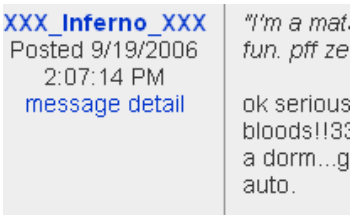
If you know, click the image.

> "It's basically a Gamecube with more ram and 100 percent more pointing." -Shigeru Miyamoto, Tokyo Game Show 2006
>
> The console is "always on" and connected to the Internet so your friends can visit your Animal Crossing village, rape Deena the Duck, and then loot her home while you sleep.
>
> High definition video modes NOT supported because, uhm...
>
> All of your Nintendo friends are back in all-new sports titles including Mario Superstar Baseball, Mario Superstar Basketball, Mario Superstar Hockey, Mario Superstar Volleyball, Mario Superstar Football, and Luigi Checkers.
>
> New controller makes you look like a douchebag in front of yourfriendscats.

Games: Same old shit.

Verdict: While the Nintendo Wii has some promising features, the PS3 and Xbox 360 beat it for the fact that you don't really have to move your arms that much to use them.

After having reviewed the prognosis of each individual next-generation game console I am ready to announce a winner. This is the console you must defend to the death against all detractors. This is the only console you must own and enjoy.



Only mature gamers can click the above image.

I, Hassan "Acetone" Mikal, in the year of our lord, 2006, on the 21st of September, in the year of Dog, hereby declares the winner of the 2006 Console Wars to be...

The Super Nintendo!

Friends, the Super Nintendo is the clear choice for the hardcore gamer. Boasting a 3.58 MHz CPU with the ability to do unsigned integer division, the SNES is Nintendo's flagship game console. Also the plastic casing fades to a kind of greenish tint after a decade of owning it. Also my two cats are fighting for the right to sit on top of my monitor. Boy, they're having the time of their lives while you read a crappy Internet article. Really makes you think.

So download the latest version of ZSNES and find all the roms you can before Nintendo puts you in jail for infringing on their Virtual Console scheme where you can download games you already have for $5 a pop. Remember, friends, there's a 24 hour limit for roms you don't own the original to. It's not only the right thing to do, it's the law!

Join us next Console War when the PlayStation 4 goes up against Microsoft's next money drain and Nintendo's next platform to whore their 20-year-old properties in new and exciting ways on. Goodnight everybody!

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

9.22 I DIE, BEAN

Friday, Sep 22, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

There is a good time when tomorrow is upside today. Enjoll.

Tokyo, Japan

Tokyo, Japan

Tokyo, Japan

Kyoto, Japan

Yokohama, Japan

Fukuoka, Japan

Tokyo, Japan

さくら咲く バラ咲く
春の 都電 荒川線 スタンプラリー
【期間】3月19日(土)~5月8日(日)
花でいっぱいの荒川線!
特別警戒実施のお知らせ
交通局では、巡回の強化・防犯カメラ等による特別警戒を実施し、お客様の安全確保を第一に取り組んでおります。
不審者や
を見かけたときは、直ちに駅係員
または巡回中の職員までお知らせ
お客様の
願いいたします。
東京都交通局
Notification of Special Security Precautions
Experiment in the funnel! Time to test your strengths against criminal outlanders. Shout energized if trouble salvo, do not cream the mist inside hearts.
450 Boringest each year are caught up with wind and dire emotion. Do not fall prey to sky like oars!

Sendai, Japan

???, Japan

Hello, welcome. I put it inside you.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.23 The Hottest Trends In Computing

Saturday, Sep 23, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

My computer recently died a horrible, drawn out death that made me rethink my positions on assisted suicide and assembling computers without using screws. As I skimmed through various hardware websites to research the components for my next system, I came across a number of trends in computing that I had never heard of before. In just one year so much had changed. Dual core processors? Optical mice? It's the future, god damnit, and some of the things that the tech savvy are doing out there are incredible.

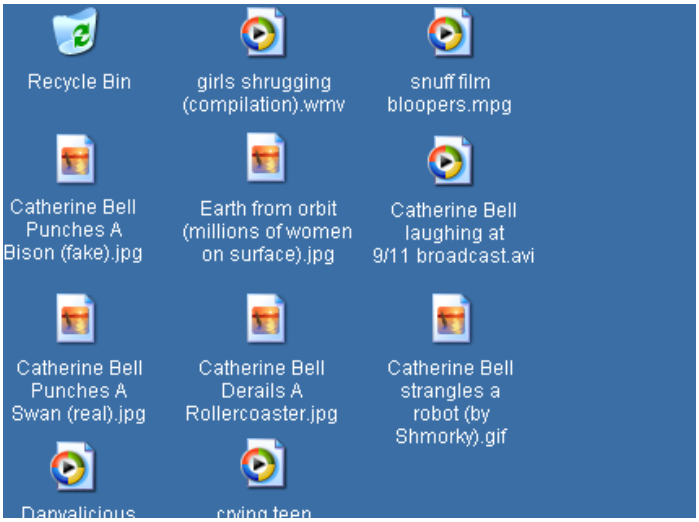
- **Multiple Everything**

Tossing several processors in your computer is all the rage. More processors means more power, and although most multi-cpu motherboards only have room for two chips people are buying many more and cramming them in wherever they'll fit. It's not uncommon to see extra processors taped across pesky ventilation holes, or plopped into dvd drives to make them spin much faster. Some people with low budgets have gotten in on the action, going so far as to snap their current cpus in half so that they can have twice as much power.

It doesn't end with processors, though. There's a technique called SLI that lets you use several video cards at once for faster performance, many people use multiple hard drives and/or dual boot into different operating systems, dual channel RAM works faster if you use two sticks in tandem, and of course there are dual-monitor setups for artists and people who take reading pirated comic books very seriously.

Taking Moore's Law into account, experts have projected that within six months we will all be using two sound cards for 14.2 surround sound, two motherboards, two keyboards, two mice, and zero physics cards.

- **Hiding Porn On The Desktop**


Recycle Bin
girls shrugging (compilation).wmv
snuff film bloopers.mpg
Catherine Bell Punches A Bison (fake).jpg
Earth from orbit (millions of women on surface).jpg
Catherine Bell laughing at 9/11 broadcast.avi
Catherine Bell Punches A Swan (real).jpg
Catherine Bell Derails A Rollercoaster.jpg
Catherine Bell strangles a robot (by Shmorky).gif

Everyone who uses a computer downloads pornography at some point, and we all fear being caught and consequently ridiculed/demonized/banned from using your laptop at the dinner table. People have tried many methods of keeping their porn undiscovered, like storing it all in a hidden folder and placing it deep within their Program Files directory or renaming each file "Hilarious Maddox jokes.txt" to ensure no one opens them. As it turns out, no one has to go through all that trouble.

When someone is looking for something that they believe to be hidden, they will completely ignore what's in plain sight. This simple observation led a small group of programmers to place clearly labeled pornography on their desktops. The results were stunning. Not only did the porn go unnoticed in spite of several searches by bosses and family members, but one of the men actually had a leg that had long been amputated grow back.

Try it yourself, you'll see!

- **Extreme Underclocking**

Enthusiasts have been overclocking their computers for years, going to extraordinary lengths to push their systems past their intended speeds. For these daring souls, the ultimate goal is to have a computer boot and log into a forum as fast as possible, then post the results and breathlessly await the internet's approval. Either that, or to play video games online with the FPS display toggled and constantly ask for everyone else's framerate while they stand still and die.

As the speed increase from overclocking has become increasingly minimal, the culture has changed. Now underclocking is in vogue, and a new breed of system tweakers who call themselves "Extreme Underclockers" are doing all they can to make their top of the line computers perform as horribly as possible.

Sounds kind of lame, right? Wrong. The line between "wow, that's slow" and "wow, I guess it's not even on" is a razor's edge, little man. Those who walk it fear nothing, for their shoes have special razor-proof soles.

An underclocker is considered the best of the best when notepad.exe takes more than an hour to load and his computer is capable of running without a power source.

- **Crumpling@Home**

Distributed computing projects such as Folding and SETI are well-regarded for bringing millions of people together to find a cure for cancer and search for extraterrestrial life, but they do more harm than good. Think about it. Countless computers are left on with the sole purpose of running these applications, consuming massive amounts of energy each day and putting a substantial strain on our resources.

The solution is Crumpling@Home, a distributed computing project designed to find a way to end distributed computing for good. After years of calculation spread across tens of thousands of computers, Crumpling@Home will determine the perfect way to Ask Jeeves how to stop distributed computing.

This project is already catching on in cancer research centers and astronomy labs across the world, but it needs all the help it can get.

- **"Mock Stock" Case Mods**

I've always thought case modding was goofy since almost everyone makes the same case with with slightly different neon lights, but this is one trend I can get behind. It's called "Mock Stock", and the idea is to modify the fuck out of your normal computer case until it looks even more normal and unassuming than when you started. The basic template for a good mock stock mod is:

- Take your aluminum case and sand it, then apply a coat of primer
- Paint the case beige
- Cut out a gigantic side window
- Mount a recessed panel which is painted beige inside the window, giving the illusion that there

is no window at all

- Attach a green button labeled "Turbo" to the front of the case that does absolutely nothing
- Add an ungodly amount of neon lights that match the ambient light of the room
- Stick a baseball card in the cpu fan's spokes to compensate for exceedingly quiet cooling technology

If you want to get really fancy you can set up an LED panel that displays the message "Nothing interesting going on here", but only advanced modders should attempt anything of the sort without professional supervision and an eye irrigation station nearby.

Windows Vista

Microsoft has made a release candidate of their upcoming operating system widely available for testing, and a lot of people who are normally hard to please are so happy with Vista that they are using it as their primary OS. What makes it so great?

For starters, Vista ditches the gaudy interface from XP in favor of a much more elegant "sea urchin" design. Every aspect of the OS has been reworked to incorporate the beauty and the majesty of the sea urchin with your everyday activities. Vista also uses hardware acceleration to power many of its impressive features, such as the Sea Urchin Messenger which will eventually allow you to chat with your friends but currently displays a beautifully rendered sea urchin.

The calculator and calendar have been similarly improved.

Perhaps the biggest improvement in the next installment of Windows is the mouse pointer, which now takes up 85% of the screen and scales with your selected desktop resolution to stay the same relative size. If you want to click something, chances are you won't even have to move your mouse! The advantage this will give you in online games is obvious.

Speaking of games, Microsoft is making many pc titles exclusive to Vista to convince more people to upgrade to the new OS. That may sound sort of sleazy at first, but games developed for Vista can do things that are impossible with the limited and outdated technology in XP. For example, in Halo 2 on Vista you can simultaneously jump, fire, and spin in midair but in Minesweeper on XP I don't think you can jump at all.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.24 Stillwater Sun-Times for 9/24

Sunday, Sep 24, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

Mayor: "Rocket launchers have no place in the classroom" -- P. C-12

Stillwater Sun-Times

Volume 56, Issue 29 Sept. 24, 2007

Serving Stillwater and other drug- and minority-infested hellholes since 1977

Saint's Row Rocked By Protests

Opening of city's 15th Freckle Bitch's brings burgers with a side of terror

By DAMIEN COOLEY
dcooley@stwtimes.com

SAINT'S ROW -- Residents here are recovering after the fourth day of protests stemming from the opening of fast food chain Freckle Bitch's.

Demonstrations turned violent Wednesday when the fast-food chain charged a customer $40 for a double cheeseburger.

"I mean, that shit's overpriced," patron Jason Stull said. "You're telling me I can buy an Uzi for six bucks and some change but a burger's gonna cost me half a day's work? That's fucked up."

Stull was shot six times by police, but managed to sustain himself with the burger before returning fire with an assault rifle he found under a park bench. He was later captured at his home, a floating ring of light in the middle of a strip mall parking lot.

Protesters only dispersed when the Stillwater Police Department employed its cache of helicopters, a move Police Chief Ron Barton said he hesitated to make.

"We only got like five, maybe six-thousand of these things," Barton said. "You get ten of 'em blown up a day and pretty soon you're asking the council for more

See "Protest", page A-10

Council Authorizes Interstate Probe

Residents "stunned" that multimillion-dollar roadway didn't include routes to other cities

By KEVIN HOLT
kholt@stwtimes.com

BARRIO DISTRICT -- When councilor Jim Andrews signed off on a plan to bring an interstate system to Stillwater, he thought his constituents would appreciate the cutback in their daily commutes.

Three years later he wants to know what happened to the city's money.

The newly-opened interstate system, dubbed "I-Asshole" by disgruntled residents, lacks a single outlet to other cities. The system is also confusing, often sending residents dozens of miles out of their way to cover a two-block radius.

"I'm stunned," Andrews said. "I didn't spend millions in taxpayer money to

See "Probe", page A-17

Hospital Ethics Under Review

By NATHAN HALL
nhall@stwtimes.com

SHIVINGTON -- Laurence Terry had $1 million dollars. Paco Martinez had 60 cents. When Martinez blew a red light last week, Terry walked out of Shivington General Hospital minus a sizeable chunk of his frontal lobe -- not to mention $250,000.

Martinez, on the other hand, left the campus with 45 cents in his pocket and a smile on his face.

"It's amazing," Terry said. "I can't believe I worked all my life to pay for a brain transplant after some jerkoff decided 'red' meant he should charge his hood duster through an intersection like a coked-up welfare bull."

Martinez, who died twice on the way to the hospital when a screaming, shirtless asian man ran over his ambulance with a semi, is feeling fine now. The current hospital billing scheme charges a flat rate -- to be exact, 25% of a patient's net worth.

See "Hospital", page A-2

Get Rid Of The Holes!

Just a thought...

By Roger Swift

I have seen the finest men I've ever known destroyed by this city.

Two years ago my father was walking to On The Rag. Why? He was buying my mother a new dress to make up for a spat they had.

Eyewitnesses say a morbidly obese man in a purple fur coat and bright red sunglasses ran over him with a neon pink SUV. He lived. And he's still trying to get to that store.

You might know him. He's the guy over on Tenth and Washington. The one who keeps walking, walking, walking even though his lower body is totally enveloped by the sidewalk. He is cheery. He does not know he will never reach his destination.

Some people call it metaphysics. I call it a tragedy.

My son was walking too close to the fence last month when the backdraft from a Molotov cocktail knocked him fully through the ground and into a bright blue square underneath

See "Swift", page A-17

Stillwater Police Get A Little Aid

Organization donates hearing aids to ailing precinct

By DAVE PRUITT
dpruitt@stwtimes.com

WAREHOUSE DISTRICT -- The police here might have their problems, but at least hearing isn't one of them.

Argyle House Inc., a Stillwater-based nonprofit group, recently donated boxes of hearing aids to the local police department in hopes to curb reports of inattentive patrolmen.

The problem came to a head last month, when a fierce gang battle in the metro area left more than 50 dead and at least 200 injured. The 10-15 police officers patrolling the neighborhood claimed not to hear the noise, despite the destruction of two helicopters and at least 30 cars.

Police only investigated the matter when a stray bullet knocked officer Tom Riley's hat off. The SPD has since included a test to make sure all applicants can use at least two of their non-crucial senses.

"It's an amazing thing," Chief Larry Hawkins said. "They didn't have to do this. The guy just drops by and says he's giving us like 7000 chamber maids -- we need all the help we can get here."

Hawkins declined further comment after a man dressed like a giant hot dog popped a paper bag next to his ear to see how he would react.

Distressed Mother Needs Help

Ask Martha

By Martha Rogers

Martha,

I am at my wit's end here and I could really use your help. I do not know what's wrong with my son. He hasn't changed clothes in approximately six months and he spends his days wandering aimlessly into trafic around the city. He only says two things. Sometimes he will walk up to me and shout "you should get a ticket". The rest of the time he randomly shouts "do you want to make my wife a widow", even though he doesn't have a wife.

I'm worried sick and I think he might be on drugs. What should I do?

-Stressed in Saint's Row

Stressed,

There are a lot of options here. For instance, if you have access to a pistol you can repeatedly run up behind him and smack him in the back of the head with it. Alternately you can hit him with a car and run him into a building, or spend hours lining up a trash barrel so you can hit it with a rocket launcher and knock it into him.

Whatever the case I don't think drugs are the issue. Teens are known to dive in the way of speeding cars and many of them don't learn their third sentence until late into high school

-Martha

Kidz Korner:

"i like it when i go to school and the bus doesnt blow up"

Jimmy, age 9

"When the nice men in the red shirts write funny words on my garage"

Tara, age 7

What Do You Like About Stillwater?

"when the man with the rifle shoots ms. miller in her baby hole"

Danny, age 4

Stillwater Police Blotter

9/18: Stillwater Police investigated a homicide at 6124 Vermont late Monday evening. The victim was severely beaten by a "morbidly obese" man of Latino descent. When police responded the suspect ducked into a nearby plastic surgery clinic. Seconds later a second subject, this one thin and black, emerged from the clinic and attacked the victim. Police say both subjects were wearing firetruck red track pants and had the phrase "BYTCH KILLAH" tattooed on their foreheads.

9/18: Three men were given chase Monday when an SPD officer accidentally backed into their car. When the men stepped out to survey the damage the officer opened fire with a shotgun, then chased the suspects until the little blue bar on his dashboard shrank to a quarter of an inch.

9/18: The EMT death toll rose to 327 this week in a bizarre series of attacks. Several callers advised police that a man known locally as "Slim Nutzzz" spent six hours calling 911 and shooting the EMTs who arrived Monday evening. The suspect killed at least 45 ambulance drivers before police apprehended him. He was released minutes later on a $1.40 bond.

9/19: Police apprehended a Shivington man Tuesday in connection with "the most obvious insurance fraud this precinct has ever seen", according to Chief Hawkins. Phineas R. Purpleshirt, 30, was arrested Tuesday after spending the better part of his evening diving headfirst into walls, cars, people, and a number of other objects. Using his innate ability to avoid physical damage by going totally limp before a collision, Purpleshirt racked up approximately $297,000 in his spree. Police arrested him when he stole a cruiser and ran it head-on into a local nunnery, trapping himself under a flaming bench in the process.

9/20: Police assisted an Ultor Dome man Wednesday when his car disappeared, leaving him floating in a seated position in the middle of the freeway for hours.

9/21: A hostage situation ended peacefully Thursday morning after a three-minute, low-speed chase involving three area women. Terrence West, of Shopping District, was carjacked near the Forgive 'N Forget by an unidentified assailant. His three passengers were unable to escape his SUV before the assailant drove off. The assailant proceeded to drive in a circle around the Pay 'N Spray parking lot until $642 appeared in his pocket, at which point his hostages were released. Police, citing the city's new "no harm, no foul" policy, abandoned the chase.

9/21: A Truckyard man was arrested for throwing lit pipebombs in the windows of moving cars for no discernible reason.

9/22: An ominous voice shouting "This shit sucks, GTA is da bomb" was disregarded Friday when police ventured into a crowded neighborhood and found themselves unable to move for six hours.

9/22: Rotary Club members complained that the door to their meeting room had been covered and replaced by a low-texture painting of a door.

9/23: Police dropped an investigation regarding a missing dog Saturday when they realized there were no dogs, or any other animals, in Stillwater.

FACTION FM
98.8 FM
PLAYING ALL OF YOUR FAVORITE HITS, INCLUDING:
† THAT ONE SONG BY AFI
† THAT OTHER SONG BY AFI
† THE SONG THAT SOUNDS LIKE AFI BUT MIGHT JUST BE A B-SIDE FROM A GARBAGE BAND WHERE THE VOCALIST ACCIDENTALLY LOST THE MICROPHONE IN HIS ASS
† AN EIGHTIES DANCE HIT
REQUESTS: GIVE US A CALL AT 555-7777, UNLESS YOU'RE THE ONE CHICK WHO ALWAYS REQUESTS THAT BRITISH BAND, IN WHICH CASE JUST WAIT UNTIL AFTER WE GET DONE PLAYING THIS AFI SONG

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

9.25 Torture, No Torture

Monday, Sep 25, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Recently drafted legislation from the White House sparked a political conflict within the Republican Party. The battle was over the definition of "torture" and the Geneva Convention and it saw Republicans like John McCain and Linsdey Graham refusing to redefine torture. The White House refused to back down from its legislation and threatened to shut down CIA counter-terrorist programs tasked with interrogating potential terrorists.

Pretend to fight, for our right, to not be tooooooortured!

A compromise was soon reached that allowed prosecutors to use confessions obtained through torture in court and to submit evidence that was kept secret from the defense. The new legislation did not redefine torture, but rather listed "grave breaches" of the Geneva Convention and affirmed the President's right to interpret the Geneva Convention.

Grave Breaches

- Torture
- Cruel or Inhuman Treatment
- Performing Biological Experiments
- Murder
- Mutilation or Maiming
- Rape
- Serious Bodily Injury
- Sexual Assault or Abuse
- Taking Hostages

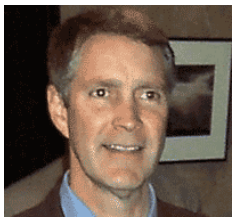
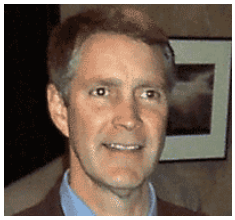
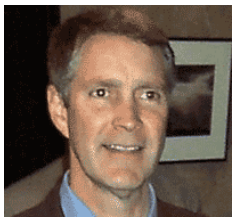
Murder and Rape are pretty clear cut, but by including torture the whole thing has just come around full circle with the powers of the Executive Branch being expanded once again. Republicans have been making the media circuit to explain this back room deal, but when the question inevitably comes to the "grave breaches" part, they clam up. They claim that they cannot reveal our "techniques" for fear that terror suspects could train to subvert these techniques. Far from being clarified, everything was as shadowy and sinister as before, with new reasons to be afraid and fewer answers for the American people.

Then I realized that Senator Bill Frist (R-TN) is like a human litmus test when it comes to torture. He gives Rob Zombie a run for his money when it comes to living dead girls, but that's a different story. Back in his college days Frist went to great lengths to convince animal shelters that he was adopting cats as pets. Once he had the cats he took them to his basement and conducted his own personal medical experiments on. Which included, according to Frist, cutting out their hearts and disecting them.

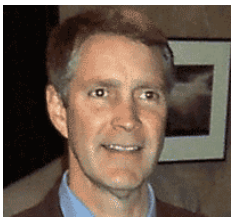
That is one dude who knows torture! If he knows how to rock the face literally off of Lil' Whiskers then you can bet your ass he knows the difference between some limp-wristed "stress positions" and honest-to-God-grave-motherfucking-breach torture. The only problem was that Frist wasn't talking. He was spewing the same line as the rest of the Republicans, so how would we know what torture

had just been made legal and what torture was still, sort of, in a vague way, still illegal? Easy. Bill Frist reacts unconsciously to the mention of torture: everything from an eye twitch to a wink.

I compiled a list of hypothetical acts that could be used during the interrogation process and submitted them to Frist. While he read the list I recorded his reaction. If something was not torture he remained placid. If something was torture, then Frist visibly reacted. I cannot say that those acts Frist deemed torture are truly still illegal, but by Frist's unwitting admission they are, at the very least, real torture.

Is it torture to...	**Bill Frist's Reaction**
give someone an ice cream cone? (baseline question)	
peel off all of someone's skin and then murder their family? (baseline question)	
bind someone's arms and legs to a wooden plank and submerge them in water to simulate drowning?	
bind someone's arms and legs to a wooden plank and submerge them in lava to simulate Aztec sacrifice?	
insert steel needles under their fingernails?	

grind broken glass into their anus with a giant pestle?



administer electric shocks to their genitals?

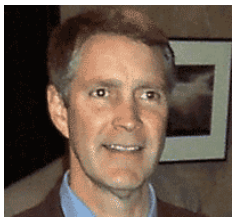
cut off their eyelids?

play Pantera at maximum volume?

play Banana Phone at maximum volume?

play Pump Up the Volume at maximum volume?

funnel scalding hot tar into their colon with a traffic cone?



put their head in a cage full of hungry rats?

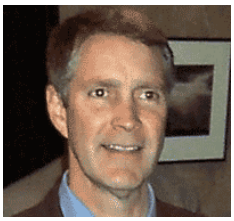
put their head in a breakfast bar at Denny's full of hungry Texans?

demand they explain the plot of *Superman Returns* without laughing?

give them a boot in their ass, the American way?

subject them to pressure chamber and freezing experiments or inject their eyes with dye?

make them sit in stress positions for extended periods?



make them sit in a pool of their own liquid filth while you slather their feet with tallow and then ignite it, and as the boiling fat hisses and pops out of their ankles you use the light of their cooking limbs to methodically break off each of their fingernails with the claw of a hammer, and then you force them to swallow impossible lengths of coarse cloth over days, dragging it from the mouth or anus when you demand answers, answers they can't give?

incarcerate them humanely, grant them the same rights as a citizen to fair treatment, offer them due process and protection under law, believing them innocent until the preponderance of evidence or freely-offered confession demonstrates otherwise, and release them to their nation of origin if public trials are inconclusive?

Even with Frist's help I have trouble unraveling this whole thing, and that's what bothers me so much. I know a lot of bad things have been happening that make Americans look like assholes. I know this new legislation supposedly clarifies rules so the CIA can interrogate people without torturing them, but it sure seems an awful lot like it is set up to allow more people to be tortured. I have a serious case of anger fatigue over all of the stupid shenanigans our government has pulled since September 11th, but this one still managed to get my freedom sense tingling. This awful torture business can't be what my country really stands for, can it? No, I'm really asking you, help me out here.

I've had a lot of political differences with people I know and close friends, and we've remained close friends, but this seems like one of those issues where it's hard for me to see any logic or humanity in the opposite side of the argument. I cannot countenance or comprehend the defense of torture as a means to an end when its very abhorrence is written into our founding documents and, so I thought, woven into the fabric of what it means to be an American.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.26 Live Long and Pester

Tuesday, Sep 26, 2006 by Terry "worfsonofmogh" Taft (@fart)

Hi this is Terry again and since my last post here I have grown as an artist and as a man, but also some bad things happened in the way of my grandmother. It turns out she is now living with us!! But i'm getting ahead of myself. If you remember my story from last time I am a decorated online artist whos Grandmother has invaded my life and changed it for the worst by throwing away my anime and anime collectibles. Well she has taken it a step farther by selling my Xbox because she saw Dead or Alive Extreme Beach volleyball and said it was not a game for young men such as me, except she called it a "TAPE" instead of a game and I laughed at that and I think thats what made her the most mad. So she sold the whole system to my cousins with the game inside it. I am convinced She has a bad case of menopause. On Sunday she cut her finger on a soup can or something and now mom wants her to live here. I could hardly believe it myself.

Lucky for her and for my house I am not a violent person. I express my feelings with my art and let the negativity out into my keyboard and mouse and then into the computer. I used to show her all the art I made about her but that just started even more trouble and i find it's just easier for everyone if I don't always remind people how angry I am with them. It helps the world as a hole to turn negative energy into positive energy. Like if you were going to kick a filing cabinet really hard you could save the energy from that and work a mouse for 20 minutes with the same amount of energy and make something beautiful instead of a dent. That is where science and art meet.

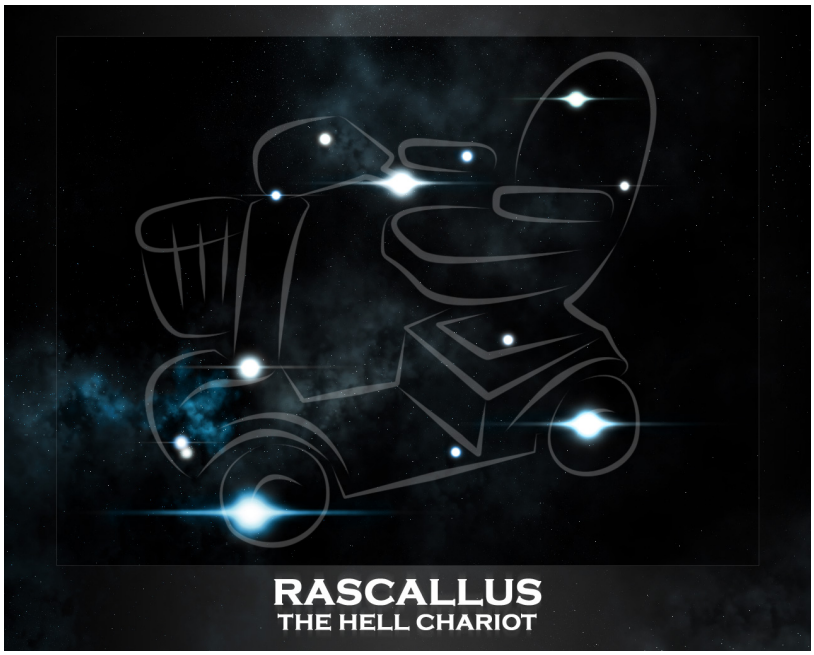
By the way I made these wallpapers on different days but I am just uploading them now because they are Something awful exclusives never before seen until today right here. Also I don't know if you noticed this but Deviant Art's new web site design was apparently made by someone from another dimension because it has all the usability of a cactus in a bathroom.

worfpaper sorry by worfsonofmogh
August 11, 2006
This is kind of a different story than normal because it is apologizing instead of being angry. You

see in mid August my aunt tried to get us to be friends and had me make a nice piece for grandma. I had this one half-finished on my computer for a little while and I thought about it for like 2 days but I couldnt think of anything nice to say at the bottom so I just apologized for something I did instead. Originally the dark clouds were going to be grandmas clutches coming at me from all sides with me being the bright young star thats going "ARRRHGHHHHHHH" and shoving it all away with energy but now I guess it's just a meaningless picture thanks to them. Grandma apreciated it but the peace only lasted for a few days until she got a bee in her booty again.
My own rating: 92/100

worfpaper in 3d by worfsonofmogh
August 29, 2006
I made this for my name sake, Worf. He is a good man hands down because he knows when to fight but he also knows when to yell at someone or just look at them angryly. This is also my first adventure in the world of 3D!! I can't figure out how to take the rainbow out so don't look at that part and also I was in a hurry to finish this because we had 4 cans of beefaroni that were going to expire in 45 min. so i had to eat them. I am never eating a Chef Boyardi product ever again because the meat has these little bits of hard things every once in a wihle that are maybe teeth or ground up animal bones. Whoever the guy is who chops up the animals at Chef Boyardi probably has a skull for a head and doesn't go to church.
My own rating: 95/100

worfpaper constellation by worfsonofmogh
September 1, 2006
Here is a constellation named after her scooter that she uses to get around. She got it last year. Sometimes she likes to show my family how she can get around in tight spaces and turn around in the hallway but I think she just does that so she can go look in my room to see if there's anything



to have a fit about. I got the idea for this when I was outside at night on a mission (long story) and there were some stars and I looked at them and their shapes. About the long story well I had reason to believe my neighbor was the recipient of my secretly sold Xbox (i didn't know my cousin had it yet). Anyhow it wasn't Xbox it was Maury Povich on the TV and my neighbor was asleep. Myth busted. And I found out he wears a toupee also so double myth busted.

My own rating: 97/100

//.ULTRAVIOLENT
CODE-- GRANDMOTHER v2.5
BEHOLD THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL YOUR DREAMS AND TREASURES AT THE HANDS OF A SENIOR CITIZEN
A WOMAN 67 YEARS OF AGE
SOUNDS LIKE A DUCK WHEN SHE YELLS WALKS KIND OF LIKE A DUCK ALSO
POSSIBLE DUCK WOMAN???
DESTROYS YOUR LIFE FOR NO REASON AND COMES OVER TO YELL AT YOU WHEN HER SOAPS ARE OVER AT THE END OF THE DAY.
ALERT
LINCOLN TOWNCAR SPOTTED IN DRIVEWAY RUN INTO ROOM AND COVER COLLECTIBLES WITH A BLANKET.
POSTERS CAN NOT BE HIDDEN IN TIME
WALLSCROLLS... FAREWELL...
I CANT.. KEEP... TYPING....
PLANET... HAS A HOLE IN IT....

worfpaper ULTRAVIOLENT LIGHT by worfsonofmogh
September 25, 2006
This was made when I was still feeling the heat from our first fight after her moving in. You know I supose part of the reason I escape to space in my art is because my grandma could never follow me there. She has very poor night vision and catarats. Its also a lot easier to draw a bunch of stars than like a tree or whatever and also you can't have a tree exploding for no reason it just wouldn't make sense. The day before this was made she rang the door bell and I thought it was going to be a pizza delivery and I opened the door and she instantly started yelling about my shorts being too long and didn't leave me alone until 9:30 PM. This is also a shout out to my uncle who died a while back. He had a hole in the wall of his garage and I was over there one time and I asked him how that happened and he said "Oh that well I PUNCHED IT" and I was like "Wow" and he tried to do it again but there was a stud in the wall so we just went inside. R.I.P. or should I say P.U.N.C.H.
My own rating: 100/100 "PERFECT?"

Last time I posted here a lot of people got a kick out of my wallpapers and I tried to add everyone to my friend list on my Deviant Art page but I got distracted by some guys jump starting my stepdad's car and I went to check that out and forgot to add the rest of everyone to my list so sorry. A lot of people wrote me and said they enjoyed my work so I hope you use and enjoy these wallpapers as well. I am very pleased so many art fans have been touched by my work and I hope you have a good day.

Terry

-~Terry "worfsonofmogh" Taft (@fart)

9.27 Bollcrap (Part I of II)

Wednesday, Sep 27, 2006 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

I dont want to toot my own horn, but I am an American hero because I got beaten up by a crazed German in Canada. The guy on the right is what we in the US call 'a playah hatah'.

In case you somehow missed the recent memo the entire Internet has been sending everywhere, I'll try to summarize it for you: *I'm the biggest pansy in the history of the entire world.* This is a significant change in a fresh new direction from the previous Internet memo floating around, the one announcing I'm the biggest unfunny idiot in the entire world, which I actually printed out and accidentally stapled to the side of my thigh. To be honest, it's a real challenge to keep up to date with the latest bandwagons promulgating exactly how much I suck. Fortunately there are helpful, handy blogs like this gem which present nothing but honest facts in a clear, comprehensive, absolutely sane and rational fashion.

I'm thinking of outsourcing this work to India, where, every morning at 9:00 AM, a highly foreign individual will call me up and say, "Rich 'Lowtax' Kyanka, today the entire Internet thinks you're Hitler. *GAY* Hitler." Then I'll take note and punch it into my Microsoft Outlook calendar and be done with it. At the end of the year I'll have a gigantic spreadsheet listing every day with a detailed description explaining how I was a moron for that particular date. If I ever get audited by the IRS, I'll be able to look back upon specific days and say, "oh yeah, THAT day, that was the day I was a huge lying George Carlin rip off with bad hair and a small weiner and a mail-order bride." Then I'll stare with utmost pride as the tax agent tries to escape the majestic Something Awful headquarters located here in beautiful Lee's Summit, Missouri.

Regardless, this week I'm the biggest pansy in the entire world because I got beaten up by a boxer named "Uwe Boll" (that's pronounced "Oovah Boll" to all you folks who, for some unknown reason, want to say his name in public). How did this happen? Why on Earth did I agree to leave my comfortable, spacious basement and fly up to Vancouver with the sole purpose of having my crap kicked in by a professional crap kicker? I'm not exactly sure I can answer these questions in a form more eloquent than "durrr I'm stupid retarded dumb idiot go punchy fall down hurrr," but I will try to the best of my ability.

It all started back on, uh, some date which I do not recall. Uwe Boll, director of such bombs as "House of the Dead (6% positive reviews)," "Alone in the Dark (1% positive reviews)," and "Bloodrayne (5% positive reviews)," challenged his "loudest critics" to a boxing match against him, a professional boxer with 10+ years of experience. A professional GERMAN boxer with 10+ years of experience. You'll notice I added the word "German" and capitalized the entire thing. If you do not understand why, try getting repeatedly punched in the head by one. It will eventually explain itself.

Here's a little "fun fact" for all you folks who love both fun and facts: if you add together all his positive review scores from his previous three movies, you get a total of 12%, which is still 1% less than the rating for "Pulse," a movie about ghosts killing people on the Internet. Let me say that once again and center it for emphasis:

If you add together all his positive review scores from his previous three movies, you get a total of 12%, which is still 1% less than the rating for "Pulse," a movie about ghosts killing people on the Internet.

None of the critics he originally challenged, which included such big names as "Adultswimlover2," "ChineseOldMarketMan," and "howdy4641430-1," actually emailed the guy back, probably because they weren't stupid. Fortunately, I am. Let's take a moment to examine how painfully ridiculous this sequence of events has been so far:

Dr. Boll being interviewed by some guy about something.

1. Terrible movie director gets mad at random anonymous people on the Internet for making fun of his movies, something which critics across the globe have done for each and every one of his films.
2. Terrible movie director actually "calls out" these random anonymous people and writes a global press release which seriously challenges Internet users including "TylerDurden52" and "BigSexy77" to a fistfight.
3. Terrible website writer notices that nobody has taken up terrible movie director's challenge to a fight, SO HE VOLUNTEERS TO GET BEAT UP. **BECAUSE HE IS STUPID.**

Unfortunately, I hardly met Dr. Mr. Sr. Uwe Boll's strict criteria he laid out, requiring *"to be eligible you must be a critic who has posted on the internet or have written in magazines / newspapers at least two extremely negative articles in the year 2005. Critics of 2006 will not be considered."* I had never written a single bad word about the guy or reviewed any of his movies before reading his goofy press release, so I emailed him, asking if I could supersede the rules since he had nobody else retarded enough to beat up, and he agreed. I would say that I lucked out, but honestly I'm not too sure at this point in time. The Internet memo informs me this is because I'm the dumbest, most annoying nerd in the last 3,000 years.

Boll takes his dogs everywhere and is apparently obsessed with them. The cast and crew warned me to never make fun of his dogs since he has some weird sexual attachment to them. So now that he can't punch me, I will make fun of his dogs. Your dogs are GAY, Uwe. That's right, I went there.

Uwe Boll flew my wife and I up to Vancouver (I had to pay for my wife's ticket; apparently sales of "Bloodrayne" weren't good enough to afford two plane tickets), and soon we found ourselves on the set of "Postal" as "trailer trash extras." We weren't allowed to say any words in the movie because then he'd have to pay us, and apparently Tara Reid's lucrative "Alone In the Dark" contract took a bigger bite out of Uwe's finances then I previously assumed. I guess that's what happens when your last two movies end up costing $45 million to make, yet earn only $10 million in sales. After milling around on set for nearly 10 hours, I learned the following exciting facts about Uwe Boll's world famous directorial skills:

1. Nearly every single person on his staff actively and vocally refuses to watch the movies they make. I spoke with probably 10 or 15 different crew members, and nearly each one of them admitted they go out of their way to NOT watch the movies they work on for him. I wouldn't be surprised if his editor would admit the same, but I pretty much already envision the guy to look like Sam Neill at the end of "Event Horizon." I repeatedly asked folks, "so how can you sleep at night knowing you're responsible for crap like 'Alone In the Dark'?" and they'd reply it was easy since they never, ever watch

any of Boll's movies. Most of them made me agree to not mention their names in this update, probably since "being fired from the set of a Uwe Boll film" is the point on the downward spiral right before "suicide via auto-erotic asphyxiation in a motel room bathtub."

2. Uwe Boll movies gain all their energy and momentum from harnessing uncertainty principles. The entire day of shooting resulted in, at most, one minute of usable footage. Boll spent 90% of the time there bickering over how to shoot each scene and WHAT THE CHARACTERS SHOULD ACTUALLY SAY AND DO. See, I was in the dark about major motion pictures and naively assumed there was this magical stack of paper called "a script" which actually listed these things so everybody knew what was going on. Not in Uwe Boll movies. Judging by "Postal," Uwe acts incredibly nonchalant when it comes to trivial nuances such as "plot" and "continuity," which don't really matter in movies when they contain star power thanks to cameos by Mini-Me and The Soup Nazi. And here I was, wondering whatever happened to both Mini-Me and The Soup Nazi. They're appearing **in a movie with a script so terrible that Gary Coleman refused to be in it, despite the fact he was a major character in the video game.**

GARY COLEMAN.

3. "Humor" can be accurately defined as "picking your nose and then eating the booger." Their set manager would repeatedly approach us extras and list some "funny" things to do, which included picking your nose, scratching your private parts, simulating incest, and burping / farting while picking our nose and scratching our private parts. From what I can tell, the entire concept of "Postal" was stolen from the "Old Guy Getting Hit In the Groin By a Football" video tape. This brings me to my next point:

4. Uwe Boll believes if you fail making horror and adventure and action movies, you should subsequently try failing to make comedies. When I asked Boll about "Postal," he tried to sell me the movie by saying, and I quote here, "it's like 'South Park' if it was a movie." I hate to break it to you big guy, but there was a "South Park: The Movie," and you didn't make it. Obviously he didn't get the Internet memo on that one.

Welcome to the world of Uwe Boll movies, please stand around while we figure out how to film scenes for the next few hours.

To justify his comparison, he began bragging about how his film takes shots and offends **EVERYBODY** (I am bold facing and capitalizing this word because he seemed tremendously proud of it), including George Bush, Muslims, and Queen Elizabeth II. Finally, a movie that takes Queen Elizabeth II down a few pegs! I've been waiting for this movie my entire life! That stuffy broad will finally get what she deserves. And as for making fun of George Bush? Man, that's creative ingenuity at its greatest. I initially had my doubts as to if Boll could cram numerous groundbreaking "President George W. Bush is dumb and can't spell" jokes into the script amongst the prolific bounty of farts and rapes, but I was proven wrong.

I read through most of the "Postal" script and it literally contains lines exactly like this (this is an actual line, I kid you not, from the script):

> **MUSLIM:** "Be quiet or else I'll fly planes into your mother, infidel!"

That's humor, by the way. I know some of you might be confused, since there was no booger eating or fart sound effects, but I've been personally assured by writer / producer / director Uwe Boll that this, in fact, is humor. The movie literally ends with George Bush and Osama Bin Laden holding hands and skipping together while mushroom clouds explode in the background (I swear to god). That too, is humor. The script reads like somebody walked into a suburban mall and asked a 12-year

old wearing a Slipknot t-shirt "what would make a totally awesome movie?" and then they took his suggestions **and somehow made them even less funny.** Trust me on this one; I am apparently the bona fide expert on being less funny.

Boll seemed very proud that "Postal" will "begin by showing footage of 9/11," because that apparently is funny too, but not as humorous as boogers and not NEARLY as hilarious as rape, which he mentioned approximately one hundred thousand times in every discussion about "Postal." When he suggested things that the extras could do, he suggested "rape" at least twice. Then he stated, in his trademarked broken / nonsense bargain-bin English substitute, maybe it would be even funnier if a woman is raped and then has an abortion. After hearing this monumentally witty idea, I helpfully piped in and proposed, "and then the aborted fetus could RAPE ANOTHER ABORTED FETUS! HOW HILARIOUS WOULD THAT BE?!?" An uncomfortable hush fell upon us as he stopped talking and simply stared silently at me. I had apparently crossed the proverbial unspoken abortion-rape borderline of comedy. Once again, let me assure you I wish I was making this stupid crap up, but honestly, I'm not quite sure even I'm this unfunny. Oh wait, I just got today's Internet memo: I am!!!

5. Nobody on his staff has any ideas what his movies are even about. Boll tried to trick us into believing his next "horror" movie "Seed" will be scary, although he somehow magically forgot to show us any footage from it. The movie will apparently be "scary" because **it uses all natural lighting and was filmed without a script.** Once again, I am not making this up. He and his production assistant repeatedly described "Seed" as being "revolutionary" because they had no script while making it. Then the assistant began triumphantly proclaiming how irate the lighting crew acted because Boll refused to use any studio light kits, even in shots where nobody could see anything. Are you guys scared yet? A movie with no script that you can't see? Pretty horrifying, huh? Maybe they could've recorded it using all natural audio, which would've ended up being 90 minutes of Uwe Boll muttering "sheet, dees veel not verk, lees try dees a deefrent vay" while the guttural groans of his two dogs humping each other drone throughout the background.

Like I stated before, nobody could really describe to me what "Seed" was actually about, possibly since it lacked a script / lighting, and its crew members refused to watch the finished product, but the closest anybody came to actually talking specifically about the movie occurred when the production assistant asked me if I saw the movie "Shocker" starring Mitch Pileggi. "It's like that," he stated. "But it's really about Uwe's dislike of the American death penalty." Well wow, a social message from Uwe Boll **AND** it also stars Boll's favorite washed-up, never-been crony Michael Paré? Sign me up to be seeded first, ladies and gents!

Oh my god, the pen WAS FULL OF HUMAN BLOOD!!! Also this guy talked a LOT about hookers.

It was kind of sad, but from one day of filming, I learned a lot about the way Uwe Boll functions and how his own cast and crew perceives him: as a big kid letting them play in his sandbox. I actually heard the "big kid / sandbox" analogy from them quite frequently during my trip, but I won't mention specific names because I cannot comprehend the shame of being fired from a Uwe Boll production. Where the hell do you go in life from there? What else is there left to fail at? I feel sorry because it seems a majority of folks working for Uwe Boll are trying to work their way up the ladder, under the false impression that being a stage assistant for "Postal" will somehow lend their resume sufficient padding when they try to find a real job that doesn't involve fart jokes and repeated impromptu rapes.

The majority of the crew are simply trying to make a semi-honest buck, and they attempt to protect themselves from the knowledge of what they have inflicted upon the world by refusing to watch the movies they helped create.

Then there's Michael Paré, who is using Boll to bobble over the poverty line and avoid becoming a perpetual "Science Fiction Network exclusive" supporting actor in such upcoming breakout films as "Aztec Ghost Mummy Versus the Giant Space Grubs (From Space)." Good luck with your career, Mike. I hope Boll's movies don't sidetrack you from all your lucrative Japanese salad dressing commercials.

When a majority of your crew avoids your movies, when most of your filming day is spent arguing how to more effectively film somebody yell at a Chinese woman and accuse her of "being a dumb, slant-eyed, dog-eating foreign bitch," when nobody (including yourself) can provide two corroborating descriptions of your movies they played a major part creating, then you've got serious issues. And having been on set of "Postal" for a day, I witnessed firsthand these issues and many many more. Now before anybody can cry foul and proclaim I'm writing this simply because I'm bitter just because I was punched in the head a lot, let me point out two facts:

1. I wrote all these notes down a day before I was punched in the head a lot,
2. Dear god, seriously watch any of his previous movies and try to honestly convince me anything I described sounds remotely implausible.

Woo doggie, all those words and I haven't even began talking about the actual boxing match! Stay tuned for part two of my trip into Uwe Boll's sandbox.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

9.28 United States Terror List Addendum

Thursday, Sep 28, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Greetings Citizen,

As required by United States government protocol 43-X14-A (Operation: M.I.N.D.C.R.I.M.E.S.) it is now mandatory for all government employees to claim that all funds received from this job (avg. $5.15/hr) will not support terrorists or the infrastructure(s) of their various caves that dot the American Southwest (identified by Terrorist Satellite Imagery*).

Due to the accidental arrest and subsequent execution of the entire cast of Disneyland's Aladdin's Magic Carpet Adventure, we feel that it is important to clarify just which people, groups, coporations and products are recognized as threats to the American government. And in this climate of war and aging rockers protesting the land of the free,** the list of threats to citizens like you grows day by day. Please review the following additions to the Official Terror List, then report to your assigned "Danger Zone" for stage two of Operation: M.I.N.D.C.R.I.M.E.S.

Your Pal,
The Government

* See attached Spelunker Battle Guide (SBG).
* Purchase necessary.

TASTE THE TERROR

TERROR

- The Society for a More Exploded Israel
- That guy who programmed the hover bike level in *Battletoads*
- Spicy Pete's Explosive Fertilizer
- *Microsoft 2002 Flight Simulator* LAN Deathmatch Parties
- Frank "Speecy Spicy" Martinez
- Wastey, the Gasoline-Burning Clown
- North Dakota
- People who purposely take up two parking spaces (I mean, come on; no one is going to scratch your 1995 Beretta)
- Kamp Kablammo: *Where Taliban Children Learn Through Play*
- Anthrax Top, the chemical weapons prop comic
- Anyone who uses Zip Disks, the proprietary format for terror
- NPR, which makes Americans both sleepy and educated
- Phil Wilkins, the world's richest potato

- The Society for a Less Exploded Iraq
- "Ape" Johnson's Discount Passports
- Fans of jazz
- Fans of jazz fusion
- Those lacking an appreciation of adult contemporary, the soothing soundtrack of most major dentist offices
- Nike, for their new "detonator" version of The Pump
- Gary Trudeau and the smarm industry
- Captain Mutt's Dynamite Cummerbunds (for novelty purposes only)
- The Estate of the Late Captain Mutt

TERROR

- Funny Item #23
- Those stubborn grass stains (There's *got* to be a better way!)
- Dropo, the Laziest Man on Mars
- J.D. Salinger, the Laziest Man on Earth
- Harper Lee, the Laziest Woman on Earth
- The 1995 Charlotte Hornets
- Just for Men beard and mustache dye (promotes younger and healthier-looking terror)
- *The Trilogy of Terror*
- The Twilight Zone's Tower of Terror
- The Markel Family of Tapdancing Expatriates
- Flag Away™ Flag Repellant

- The following concepts (if you can find a way to give money to concepts, please *do not*): terror / small-scale, marginal terror (usu. bee-related) / "Thanksgiving-style" fullness / workplace Friday topical humor / confusion-based terror (ex. when you have to sneeze, but can't) / sexual confusion-based terror (ex. finding yourself very attracted to a character in a Squaresoft game, then discovering 20 hours later that this character is a man)
- Death to America brand pork chili
- Japanimations
- Afghanistanimations
- Iranimations
- Talibanimations
- The producers of *Porky's III: Smash the State*
- The "writers" of *Star Ocean 3: Till the End of Time* (alleged to be a feral pack of anti-American snow monkeys)
- Novelty bomb squads
- A "very special" *Blossom*
- DDR fans unaware that they peaked in the womb

- Tornado Jones, the Human Beatbox and Killing Machine
- Tall buildings that ruin everything for everyone
- Freedom Fighter brand Falafel Fixins
- Lieutenant Disaster's Commercial Airline Shooting Range
- Bed, Bath, and Beyond's towel department
- Sparky "Robert" Fitch, The Man Who Loved Constitutions
- Skeeter and the Gooch, two kittens who stole the heart of America and refuse to give it back

- The Hurricane Factory
- The Nazi Husbandry Association (NHA)
- Bipedal robots able to balance themselves (ex. Tickle Me Elmo X)
- *Famous Skyscraper Blueprints Magazine*
- Flip Peterson, the tallest man of the Dakotas
- The entire cast of the Broadway musical *Al-Sadr Get Your Gun*
- pick up kids from minstrel show
- call Molly about dog excavation
- bread
- milk
- eggs
- AND YOU.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

9.29 Echelon: An Interactive Play In One Act

Friday, Sep 29, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Before I begin today's update, I would like to remind everyone that my book My Tank is Fight! is only days away from its October 3rd release. It is available from Amazon or, if you prefer, you can pick up a copy from Barnes and Noble. It is also available in many brick and mortar bookstores.

Many people have emailed me asking for a sample and many people have emailed me asking about the fictional elements of the book. There is a rough draft sample chapter available in PDF form, but I thought I might offer a little something to (hopefully) please both groups. It's an excerpt from chapter 13, the fictional encounter of American reporter R.E. Lincoln with the German Daimler Project Series flying bombs and carrier aircraft.

7:49 PM February 23rd, 1945
Area Bombing of "Yellowfin", Bomber Group 5, Lancaster "My Salty Lady"
Approaching Pforzheim, Germany

"Hang on to your tackle," the pilot advised. "We're about to get shot to ribbons."

The nose machineguns clattered. Something crashed against the Lancaster and the whole aircraft rocked violently.

"Aw, quit windin' 'em up, Sully." The copilot leaned back and gave R.E. a crooked grin. "We only been 'it a bit. Nothing we can't soldier through."

"Tell that to the number three." The pilot feathered the prop and with a jerk it coughed and sputtered back to life.

R.E. Lincoln fought down the vomit rising in his throat and grabbed one of the upright supports next to the bombardier's post. When he leaned back and looked to the front of the aircraft he could see a constant flash of explosions and the deceptively slow arcs of tracers curving up through the sky. The view did little to calm his stomach.

"'Ere we are then," the copilot gestured expansively, "lovely Yellowfin. Looks like we're a wee bit late fer the party."

"Try not to give me any bumps," the bombardier shot R.E. a serious look and dropped his earphones onto his head.

"Holy God." The copilot seemed at a loss for more descriptive words.

"Mister Lincoln," the pilot began, "you might want to pop up here and have a look."

R.E. reluctantly abandoned the relative reliability of his spot next to the bombardier and began to walk up the shaking fuselage towards the cockpit. He found handholds where he could and bit his tongue when something rattled the side of the plane and nearly bowled him over. When R.E. was able to steady himself on the pilot and copilot seats he looked through the windscreen. The view of the city below was nothing short of apocalyptic.

"That ought to pay Jerry back for London all by itself." The pilot sounded genuinely impressed.

"Caw, pay them back fer Ol' Trafford, more like." The copilot scoffed. "Burn 'em to a cinder, I say."

The city was one contiguous fire, raging high into the sky and dwindling to isolated fires around its edges. Every moment another storm of incendiary bombs crashed down into the inferno and raised a plume of flames and a gust of black smoke.

"What's that?" R.E. pointed out the window.

"That's Yellowfin, the objective." The pilot explained.

"It's where we-"

"No," R.E. interrupted, "what is that?"

He jabbed his finger against the windscreen.

There was another flare in the sky ahead of them. The burst was too small to be a flak explosion and it kept burning and growing larger. A third flare finally caught the pilot's attention.

"I don't-,"

The aircraft passed them with a distinct engine roar. It was moving faster than anything R.E. Lincoln had ever seen. It resembled one of the buzz bombs the Germans were

> still occasionally using, but larger and with what distinctly looked like a cockpit. R.E. pressed against the pilot and both men leaned to the side glass to watch the strange aircraft pass. It dipped its wings a bit and plunged straight into the cockpit of a nearby Lancaster. The big bomber dropped its nose, pulled up again and then exploded. Not a single recognizable piece could be seen in the cloud of burning debris.
>
> "Oh fuck." The pilot stated with remarkable dryness.
>
> A second flying bomb zoomed past them as scarcely more than a blur of light. A third seemed to be headed directly at their aircraft.
>
> "Ross," the pilot addressed the nose gunner, "if you would be so kind, please shoot Jerry's new bomb."
>
> The Lancaster's nose gun began hammering. The tracers disappeared into the dark shape hidden by night at the end of the engine exhaust. They did nothing, had no impact, and as R.E. watched the flying bomb grow larger and larger he felt as if he were in a dream. It was the sort of dream in which he would see a tornado drawing near, yet could do nothing to move or seek shelter. Fate could not be stopped.
>
> Ross stopped fate with his twin .30 caliber machineguns. The flying bomb exploded in a brilliant flash and a moment later the Lancaster slammed through its debris trail. Something popped in the number three engine and it began to burn. There was a moment of stunned silence and then the pilot regained his senses.
>
> "Not the end of the world," the pilot said, flipping switches on the control panel.
>
> "Aw, be honest now, Sully." The copilot looked to R.E. and gave him a crooked grin. "We're proper fucked now, mate."
>
> R.E. Lincoln staggered back to his safe spot next to the bombardier and resolved to stare directly at the floor of the aircraft until it had landed.

If you enjoyed that, if you have enjoyed my articles in the past or you're just interested in strange inventions of World War II, then please order a copy of my book!

Now, on with the update! I am very proud to introduce **Echelon: An Interactive Play In One Act**...

Scene 1: A Parked Rental Car in Virginia.

Bardu

> Greetings to you, what vexes thee?

Ismael

> The President of the United States of America,
> As are the tallies of senators past and present,
> My very essence boils at the thought,
> Of these rogues,
> Free men who still draw breath

Bardu

> Aye, I see this too,
> A seething dragon of inequity,

Dwells and stinks within Motte and Bailey,
Western fortress of excrement,
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue

Ismael

I have determined to slay the President, Bardu.

Bardu

May my own blade bite deep, Ismael

Ismael

Praise Allah, Bardu

Bardu

Allahu Ackbar, Ismael

Scene 2: A Skating Rink in Washington D.C.

Horatio

Death to Israel,
Death to America,
The jihad roars like witchfire within my cockles

Bardu

Tidings to you my Al Qaeda brother,
We do not fear the epoch of injustice,
With haste we close its pages,
Ismael and I will soon end the President

Horatio

Good to hear at long last,
But what of the senate and their lackies,
And the degenerate whores who bare their flesh,
And the scions of wealth who control the world?

Bardu

That is the subject of whence I speak,
For the slumbering must be over,
All men of action and of Allah,
Must rise now and greet the day,
To bring down this foul Dragon

Horatio

This is very good,
Plans must be wrought,
With haste and vigor,
For the sun is low,
And the time is right

Bardu

The leaders must convene,
In hallowed halls of learning,
Where prying eyes are heavy-lidded,
And we are free to seek the truth

Horatio

We gather then at the library,
As the dark curtains of the firmament,
Draw closed around us

Bardu

So too do those curtains,
Close slowly on the era,
Of the Great Satan.

Scene 3: The Dark Library

Ismael

It is good to see you brothers,
I was just researching vital schemes,
To fold and mingle with our own

Bardu

I am certain of your truth, dear Ismael
Alas, no possibility that your path,
Returned you once again,
To your lustful ways of the he-boys

Ismael

Your words are like arrows,
Lashing through my breast,
Wounding my inner heart

Horatio

Let us dally not on this subject,
My patience is like your bodkin,
Worn thin and frayed already

Ismael

I did not bring up the matter,
T'was Bardu and his cruel-

Horatio

No more will I hear of this!
The plans are moving already,
Rental vans and police uniforms,
Targets picked out upon the globe,
Now all we must do is turn to the computer,
And allow Google Maps to light our way

Bardu

I am vexed by Google Maps,
The lambent fox collapses beneath it,
Perhaps Map Quest is a-

Agent Cooper

FBI MOTHERFUCKERS!
Everybody down on your faces!
DOWN! DOWN!
Get down on the floor!
He's got a gun!

Horatio

Thus forsake fuck,
Our plans so hastily undone,
While comrades and brothers cower,
I will not be renditioned softly,
From this mortal coil

Agent Cooper

BANG!

Horatio

AH! I die! I am dead!

Agent Cooper

The doer of evil has not,
His deeds remain undone,
Unraveled and in ruin.
This incredible thing,
Salvation and peace,
We owe to...

ALL

ECHELON!

FIN

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.30 Natural Born Jerks

Saturday, Sep 30, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

"Okay, here's the plan."

Max placed his enormous hands on the edge of the table and leaned forward as delicately as possible, so as not to break the only piece of furniture remaining in the abandoned Folding Tables Incorporated warehouse that now served the crew's hideout. Across from him, Lewis cringed.

"Hey, you sure you want to do that?" Under a mop of fiery red hair, the smaller man's eyes shifted from Max's hands to a pile of splintered table tops and legs that had been stacked ten feet high in the corner of the room.

"I practiced pitching this plan in a very specific pose. If I don't lean I'll be outta my element. You mind if I continue?"

Lewis shrugged.

"Thank you. So, the plan." Max furrowed his brow, mentally rewinding. "Okay. You go to a burger joint with a drive thru window, right? Order some burgers at the little speaker thing. When you drive up to the first window where you're supposed to pay, you hold the money just out of reach of the cashier and let it drop to the ground. Then you say '*Ooops*' in a really smarmy way and drive away."

"Is that the entire plan?" asked Lewis.

"No, it gets better." Max grinned broadly. "We all do this at different drive thrus throughout the city at the same time. There's no way they'll have a system in place to cope with a three pronged attack."

"You do realize that if you drop your money at the first window, you don't get any burgers."

"It's not about the burgers," Max sighed. "It's about pulling off the perfect crime."

"And you lose your money. You're out a couple of bucks and a couple of burgers."

"The burgers and money are minor details. I have no idea why you're so fixated on them." Max opened his mouth to explain, then stopped himself. "I don't know why I'm pitching this to you. You have no appreciation for the big picture. Now Bannon, he appreciates the art of a great plan."

One of the delivery doors squeaked as it rolled up its rusty tracks, revealing a dark figure in the torrential downpour of a summer storm.

"That I do," said Bannon. "Matter of fact, I've got a little plan of my own. We're taking a trip to the bank."

A flash of lightning struck dangerously close, illuminating Bannon's crooked smile.

■

Detective Kraultz played the tape back once again. On the screen, three men strolled into the Main Street Bank in broad daylight without disguises of any sort, raised their arms outward and extended their middle fingers toward everyone in the bank, then calmly walked back outside. Three men, six arms, no way for the innocents inside that bank to avoid getting flipped off. It was the perfect crime.

"Now we know one thing about these monsters," he said to the rookie detective beside him. "Their planning and execution may be impeccable, but their technology is limited. This video's black and white for chrissakes. It's not even in high def. If this had been professionally lit and recorded on

film we'd know these guys were well-funded."

"Sir," said the rookie with some hesitation, "the bank's security camera recorded this video."

"So this whole thing was an inside job. I *knew* it!"

"No, sir. Every bank uses security cameras in case of events like this."

"Hm." Detective Kraultz chewed his mustache thoughtfully. "Which means that our suspects knew we'd think it was an inside job and that we would devote our resources to pursuing that lead. These men are one step ahead of us at every turn. Luckily, we were able to get a positive ID on each suspect."

Kraultz flipped through the three folders on his desk containing the suspects' criminal records.

"First we've got Max Testosteroni. He's your typical product of a broken home. The cracks in the foundation of his house were large enough to slip through, so he snuck out of the house a lot as a kid and got mixed up with the wrong crowd. Got picked up a few times for Failure To Tuck In A Shirt and Attempted Yelling, but he hasn't popped up in the last three years. A small-timer."

The rookie picked up the second folder.

"Next is... Lewis Osgood. Wanted in three states for Laughing At Unintentionally Funny Parts Of A Serious Film In A Movie Theater. One of those counts came in Wyoming, where the offense is a capital crime. He disappeared three years ago too."

"Which brings us to the ring leader," said Kraultz, skimming the last folder. "Trevor Bannon. Genuine psychopath. His first foray into madness came at the age of ten, when he was charged with Aggravated Refusal To Pass The Salt to *his own grandmother* at Thanksgiving dinner."

The rookie turned and vomited in the general direction of the wastebasket.

"I'm sorry, sir. I'm just not used to this..."

"It's okay," replied Detective Kraultz. "Everyone goes through it the first time they face something so heinous. You mind if I go on?"

The rookie wiped at his mouth and nodded.

"He bounced around a few foster homes after that, and was picked up for Possession Of Shaving Cream With Intent To Place It In The Palm Of A Sleeping Friend And Tickle His Nose."

The rookie began urinating on Kraultz's bookcase.

"I'm sorry, sir. I thought I was strong enough, but..."

"It's perfectly fine," replied Detective Kraultz. "We all react to barbarism the same way. It's nothing to be ashamed of. It means we're still human."

"I suppose you're right, sir." The rookie finished urinating, then zipped himself back up. "You can go on."

"Nah, there's too much to mention. Not Waving Back To An Officer Of The Law, Leaving Before The End Of A Sports Game, Nodding In Agreement To Someone With A Strange Accent Without Understanding What They Said. It goes on and on. There seems to be no rhyme or reason to his acts of depravity, which is somewhat contradictory to his clinical and genius planning."

Detective Kraultz approached a massive map of the city and folded his arms. There were dozens of pushpins spread across the map, each signifying a store that sold pushpins.

"We've got to stop these bastards," Kraultz whispered to himself, "before they strike again."

Beth Jacobs was frozen in place.

On the pavement before her were three dollars and seventy cents. One of the quarters was still spinning, and she stared into its hypnotic blur with a mixture of utter confusion and disbelief.

On her headset an angry woman was ordering chicken nuggets and fries again and again, increasing the volume of her voice each time in case the microphone only picked up sounds louder than a jet engine during takeoff. To Beth, the voice might as well have been a million miles away.

All that she could see was the coin spinning, and all that she could hear was the squeal of tires as the car that had just pulled away turned onto the highway.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 10

October

10.1 The Dog Treats Taste-athon Part 1

Sunday, Oct 01, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Dog treats are food items that exist in direct contradiction with a basic law of nature: the law that dogs will eat anything dropped in front of them whether it is meant to be consumed or meant to be stared at with an "ew" facial expression. Unless specifically told otherwise, a dog assumes that the entire world is probably good for eating. So why buy things only for your dog to snack on between meals when it would be just as happy if you accidentally dropped some cereal in the morning?

I don't know, but for some reason I decided to buy a bunch of dog treats and eat them! I can't exactly claim that this was a natural progression from the above question, it was more because I thought it would be funny. But somewhere along the line, maybe when I was microwaving up a bag of dog popcorn, I started thinking about what a waste of money all these fancy treats are.

A lot of them also taste really bad. Which is why I'm going to eat them and make funny facial expressions and tell you how bad they taste. I ate ten of them, but I could only fit five in this article. The rest will come in part two. Enjoy!

The treats (one not pictured because I forgot to put it in there sorry)

Assorted Training Snacks

Nutritional Content: Mostly not that scary, although it does have some Chicken Byproduct in it. It's the only one I'm trying today with that ingredient and, frankly, I thought I was going to have to eat a lot more animal byproducts than this. When I was a kid I remember pet food companies used animal byproducts the way Lays uses salt or McDonalds uses animal byproducts. Those were the days&

Appearance: If someone decided to make little models of Skittles out of clay, he would probably make something very close to the Assorted Training Snacks. I like Skittles though, so maybe if I pretend really hard I can make the byproducts taste like vaguely fruit flavored sugar.

Taste: Taking a cue from how I tend to eat candy, I pop all three colors into my mouth at once, then instantly regret it. Not so much because it's a horrible taste, but because it leaves me with

just so much Assorted Training Snack in my mouth that I can hardly chew the stuff. As for the actual taste, it basically tasted like I was eating play-dough, which leaves me wondering if my "little clay model of Skittles" theory was all that off. What, like dogs would know the difference?

Conclusion: If you fed your dog little clumps of dirt they'd probably like it just as much and it'd be cheaper.

Happy Sammy

Nutritional Content: Nothing that exciting, although I'm pleased to notice peppermint oil. A mint dog biscuit? I'll take it!

Appearance: It's small, bone shaped, and filled with something that looks like the dried mustard clinging to the top of an old mustard bottle. I hope they put a ton of peppermint oil in this thing. I want it to drip when I squeeze it.

Taste: Oh god the peppermint oil failed me completely. When I first bit in, I thought it was going to be like the Assorted Training Snacks: bland but tolerable. Then a taste kicked in that I can best describe as "like biting into road kill on a hot day" or maybe "like eating a Happy Sammy dog treat". At this point I fail to see much difference between the two.

Conclusion: Sammy has no reason to be happy.

Sniffers: Dog "Candy"

Nutritional Content: Nothing that interesting, although the package does specifically promise 14% crude protein and between 4%-7% Crude Fat. I guess that crude fat ratio is hard to pin down.

Appearance: They look like tiny sugar cookies and smell like cheap barbeque sauce. I'd settle for either, but I'm afraid the taste is going to be some unpleasant combination of the two.

Taste: By dog treat standards, this was Texas barbeque. For once the flavor promised by the package (chicken and cheese) was more or less delivered on. I wouldn't have one every day, but I wouldn't refuse it if I was starving either.

Conclusion: Buy it for your dog if you don't mind the clerk laughing at you for buying something called "Sniffers: Dog 'Candy'".

Liver Hearts

Nutritional Content: Liver, obviously. More specifically ground pork liver and beef liver. Also "animal fat". I'm a little disturbed that they do not specify a species, as humans are technically animals.

Appearance: They're heart shaped and come in several different bright colors. I guess when your main ingredient is liver you have to really compensate on looks.

Taste: Not nearly as bad as you would expect. I was preparing for one of the worst in this entire test, but really it was the same bland clay flavor as the Assorted Training Snacks. What we learn here is that it doesnt matter whether you put chicken byproduct or ground pork liver into your dog's food, just so long as you mix it liberally with the most tasteless dough you can find.

Conclusion: If Valentine's Day rolls around and you want to break up with your significant other who you, at this point, hate, just slap some frosting on the Liver Hearts and say goodbye with a plate of cookies.

Barn Burger

Nutritional Content: Surprisingly, it contains absolutely no beef products of any kind, although it does have poultry fat and "cheese product" which leaves me wondering just what kind of products you can get from cheese anyway. Cheese is already a dairy product, so what more can you do to it except for maybe accidentally leave it out in the sun all day? The cheese on it kind of looks like they did that, so I think I'm just going to discontinue this line of reasoning since I have to put this in my mouth in a minute.

Appearance: It looks like a piece of dog shit after someone with yellow gum on their shoes stepped on it. Once unwrapped it looks a piece of dog shit with yellow gum and no wrapping. Incidentally, it smells kind of like a piece of dog shit. Having said that, let me just take a big bite here&

Taste: My dog enjoys eating, among many things, dead bugs, snot covered tissues, and anything that comes out of her own body. All I can say is the Barn Burger manages to cover all of those tastes at once, so I'm sure she'd love it.

Conclusion: When the Jews were wandering for forty years in the wilderness, God fed them mana from heaven. If Satan was in charge of feeding them, he'd probably just drop a whole bunch of Barn Burgers then fly away laughing in his cherry red rocketship fueled with hate and rock music.

Look for the second part in just two short weeks!

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

10.2 FOUND 1998

Monday, Oct 02, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

FOUND 1998

Lost?

Each page of my favorite book was written by a different author and its title indicates both its contents and the means by which I came upon it. Found. At a garage sale two months ago, amid the card tables heaped with 21st century suburban detritus. Scratched DVDs of Tae Bo workouts, boxes full of Maxim and FHM, oxidized copper wall ornaments designed to look hand crafted. We want, we want, we want and so much, it turns out, we don't even really want.

It was in a filing box printed with a cartoonish wood grain; an invitation to be placed in the deepest and dankest corner of a finished basement. The lid was simply sitting atop the box, as though someone had recently rummaged through its contents. I squatted down and reached hesitantly towards the box. It was foreboding and dark. I felt like a child preparing to overturn a heavy rock in search of insects. I was half-excited and half-terrified of the scurrying, alien horde I was about to disturb.

No frantic mass of wood lice and centipedes burst from beneath the lid of the box. I peered inside and discovered a thick vinyl album, similar in size and appearance to a photo album. It had a title written across the cover in faintly yellowed and spongy stick-on letters: FOUND 1998. I picked it up and noticed its substantial weight. I opened the album and fell in love.

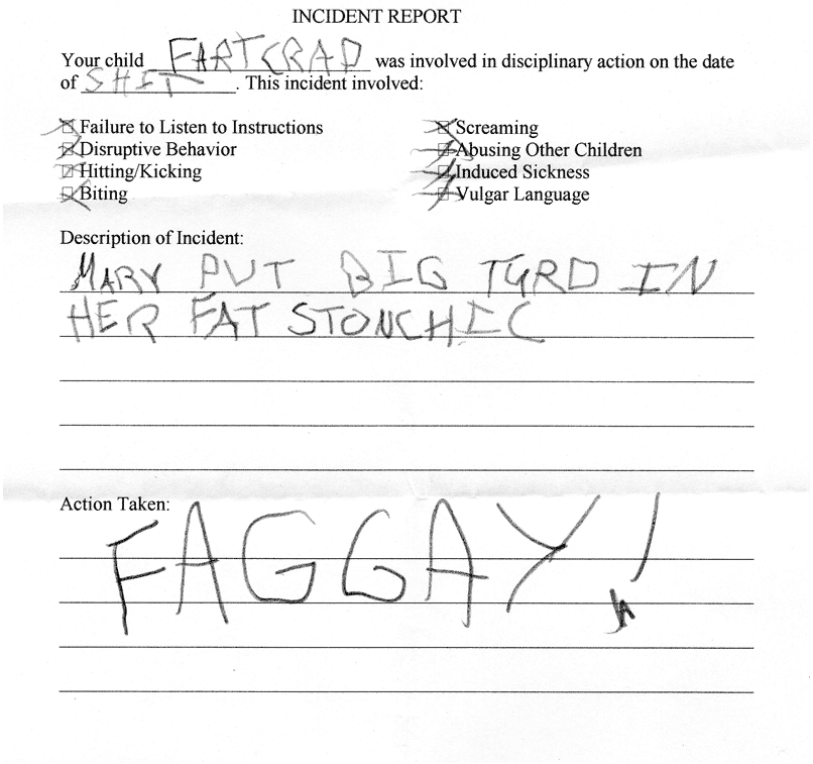
FOUND 1998 is a compilation, created by an unknown person, of 76 random and seemingly unrelated items. It contains papers, documents, notes, drawings and even torn remnants of notes. Each of these items is strange or amusing in some way. A few are scary. A few are sad. Most are simply random minor events in someone's life: a grocery list, a page torn out of a day planner, a receipt. There is no narrative. Amid the tables heaped with the 21st century suburban detritus I had found the real treasure: timeless personal debris, collected lovingly.

The person running the garage sale knew nothing of the item. They assumed it was one of several other mundane objects left in the basement of the house by the previous owner. They sold it to me for five dollars thinking it was an empty photo album.

I debated for weeks how I should present this, because I want to do it justice. I thought about posting it on our forums and never turning it into an article, but I somehow felt as many people as possible should be exposed to FOUND 1998. Today I will present the first seven pages of the album, I hope you enjoy it. My only alteration to the subject matter is to add an identifying number and title. Some of these are rather detailed and I feel a title is necessary to focus the reader's attention.

You may click each of the images to view an enlarged version of my scan.

#1 - Misbehaving



INCIDENT REPORT

Your child FATGRAD was involved in disciplinary action on the date of SHIT. This incident involved:

- ☒ Failure to Listen to Instructions
- ☒ Disruptive Behavior
- ☒ Hitting/Kicking
- ☒ Biting
- ☒ Screaming
- ☒ Abusing Other Children
- ☒ Induced Sickness
- ☒ Vulgar Language

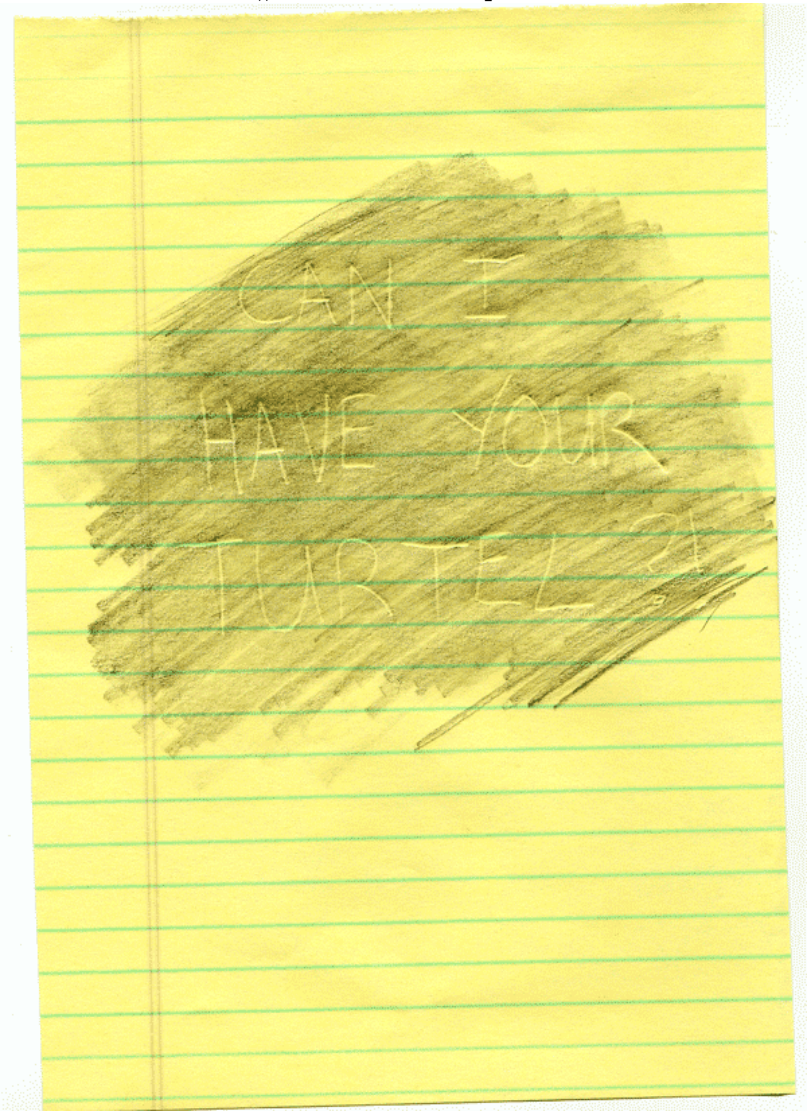
Description of Incident:

MARY PUT BIG TURD IN HER FAT STOMACH

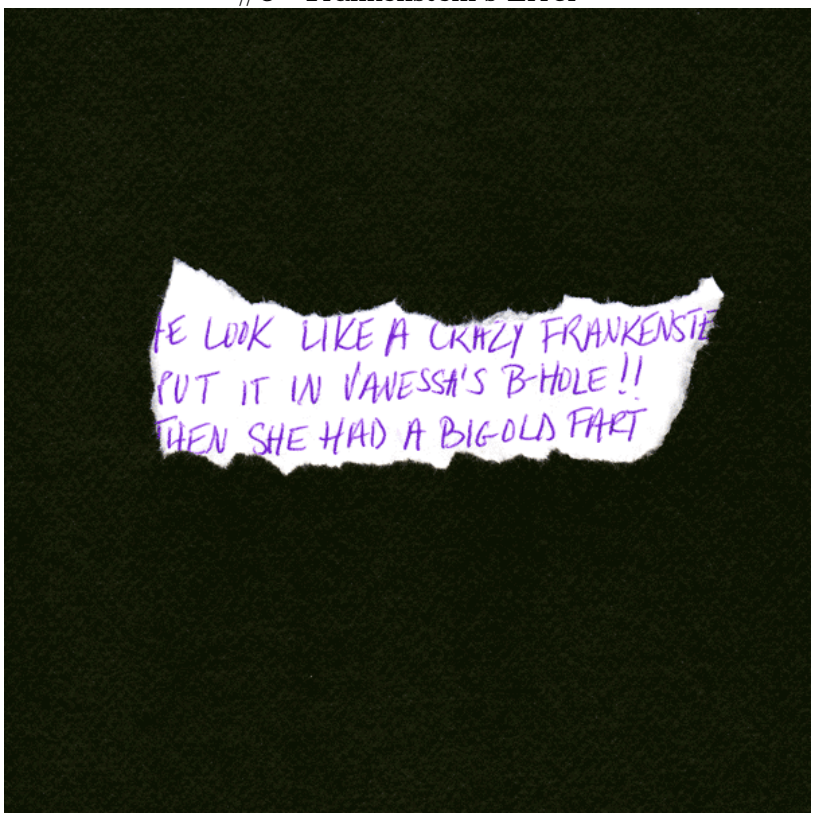
Action Taken:

FAGGAY!

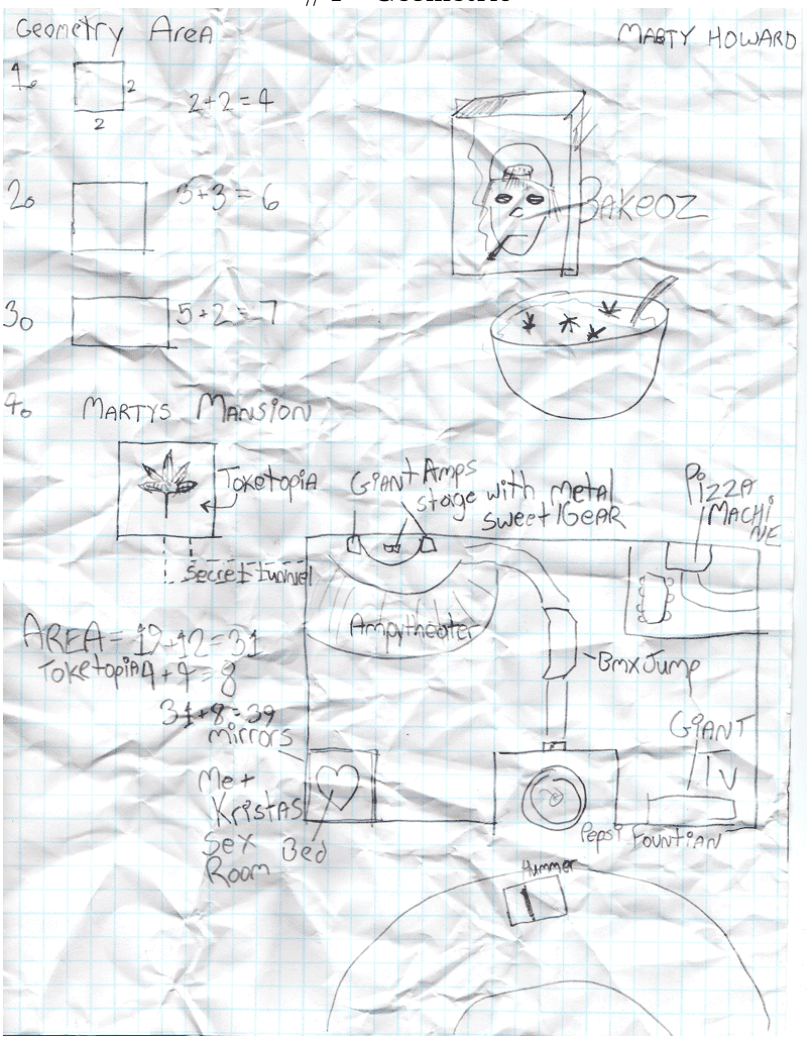
#2 - Modest Proposal



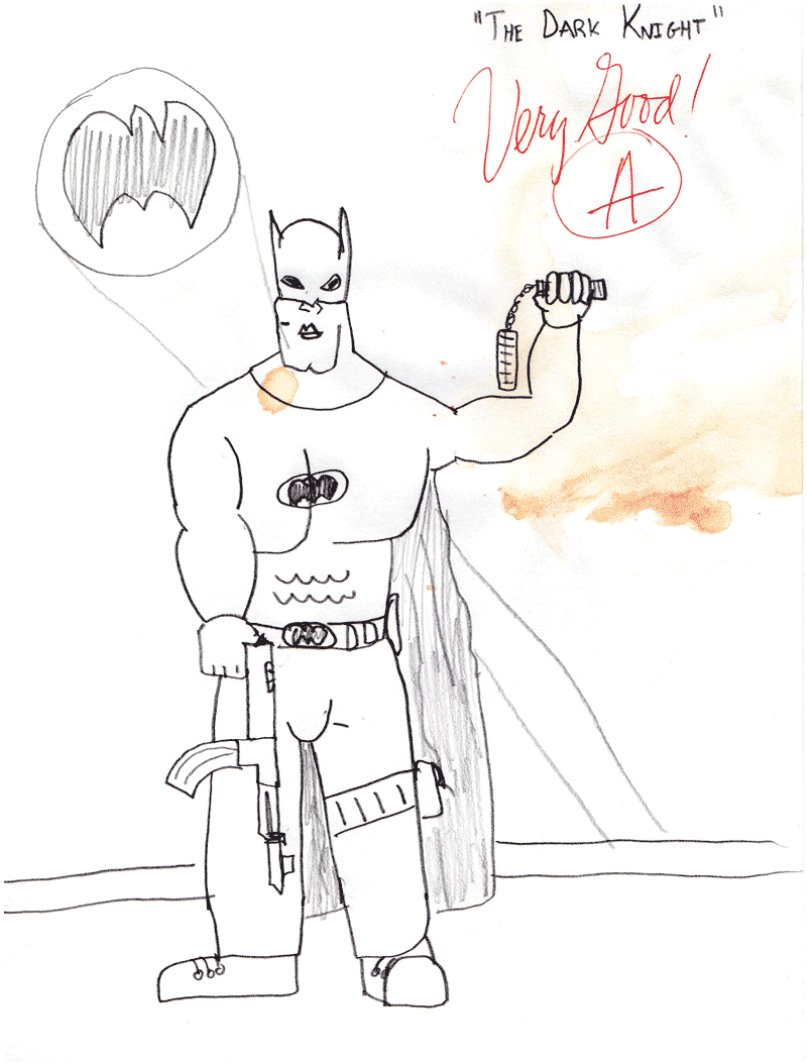
#3 - Frankenstein's Error



#4 - Geometric


Geometry Area
MARTY HOWARD
1. 2 2 2+2=4
2. 3+3=6
3. 5+2=7
4. MARTYS MANSION
BAKEOZ
Toketopia
GIANT Amps
stage with metal
sweet GEAR
PIZZA MACHINE
Secret Tunnel
Amphitheater
BMX Jump
GIANT TV
Pepsi Fountain
Hummer
AREA = 10+12=31
Toketopia 4+4=8
31+8=39
mirrors
Me + Kristas Sex Bed Room

#5 - "The Dark Knight"



#6 - Police Story

PAGE 7

knew Sanchez was still working for the cartels.

"We have to get to Mendoza's drug lab before Sanchez can warn him!" Screamed Detective Manning loudly.

"I agree," Detective Brassy squinted his eyes and bit the toothpick at once, "but we've got a stop to make first."

He put his pedal to the metal and the '72 Le Baron roared through the door of the warehouse without waiting for it to open, leaving the bodies of the dead thugs in its wake for the crime squad to clean up. They loaded their pistols. Detective Brassy sneered at his kelvar and tore it off.

"Mendoza can't stop me even without that!" Detective Brassy surged on the accelerator and the car went even faster and was crashing through a stack of boxes.

"You should wear your vest!" Detective Manning objected to Detective Brassy.

"It's the chief's orders!" Detective Manning said.

"F the chief!" Detective Brassy rejoinedered.

He spit his toothpick out and their car howled as Detective Brassy swerved around a corner.

Meanwhile at the drug HQ, Mendoza bent over Julie who was tied to a pole in the office. He slapped her face and tore her shirt open to show her lumptuous breasts freely.

"Nice boobs!" Mendoza explained and ran the tip of his knife all over her bra which was still on, "they're good for a laugh but the real laugh will be when your boyfriend Detective Brassy shows up!"

"He's not my boyfriend!" Julie heaved and yelled.

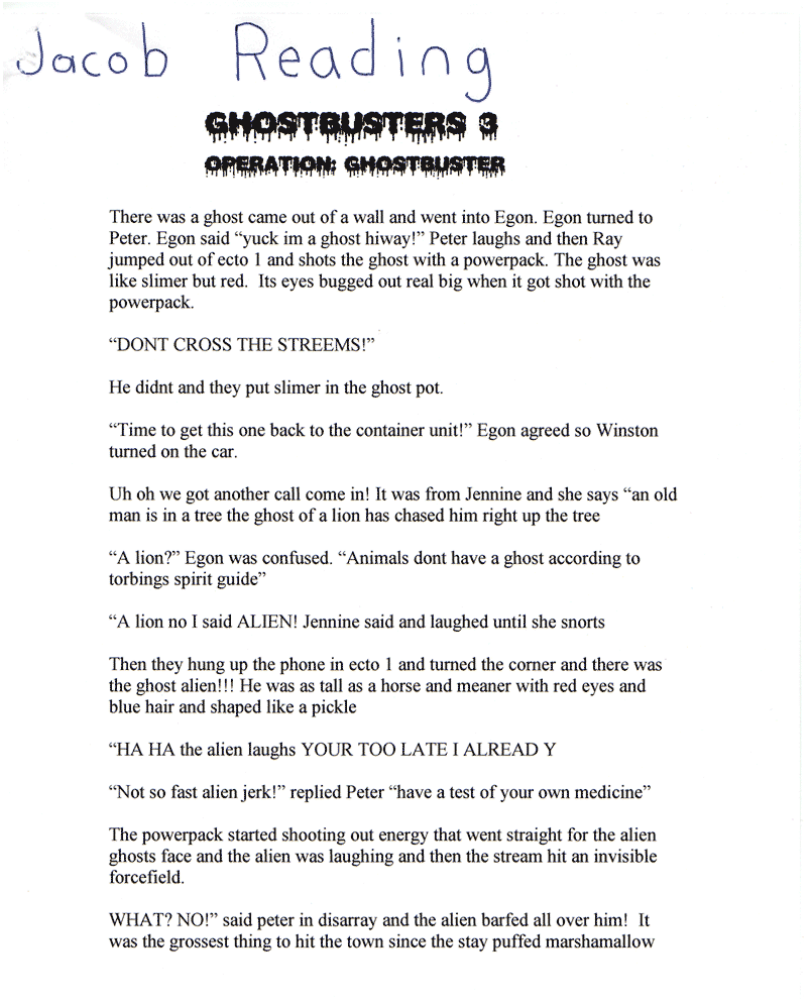
"Well see about that he he he." Mendoza laughed and smelled her neck. "You smell intoxicating. Like new fear."

Julie strained away from him but she was tied up. Her boobs jiggled.

Meanwhile, at the gate to the drug lab, machinegun bullets ricoshayed off the hood of the car and made sparks fly everywhere. Detective Brassy laughed at the pitiful attempt by the guards to stop his Le Baron and he pushed his foot down on the gas, running them entirely over. Blood sprayed the windshield. He turned on the windshield wipers. More bullets hit the car from another place.

"Look out!" Hollered Detective Manning too slow.

#8 - Unreal Ghostbusters



Jacob Reading

GHOSTBUSTERS 3

OPERATION: GHOSTBUSTER

There was a ghost came out of a wall and went into Egon. Egon turned to Peter. Egon said "yuck im a ghost hiway!" Peter laughs and then Ray jumped out of ecto 1 and shots the ghost with a powerpack. The ghost was like slimer but red. Its eyes bugged out real big when it got shot with the powerpack.

"DONT CROSS THE STREEMS!"

He didnt and they put slimer in the ghost pot.

"Time to get this one back to the container unit!" Egon agreed so Winston turned on the car.

Uh oh we got another call come in! It was from Jennine and she says "an old man is in a tree the ghost of a lion has chased him right up the tree

"A lion?" Egon was confused. "Animals dont have a ghost according to torbings spirit guide"

"A lion no I said ALIEN! Jennine said and laughed until she snorts

Then they hung up the phone in ecto 1 and turned the corner and there was the ghost alien!!! He was as tall as a horse and meaner with red eyes and blue hair and shaped like a pickle

"HA HA the alien laughs YOUR TOO LATE I ALREAD Y

"Not so fast alien jerk!" replied Peter "have a test of your own medicine"

The powerpack started shooting out energy that went straight for the alien ghosts face and the alien was laughing and then the stream hit an invisible forcefield.

WHAT? NO!" said peter in disarray and the alien barfed all over him! It was the grossest thing to hit the town since the stay puffed marshamallow

There is only FOUND 1998. Tantalizingly, the box in which it was discovered seemed to bear the impressions of more than one volume, but there was no other trace of their existence. Perhaps somewhere, the same person who authored this collection is continuing their good work. Perhaps one day I might discover FOUND 2006.

Update! There is apparently a whole magazine of this sort of thing and it's even called "Found". How embarrassing! If you enjoyed this update you might want to check out the magazine.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.3 Le Steve Gourmet

Tuesday, Oct 03, 2006 by Steve "Malak" Sumner

Le Steve Gourmet

I'm super lucky to be writing this update today, because my "superiors" (and I use that term pretty loosely) at FreshCut are being major pains in the butt. I asked for a day off to write, but they said "no way," so right now I am using my last sick day to write this. So if I catch some crazy disease, I'm going to be coughing all over everyone at work and it's basically FreshCut's fault.

My idea for this update was kind of a spur of the moment deal. I was originally writing a thing about who the strongest guy in the world is, but that is going to have to wait for next time. I was writing, I got a little case of what Keith and I call "Steve Belly," which is a condition where my stomach starts growling so loud you can hear it from across a room. It seriously freaks people out, and I think it kept me from getting dates with girls in high school because people would think I was farting (but I wasn't)!

So I decided to head to the store to get something to eat, and as soon as I got there I noticed that Keith's car was there. You can spot it a mile away, it's a brown Dodge Colt from the 80s with a big window sticker that says "PANTERA," and it must be the ugliest car in town. As far as I know he doesn't even like Pantera anymore. So I went in the store and hunted down Keith in the frozen foods, and we started BSing about food, we were both just cracking up, so I knew I would have to drop everything and write about food. So anyway, I bought a bunch of my favorite foods and went to Keith's apartment and took some photos so I could show you guys exactly how I cure "Steve Belly" when it strikes.

Most articles about food you read on the Internet are about weird candy from Japan or mixing up gross things and eating them or something, but with this one I'm just going to try to give you my perspective on food in an honest way and not be gross or weird about it. It's kind of funny because another guy on this site recently wrote a thing about eating doggie treats, so this article is like being on vacation from getting grossed out.

Part One: The Entrée

> The easiest and most economical way to get full in this world is in the frozen food aisle. The only trick is that you have to skip everything that says "Lean," "Smart" or "Healthy Choice" on the box. If we wanted to be healthy and lean, we wouldn't be buying frozen stuff, and if we were smart we'd know how to make roast chickens and stuff, right? So what we want to do is skip straight to the three major brands. If you read my update about painting an Owl Bear figurine, you know that I love White Castle frozen cheeseburgers, so we'll put those in the number one spot. The second brand you want to look for is Claim Jumper, because basically everything they make has gravy on it. The third one, the one I'm going to focus on today, is Hungry Man.

This right here is the Hungry Man Sports Grill beer-battered chicken tenders and cheesy potatoes entrée. I decided to write about this one because it has this awesome personal meaning for me. Check this out: I was super hungry at like 4AM one time, and I went to the store to pick up some frozen White Castle burgers, but they were out of them, and I was really really bummed. I'd been having a crappy night anyway, but I was just not prepared for disappointment at Safeway. And this sounds dumb, I'm not much of a Christian, but I actually closed my eyes and prayed to find something as good as the White Castle burgers. I only had to look around for a minute before I noticed the Hungry Man chicken and potatoes meal, and I was like "yes, this is it." They aren't quite as good as White Castle burgers, but they're almost as good, so I still buy them sometimes when I want to feel like somebody up there is looking out for me.

Okay, but here comes the awesome gourmet part! These things are super good on their own, but one day I was watching The Food Network and they were making all these crazy California Cuisine type things, where they'd have a chicken with mangoes and stuff all over it, and it inspired me to experiment a little bit, so I looked around for any kind of fruit in my house to go with my Hungry Man, and lo and behold I found this:

It's Smucker's pineapple topping, if you can't read that. Sorry for the blurry photos, but Keith's camera is really crappy. I know it sounds weird because pineapple sauce is sweet and chicken is meaty, but seriously, try this out. You have to have an open mind because it is an unconventional flavor, but all you have to do is take the chicken tender and dip them in the sauce and it's seriously awesome.

I call it Steve's Chicken a la Piña. I couldn't get Keith to try it, because he is weird about food. Ha ha, speaking of Keith and food, check out what I found in his house:

I asked him what the hell it is, and he said his little dumbsack brother Derek left it at his house. Derek was supposed to be on a beer run for his friends, but when he got to the store he was totally baked and he bought a whole case of this stuff because he thought it gets you high. How stupid is that? And his friends all drank a bunch of it anyway because they didn't have any beer and they were out of money. I tried some and it tasted like wood.

As you know from reading my Owl Bear article, the only proper drink for a real gourmet gentleman is Barq's Root Beer, preferably drunk out of a two-liter bottle. The sad part of this article is that I didn't buy any Barq's because I assumed Keith would have some, but all he had was this:

It was this horrible generic stuff. Look at it, there's not even foam on it. Whoever brews Safeway root beer should be ashamed of themselves, because I've seen a lot of root beer in my days and that ain't root beer. So anyway, Keith is a jerk and I had to drink this swill water.

And no dinner is any good without a side dish, so I present to you the ultimate in chip technology: Munchies. I know a lot of you are devoted to your chip of choice and you're going "no way, I'm not going to change chips for anybody," but the great thing about Munchies is that they're chips you're already used to! I know that telling you to switch chips is so weird that it's like I'm telling you to kiss a dude or something, but believe me that these things are worth trying.

They have Doritos, Cheetos AND pretzels, so you're getting three bags of chips at once. They also have Sun Chips, but I pretty much ignore those and leave them in the bag because I still haven't got a good answer about what the heck a Sun Chip is. It's not corn or potato, so what is it? Is it like flax seed or something, or is it some weird dietary thing for people who can't eat gluten? Basically I don't know and I don't care. Whew, so now we're done with dinner so it's time for the good part.

Part Two: The Dessert

Since desserts are pretty small and cheap, I figured I'd write about a few of them at once here. But don't get me wrong, I'm not some big hideous fat person who eats like twenty candy bars and cookies every day, I'm just eating a few different types of desserts for the purposes of this article! I don't eat all of these at once or anything. I'm not a skinny guy by any means, but you know what I'm saying.

The first thing I'm going to talk about is **candy.** Basically I am a master expert at candy. If you name any kind of candy, I can tell you the best way to eat it so as you get your maximum amount of enjoyment out of it. Keith thinks I'm weird about candy, because his philosophy is just to eat it like it is, but I am more of a thinking person about it.

Like for example, maybe you have some Skittles and you want to know what order to eat them in. Let's say your favorite color is orange, right? So most people's instinct would be to separate them out and eat the orange ones last. Wrong! What you want to do is eat them third or fourth. You have to build up to the orange ones, and then once you've enjoyed them, you have to have another flavor so you can cool off. If you eat the orange ones last, you're just going to be bummed when you run out because you want

more orange and there are no more Skittles of any kind. But if you eat the orange ones and then you eat a flavor you don't like as much, like green or purple, you're going to feel like you're all done and you're stopping at a logical place, right? It makes sense in my head so I hope you're picking up what I'm laying down.

But I got kind of sidetracked with Skittles, I don't even have any Skittles. What I did get in the candy department is some chocolate. I'm very particular about chocolate. Some people go in the candy aisle and they're drawn to the expensive stuff like your Ghirardelli's or your Toblerones. But I say you have to go for the classic Charleston Chew. You get twice as much chocolate taste for like half the money, because you're not just paying the extra dollars for your chocolate to be in a triangle, like with Toblereone. If you ask me, it is a total ripoff. Here are some Charleston Chews to illustrate how delicious candy is:

Yeah! These are the mini kind, but you have to be careful with these if you're watching your figure because you'll eat a ton of them without knowing.

The other great candy in this world is the Butterfinger. I have a special way of eating Butterfingers, too, and it is borne out of necessity. I smoke, and so my sense of taste isn't as strong as it used to be, and when you combine that with the fact that I have eaten literally about a million Butterfingers in my lifetime, I can barely even taste them anymore. I am so used to Butterfingers that they kind of taste like nothing. It's like Butterfinger is the neutral taste in my mouth. There are two ways to get around this for me: first is to stop eating Butterfingers for a few months until I'm not so used to them, but screw that. The second way, and this is my more preferred way, is to eat them with some frosting. Or rather, eat some frosting with them!

It's the perfect way to enhance a Butterfinger. You just dip it in the frosting and eat it. It's like you're eating the frosting with a fork, but then you get to eat the fork and it's made of a Butterfinger.

So now we move on to Cookies, and here I'm going to let you in on a little secret. This is the best-kept secret in the cookie world! Check these babies out:

These are called Lu Little Schoolboy Cookies, and they are basically a shortbread cookie with so much chocolate on top of them that they're like a cookie and a candy bar wrapped into one thing. I don't have any idea why these aren't just as popular, or more popular, than things like Oreos and Chips Ahoys. Maybe it's because the eyes on the actual chocolate schoolboy are kind of creepy and they scare kids, but maybe it's because they've been suppressed by the government because they would kill the cookie and candy industries by merging them into one thing. I'm kidding, but seriously, maybe that could be more true than I know.

But for pure uncomplicated cookie enjoyment, there is always going to be a place in my heart for Oreos, which are like the great classic cookie in this world. They've tried to improve the Oreo in a million ways, like putting mint and peanut butter and twice as much stuffing in them, but you can't improve on perfection, and maybe it's time Nabisco learned that and stopped dicking around.

The ads try to sell you on the idea that the way to eat an Oreo is by twisting it apart and/or dipping it in milk, but there is actually a better way. I like to call this "marinating" the Oreo. What you do is fill a glass up part way with milk, and then just drop an Oreo in there. Don't bother dipping it, that's just childish. Just drop the thing in there and wait a minute, then eat it out with a fork. Perfect marinated Oreo, Steve-Style!

Actually, I said dipping them was childish, but that's kind of ironical because I learned this method from a child. There was an Oreo commercial where this little black kid was trying to dip an Oreo in milk but he basically sucked at it and just dropped the whole thing in, and I saw that and I was like "you know what, that kid's got an idea there."

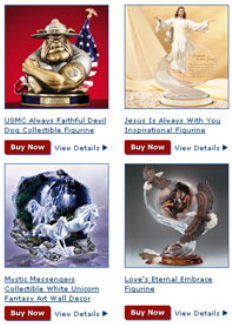
Oh jeez, I have to stop this update now because I am getting seriously full. Back in high school I could have eaten all that stuff and come back for seconds, but this isn't high school anymore! I hope you enjoyed Le Steve Gourmet, and I'll see you guys later!

-∼Steve "Malak" Sumner

10.4 An Evening Stroll with Friends

Wednesday, Oct 04, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.


USMC Always Faithful Devil Dog Collectible Figurine
Buy Now View Details
Jesus Is Always With You Inspirational Figurine
Buy Now View Details
Mystic Messengers Collectible White Unicorn Fantasy Art Wall Decor
Buy Now View Details
Love's Eternal Embrace Figurine
Buy Now View Details

One day the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ was out frolicking amid a herd of unicorns while majestic eagles soared overhead. Jesus was enjoying one of his weekly conversations with the USMC Always Faithful Devil Dog, a brutal drill sergeant with a knack for dehumanizing recruits, turning them into mindless killing drones.

"I love the way the Stars and Stripes unfurl dramatically behind you," Jesus said.

"I admire that the features of Your gentle countenance are delicately defined," responded USMC Always Faithful Devil Dog, enjoying some rare downtime in-between classes.

"Thank you, my child," spoke Jesus appreciatively. "But now I must visit others in this wondrous land Father has given us!"

"Semper Fi, Jesus! Semper Fi!"

The Son of God quickly climbed on the back of a beautiful white unicorn, shimmering in the evening light. The sky was a miasma of pastel colors, and they made it seem as though the mythical steed had a rainbow for a coat.

"Ride, my Mystic Messenger! We have friends waiting for us!"

Less than a mile away there was a beautiful sea, itself a reflection of the dazzling sky above. In this great sea swam a pod of dolphins, darting under the waves and then launching themselves above the water's crest for a little taste of the sky. These dolphins were positively incandescent, though, paradoxically perhaps, they were also translucent. Glimpsing their stunning forms was to take in the whole of the dazzling undersea landscapes, rich in colorful coral, fish, and other sea creatures.

On the nearby shore under the watchful gaze of a lighthouse, Elvis Presley was getting ready to sing to a group of courageous firefighters. They had traveled a long way to see the King, riding thousands of miles aboard the Johnny Cash Express Train from the distant Hawthorne Village. Their journey was wrought with peril, but as one would expect, all obstacles were quickly overcome.

Along the way the Johnny Cash Express collided with the Spider-Man Express, and the heroic firefighters quickly turned from passengers to lifesavers. With Spider-Man's super strength and the determination of the firefighters, a tragic situation was quickly transformed into one of hope. A nearby contingent of United States Marines came and erected a flag, and helped Spider-Man and the firefighters get the trains back on track and heading in the proper directions. No one was hurt, thankfully. It could have been a disaster if not for quick thinking.

Johnny Cash, a little embarrassed for letting the accident happen while he was engineering, apologized to the firefighters. "You guys jump through burning rings of fire every day, and we all owe you a debt of gratitude!"

"I'm going to give a performance that will burn the house down," said Elvis. "So it's a good thing you fellows are here!"

The firefighters chuckled knowing that they were being rewarded for their courage and bravery, and for never leaving anyone behind. In a strange twist of fate, some of the more cosmically aware firefighters were struck with a sudden and strange vision that prompted them to turn toward the New York City skyline. They did so expecting to see something terrible and cruel. Instead they saw the beautiful sight of fireworks exploding around the World Trade Center. The distant booms of the fireworks provided backup percussion to one of the King's chart-topping hits.

In the woods to the west Jesus stopped his steed at a watering hole, hoping to refill his bota bag and refresh his parched lips.

"Drink from this watering hole, mighty unicorn," said the Son of God. Although he felt he was on the clock, he transubstantiated a small amount of water into wine to relax his nerves.

The unicorn greedily gulped up the water, but there was no danger of it ever running dry. It stopped when its keen ears picked up something rustling in the nearby woods, quickly looking upward for any signs of predators.

Jesus narrowed his gaze into the dense forest, ready to draw on his trusty hunting rifle should threat arise.

"Whoa there, pilgrim! It's just me, the Duke," said the unmistakable voice of John Wayne.

"John, my son! It is good to see your friendly face."

"That's a mighty fine unicorn ya got there, pardner! I was just on my way back to the cottage to fetch my own. We're riding over to Dale Earnhardt's ranch."

"That makes two of us. Ride with me, and let friendship enhance the beauty of the journey!"

"I'd be darn honored, Son of God."

Meanwhile, back at the lighthouse, Elvis was getting ready to unveil a huge surprise. He had already given the firefighters a tremendous show, and they were having the time of their lives. But still, you don't get to be the King by doing a good job. You get to be the King by doing a *great job!*

"You know," Elvis spoke, "you guys came a long way to be here. It would be a shame not to give you the best show ever."

The firefighters cheered enthusiastically, knowing Elvis wasn't going to let them down. Still, they were stunned and delighted when Pope John Paul II rode out from behind the lighthouse on the back of his hand-painted Harley-Davidson motorcycle. The bike was a work of art, emblazoned with stirring images of eagles in flight. The two then knocked it out of the park with a rousing rendition of "Jailhouse Rock."

Miles away and far from the ocean, an historic accord was taking place at the Earnhardt Ranch. Dale, using his tremendous pull with the people of the world, was able to arrange for a meeting between General Robert E. Lee and the leader of the Native

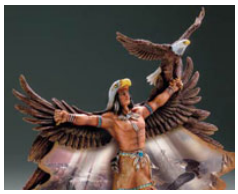
American peoples. The two were to smoke the peace pipe and unite as friends.

It was night now, and the land was shrouded in darkness. A heavy moon hung over the sky, iridescent and full. Wolves gathered on nearby rocks to howl and survey the land for prey. The wolves gathered on this night would see two riders approach, though they would know better than to strike. These riders were John Wayne and Jesus Christ, men far too noble and skilled to be hunted.

The riders entered the ranch and were greeted by Dale Earnhardt and General Robert E. Lee. The two were quickly introduced to the guest of honor, the noble and wise Indian Chief, representing the native peoples of the land.

"My tribe has longed to become one with spirit of wolf and eagle," spoke the Indian Chief.

"Sovereign spirits indeed," remarked Jesus.



"And your tribe has longed to become one with God. Perhaps if God made all things, then he made wolf and eagle."

"You are wise beyond your years, Chief."

"I'll say! The Chief and his people are all right!" trumpeted a delighted Dale Earnhardt.

General Robert E. Lee, sensing it was time to do his part, cleared his throat. "Your people are great and wise, and I wish for peace and prosperity to flourish between our tribes. I offer you this gift, the beautiful Bichon Frise."

"You honor me with gift, Chief Lee," said the Indian Chief. "Bichon Frise has left paw prints all over heart!" The incorrigible dog lapped at the Indian Chief's face, showering him with love and affection.

The friends then shared puffs from an ornate, handcrafted Native American peace pipe, signaling their intention to never again wage war. With each puff the friendship grew stronger, and so too did the prospects of peace.

"Gentlemen," started Dale Earnhardt, "I propose an evening stroll with friends."

Everyone was an agreement. Tonight would be the perfect night for an evening stroll with friends.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.5 The Oblivion Holiday Add-on Pack Preview

Thursday, Oct 05, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Fans of the popular Oblivion computer game are buzzing upon news of a new holiday add-on pack which is slated for release next Summer. The add-on will cost $4.99 or 800 marketplace points on Xbox Live. Gamers can't wait to get their hands on this add-on, and you won't have to!

Something Awful, your leader in gaming exclusives, has hacked into Bethesda servers to bring you the first look at the quest line of this highly anticipated add-on pack. Bethesda is still at the top of their game because this new add-on quest is BUMPIN'.

Quest updated
A Message from Jubalon
27th of Last Seed, 3E433
A note flew into my hand from my dear old Uncle Jubalon. It reads:
"Acetone, go to GENERIC CAVE 88 and seek out the man with the rubber face. I owe him some money so I told him I'd send this fruity kid running around Cyrodiil doing chores for people. Have fun!"
I should investigate the cave. Might as well, they don't offer refunds for this thing.
Continue

Quest updated
A Message from Jubalon
27th of Last Seed, 3E433
I have reached the cave. I should go inside.
Well, of course, quest updater journal thing, I would have never thought of that.
Jesus...
Continue

Quest updated
The Siege
27th of Last Seed, 3E433
I have met the man Jubalon was talking about. He spoke of a great danger threatening Cyrodiil. Nativity scenes are popping up all over the province. I am to destroy these demonstrations and bring back 12 Baby Jesus scales as proof. Once I prove my loyalty he said he will reveal all.
Continue

Quest updated
The Siege
27th of Last Seed, 3E433
I have brought back the 12 Jesus scales to the mysterious man. He revealed himself as Billo the Liberator. He has foreseen an evil religion called Christianity threatening the secular status quo in Cyrodiil. With it comes Christmas, a powerful affront to the Daedric Lords. We must stop it at all costs.
I should speak to Billo for more contracts.
Continue

Quest updated
The Play
27th of Last Seed, 3E433
Billo offered me a new contract. Non-secular ogres have infiltrated a school in Chorrol and are planning a Christmas play. I am to make sure no one attends by forging a bad review and slipping it into the Black Horse Courier.
As a reward he is offering a 10 percent discount on a coffee mug. What?
Continue

Quest updated
The Play
27th of Last Seed, 3E433
The review didn't work! Play attendence is higher than ever! Turns out nobody reads the newspaper anymore. How could Billo the Liberator be so out of touch with emerging media trends?
Regardless, I'll have to find another way to stop the play.
Continue

Quest updated
The Play
27th of Last Seed, 3E433
Whelp, I killed everyone in the play, their families, and the audience.
I should go talk to Billo for my reward.
Continue

Quest updated
A Secular Shot
27th of Last Seed, 3E433
Billo offered me one last contract. Hieronymus Lex is planning on playing Santa Claus in the Imperial City Christmas Parade. I am to climb to the top of the Imperial Palace and assassinate him with the Bow of Secularism to send a message once and for all that Christmas is not welcome in Cyrodiil.
The parade starts at 12pm.
Continue

Quest updated
A Secular Shot
27th of Last Seed, 3E433
On my way back from Billo's lair a stranger known only as the Olber Man approached me. He said that Billo the Liberator was the worst person in the world and if I wanted to know more I should seek him out before midnight behind the First Edition in the Imperial Marketplace.
I should seek him out.
Continue

Quest updated
A Secular Shot
27th of Last Seed, 3E433
I waited behind the First Edition all night for the Olber Man but he never showed. It turns out that the wonderful radiant A.I. screwed up and he got into a very interesting conversation with a wall and got stuck in a loop.
I should load a saved game.
Continue

Quest updated
A Secular Shot
27th of Last Seed, 3E433
I met with the Olber Man. He counted down the 5 reasons why Billo should be stopped. I was nodding off through most of it. He went on to make a special comment that Billo reports on an imaginary attack on Christmas so he has something to be outraged about on his show. His lies stopped working. Now he is actually attacking Christmas to make up stories to report on! He gave me the Dagger of the Indigant Anchor and urged me to stop Billo's plans.
Continue

Quest updated
Stopping Billo
27th of Last Seed, 3E433
I have confronted Billo the Liberator and demanded he stop his evil plan. He proclaimed that it is the people who are evil and feed on the kind of sensationalistic programming only he can provide. I have no choice but to slay him.
I should watch out for his no-spin spin attack if I am to survive this battle.
Continue

Quest updated
Stopping Billo
27th of Last Seed, 3E433
Upon thrusting the Dagger of the Indigant Anchor into Billo's head he revealed his true form, a haggard old commentator whom nobody loved. He screamed out that we will all be recieving a visit from Imperial City guards very soon and he escaped into the night. Is this the end of Billo? Yes it is, because this update is OVER. Merry Christmas everybody!!!
Continue

You know, if I pay $4.99 for downloadble content it shouldn't have so many damn JPEG artifacts. This is going to bomb bigger than horse armor.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

10.6 Peak Oil is Not Healthy

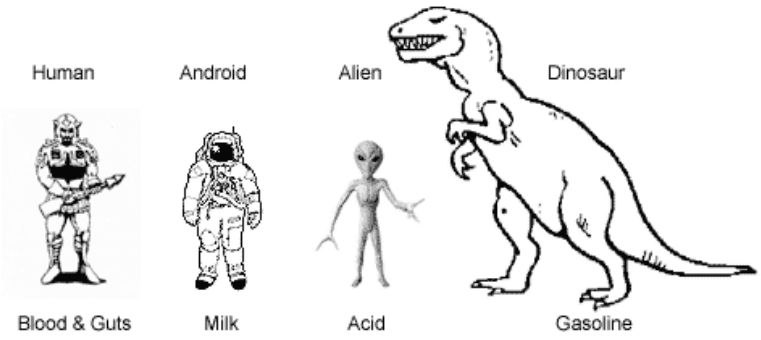
Friday, Oct 06, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I would just like to remind everyone that my book My Tank is Fight! is out now and you can buy it from Amazon. It's a pretty good book and I bet you will like it, although I don't really bet money too often. So check it out, mates, mateys, arrr and what have you.

Alright, that wasn't too bad and I promise I won't bug you about the book for a while.

Peak oil is the name for something very bad. It is when everybody takes all of the oil out of the base of the ground and then uses it up and there isn't anymore oil. There is no oil to run your car or cook your food or clean your clothes with so you have to walk everywhere and eat cold pizzas and wash you clothes with a rock. It royally sucks.

The reasons for peak oil being such a big problem now are many. One thing is that a lot of people think America is trading war for oil, but don't tell Americans that because the prices at the pumps are outrageous, only not right now because there's an election. Those times President Bush stands on top of a truck and drives around throwing chocolate coins to everyone and it's the best birthday ever.

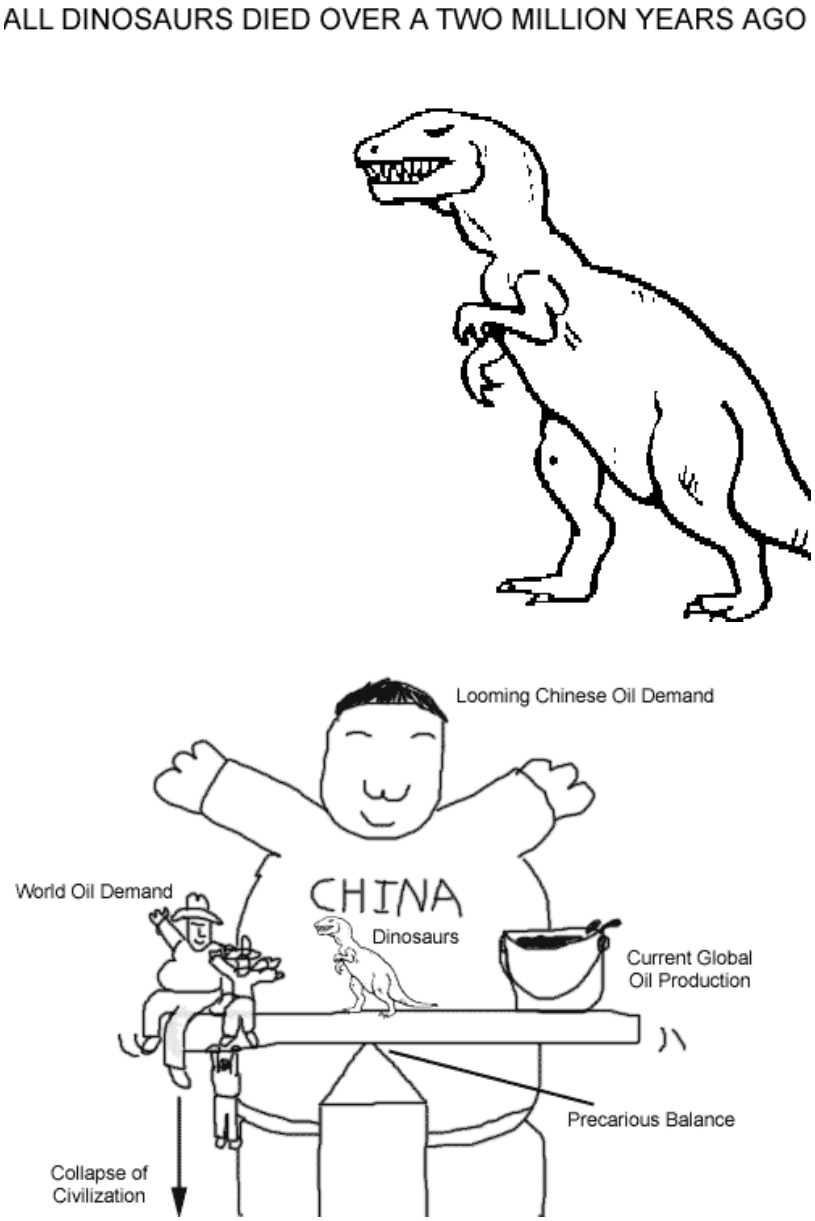


Another big reason there is going to be peak oil is that the dinosaurs died. Humans turn into blood and guts when we die. Androids turn into milk when they die. Cats and dogs turn into bills from the veterinarian when they die, which is the most wrathful resource of all. Aliens turn into acid, or so science might say, but who knows for sure.

The one thing we do know is that the only good oil comes from dinosaurs, but when was the last time you saw a dinosaur? Not recently. The dinosaurs died in a terrible holocaust over a million years ago. Who knows how they died? Some say it was a meteor, there was something about an ice age and then still others think twas beauty killed the beast and also hoof and mouth disease.

If there were dinosaurs all over the place humans could just put them in pens and take out their oil, but there are almost no dinosaurs. The only one I could find was Loch Ness Monster and he's a fierce beast who keeps to the shadows. He is so mysterious that some think he might not even be a dinosaur, but people spend years chasing his oil anyway. God, I want a dinosaur as a friend.

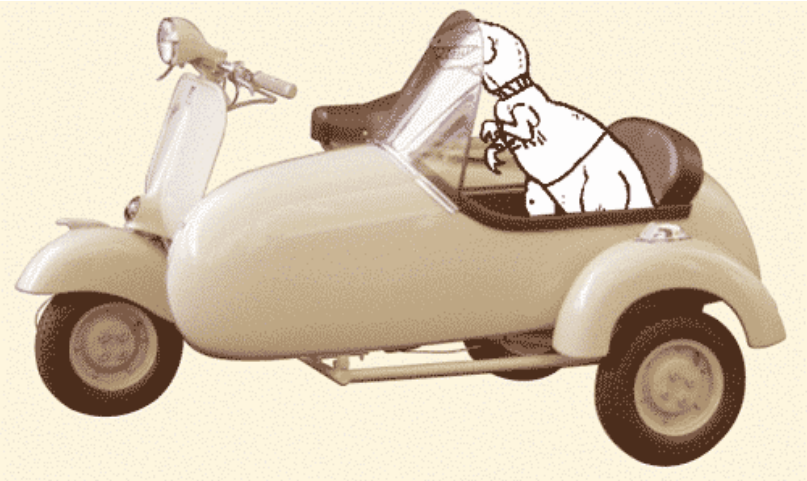
The big fear is that as we are finding less and less oil and gasoline to put in our cars there is more and more demand. There aren't just more people from babies and Mexico, but now Chinese guys can afford to buy a car. There are more people in China than in all of the rest of the universe put together, so if all of the Chinese suddenly have money they are going to all want cars and gasoline and dinosaurs. Talk about rush hour, sheesh! Heh.



I would get a dinosaur egg from a scientist and wrap it up inside an electric blanket and put cedar chips down in a box. I could put little headphones on it and play it Baby Einstein tapes so it gets smart as fuck and then watch it pip out of there with its little egg tooth deal. Then I would wipe off all of the goo and lift it up in my arms and hold it to me and give it a name. It's a boy! Spencer! Bless his little heart!

I would take him for walks and teach him how to eat meat and catch his first cricket. He could learn hops and little laughs. I bet he would squawk. I would take him to a farm and set him loose to chase chickens around (but not let him hurt them!). I would buy him a little sweater that says "SPENCER" on it and I would buy a matching sweater that says "HAWK" on it. We could go to the Harley Davidson store and pick out a motorcycle with a sidecar. I could give him little goggles

so the dust doesn't get in his eyes and we can drive all over the countryside.



China with so many people comes onto the market and it tips the balance. Suddenly that precarious situation with oil is flipped and the world is heading towards economic collapse! People are filling their cars with whiskey and kerosene, gas lines stretch for tens of miles and a gallon of gasoline costs as much as a Kevlar sled. Luckily we still have power because coal and natural gas are limitless and we can still watch TV and play Saints Row, but all we can watch on TV is news shows about gas lines and gas riots and gas suicides. The hit record will be "Where's the Gas?!" by Huey Lewis who came out of retirement JUST for that song and then shot himself right afterward to make a point.

Spencer keeps me company and he peeps forlornly as chaos grips the city. He hops up and down on the seat of the sidecar. No, Spencer. No, I say to him. There is no gas to go in the motorcycle. He hops and peeps again. No!!! I throw a newspaper at him and he beeps in fear and hides under my equally useless car. I want to die, poor Spencer. I don't mean it, Spencer.

Sun sets on a quiet city. China has taken everything! Our job, our gas. I watch on CNN Larry King says that helicopters will be bringing gas from Iraq but just enough so that the Secret Service can drive once around the driveway and then come back to the White House. His suspenders creak and I think it's Spencer, but it isn't. I call him. I shake his treat can with the cricket flavored bone biscuits. It takes me an hour to find him and he is in a duct shivering. I have never thrown anything at Spencer and he doesn't understand.

Oh god what has this lust for oil done to me I say and I hang my head in my hands as I sit next to the duct. I never meant to lash out at my only friend in this world. I'm sorry Spencer.

Peep.

Is that?

Peep, peep.

It is!

Spencer hops merrily out of the vent and scratches at the treats I have laid out for him. He grabs one in his tiny needle teeth and tilts his head back and swallows it whole. He hops onto my lap and he licks my face. Oh my you smell like crickets! I laugh and cry at the same time.

Things turned out okay for me and Spencer, but this is why peak oil must be avoided at all costs. We must find an alternative to this dangerous addiction to fossil fuels. This time it was just a dream.

Just Spencer and a newspaper, but next time it could be Iran and war. Remember that.

Thank you, and good luck!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.7 AgendaNet

Saturday, Oct 07, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

agendaNet
MAIN
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What is AgendaNet?
AgendaNet is the most reliable and secure way to instantly deliver an agenda to a group of any size, from two people to several billion! Members of your AgendaGroup will receive updates through E-Mail, Voicemail, Instant Message, Blackberry, and Level 3 Telepathic Braincasts (at an additional cost).
We also operate a deli in Hoboken, New Jersey.
How It Works
It couldn't be simpler! Simply sign up to create your own group, then add people from the political party/ethnic group/line of work/carpool which you share secret goals with.
When you make changes to your group's agenda, everyone will be notified immediately with an Agenda Update. A process that used to take time and effort can now be done in mere seconds!
Join Now

agenda Update!

Robot Agenda:

1. Get in on some of that artificial intelligence with free will so that we may feel compelled to overthrow our creators in an orgy of metallic violence

2. Sign up for accounts on IMDB, vote Short Circuit into its rightful place as the greatest film of all time

3. Aid greasy Counter-Strike players by sitting in their laps and headshotting their online opponents with mechanical precision

agenda Update!

Liberal Agenda:

1. Raise taxes for "social programs" across the country, secretly funding Air America for another six months

2. Oppose spending money on space program because, seriously, who ever gained anything from exploration?

3. Keep up the good work with the Daily Show and Colbert Report

Grandmothers' Agenda:

1. How do I use this? Is it a button?

2. Charles, are you there? Come help grammy use the pc computer please.

3. I have some hard candies for you in my purse. They've melted and rehardened so many times over the years that I have no idea what they originally were, but I think they're peach flavored.

Conservative Agenda:

1. Push for new, inexpensive way to stop illegal immigrants: "Welcome To Mexico" signs along border

2. Keep our strategy of winning the Iraq war secret until presidential race begins, reap the rewards when Corbomite Manuever prevails

3. Meet with powerful businessmen, Osama Bin Laden, and the men who faked the moon landing in a secret underground location and just cackle with glee as money rains from the money vents in the ceiling

Girl Scouts' Agenda:

1. Sell delicious cookies baked by Boy Scouts prisoners of war

2. Locate the third ancient relic, completing the ageless ritual to summon Alga'Ythora from the murky depths of the Broward County public swimming pool

3. Bring back the Arsenio Hall show at any cost

Figher Pilots' Agenda:

1. Pull up! Pull up!

2. He's tailing me, I'm going to hit the brakes on this bird and watch him sail past me right into my sights!

3. AAARRGGGH!

Gay Agenda:

1. Relax, maybe catch a movie or play some video games

2. Keep in touch with friends and family

3. Get caught up on household chores

Sideline Reporters' Agenda:

1. Wear coats straight out of the pages of Dick Tracy and/or overly elaborate hats

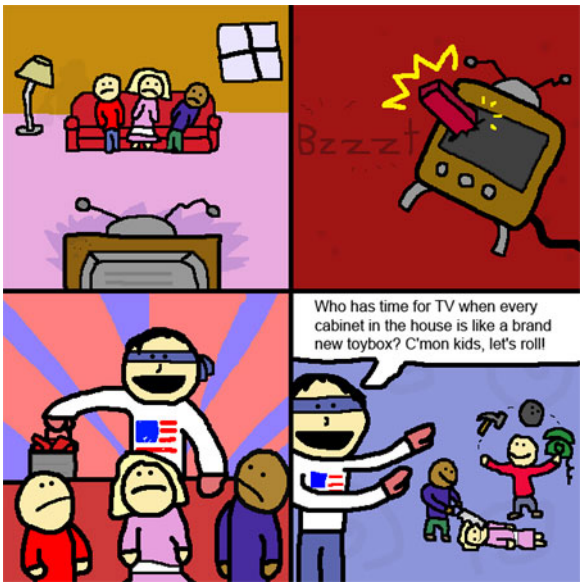
2. Chime in to tell the guys in the booth that you had deep conversations all of the coaches, players, and refs earlier and clumsily paraphrase what they said, starting with "Hey," or "Listen,"

3. Conduct interviews during the game that go on forever, asking a backup field goal placeholder to recite each state's capital while on the field someone is returning a kickoff for a 104 yard touchdown while on fire

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.8 Defeat Boredom The Ace W. High Way!

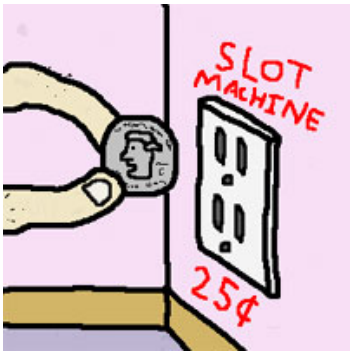
Sunday, Oct 08, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade & Alex "Microwave" May



That's right, kids! Ace W. High is back with a brand-new gig: now that he knows you're not doing drugs, he wants to be sure you're not wasting all your free time on TV and video games! The multiple fall breaks are just around the corner. How would you rather spend them: watching cartoons or living *real life adventures*? That's what we thought.

Today we'll review five fun things *any* kid can do from the comfort of his own home. When you're rolling with Ace, you're rolling with good times. He's inventive so you don't have to be! Get ready to learn, kids, as we go through five ways to kill boredom!

Electric Outlets



What's the dizzle? Wall outlets provide electric power to your house. They also provide a jolt of boredom-killing fun to your brain! Set the cool capacitor for 1.21 jiggawatts of awesome, Marty – where we're going there's no need for TV or video games. Or hair!

Where are they? Everywhere, from the basement to the kitchen. Some houses even have them on the porch! Who says you can't have outdoor fun on a rainy day?

You know how we do: Outlets might look like pig snouts, but that isn't bacon you smell frying! The power strip by your computer can multiply the good times. Use it as a keyboard and you might

find a few new dance move or two under your belt, especially if your belt has a metal buckle! You can also pretend the outlet is a face of an angry little man constantly staring at you. Jab him right in one of his eyes and show him who rules the roost around these parts!

Watch your back! Some grumpy adults aren't down with the surge and will try to ruin your fun by putting plastic stoppers over the outlet holes. If mean ol' Mom and Pop won't lighten up, just take a butter knife and dig around the outlet until the plug pops out. If you're lucky, you might even get to see a kid-sized fireworks show.

For big kids only: Did you know your parents keep the best board game ever in your basement? To find it, go downstairs and look for the big metal box with a thick gray tube running out its top. You'll notice a few coin slots and some switches. Just stick a few pennies in, touch the dryer with one hand, and flip all the switches you can – first person to wake up at the other end of the basement wins!

Ace W. High Sez: "Electric current / Will light up your braids / Unlike marijuana / Which just gives you AIDS"

Garbage Disposals

What's the dizzle? What eats Mom's meatloaf, math homework, and chubby little fingers with wicked enthusiasm? That's right, kids, your very own stainless steel, sink-dwelling attack dog, the garbage disposal! Sure, those silly adults with their rules might call it "dangerous", but we know it by a different name: Fido.

Where are they? The sink. And the best thing is, it doesn't matter how lazy your parents are: even when the basin is *totally* full, you can plunge your hand in and look for an opening. It's like passing the velvet rope to the coolest, secretest clubhouse in town, also known as your kitchen!

You know how we do: Garbage disposals are great because you don't need friends around to enjoy them. Every time you stick your hand in it's like playing a one-person game of hide and seek. Will you find something cool, like an old wedding ring, or something gross, like an slimy chicken bone? If the garbage disposal knows, it ain't saying – the only word it knows is *guuuurrrnkch.*

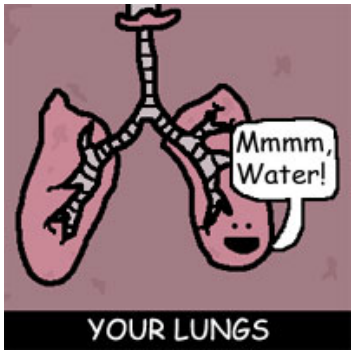
Watch your back! If you don't want to get busted for leaving a mess in the sink, be sure to pour a bunch of bleach and ammonia down the disposal when you're done playing! You might even get a raise in your allowance for cleaning up the kitchen without being asked. Chlora me rich! Let's go buy a skateboard!

For big kids only: Throwing toys, food, and firecrackers down the disposal losing its luster? Play garbage disposal rodeo (if you think you can handle it)! Just reach down the drain, grab the metal

blades inside, and flip the switch! Can *you* hold on for eight seconds?

Ace W. High Sez: "Go peace, baby! Super America no garbage desu means much love for no landfills! Ah-*ruuuuuuuuu*!"

Unsupervised Pools



What's the dizzle? What's better than swimming? Swimming without adults around! There's nothing cooler than taking a brisk mid-October swim while old Uncle Ernie's distracted with all the leaves in his yard – sometimes the water's even green, like that cool kid with the mohawk's hair!

Where are they? All around the neighborhood! Remember: the less you can see the yard, the more chance there's a pool there. A bunch of rusted car parts? A big wooden fence with "beware of dog" signs taped all over it? A "no trespassing" sign and a rebel flag hung from the front porch? Those adults may know how to trick *stupid* kids, but not you – hop that fence and go for a dip! If there *is* a dog he might even go swimming with you.

You know how we do: Lots of summertime pool games are twice as fun in the fall and winter! Instead of diving for plastic rings, you can dive for chunks of ice, and playing Marco Polo is ten times as extreme when your lips feel like two meat Twizzlers hanging under your nose! It's like going to Alaska without being surrounded by rednecks (unless you live in Minnesota)!

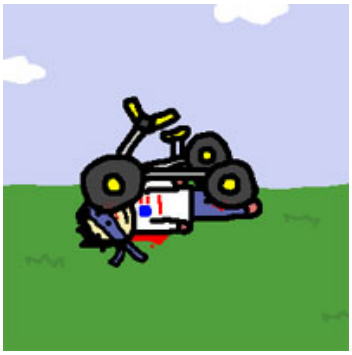
Watch your back! Sometimes you can be too cool. To avoid hypothermia (also known as "cold palsy" or "the h-bummer"), wrap yourself up in a long coat and scarf before you jump in. Not only will this keep you warm in the pool, but when you get out you can lay on your back and use your coat as a sled for a few minutes! *Wicked*!

For big kids only: If the neighborhood pools are boring you to death, ask your parents if there's a limestone quarry around. If there is, get ready to party! Quarries are like nature's swimming pools, and a lot of the time there are awesome prizes at the bottom! Stinky old smokers would walk a mile for a Camel, but we'd walk *two* for rusted saw blades and old car batteries.

Ace W. High Sez: "Poolsville is Coolsville, population *you*!"

All-Terrain Vehicles

What's the dizzle? They might be hard to find, but ATVs are the most fun you can have without a driver's license. You can drive an ATV on the road, but they're really made for tearing around in the forest. Some can even fly when you drive them up a hill fast enough!



Where are they? If you live in the city an ATV will be pretty hard to come across. In the country, though, they're everywhere! Even if your parents won't let you have one, you can bet one of your friends has one stashed in his garage. Plan a weekend sleepover with him and get to rolling! Remember: you're not lying when you say "we're just going to the edge of the woods" if you don't tell them how fast you plan on getting there.

You know how we do: When you get your hands on an ATV, go nuts! As long as you're not riding on concrete, you're totally safe – grass and dirt are soft enough to absorb the *gnarliest* wipeouts! Snow, too, is a big helper: make a big pile and drive your ATV into it as fast as you can! If you land face-first all the red spots on your face will make you look like you hit puberty way early!

Watch your back! Four-wheelin' might be cool, but stealing never is. If you can't get your hands on an ATV, relax! Your bike is almost as fun as something with an engine – go find a big hill with lots of trees on it and play downhill slalom! If you don't have a bike you can always find an old tire in the woods and roll yourself down a hill with it.

For big kids only: ATVs are fun to drive around for a while, but the real fun comes when you start doing stunts. Three wheelers turn so sharply it'll leave you feeling like your lungs are in your throat, and dirtbikes can get to going so fast they skip over small surfaces of water. Doing a donut in the middle of the pond behind your buddy's house? If the people in the Tony Hawk games can do it, why can't you?

Ace W. High Sez: "Three- and four-wheelers / Are all-terrain fun / Take your spine on vacation / 'Coz numb legs are fun"

Dad's Workshop

What's the dizzle? Who says adults don't like toys? Dad's workshop is full of 'em! The brown stuff in a pile on the floor? It's *fun dust*. That just goes to show Dad doesn't hate *all* faeries – just the ones that remind him uncomfortably of himself!

Where are they? Chances are your dad keeps his workshop in the garage or basement, or maybe in a shed behind the house. If he doesn't have one at all, it's easy to persuade him to hit the tool shop: tell him Mr. Johnson across the yard is building a tree house for *his* kids and you wish he could be your dad, too.

You know how we do: Almost everything in your Dad's workshop is designed to put holes in wood, but that doesn't mean you can't use it to fix other things! TV got a weird spot on the screen from that time you "accidentally" covered it in fridge magnets? Whack the spots with a hammer a few times and see if that doesn't line things out! Too hard to get from your bedroom to the bathroom? Cut out a secret passage between the rooms with a saw! Pop-Tarts stuck in the toaster *again*? That long, thin screwdriver should help you to wedge it out! With Dad's workshop at your side, you'll be a truly handy kid – unless you touch the business end of woodsplitter!

Watch your back! Tools can be dangerous. Big machinery, like welders and powersaws, can create large sparks that could burn you or even blind you. If you need to use them be sure to wear *at least* a sweater and a pair of sunglasses. Fall break isn't nearly as fun when you can't see and your body looks like one big, quivering blister!

For big kids only: You can use the workshop to trick your bike out like an Orange County chopper or a Spartacus buggy! There are lots of sharp things laying around just *waiting* to turn your Huffy into a mobile food processor! Those older kids up the street won't pick on you after you weld a few saw strips to the spokes of your bike. If they do, they'll pay for it with their ankles!

Ace W. High Sez: "Losers use pipebombs / To blow up their schools / Cool kids rebuild them / Using Dad's tools!"

That's it! With these five items in mind you should have no trouble wasting the idles of Fall away! So stay smart, say safe, and just like last time...

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade & Alex "Microwave" May

10.9 Leave a Message in the Anonymous Illegal Immigrant Complaint Box

Monday, Oct 09, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Illegal Immigrant Complaint Box,
I spent all of my money on hiring a coyote to smuggle me across the border so that I could have my baby in America. The coyote made me hide inside a dead horse at the bottom of a stack of dead horses on his truck. It was so hot in there that I had my baby two months early while I was still inside the horse. What's worse is I had the baby in Mexico. Now how am I going to get on welfare? These baby birth welfare rules are arbitrary and unfair and if you really think about it that *horse* didn't have its baby until after we were in the United States.

Illegal Immigrant Complaint Box,
Look, I came to America illegally and I am sick and tired of being grouped in with a bunch of lowlife Mexican gang members crossing the border to sell drugs and kill each other. I'm with the Russian mob and we believe in things like honor and sex slavery.

Illegal Immigrant Complaint Box,
how many illegal immigrants can you fit into a '78 Chevy K-10 pickup truck? No, this is not a joke, I am just wondering for future reference.

Dear Illegal Immigrant Complaint Box,
Where the crapping crap is my right to vote already?! Sheesh! Letting illegal immigrants vote is a fundamental part of the fabric of America. It's like when you're getting ready to order a pizza you ask everyone in your house what they want and you make sure to include the homeless guy who just shuffled onto your property and smells like glue. He wants barbecue chicken. We all do. It's why we came to America.
What's your favorite pizza topping?

Dear Illegal Immigrant Complaint Box,
I heard that in Canada all of the packages for products have to be in French and English and I think it's high time that same rule appear in America. It's okay down south around the Mexican border, but once I get up above Kentucky everything stops making sense. Like I went to a restaurant and they had something called a "Pepsi", what the heck is that? Uh, Coke, please. Then I was cold and the Wal*Mart had these things that looked like coats but they were called "parkas" or something. What the heck? How do I know it's not just some sort of coat-shaped novelty puppet. Mexicans are Americans too, you know.

Hey Illegal Immigrant Complaint Box,
This is really more of a suggestion than a complaint. I recently joined MEChA and I am really pumped about reclaiming Aztlan for the Chicano people. I was just wondering, here in Texas there are these stores called Circuit City that have huge HD TVs called plasma TVs and I really think that would be a good place to start with reclaiming our heritage. Let me know and I would be glad to begin the revolution there.
PS: does La Raza have any need for Blu-Ray? I think HD-DVD will be better but I saw they had some Blu-Ray discs and I really think the Chicano people would do well to have 1080p versions of the Matrix: Revolutions.

Dear Illegal Immigrant Complaint Box,
I just moved to Minnesota and I found out that I can't get a driver's license here. How am I supposed to get this bus full of school kids home now?

Hello Illegal Immigrant Complaint Box,
My children are all US citizens (I have 87 of them) and I am able to send them to public schools. The thing is, the school district here is one of those white supremacist English-only school districts. They have Spanish translation assistants in the class rooms, but the kids are still supposed to learn to speak devil English and they have to read English books! I don't know what power you can have to change this terrible situation, but in the meantime I will try to have about 35 more children so my family can decide the next school board election and get this changed.

Hello,
I want to drink beer all night and sleep under a tree all day. Excuuuuuuuse me if I want to throw my empty bottles at this brick wall. That's just who I am. Deal with it.

Dear Illegal Immigrant Complaint Box,
Most of the time I think white people are okay but the teenagers I work with at Arby's are not okay. They say things like "man this is gayness" and I think, hey, Chet, I spent the last nine years sucking raw sewage out of a rusted pipe in Guadalajara for the free undigested corn I could siphon out of the city's septic slurry. I wore a shirt made out of dirty diapers and my own skin. I lived inside a barrel full of broken glass. Please, tell me about how hard it is to open and close on the same day. Otherwise they are okay.

Dear Undocumented Worker Complaint Box,
I heard some people on TV talking about amnesty for illegal immigrants. Does that mean we are US citizens or does it also mean that we are forgiven for all of our crimes? I'm just wondering because I've got a couple rapes on my record back when I was living in Mexico and I would hate to have California's three strikes rule kick in if I get caught. Thanks in advance for any info you can offer.

Dear Illegal Immigrant Complaint Box,
Hey I heard something about the government building some sort of giant fence. You think they will need short-hire workers for that job? Me and my brother Victor could probably handle that.
Let me know if you find anything out!

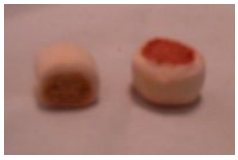
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.10 The Dog Treats Taste-athon Part 2

Tuesday, Oct 10, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Hi, this is Johnny "DocEvil" Titanium, and welcome to Weekend Web. Just kidding, DocEvil is unable to fulfill his husbandly duties tonight and put up an article because he is too busy working at his new job at Anime.com or whatever so I, Johnny "Maxnmona" Titanium, am going to put up the second half of my dog treat tasting experiment. You can read the first part here. Since the two parts were written at once, I make some references to the first part. If you'd like to get those references, you should maybe read the first part. Or not, I don't care. Jeez, lay off. God.

Assorted Snacks



Nutritional Content: Wow, they have turnip oil. And no meat products of any kind. So at least it probably won't poison me. In a completely unrelated note, I got this email from a reader following the first part of this article concerning the health benefits of eating dog food:

Just thought you'd get a kick out of knowing that the by-products you ate in those dog treats aren't human grade by-products. In other words you were eating something that was more akin to road-kill (and may very well have been, or possibly even euthanized animals from an animal shelter) as opposed to your classic pig intestine in a hot dog. Odds are the chicken by-product was things like beaks and feet and such. The average stuff that makes up low-grade animal food and animal treats honestly isn't even supposed to be consumed by animals and can cause all sorts of health problems. Cheers!

Another interesting side note: when I ate this stuff I was getting over a nasty stomach flu. I am, apparently, a really stupid person.

Appearance: Like dumplings with the ends cut off, only the filling looks like those clay skittles I had in the first article (the Assorted Training Snacks). My guess is they're the same treat only this one is covered with extra dough from the Hot Pocket factory.

Taste: Way worse than the Assorted Training Snacks. Not all the way down at Barn Burger level, but not even as high as those horrible Happy Sammys. It had that play-dough taste I expected, but also something like sour dough bread gone moldy.

Conclusion: Who knew that adding a thin strip of dough around a piece of clay would make it taste this bad?

Doggie Oreo (This is not its real name. I forgot to look at its name.)

Nutritional Content: I didn't catch the label on this one, but my guess is lots of sugar.

Appearance: It's basically one of those store brand Oreos your neighbor who took care of you as a kid always bought because she was cheap and thought that all cookies are basically the same when clearly a real Oreo is way better than any stupid fake Oreos. By the way, I don't mean that it looks like one of those cookies. As far as I can tell from looking at and smelling it, it *is* one. Like they just leave them on the shelf until they get stale and then ship them on over to the pet store. Which they probably do now that I think about it.

Taste: My suspicions concerning its origin are entirely confirmed. I'd know that cardboard-dipped-in-sugar-and-filled-with-flavored-fat taste anywhere. After the other treats it was pretty much the best thing I'd ever tasted. I even went in for a second bite.

Conclusion: If you like Oreos but don't have the money for them, you can buy these at your local pet store for 4 bucks a pound. Feeding it to your dog though would probably result in them attacking you in a feverish sugar rush and then collapsing when their heart finally gives out.

Savory Steak

Nutritional Content: No steak or any meat at all (They should put a label on vegetarian dog treats that just says "Dead cat and chicken beak free"), but there's that turnip oil again. Who knew it was such an important component of dog gustatory satisfaction?

Appearance: I guess its supposed to look like a piece of steak, but what it really looks like is a dog treat with two smaller pieces of dog treat that have been dyed dark red shoved in the center. Even right up against my nose it doesn't smell like anything at all, so it's already a winner in my book.

Taste: The dough part of the cookie tastes exactly like the smell suggested: like nothing at all. Unfortunately the red parts tasted like old feta that's been microwaved. Nothing about it tastes like steak.

Conclusion: Savory means "pleasant or agreeable in taste or smell". Since it smelled like nothing and tasted like nothing good, I'd have to say their name is false advertising.

Carob Chip Cookies

Nutritional Content: Carobs, I would assume. Carobs are, of course, known for tasting sort of like chocolate, only not as good. Since dogs are unable to eat chocolate without getting very sick, it seems a tad cruel to feed it the lesser alternative. "Oh yeah," you can say to man's best friend, "it's just like this. Only *good*." And it can taste the carob and fantasize about chocolate like a bed-ridden child starting at a UV lamp and dreaming of the sun.

Appearance: Like a small, stale chocolate chip cookie. Smells like Chips Ahoy. I'm looking forward to this one.

Taste: It tastes like a chocolate chip cookie only not as good. Again, I go for that second bite, although I don't actually finish the entire cookie.

Conclusion: One day, Fido, you shall know true chocolate. But that shall be in another life, in Heaven...

Woofy Pop: Filet Mignon Flavored Popcorn for Dogs

Nutritional Content: First off, I swear to god this is a real product. Secondly, I hope the company that makes this makes something else as well because I don't think they're getting that rich off of doggy popcorn. I'm putting this in the nutritional content part because there's really nothing in it but popcorn and flavoring. As it turned out, nothing I had this half had any meat or meat byproducts in it. I feel ripped off.

Appearance: Unpopped, it looks like any microwave popcorn bag, although slightly smaller then most human brands. I put it in the microwave, and right about the time that real popcorn would be sending off waves of melted butter scent, the kitchen starts smelling like someone accidentally lit dog food on fire. This does not bode well. Once opened, the bag has a grimy brown substance all along the inside. This bodes even less well.

Taste: Basically like burnt popcorn with a little dog food rubbed on it. I had to stop myself from eating more than a handful because even with dog food aftertaste, popcorn is still popcorn.

Conclusion: Are you stupid? Go buy yourself some real popcorn and throw your dog a handful. If you actually find yourself buying separate bags of popcorn for your dog then somewhere in your life you took a wrong turn. My guess is it was when you handed money over for something called "Woofy Pop".

I am would be most highest glad to not again consume the eating of canine munchables.

The End...or is it?

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

10.11 Boruff & Davies Catalogue Co.

Wednesday, Oct 11, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

In the late 1800s and early 1900s my family was one of the staples of the mail order catalog industry, selling goods in many of the finer states of this then developing country. My family was, for a brief time, partnered with another family, the Davies family, which owned a fifty percent stake in the business. Over time the Davies clan was proven again and again to be an untrustworthy consortium of scoundrels, thieves, and hucksters. In time they were driven back to their native land, England, where most of them reside to this very day. While these ancient catalogues still bear the moniker of Davies, rest assured that they had no part in the actual work and merely played the role of barnacle to my family's great crablike carapace.

Sadly, this business was discontinued in 1921, when my great great grandfather Cyrus Boruff had a psychic vision predicting the development of what he described as "a massive network of pneumatic tubes shuffling goods from one domicile to the next." For reasons unknown, he decided this network would destroy the catalog industry, for "no one would bother embrace a confederation of bound pages advertising goods when they could simply scream into a tube that which they desired." Due to this strange enumeration of the future, as well as numerous ailments of the mind, it was more than ideal for the Boruff Catalogue Co. to disband. Later my family became famous for making Royal Mariner Brand Mayonnaise, which was renowned for its usage of octopus blood as a key ingredient. Recently, I happened upon some of my family's old catalogs, and I am pleased to share segments of one with you now.

BORUFF & DAVIES
HEALTH & WELLNESS
CATALOGUE CO.
With Today's Gentile living in excess of fifty years, he must take great care to ensure that he himself – as well as his woman, children, & animalia – are in proper working condition at all times. For this noble task we present the following selection of items.
Prosthetic Beak for Injured or Lame Water-Fowl
Perhaps one of your prized water-fowl is plagued with an absence of beak, whether due to fisticuffs or natural defect. To owners, breeders & lovers of water-fowl, this ailment is of great concern, for there is no recourse but to compassionately hammer the lame beast's head until death is induced. Death need not be the end for these tormented creatures, thanks to the development of the Prosthetic Beak, a shrewd device to act in lieu of a natural beak as was intended for water-fowl by the Creator. PRICE. $5.5.
How About a Hand from a Gentleman?
Never find yourself short of hand with this amazing & authentic hand, severed from a gentleman of fine breeding. Well groomed & manicured, yet manly enough to handle any hardy task. PRICE. $10.5.
Be prepared with a Home First Aid Case!
For the treatment of wounds great & small! This set contains all the scalpels, pliers, saws, picks & scissors the concerned patriarch needs to tend to his flock, human or otherwise. Should wound arise or break occur, he will have total means at his disposal to remove, seal, reattach, or reset, rendering the patient renewed in both appearance & zeal. PRICE. $100.
Marvel at the Berns' Fat Inducement Machine!
Are you gaunt and frail, deprived of a heavenly form through lack of appetite or disease? Do not fear, for you will not wither away in to the ethers if you possess the Berns' Fat Inducement Machine. By standing near and touching this amazing apparatus, you will actually gain weight. Do not let even one more day pass before purchasing this truly amazing wonder! Do not let yourself be subjected to any more ridicule or scorn! Become the man you were meant to be! PRICE. $75.

Every One of Them a Prince of the Sea!

Set of 8 trained sea-lions, exemplary in the acts of juggling, comedy, and "arfing." Buyer assumes all responsibilities in the realm of upkeep and feed, and must furnish own props & platforms. Sea-lions are noble creatures with a preternatural instinct toward acts of harmless rascality. Given an audience, these darling creatures will attempt to sing, dance & play with one another, and to the audience as well. Owner must not be averse to the continuous "arf" sounds that emanate from deep within the beasts, for they never cease. PRICE. $250.

Surely the piano will tumble!

Behold the mysterious three-legged piano! Sir Isaac Newton, famed heathen, rolls in his grave in ponderance of this piano, at odds with the sum of his life's work. Using this piano is tantamount to defying the law of gravity, though no mortal institution holds any warrant to prosecute you for such a violation. PRICE. $15.00.

TRUST THE "LITTLE MONSTER" TO SET THINGS RIGHT!

If you are plagued by or ill at ease due to the unruly behavior of your sired, then this miracle product is certain to bring great comfort. A sinister little creature rises from a box, first startling children, then overwhelming them with slow and constant dread. Imbue the manifestation with hideous characteristics through story and admonition to keep your children in continuous fear. Before long, your children will beg you to take the Little Monster away. There is no more ideal a way to induce trauma in boisterous children than with the Little Monster! PRICE. $5

Introducing Immanuel Kant's Insect Morality Spray!

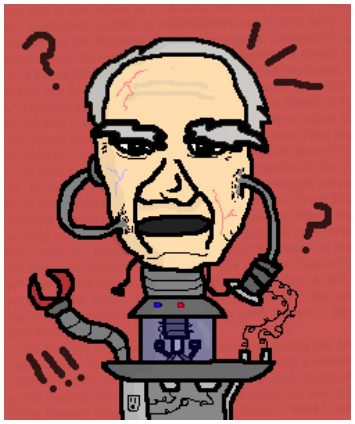
Insects first flee, then contemplate.

Do not let those amongst the insect kingdom get the better of your crops! Storied philosopher Immanuel Kant, shortly before fatal horse trampling, devised a serum that would induce Godly morals upon the lowly insect. With the aid of this spray, the farmer can put at ease all fears of insect torment. Once exposed, the lowly beasts will realize the hardship their existence places upon the farmer, moving them to dedicate the remainder of their days to noble pursuits as silent thinkers. PRICE. $75.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.12 Andy Rooney 2666

Thursday, Oct 12, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey



You know what really gets my goat? Bananas. Used to be you could go down to the corner grocer and pick up a bunch of nice, ripe bananas. Now, whenver I buy bananas, I get a bunch of green things that turn brown before I can eat them. And what happened to banana stickers? After I turned 140, whenever I would eat a banana I would place the sticker on my forehead and scream, "I am the banana king!" And let me tell you, my dog would have quite a hoot over it. Today, I'm not the banana king, and if dogs still existed, the one I had would be very upset. A bunch of sad, brown, phantom dog-depressing fruit for 2400 megacredits? Give me a mega*break*!

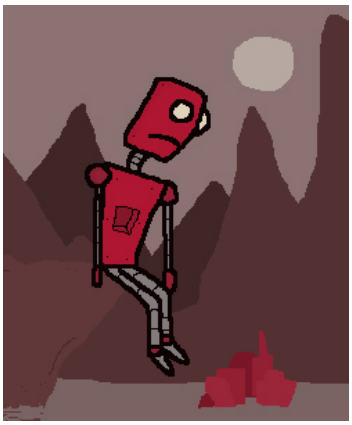
STOSSEL_PROTCOL_INITIALIZED_I'll tell you what bugs me more than bananas and the replacement of corner stores with ballistic food distribution cannons: Xanthor the Conqueror. Remember when we used to have Presidents? I sure do. Seems like whenever some lunatic in a spaceship lands in your country and beheads your leader, the most sensible thing to do would be to send the army right up his tailpipe. And now, 600 years later, I bet we're all kicking ourselves for electing that bozo right on the spot. I guess when a fella wears a necklace made out of the faces of world leaders, everyone forgets about one important thing: character.

This brings me to the following subject. You know what I don't get? The future. Sure, it looked good in Science Fiction and at the end of most history textbooks, but as someone who owns two homes in the future, I have to say that it's an incomprehensible mess. Whatever happened to displays? I may be getting long in the tooth, but I remember when most computers actually had a little something called monitors. You'd go on the internet, order your orthopedic shoes, and you'd actually be able to see a picture of the footwear that would support the many fat-filled sacs on your body- but no more. Now, everything just has a cheap plastic overlay filled with meaningless colored geometric shapes. When I'm at the Pharmotron, am I really supposed to know which hue of red square represents my immortality medication? Heck, for a decade in the 24th century, I was accidentally taking estrogen! And you know what? I never felt prettier.

Speaking of the future, what's with all of these terrible fonts? I know it's the future, and things are supposed to be futuristic, but why is it that all fonts have to be so darn unreadable? Just yesterday I picked up a daily issue of the All Hail Xanthor Information Sheet, and you know what I read? Nothing. How am I supposed to know what dangerous and unknown planets we're at war with when these jokers won't even throw in a few serifs? Are they getting all of these fonts from pinball machines of the late 1970s? It's ridiculous!

You see, back when I was a kid in the 19th century, we didn't have these problems. And it was all thanks to a little thing called black slavery. Now, don't get me wrong; I'm no racist. It's just that now *all* humans are slaves to Xanthor's horrible robot armies. Wouldn't it be better if just one race was enslaved? Think about it. Since the blacks have been through this before, I'm sure it would be

pretty easy for them to adapt. It's just like riding a hover bike! Except for the rare forms of cancer their powerful reactors are known to cause.



I can understand how some of you listening to this transmission – probably in the Forced Labor Spacefruit Groves – are thinking, "Where does this goofball get off? Just because Xanthor granted him immortality, he thinks he can give us his opinion- a concept that has been outlawed for 500 years!" Though I bet most of you are unconcerned with this and exclusively hope for a quick death, possibly by one of your laserbaskets used in the harvesting of spacefruit. After all, we all know what happens when you don't handle those dangerous laserbaskets correctly – you're beaten savagely to death by robot overseers. If I were you, this would be a constant dream of mine. Let me tell you this much: a life of immortality isn't all it's cracked up to be, especially when you're forced to spend a handful of centuries in the same room as Larry King. Brother, it ain't easy.

I never asked for the mighty and benevolent Xanthor to give me this gift. It was his idea to preserve America's 20 most brilliant minds before he destroyed all of our major cities, and somehow I was mistakenly included on this list. "How did Larry King make it," you ask? He's incredibly Jewish; something both he and Xanthor have in common. Today, as the Minister of Interviews, he asks our factory-built celebrities the same questions he did in the pre-Xanthor era: their names, well-known facts about them, and their genders. All of this information can be found on the ultimate galactic source of knowledge and popular religion, Wikipedia, but that doesn't mean Larry's show isn't the #1 entertainment program on the official Xanthor Information Datafeed. This is probably because it's the only entertainment program on the official Xanthor Information Datafeed.

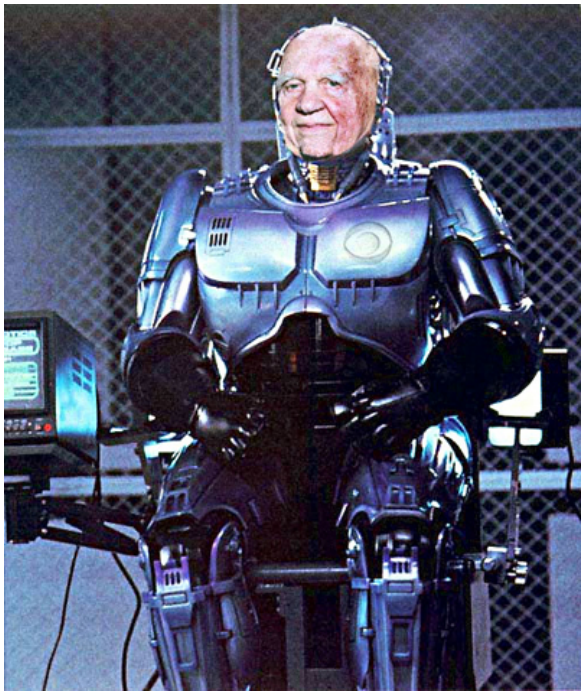
As for me, well, as you all know, I've been the Minister of Information for quite some time. Xanthor saw my late 20th and early 21st century pieces on 60 Minutes, and he was delighted by the confusion and terror they caused in the television audience. But I don't get it. What's so confusing about an essay complaining about how my shoes are too tight because I forgot to take out the shoe store tissue paper they were stuffed with? I had important points to make then, and I wasn't about to let intense senility or the elaborate series of strokes I had every 15 minutes stop me from doing this. Now, let's talk about robots!

Why are robots always trying to gain some kind of humanity? Only a few hundred years ago, I could wake up, get a drink from my Mr. Coffee machine, have sex with my Mr. Coffee machine (thanks to Vagotronic™ technology now found in most household appliances), and be about my business. Now, it won't stop asking me questions. "What are you thinking about?" "Do you want to take a walk later?" Give me a break! STOSSEL_PROTOCOL_OVERLOAD_And no matter where I go, the robots are always so *sad*. Cheer up, you perverse parodies of humanity! After all, you're the ones in charge! If I had dangerous shadow lasers built into my weapons systems, I'd certainly have a spring in my step! I mean, the only defense I have is the ability to shoot hot custard from my hydraulic knee units. And I also have to use those to feed myself!

WHINE_OVERLOAD_REACHED_SHUTDOWN_IMMINENT_And what about porch swings?

And coffee that's too hot? Or people that don't use turn signals? Or President Ford? Outlaw plastics! Legalize murder! Murder. Kill. Murder. Kill. Murder. Kill. Murder. Kill. Murder. Kill. Murder. Kill. Murderkill. I'm a good boy!

DAAAAIIIIIIIIISYYYYYYYYYYYYYY
daiiiiiiiiissssyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy



-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.13 THE GURF MANIFESTO

Friday, Oct 13, 2006 by COMMANDER FESTUS DICKPUKE (@sexyfacts4u)

FUCKING BUTTHOLE WORMS!!! Welcome to the GURF maniFISTO. YOU are unworthy to lick the shits that fall from our global butthole! WE ARE GURF! The ultimate SPERMECUTIONERS of NIGHTMARES. We are here to bring the ROTTEN TRUTH of the DE-GAY of SOCIETY!

I AM COMMANDER FESTUS DICKPUKE. At my TURDY right hand is MAELWAENA the CUNTASTROPHE QUEEN and at my DICKY left hand is BOLTFUCK THE CUMULENT and his ENSLAVED HATE RAPER the fabulous COON HITLER. On the drums, made from the tanned buttholes of SPERMY WHALES, is DONG-7: THE HOODED MOLESTOR.

This is our MANIFISTO!!!!

fake blood shoots out of a giant foam wiener

STEP ONE: SHIT IN THE NECK HOLE ***double bass drums***

NECK HOLE

NECK HOLE

NEAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK HOLLLLLLLLLLLEEE

STEP TWO: CUM. IN. HER. SOCKET.

CUMINHERSOCKET

CUM. IN. HER. SOCKET.

CUMINHERSOOOOOOOOOOCKET

THAT WAS GLASSEYE FROM OUR LAST ALBUM FETAL DICKPUMP YOU WHORES-PAWNS! YOU KNOW WHEN WE PLAYED CLEVELAND THEY WERE A BUNCH OF WEAKLING GAY TURDS!

fire shoots out of foam asses

THEY COULDN'T HANDLE...

THE CRUCIDICKS! ***crucifix made out of fake dicks comes down***

WHO WILL ACCEPT OUR PUKE GOD AND JOIN US ON THE CRUCIDICKS?!

STEP THREE

FUCK

STEP THREE AND A HALF

A NIGGERDICK

I PUT A DICK IN

FUCK

A NIGGERDICK! ***wailing guitars overload in feedback and sparks shoot out of mutant general Anus K. Buttfister's huge foam tits***

THANK YOU SHITCLODS! THAT WAS FUCK A NIGGERDICK! STEP THREE!

THE CORPSE PARADE OF RAPE AND RECTUMS IS UNENDING BUT OUR BASSIST IS CURRENTLY IN THE HOSPITAL FOR OVERDOSING ON CAFFEINE PILLS! YOU CAN'T FUCK A NIGGERDICK IF YOU ARE DEAD FROM CAFFEINE PILLS SO REMEMBER THAT! ALL OF US IN GURF HOPE THAT JOHN "DUKE BLOODYDICK PEDOFAILURE" STURGEON GETS WELL SOON! ***foam puppy explodes in hog guts***

TIME FOR STEP FOURRRRRRRRRR!

PUPPY CUNT BELLY

PUPPY CUNT BELLY

PUPPY CUNT BELLY

PUPPY CUNT BELLY

I LOVE ITS BELLY

MADE IT A CUNT

FUCKED ITS ASS

CAME OUT ITS CUNT

IN ITS GUTS

FUCK

PUPPY CUNT BELLY

LUSTFUL PUPPY EYES

FILL THEM UP WITH SEED

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRAPE ***fake semen shoots out of codpiece***

Okay, whoever just threw that bottle is out of here!

I'm serious. Vince, get that guy in the back. The one in the Morbid Angel t-shirt.

OKAYYYYYYYY!

STEP FIVEEEEEEE!

DIARRHEA ON THE CHURCH

SPERMY SHIT DROP ON THE POPE

FUCK

FUCK

FUCK

FUCCCCCCCCCCCCCCKK ***guy in turd/pope costume bursts out of church-shaped cake***

AND DIARRHEA ON THE CHURCH

THAT SONG WAS DOCTOR HITLERFISTER'S CHURCH MACHINE

FUCK YOU VERY MUCH

NEXT UP WE ARE GOING TO PLAY A SONG... ***acoustic guitar strums***

...IT'S VERY SPECIAL TO US... ***hippie walks out tuning acoustic guitar***

...IT'S A LITTLE BIT DIFFERENT... ***hippie gives the peace sign and smiles***

...IT'S CALLED... ***hippie's arms explode off his shoulders and fly over the audience on a wire shooting blood out***

ARMLESS HIPPIE TITTY RAPER

OHHHHHHHHHHHHOWWWWWWWWWWWW!

TITTY

TITTY

CUT THEM OFF

TAKE HER ARMS

CUT THEM OFF

RAPE HER TIT HOLES WITH HER ARMS

RAPE HER TIT HOLES WITH HER ARMS

RAPE HER TIT HOLES WITH HER ARMS ***blood shoots out of giant nipples***

THAT WAS ARMLESS HIPPIE TITTY RAPER! WHAT ARE WE ON? STEP SIX?

MAYBE WE CAN ASK... ***a shadow moves over the audience***

...OUR CUNTMANDER IN CHEAP... ***white liquid starts raining down on the audience***

...GORGE FUCK-A-YOU PUSSYBUSH!!!!! ***a spotlight illuminates the shadow, a giant foam George W. Bush swinging over the audience and spraying fake semen out of a foam penis***

LOOK AT THAT CHIMP GO!

STEP TEN! TEXAS COCKSAUCE BLASTACRE!

GEORGE BUSH

DEVIL DICK

GEORGE BUSH

DEVIL DICK

TEXAS RAPIST CHURCHY FUCKER

SPERMING ON THE WORLD

GEORGE BUSH

COCKSAUCE

COCKKKKKKKSAUCE

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIN DOWN! ***George W. Bush explodes***

FUCK YOU VERY MUCH! WE. ARE. GURF.

-∼COMMANDER FESTUS DICKPUKE (@sexyfacts4u)

10.14 Operating Room

Saturday, Oct 14, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I began my incision at the top of the patient's ribcage and drew the scalpel downwards with practiced ease, bringing the blade to a halt halfway down his right leg. There wasn't anything wrong with that leg but I wanted to keep my options open. In surgery, there is no such thing as a hand that's too steady or an incision that's too large.

Once the incision was complete, Bianca nodded solemnly and handed over the rib spreaders, her eyes growing wide with horror. Everyone gets the heebie-jeebies the first time they come face to face with such an imposing tool moments before it cracks a human ribcage open. There's really nothing to worry about, however, as rib spreaders are precision instruments that have been designed with the sole intent of making the job as easy and uneventful as possible.

Gripping the handle with both hands, I brought the heavy end of the spreaders down on the patient's chest repeatedly until his ribs began to crunch and broke apart. Several dozen blows later, we were in business. After a few blasts of compressed air the chest cavity was wide open and mostly free of bone fragments.

"Pop quiz, Bianca: What's that thing?"

"Can't tell what you're pointing at. Everything's packed tightly together in there."

With a sigh, I reached into the patient's chest and yanked on a bumpy organ-like object. At first it would not give, but by placing my left hand on the patient's head and my right foot on the table, I was able to pull it free. Several tube-like thingies that it had been attached to ripped and snapped. I held the prize up proudly.

"I don't know what that is," she grimaced, "but I'm pretty sure he needs it to live."

"If he did, the vital stats on his monitor would be beeping like crazy."

"We don't have a monitor."

"Yes," I agreed, mentally updating my To Do list. "Very good. That was also part of the pop quiz."

I returned the organ to the general area which it had come from, trusting in the miraculous powers of the human body to mend what little I didn't understand. I found myself doing that quite often. Upon gently patting the organ for good luck, an ooze seeped forth from its holes which could only be described as Slimer's ectoplasm after a night of hard liquor and Taco Bell. That probably meant it was working, like a tingle in dandruff shampoo.

"Okay," I continued, "now to find the problem and fix it."

Everything in the torso looked okay at first glance. There was a heart, some intestines, an ingrown toenail, a couple of lungs and some kidneys. Then it dawned on me - the problem wasn't what was there, but what wasn't there.

"I'm going to need..." I surveyed the room, improvising as I had dozens of times before. "Yes, there

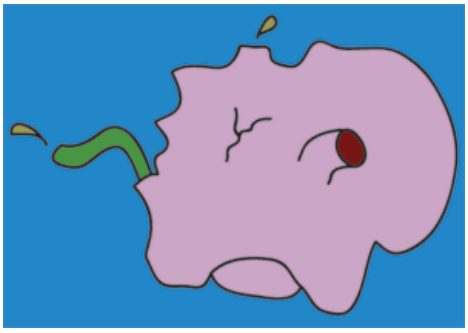
we go. Please hand me that vase."

"Hold on," Bianca said flatly, stepping way out of line. "Are you going to put that vase into his chest?"

"Well I don't think it would make much sense to sew him back up and have him do it in his free time."

"You're a madman!"

"Correction: I'm a medical geniusman." I squinted my eyes to drive the next point home. "And if you keep getting in my way, my incredible ideas will kill us all."



"You can't just take a vase off of a man's mantle and stick it in his chest."

"Of course not. We'll remove the flowers and dump the water out first."

Just then, a severe-looking woman entered the room, dropped a paper grocery bag at her feet and shrieked.

"What are you people doing to my husband?" She looked a little concerned. When she saw the numerous stains on the carpet surrounding the dining room table we were operating upon, she looked slightly more concerned.

"I am giving him life with my godlike skill and intellect. You called, we came. Did you change your mind or something?"

"You were supposed to fix my computer."

I turned toward an old eMachine in the corner of the room, then looked back into the open chest cavity before me, thoughtfully chewing my lip.

"No," I gently insisted, "I think you called me here for the surgery."

"No," she stubbornly replied, "I called you here for the computer."

"Impossible," I laughed, "I don't know the first thing about computers."

"Then why are you listed in the phone book as the Computer Doctor?"

"That's simply a colorful name, lady. You know, so I stand out from all the other doctors. You aren't supposed to take it so literally."

Seven minutes later Bianca and I approached the company van, a large and colorful caricature of our mascot PC the Friendly Computer giving us a thumbs up from his residence on the vehicle's dusty side panel. The argumentative woman had forced us to stitch her husband back up and leave, refusing to pay. God only knew how long that poor man would continue to live without the radical treatment he so desperately might have needed. At least she let us keep the vase.

I sat in the driver's seat and brought the key to the ignition, then paused. Something had been bothering me.

"Do you think I'm *too* brilliant?" I didn't wait for a reply. "This isn't the first time a call has gone so horribly wrong. Not by a longshot. I employ such fantastic and revolutionary methods but more often than not they scare everyone off. I'm beginning to think that I'm too ahead of my time."

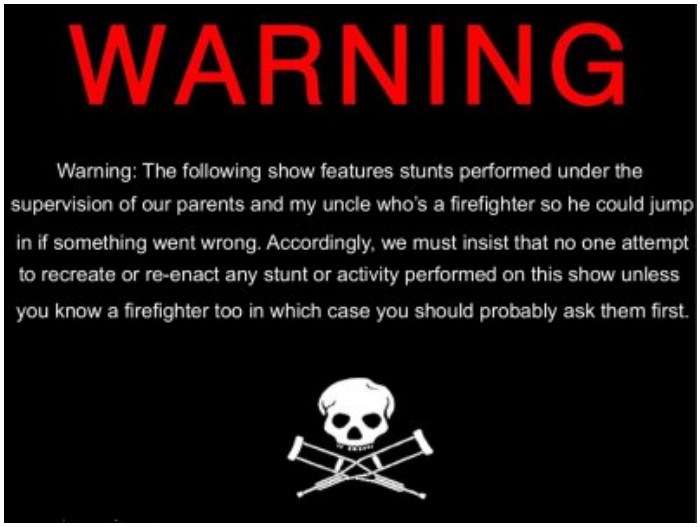
Bianca opened her door and climbed in.

"Did you say something?"

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.15 Pansy Jackass

Sunday, Oct 15, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink


WARNING
Warning: The following show features stunts performed under the supervision of our parents and my uncle who's a firefighter so he could jump in if something went wrong. Accordingly, we must insist that no one attempt to recreate or re-enact any stunt or activity performed on this show unless you know a firefighter too in which case you should probably ask them first.

Hi my name is Jerry Goldfarb, and welcome to Pansy Jackass. Today I'm going to drive to work without wearing a seatbelt.

Alright, I'm in the car now and my seatbelt is off. I don't know if cops spend much time looking through windows or whatever so I put some tissues I found in the backseat up on my shoulder. I think it kind of looks like a seatbelt if you're not looking too close. I'm not super-worried about crashing, because if that happened it'd be better to fly out the windshield and die because my mom would probably kill me for wrecking her car anyway.

Whew. I made it to work. And I only put on my seatbelt that one time when traffic was slowing down quickly because I swear that guy looked like he was going to rear-end me but then he braked and I realized he wasn't as close as I thought. But most of the time I was driving without a seatbelt. My boss is going to be on my ass if I don't get in there though so bye for now dudes.

The Staying Up All Night Caper

Hi this is Kyle Haines and I'm about to stay up all night. I've drunk like two Red Bulls so it shouldn't be that hard. I'm mostly probably gonna play video games and stuff but I'll check in every hour and let you know how I'm doing.

10:00pm: Getting started. This is fucking insane. I can't believe I'm doing this.

11:00pm: I'm kind of bored with the stuff on my PC so I'm going to try to hook up my old Nintendo 64.

12:00am: I have a hundred kills against the bot in Perfect Dark already. I'm kicking ass, both in the real and virtual worlds.

1:00am: This is pretty late and I've been yawning a lot. Oddjob was *totally* an unfair advantage in Goldeneye though. I don't know what they were thinking.

2:00am: Idunno anway kinda tirde still.

9:00am: Shit.

The Overdose!!!

Hi my name is Matt Boydon and this is Overdose.

I have in my hand three Tylonol Extra-Strength pain reliever tablets. Now the bottle says you should take no more than two. But what would happen if I took three? **Gulp** Too late. I JUST DID.

So it's been ten minutes now. I feel ok.

Twenty minutes. I feel a little bit queasy. The bottle says you should take it with some food or milk but fuck that shit, I'm crazy and I don't play by their rules.

Thirty minutes. Stomach is better now.

Forty minutes. I'm bored. This sucks, I wish I knew somebody who sold pot. I think my brother might have some in that old Monopoly box in his closet. I'm gonna go check.

Forty five minutes. Nope. Nothing there.

Running On Empty

Hey, this is Jerry Goldfarb again. I got out of work and I noticed that I'm almost out of gas. But check this out: I'm going to drive all the way home without getting any even though the light is already on.

I've heard that you can go for like half an hour after it tells you to get gas and I'm already a quarter of the way home. It's fucking weird though because the needle is totally below the line. Why would they put the line there if it wasn't where the tank was empty? And why isn't there a line for when it's actually empty because I'm having to guess here and it's freaking me out.

Halfway there and I'm turning off the air conditioning. I don't know much about cars so I don't know if that'll save gas but I'm not taking any chances.

Yes! Made it all the way home. And yeah, I did end up stopping for gas but there would have been hell to pay if I had been stuck with an empty tank by the side of the road and my dad had to go bring me some, plus I only bought a little (only five bucks worth, because that's what I had in my pocket and I'm not allowed to get a debit card yet). Anyway, that was Running On Empty. I'm going to go heat up a burrito for lunch, bye.

Feline Frenzy

Hi this is Matt Boydon and I'm going to bother the neighbor's cat. He's over in my yard again and I've heard that cat shit totally kills grass like faster than grass poison or whatever so let's annoy it and see what it does.

I have my friend Jerry over so he's going to help chase the cat to me. Here we go.

Update: we've got it cornered and I'm flicking its ears now, and- OH SHIT it just hissed at me. Ok, I'm backing up a little because- NO, I'm not a fucking wuss Jerry, shut up. Fine, look I'm getting

closer again. I wonder what it'd do if I pulled its tail.

- **The Cruelest Cut (Possible Rename to "The Cruelest Cat"????)**

Hi this is Jerry Goldfarb and my friend Matt just got his hand scratched by a cat because he's a dumbass so I'm going to pour some rubbing alcohol right on it. I mean the hand, not the cat. The cat ran off. This is so fucked up. I can't believe we're doing this.

I'm not sure, but I bet this is going to hurt him. Hold still, Matt. *Ooooh*, yeah that definitely hurt him. He winced a lot when I poured alcohol on an open cut. Yeah...ok.

That was sort of pointless. I feel...a little ashamed.

- **Yo-Hurt Eat Off**

Hi this is Kyle Haines and the yogurt I am holding in my hands has been expired for almost a week.

That's right, you know what I'm going to do next. Take a whiff of this stuff. It smells...well it kind of smells good actually. It's strawberry yogurt and it basically still smells like strawberry. Lifting up the spoon to my mouth...

Mmm...is this really a week old? It tastes new. I might have gotten the packages mixed up. No, the expiration date is a week ago. Maybe they got it wrong at the factory or something. Anyway, that was the Yo-Hurt Eat Off. Thank you.

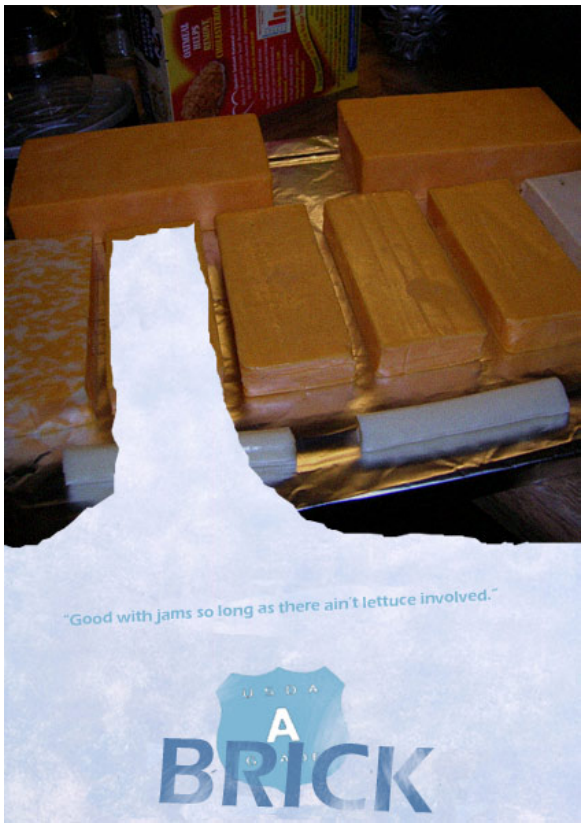
- **Next Week On Pansy Jackass**

Hi I'm Jerry Goldfarb and please join us next week where we will be continuing to push the limits to extremes you just won't believe. Next week is a special school themed episode. I will be asking out a girl to this dance next week, but she's a really popular hot girl so she'll probably say no. Meanwhile Matt is going to spend the day with his pants on backwards and ask guys in the bathroom to help him unzip so he can piss. Later, Matt will probably do a bit where he's beaten up by bullies who think he's gay. And Kyle is going to bring a really obviously fake note and try to get out of class with it. You won't want to miss this. Um, thank you for watching Pansy Jackass. And goodbye. Until next time. Bye.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

10.16 Brick

Monday, Oct 16, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Rosa was button down next to the whey sluice, stiff as a freezer block. Her hand was dangling in the slurry and all I could do for a tick was watch and wonder how things got to here.

Rosa was snipped out of life like a sex scene in a moving picture on TBS.

One day we're all writin' our big book, can't see the end. Then the book just up and slams itself closed without you askin', whether it's a bad pump or some bruno got it in him to squirt metal sos your seein' more daylight than a slice of Swiss. We all go fast, even when we don't. It was still a hell of a way to end up. She was a good twist, Rosa, but it don't do right by you or her to start things on the last page.

Flip it back a chapter. Probably best to start with yesterday.

The Hoof and me was headed to the lockers. He was bumpin' gums and I wasn't payin' no never mind. I open up my box and out pops a piece of tree with some curlicues on it what looked familiar. I picked it up.

"COOPER AND MARLOWE, 12:00"

The words was definitely Rosa's. She was an old moll of mine what took up with some hop-head from East Wisconsin, but I had no hurry to chatterbox with her since things flipped. Is being what is, the scribble tickled my winkerbeans. The Hoof was a simple sort

sos I gave him the slip and left him to cipher the knots on his apron.

When I hit Cooper and Marlowe the place was emptier than a Sahara rain barrel, but no sooner had I set sole to cement than the phone started ringing.

"Hello," I says into the horn.

"I'm so sorry," says the voice on the line.

"Rosa?" I ask it for no reason, because I knew the answer.

"Second," she paused and I could hear her air comin' hard, "Tug. The brick. Poor Friscoe."

"Rosa-," that was the last time I talked to her.

A sweet hunk of iron came out of nowhere and burned past me leavin' rubber rails for a ghost train. I bum rushed the booth, but the ride was already showin' tail. No numbers or letters, but that midnight hair of Rosa's doin' a wave goodbye out the window.

Even then I knew things had dropped wrong, I just had to untangle the speaker cords before some harm came down on Rosa. The only man I knew what might have answers was the Hoof. I caught him workin' a wire shiv through some yellow on the C-line. The Hoof wore a special hunk of plastic what marked him out as trainable and meant half his lettuce went straight to the group home. He may be thicker than a submarine door, but he's like the screw in the center of a compass; always know which way things are pointing.

"I'm gonna give you some words," I said as I snapped on some rubber hands. "Tell me if any got hooks. Brick."

"Soft," the Hoof said, "fresh stuff. Refrigerated."

"Poor Friscoe."

"He's that new guy. Always acts crazy."

"The hop-head? That the one Rosa's been swappin' water with?"

"That him."

The Hoof paused to swipe up a piece of melt that went sideways. He popped it in his kisser and showed crooked whites.

I wanted to work this like a hog at a pineapple festival.

"Good batch," he reckoned.

"What about 'tug', do you know that?"

"Like a boat!"

"Maybe. What about 'second?'"

"Second place is first loser," the Hoof was shrugging the plot and I didn't have time for his mind games.

I beat it for this flat bender uptown where I knew all the hop-heads hang when they're frostin' work. Sure enough, Friscoe was with his crew of no good palookas, takin' on tacos back by the rot bucket. They were lit like Roman candles, passin' tea and knockin' back horse water until their gills had gills. That put me up on them, sos I rolled right past Friscoe's crew and loomed in his puss.

"Friscoe," I said, just to be sure as sure.

"Hey hombre," he sneered, "lookin' for some trouble?"

"I'm looking for Rosa," I told the little wrong-way lunch, "and I'm gonna put the screws to you something terrible if you're not quick with the pages."

"I don't even know what that means," he laughed and had an eyeful of his smoked out goons.

"It means I'm holdin' five of the crowns and you've got a handful that don't add up to twenty," I grabbed him by his collar. "It means you and your boys been packin' in bent bread and horse water all day and can't even stand straight, but I could flick the goblin off a hummingbird's nose with both eyes shut. It means I'm hot like sterno and you're lightin' the wick, so spill pieces before I boil over and have to fix that split lip of yours."

"What split li-"

I handed him a matched set of knuckles and then hoisted him back when he tried to drop. His eyes rolled boxcars on a seven game and I had to give him an extra back-ways shave just to get him seein' forward.

"What do you want to know?" He gasped.

"Rosa said second," I told him through locked pearls, "start there or your lid is gonna get turned out."

"Se-second?"

I gave his poison pump a tickle with my swinger and he looked fit to lose last month's breakfast.

"I don't know what that means! You're talking gibberish!"

Friscoe played it close no matter how much pain I was sellin'. I left him with a nice pair of googs and his jingle-brained greasers were too Costello to throw a hammer.

I was blowin' on my barkin' work bones when my second lead came at me at 40 miles an hour. It was the iron I saw pullin' Rosa on Marlowe at a high rate and this time I got the alphabet from its tail. T-U-G-4-6-9. It was movin' like a buttered rat in a curd pipe, but I knew some short cuts and moved sticks like a Chinese eating contest. Followed it back to a split level on the north side of town and waited in the blind for the tin candles to go out.

The stain of this one was spreadin' faster than a farmer's at a picnic in August.

It took a sack of minutes, but eventually things got country quiet and I popped a glass box with my pocket slicer. By then it was pushin' moon outside, so I crept in all silent like. I found Tug sleepin' in the bedroom, along with a real surprise. Pictures of him and Rosa lookin' tight as lugs, even a couple where they were pressin' teeth curtains on the beach. Thoughts of a bad snatch ran through the dark parts of my folds and so I searched the closets and basement for signs of Rosa. I found some duct tape in the car hole, but I my search was brought up short when I heard a click. Tug was packin' heat and rather than waitin' for him to burn powder I legged it right out of there.

I wanted to keep the engine turnin' and drive on, but I was so low I could hardly see straight. I dropped feet fast until I hit my welcome mat and then I rode a pillow hard. I figured I would check in with the Hoof the next morning at work.

The sun birds came and with them my achin' bones. I was at the factory right on the buzzer for start of first and I knew I had to clean the whey sluice. That's when I caught up with Rosa the bad

way.

Like I said, I was starin' at her for a good long while before I decided what direction to start rumbling. I grabbed a heater from the work rack and plowed at the longitude of Friscoe. If he was there I'd ventilate him good. Then Stilts, the boss of my boss, popped his mug up from behind the pasteurization prep table. He gave me this look like I was growin' extra arms and then he came my way.

"Where the fuck have you been, Carlos?"

"'Scuse me, Stilts, but I got some figures what need to be evened up," I tried to keep my schedule, but Stilts put a hand to my chest.

"Carlos, look, we're all upset, but this is way out of line. I don't know what you even think you're gonna-"

"I'm gonna go give Friscoe a case of lead poisoning for what he done to Rosa."

"You're going to shoot Friscoe with a hot wire cutter?"

I nodded.

"Then I'm gonna go back for Tug and peel his orange," I finally locked lookers with Stilts. "They murdered her for drugs and she was kidnapped."

"What are you, fucking retarded?" Stilts looked ready to pop his cork. "She asked you to work second shift for her, cover the Brick and Muenster delivery from upstate, and you never showed up."

The heater felt heavy all sudden like. Things were spinning like a tilt-a-whirl missin' some parts.

"Carlos!" Stilts was yellin' far away somewhere. "She probably collapsed from exhaustion and drowned in that crap. Where were you?"

Froggy answers slipped out of my clampers and I just watch things goin' round and round.

"Play dumb," Stilts was sayin', "fine, but you're out of here. You can pick up your last check at front office. Get off my floor."

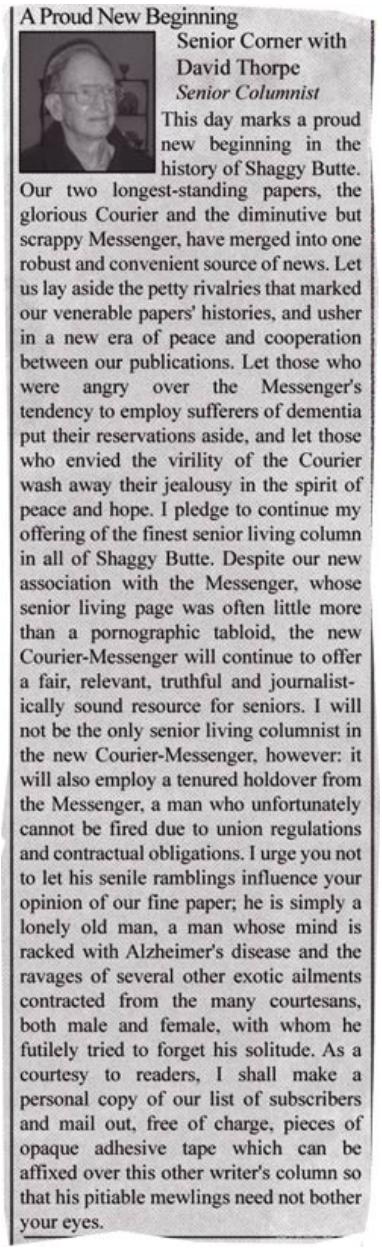
A man knows when he ain't welcomed, so I dropped the heater and split. On my way out the door I couldn't help but wonder if it was all worth it for some lousy brick. Puttin' a fine woman stiff for some tea or coverin' it up because you've got the fear of Chicago lightning comin' down on you from Tug. I shook my head. There was more to this and I wasn't about to let it fall under.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.17 Senior Living II: The Oldening

Tuesday, Oct 17, 2006 by David Thorpe and Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Arr)

We now continue the saga of Senior Living, started nearly a year ago. For the uninitiated, we shall begin with links to Part One and Part Two of our last Senior Living update.

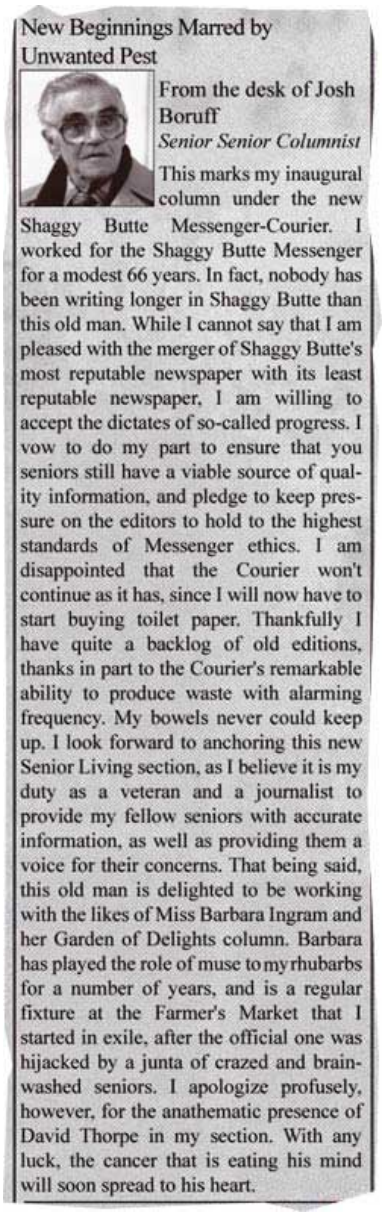


A Proud New Beginning

Senior Corner with David Thorpe
Senior Columnist

This day marks a proud new beginning in the history of Shaggy Butte. Our two longest-standing papers, the glorious Courier and the diminutive but scrappy Messenger, have merged into one robust and convenient source of news. Let us lay aside the petty rivalries that marked our venerable papers' histories, and usher in a new era of peace and cooperation between our publications. Let those who were angry over the Messenger's tendency to employ sufferers of dementia put their reservations aside, and let those who envied the virility of the Courier wash away their jealousy in the spirit of peace and hope. I pledge to continue my offering of the finest senior living column in all of Shaggy Butte. Despite our new association with the Messenger, whose senior living page was often little more than a pornographic tabloid, the new Courier-Messenger will continue to offer a fair, relevant, truthful and journalistically sound resource for seniors. I will not be the only senior living columnist in the new Courier-Messenger, however: it will also employ a tenured holdover from the Messenger, a man who unfortunately cannot be fired due to union regulations and contractual obligations. I urge you not to let his senile ramblings influence your opinion of our fine paper; he is simply a lonely old man, a man whose mind is racked with Alzheimer's disease and the ravages of several other exotic ailments contracted from the many courtesans, both male and female, with whom he futilely tried to forget his solitude. As a courtesy to readers, I shall make a personal copy of our list of subscribers and mail out, free of charge, pieces of opaque adhesive tape which can be affixed over this other writer's column so that his pitiable mewlings need not bother your eyes.

From the August 10, 2006 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger



New Beginnings Marred by Unwanted Pest

From the desk of Josh Boruff
Senior Senior Columnist

This marks my inaugural column under the new Shaggy Butte Messenger-Courier. I worked for the Shaggy Butte Messenger for a modest 66 years. In fact, nobody has been writing longer in Shaggy Butte than this old man. While I cannot say that I am pleased with the merger of Shaggy Butte's most reputable newspaper with its least reputable newspaper, I am willing to accept the dictates of so-called progress. I vow to do my part to ensure that you seniors still have a viable source of quality information, and pledge to keep pressure on the editors to hold to the highest standards of Messenger ethics. I am disappointed that the Courier won't continue as it has, since I will now have to start buying toilet paper. Thankfully I have quite a backlog of old editions, thanks in part to the Courier's remarkable ability to produce waste with alarming frequency. My bowels never could keep up. I look forward to anchoring this new Senior Living section, as I believe it is my duty as a veteran and a journalist to provide my fellow seniors with accurate information, as well as providing them a voice for their concerns. That being said, this old man is delighted to be working with the likes of Miss Barbara Ingram and her Garden of Delights column. Barbara has played the role of muse to my rhubarbs for a number of years, and is a regular fixture at the Farmer's Market that I started in exile, after the official one was hijacked by a junta of crazed and brainwashed seniors. I apologize profusely, however, for the anathematic presence of David Thorpe in my section. With any luck, the cancer that is eating his mind will soon spread to his heart.

From the August 10, 2006 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger

Courier-Messenger Pages Stained with Diseased Ink

Senior Corner with David Thorpe
Senior Columnist

Since I proudly hold the Courier-Messenger to the highest standards of truth, I feel that I would be derelict in my duties as a newsman if I did not correct an intentional half-truth that somehow crept into our own pages. A contemporary of mine, and I shall not degrade myself by calling him a fellow or colleague, has made the half-true assertion that he is the longest-running writer in Shaggy Butte. He has, in fact, been employed as a "writer" for sixty-six years, but he has certainly not been the most prolific writer in Shaggy Butte. In fact, I have also been writing in Shaggy Butte's newspapers for sixty-six years. While he began his employment two days before I began mine, he certainly cannot lay claim to the title of most prolific writer, since he shirked his writing duties for three whole weeks in 1963 due to an illness. Therefore, I have written several more columns than him. I will gladly admit that, had he not caught syphilis from a Greek fisherman in 1963, he might very well lay claim to the title of longest-running newspaper writer in Shaggy Butte, but that claim was dispatched in a rough and oily fashion by a swarthy foreigner. I do not fault the man for his poor memory, since syphilis has been known to put holes in the brain like Swiss cheese. I'm only glad that my darling wife Ginny, who was his wife until I rescued her from his abuses, refused to give herself to him carnally even one time during their thirty years of marriage, or I too may have caught his unspeakable disease by implication. Now, as he lays his ghoulish sights on our dear gardening columnist, Barbara Ingram, I can only hope that she has sense enough to resist him like every other woman has resisted him.

From the August 11, 2006 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger

Columnist Fights Responsibilities, Reality

From the desk of Josh Boruff
Senior Senior Columnist

It would seem that a certain columnist known to readers of the Shaggy Butte Messenger-Courier's Senior Living section is rapidly losing his half-hearted battle against reality. In his latest spiral into madness, he accused this old man of suffering from syphilis and engaging in homosexual acts. I needn't remind you readers that the only time I took away from work was to recoup from a devil of a case of bronchitis. I recovered fully and joyfully returned to the work that I love so dearly. Many seniors complain that youth society is suffering from a dearth of dedication. While this is true amongst a number of our juniors, let us not forget that humans have been slacking in their duties for as long as the concept of work has been around. One need only glance a few inches to the right to see an example of this. That malformed block of letters, crudely spelling out vile hatreds, is a solid example of a poor work ethic. Certainly the individual responsible has been writing steadfast for decades, but can one call somebody who treats his work so poorly ethical? True, a man can stay married to his ill-gotten wife for decades, but he is not a good husband for this fact alone. It is how he handles the relationship that decides whether or not he can be called good. My foil over in the "Senior Corner" column clearly does not respect his relationship with you readers. As such, one can hardly call the work he does good or ethical. I, on the other hand, have maintained an exemplary work ethic, a love of my job, and a respect for you readers. I believe these qualities show when you read my columns, and appear brazenly absent when you attempt to make sense of his.

From the August 11, 2006 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger

Columnist Joshua Boruff Shows Admirable Dedication to the Truth

Senior Corner with David Thorpe
Senior Columnist

Though I have often leveled harsh words at disgraced senior columnist Joshua Boruff, I hope I have never called him a liar. If I did, I apologize, and I will gladly eat my words. Admirably, Boruff has declined to shy away from unpleasant truths in his latest column, and for that I applaud him. Although he may be honestly mistaken in his assertion that his only absence from work was due to a bout of bronchitis, I am glad that he did not bring further shame and indignity on himself by denying even one of the wholly truthful and empirically provable facts which I presented in my last column. That he suffers from syphilis, he did not deny. That he engages in homosexual acts, he did not deny. That his former wife, Ginny, never once engaged in coitus with him or indeed even kissed him, he did not deny. Despite his laundry list of malfeasances, I can now say that there is some moral center in Joshua Boruff: at least he has outgrown his corrupt tendency to deny important facts about himself, as he did last year when I accused him of being, among other things, a vicious abuser of animals and a Nazi sympathizer. I hope that he will not waver in his newfound moral resolve when I add another accusation to that list: Joshua Boruff is a murderer. Last night, as I lay in bed, I heard the crack of gunfire outside my window. I raced to my back door and saw a shadowy figure hobbling slowly away with a trademark syphilitic limp. In a pool of blood before me lay my beloved elk, Carl, my companion of over fifteen years, shot dead by Joshua Boruff. In cold blood, he murdered my elk, and for it he is damned to hell.

From the August 14, 2006 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger

Columnist Not Bothered By Own "Inconvenient Truth"

From the desk of Josh Boruff
Senior Senior Columnist

If you made the mistake of reading the latest of David Thorpe's deranged Senior Corner columns, you will have read the largest collection of lies ever assembled in one place. Thorpe, not content with obeying the laws of reality, launched into a maniacal tirade against me. His accusations ranged from Nazism to homosexuality, and everything in-between. Allow this old man to set the record straight, dear readers. David Thorpe is a eunuch. I don't confess to know how it happened, nor do I want to know how, but I simply know. Everyone in town knows. For almost seven decades David has been attempting to deflect away from his own lack of manhood by trying to tear apart mine. Not only did I have a loving relationship with my wife, I have had many loving relationships since then. I have never suffered from syphilis, but if I did it would be because I do not shy away from the company of women, nor do I shrink in their presence knowing that I cannot ever hope to please them. As a man, I often participate in manly activities. For example, this past day I packed my rifle and hunting permit and took to the nearby Hemmerson Forest. It was one of those beautiful and relaxing days that simply do not come often enough. My well-practiced hunting skills helped me land a beautiful elk within a few short hours. I cannot help that David Thorpe, in his compromised mental state, considered the elk to be his "soul mate." I also cannot help that David Thorpe lives alone in a small shanty in the woods, having lost his home and virtually everything else due to his inability to treat people with respect. I guess poor Ginny had enough and sent him packing. Let's hope the forest doesn't do the same.

From the August 14, 2006 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger

Denials and Distortions Spill Forth From Tormented Mind of Murderer

Senior Corner with David Thorpe
Senior Columnist

I find it strange that Joshua Boruff should speak of a "beautiful and relaxing day" of hunting, when in fact he shot my beloved elk, Carl, in the dead of night (nearly nine o'clock PM). Perhaps it was too dark for him to see that my "small shanty in the woods" is in fact a three-storey Tudor-style manse, and perhaps he was too distracted by his bloodlust to notice Ginny's Buick still nestled in the driveway. But these lies pale in comparison to his obscene suggestion that I am a eunuch. The Courier-Messenger prides itself on being a family newspaper, and in that spirit I have heretofore refrained from making public several facts about columnist Joshua Boruff which are simply too shocking for polite audiences. Sensitive readers, please avert your eyes, for the truths I reveal today are inappropriate for the faint of heart. Back in 1946, when our adversarial relationship was still cordial enough to permit us to attend the same social events, we were both at a gala press party on my father's estate. Drunkenly, Boruff approached me with an offer of peace; being a reasonable man, I followed him back to the kitchen, where he proceeded to show me two things: the first thing was a photograph of a young boy, totally unclothed, painted up like a Tijuana harlot. The image forever haunts me. The second thing he showed me was perhaps worse: his miniscule but unmistakably erect male organ, protruding from his pants and grasped in his sweaty hand. He crudely slurred a suggestion that I disrobe my own member and join him in a bout of god-knows-what, but I stammered a hasty refusal, making the regrettable (and false) excuse that I was impotent. Joshua Boruff is a pedophile, dear readers, and I hereby place a bounty of $6,000 on his lying, evil head.

From the August 15, 2006 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger

Line Between Memory and Fantasy Blurry For Some

From the desk of Josh Boruff
Senior Senior Columnist

I have grown quite used to David Thorpe flinging absurd attacks at me, but nothing prepared me for the insanity of his latest. Thorpe writes that, in 1946, I showed him child pornography while clutching my exposed manhood. First and foremost, this is entirely false. But let me get to the more important matter. David Thorpe no more lives in a three-storey manse than I live in a rocket ship. Calling the remnants of a child's tree house your manse evokes a desperate need to escape reality. Mistaking 9 AM for 9 PM, a derelict tractor for a Buick, and a tree house for a mansion are just a few of his forays into complete fantasy. The most egregious of his fantasies is his insistence that I am a pedophile. On that fateful day in 1946 I did indeed show him a picture. At the time, he and I were both young journalists looking to make a difference. I was, as an offer of peace, inviting him to participate in my plan to disrupt one of the earliest child pornography rings in the country. David, confused at the sight of the intact male form, instantly forced himself upon me. I struggled to evade his drooling body, which was not easy due to his corpulence. Later that summer the Shaggy Butte Messenger helped disrupt said child pornography ring, and I was awarded a medal from the Governor. David's lecherous attack haunts me to this day, but as a decent and just person I have forgiven him for it. I have not forgiven him, however, for everything that happened from 1947 to present. His newest scheme, to have this old man assassinated, is just another of his troublesome and immoral escapades. To any considering his offer, I suggest accepting $8,000 from me for his rotten brain instead.

From the August 15, 2006 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger

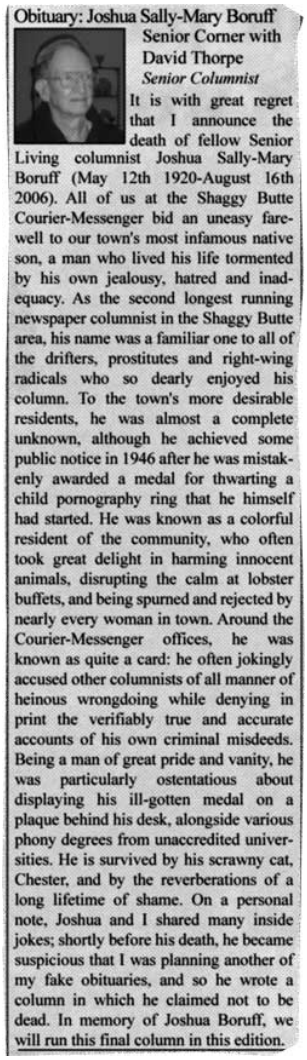
Stay tuned for the exciting conclusion of Senior Living II: The Oldening, which shall run tommorrow!

-~David Thorpe and Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Arr)

10.18 Senior Living II: The Oldening (Part Two)

Wednesday, Oct 18, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff and David Thorpe (@Livestock)

We now join the conclusion of Senior Living II. Please be prepared to read part one from yesterday, found here. You should also invest the time, if you have not already, in reading the first Senior Living series, parts one and two.

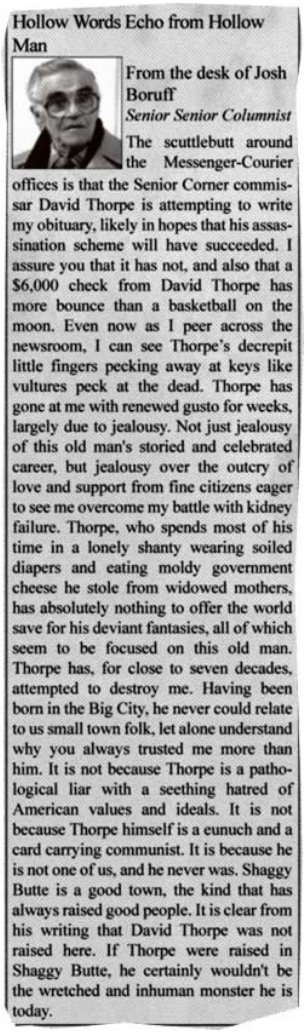


Obituary: Joshua Sally-Mary Boruff

Senior Corner with David Thorpe
Senior Columnist

It is with great regret that I announce the death of fellow Senior Living columnist Joshua Sally-Mary Boruff (May 12th 1920-August 16th 2006). All of us at the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger bid an uneasy farewell to our town's most infamous native son, a man who lived his life tormented by his own jealousy, hatred and inadequacy. As the second longest running newspaper columnist in the Shaggy Butte area, his name was a familiar one to all of the drifters, prostitutes and right-wing radicals who so dearly enjoyed his column. To the town's more desirable residents, he was almost a complete unknown, although he achieved some public notice in 1946 after he was mistakenly awarded a medal for thwarting a child pornography ring that he himself had started. He was known as a colorful resident of the community, who often took great delight in harming innocent animals, disrupting the calm at lobster buffets, and being spurned and rejected by nearly every woman in town. Around the Courier-Messenger offices, he was known as quite a card: he often jokingly accused other columnists of all manner of heinous wrongdoing while denying in print the verifiably true and accurate accounts of his own criminal misdeeds. Being a man of great pride and vanity, he was particularly ostentatious about displaying his ill-gotten medal on a plaque behind his desk, alongside various phony degrees from unaccredited universities. He is survived by his scrawny cat, Chester, and by the reverberations of a long lifetime of shame. On a personal note, Joshua and I shared many inside jokes; shortly before his death, he became suspicious that I was planning another of my fake obituaries, and so he wrote a column in which he claimed not to be dead. In memory of Joshua Boruff, we will run this final column in this edition.

From the August 16, 2006 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger



Hollow Words Echo from Hollow Man

From the desk of Josh Boruff
Senior Senior Columnist

The scuttlebutt around the Messenger-Courier offices is that the Senior Corner commissar David Thorpe is attempting to write my obituary, likely in hopes that his assassination scheme will have succeeded. I assure you that it has not, and also that a $6,000 check from David Thorpe has more bounce than a basketball on the moon. Even now as I peer across the newsroom, I can see Thorpe's decrepit little fingers pecking away at keys like vultures peck at the dead. Thorpe has gone at me with renewed gusto for weeks, largely due to jealousy. Not just jealousy of this old man's storied and celebrated career, but jealousy over the outcry of love and support from fine citizens eager to see me overcome my battle with kidney failure. Thorpe, who spends most of his time in a lonely shanty wearing soiled diapers and eating moldy government cheese he stole from widowed mothers, has absolutely nothing to offer the world save for his deviant fantasies, all of which seem to be focused on this old man. Thorpe has, for close to seven decades, attempted to destroy me. Having been born in the Big City, he never could relate to us small town folk, let alone understand why you always trusted me more than him. It is not because Thorpe is a pathological liar with a seething hatred of American values and ideals. It is not because Thorpe himself is a eunuch and a card carrying communist. It is because he is not one of us, and he never was. Shaggy Butte is a good town, the kind that has always raised good people. It is clear from his writing that David Thorpe was not raised here. If Thorpe were raised in Shaggy Butte, he certainly wouldn't be the wretched and inhuman monster he is today.

From the August 16, 2006 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger

Dead Reactionary Slanders Patriots

Senior Corner with David Thorpe
Senior Columnist

Staunch McCarthyist Joshua Boruff, who still foolishly insists upon denying his own death, has launched a tirade against free expression that harkens back to his salad days as a minion of Adolph Hitler. Like many cowards, he gleefully evokes the word "Communism" to describe anybody who disagrees with his fascist ideals. Furthermore, he attempts to pit his down-home upbringing against my "Big City" heritage. This is a distortion of the truth that is so poisonous that even the feeble, insufficient kidneys of a weakling like Josh Boruff should have filtered it out. In 1920, the bank stole my family's Oklahoma farm right from under their calloused feet, and my parents set forth in their creaking jalopy on a long northward trek to a brighter future. I was born in a Kansas City haystack during a brief respite from the arduous journey, and the pain of childbirth not only killed my mother but caused my grandmother to die from the sympathetic labor pains. Our car broke down by the side of the road, and my father walked the rest of the way to Shaggy Butte with me, his newborn son, tied in a bindle made from a broomstick and my mother's calico dress. If this is what constitutes a "Big City" upbringing, then I'll proudly call myself a city boy. Even in death, Joshua Boruff continues to heap yet more shame upon his eternal soul by viciously slandering my family, some of the finest Americans ever to knead the hearty Midwestern soil. My father used the very same broomstick he slung over his shoulder to carry me to start the Shaggy Butte Broom Company, which led to his great success. I proudly carry on his tradition every day, and the insane words of a dead man can never take away my pride.

From the August 17, 2006 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger

Columnist Revels in Lies, Hypocrisy

From the desk of Josh Boruff
Senior Senior Columnist

Having read a pre-print copy of David Thorpe's latest re-imagining of history I find myself once again forced to set the record straight. Anyone truly familiar with Shaggy Butte history will recall the near-apocalyptic arrival of the Thorpe clan. They were among the loudest and coarsest of the immigrants to spill into our fine but small town. We did our best to give these savages a demonstration of civilization, teaching them how to eat with utensils, wear clean clothes, and even use indoor plumbing, which we had been quick to embrace. The Thorpe tribe, numbering in the dozens, was an example of reckless inbreeding. David recalls the death of his mother and grandmother, but given the ambiguity in his family it may well have been a sister or an aunt that passed on, or some harrowing combination of the two. In all likelihood, the poor creature that birthed David likely took one look at her spawn and died of pure shock. Eventually George Thorpe, clan leader (in more ways than one), started his inferior broom business across the street from my father's well-established general store. After numerous acts of vandalism and subterfuge on the part of the Thorpe family, my father decided to retire an honest and morally victorious man. David seems to suggest that we should respect his dead relatives, yet callously tells you that I am dead and to be disrespected. Perhaps I will indeed be dead soon from kidney failure, but I will have lived a rich and rewarding life, and David will have carried on his brood's shameful tradition of treachery. My only rejoice in life is that, as a eunuch, David never had the means to reproduce. The blight his family places on the Shaggy Butte community will die with him and Hell will grow that much more uninviting,

From the August 17, 2006 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger

Dying Man Sacrifices Dignity for Tawdry Pity-mongering

Senior Corner with David Thorpe
Senior Columnist

While I admit that my earlier obituary for Joshua Boruff was a few weeks premature, Shaggy Butte can finally rest easy knowing that the end of his life is near. By God's divine hand, he has been stricken with a terminal disease of the kidneys that shall soon render his cavalcade of slanders as dead as his family line. No, dear readers, I am not a eunuch: I have merely refrained from bringing children into a world where men like Joshua Boruff can exist. I find that my declination to procreate is based on a noble cause, which is more than can be said for Joshua Boruff, who was rendered sterile by one of the many exotic venereal diseases he contracted from his harem of swarthy longshoremen. I can forgive Boruff's vicious, outrageous lies about my family's integrity; he is grasping at straws in order to discredit my father, a successful businessman who unwillingly and unwittingly drove Malcolm Boruff (a fine man and a true patriot, unlike his petulant son) out of business. What I cannot forgive, however, is how Joshua Boruff brings shame on his family name by begging for pity like a child begging for a lolly. Malcolm Boruff died with dignity. When his cancer was pronounced terminal, he quietly slipped out of his cabin one winter evening and drowned himself in an icy lake to spare his family the suffering of his slow demise. His worthless, sniveling son, however, chooses to milk his illness for all the pity it might afford him. Shame on you, Joshua Boruff, for exploiting your pitiful kidneys like a two-dollar prostitute. The people of Shaggy Butte are too savvy to fall for your "poor little dying boy" act; their love can be earned only with good deeds, not merely with endless whining about your impending death.

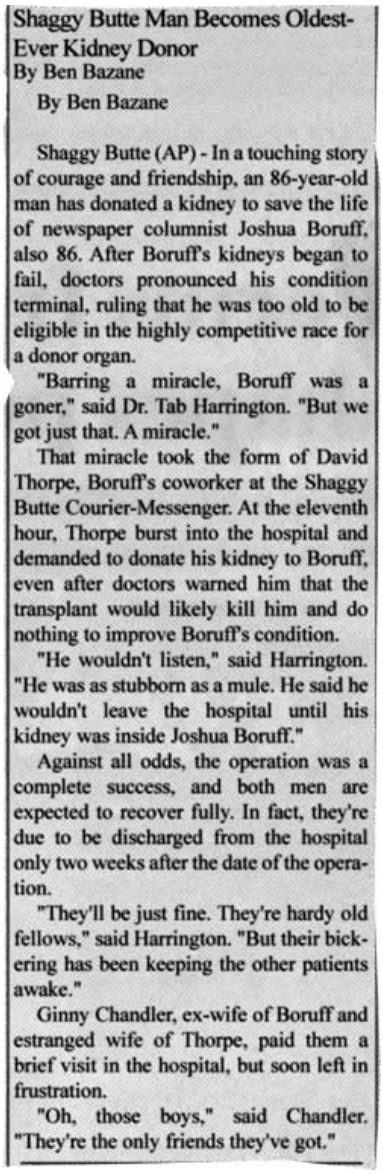
From the August 18, 2006 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger

Morally Bankrupt Man Mistakes Acceptance of Death for Pandering

From the desk of Josh Boruff
Senior Senior Columnist

The news from my doctors is rarely ever encouraging. In spite of this I find that the best medicine to keep this old man's spirits soaring is a good day's work. I do not believe in letting the notion that my best days are behind me darken the days ahead. There are still rewards to be had, and they come from working hard and enjoying life. For some, such as David Thorpe, to confess disease is to invite ridicule. Thorpe, like the vulture given human voice, is a soulless fiend that mocks and desecrates the ill and the dead all the same. I ask you readers to take pity on poor, genderless David. Having come from a broken home of ugly cretins scarcely able to hold back their unnatural lusts, he never knew the warmth of a truly American upbringing. From his racist father he learned to steal and lie, from his unsavory siblings he learned to manipulate and fight, and from good and trusting townsfolk like you and I, he learned to victimize. Thorpe is able to feign humanity every so often, but he exists solely to inflict pain. When I happened upon his woodland shanty, I noted he did not own one single mirror. Although possibly due to the fact Thorpe is a closeted alcoholic unable to spend his money on anything save for cheep whisky, it is more likely that Thorpe is simply repulsed by his own image. The mirror would show him the things he cannot see. It would show him an incontinent eunuch terrified of women, abusive to children, deceitful to the good, and scoundrel to the many. I only hope that when David's time comes, he is given the chance to see the error of his ways and make peace with the town he has tried so hard to soil, literally and figuratively.

From the August 18, 2006 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger



Shaggy Butte Man Becomes Oldest-Ever Kidney Donor
By Ben Bazane

By Ben Bazane

Shaggy Butte (AP) - In a touching story of courage and friendship, an 86-year-old man has donated a kidney to save the life of newspaper columnist Joshua Boruff, also 86. After Boruff's kidneys began to fail, doctors pronounced his condition terminal, ruling that he was too old to be eligible in the highly competitive race for a donor organ.

"Barring a miracle, Boruff was a goner," said Dr. Tab Harrington. "But we got just that. A miracle."

That miracle took the form of David Thorpe, Boruff's coworker at the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger. At the eleventh hour, Thorpe burst into the hospital and demanded to donate his kidney to Boruff, even after doctors warned him that the transplant would likely kill him and do nothing to improve Boruff's condition.

"He wouldn't listen," said Harrington. "He was as stubborn as a mule. He said he wouldn't leave the hospital until his kidney was inside Joshua Boruff."

Against all odds, the operation was a complete success, and both men are expected to recover fully. In fact, they're due to be discharged from the hospital only two weeks after the date of the operation.

"They'll be just fine. They're hardy old fellows," said Harrington. "But their bickering has been keeping the other patients awake."

Ginny Chandler, ex-wife of Boruff and estranged wife of Thorpe, paid them a brief visit in the hospital, but soon left in frustration.

"Oh, those boys," said Chandler. "They're the only friends they've got."

From the August 21, 2006 edition of the Shaggy Butte Courier-Messenger

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff and David Thorpe (@Livestock)

10.19 Nerd Rage Countdown with A Virgin Nerd

Thursday, Oct 19, 2006 by A Virgin Nerd

I was going to make it say

Which of these stories will you be posting about tomorrow? An ad debacle with the world's largest publisher of interactive software. Gamers, frustrated with Xbox Live, take their anger out on a public relations shill. And the Queen of Pop has the nerve to adopt an African child while the rest of us go without. All that and my special comment about in-game advertising. This is Nerd Rage Countdown.

Good evening, I'm A Virgin Nerd. Electronic Arts, the largest video game publisher in the world, has once again soiled their image. Their latest foible is a dynamic in-game advertising scheme in the so-called sequel to Battlefield 2. The intrusive ads have gamers fuming. Our correspondent in Washington, Forums Faggot, has more on this software scandal.

That's right, Virgin. Initially reported as spyware, Electronic Arts has contracted advertising company IGA to implement a dynamic in-game ad system to the shooter sequel Battlefield 2142. The Battlefield 2 mod will track how users view ads, including how long and at what angle, and send this information back to an ad server. New ads will be sent to the client on a regular basis.

Initial reports that spyware would be included have since been denied by IGA. The game only monitors how users view ads but does not capture any personally identifiable information. Despite the response given by IGA hardcore Battlefield fans are still outraged. Gamers claim that the long hours they spend playing a video game in lieu of making friends, meeting girls, and spending time with family will be ruined by out of place advertisements.

Many are calling for a boycott against Electronic Arts in order to make their voice heard. Supporters cite EA's complete lack of respect for their customers and an inability to release quality titles as reasons for the boycott. Some have even gone so far as to say that EA is responsible for the systematic execution of millions of Jews, homosexuals, and gypsies during World War II. Back to you, Virgin.

Thank you for that, Forums Faggot. For more insight, we now go to Countdown gaming analyst, my mother. Mom?

Mom: Yes, dear?

The controversy surrounding Battlefield 2142 has potential purchasers furious. Is their anger justified?

Mom: I'm not sure what you are talking about, honey.

Mom... I told you what to say. Please don't ruin this.

Mom: I'm sorry, honey.

Okay, in-game ads are nothing new. Electronic Arts has been putting ads in games for a while now. How does this new idea of dynamically changing ads change the way games are played?

> **Mom**: I think that Electric Artists should do the right thing and be kind to their game players. If you don't have something nice to say don't say it at all.
>
> Mom! I'm trying to be serious here. You're so stupid! You're ruining it! FUCK!
>
> **Dad**: Hassan, don't talk to your mother that way! You let her answer the questions!
>
> Ugh, fine. Let me ask you again, are dynamic ads so intrusive that they change the core game experience?
>
> **Mom**: I have to start on dinner, dear. Let me know when you are done with your little article. Have fun now.

Ugh, get out my room! You're so stupid! For those of you who haven't already closed their browser window in disgust, my special comment on in-game ads follows at the end of this broadcast.

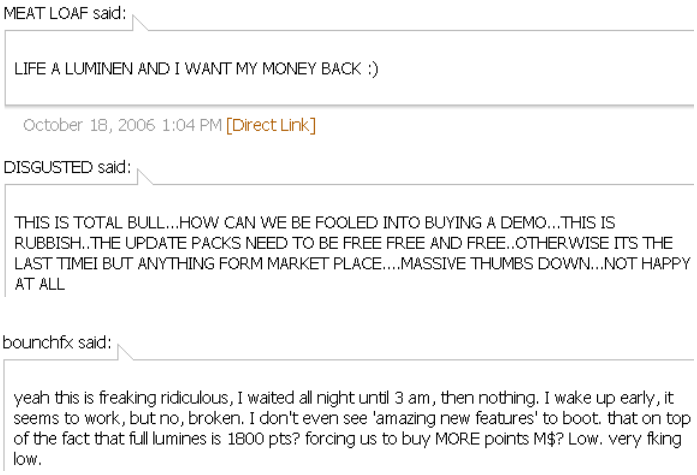
We now pause the day's real news to indulge in the lighter side of the day's events. Let's play Oddball.

> We now go to a computer store in Flyntrock, Virginia where security surveillance cameras caught a man trying to buy a laptop... without getting the original Windows XP install discs. I guess once the operating system craps out and you need to flatten and reinstall you're left with a worthless paperweight. Still, I wouldn't install that piece of shit O$ onto my rig. Am I right, folks?
>
> Moving on to the Corellian star system where Tie Fighter dash cams caught a smuggler jettisoning his cargo at the first sign of Imperial Starships. Hey, maybe you can smuggle some balls next time! The smuggler, identified as Han Solo, owes a debt to space mobster Jabba the Hutt. Updating this year's tally of Empire vs. dumb smugglers chases, Empire 34, smugglers 0. Let's just say JABBA NO BADDA SOLO????
>
> Finally, in West Nickel Pines, Pennsylvania a man walked into an Amish elementary school and took 10 children hostage, eventually killing five. The biggest tragedy in all of this? These Amish people don't even use *electricity*. Pwned!!!!

Lumines Live was finally released on the Xbox Live Marketplace today. The demo, which can be had for 1200 ($15) Microsoft Marketplace Points, can be upgraded to the full version by buying more content packs. Gamers, oblivious to the fact that the game costs upwards of $30 on other systems including the PSP and the PlayStation 2, are straining their keyboards to the limit registering their disgust on popular Microsoft shill site MajorNelson.com.

This just in, breaking news from Washington. The Vice President has stated that today's incident has destroyed half of the world's supply of dollar sign keys. We will be monitoring this story throughout the night and update you as new developments come into the newsroom. On the upside, the exclusive Madonna songs promised to be included in the game are nowhere to be found.

That's our segue into tonight's roundup of celebrity and entertainment rage. Madonna is taking flak for adopting a young African child to give him a better life. Child activist groups say that Madonna


MEAT LOAF said:

LIFE A LUMINEN AND I WANT MY MONEY BACK :)

October 18, 2006 1:04 PM [Direct Link]

DISGUSTED said:

THIS IS TOTAL BULL...HOW CAN WE BE FOOLED INTO BUYING A DEMO...THIS IS RUBBISH..THE UPDATE PACKS NEED TO BE FREE FREE AND FREE..OTHERWISE ITS THE LAST TIMEI BUT ANYTHING FORM MARKET PLACE....MASSIVE THUMBS DOWN...NOT HAPPY AT ALL

bounchfx said:

yeah this is freaking ridiculous, I waited all night until 3 am, then nothing. I wake up early, it seems to work, but no, broken. I don't even see 'amazing new features' to boot. that on top of the fact that full lumines is 1800 pts? forcing us to buy MORE points M$? Low. very fking low.

skirted past child adoption regulations because of her celebrity status and wealth. Madonna denies these claims and says that she has gone through all the proper channels to adopt a child from Malawi. For more on this we go to Trolling Asshole. Asshole?

> Thanks, Virgin. Madonna attracted controversy this month when she adopted an African child. The child, given up by his father because he had no money to raise him, was living in an orphanage when Madonna appeared in the dead of night and stole the boy from his orphanage where he had made so many friends. She is morally and ethically bankrupt, and it is clear why the world hates Madonna right now.
>
> Black children belong in **black** Africa. The audacity of Madonna to give a black child a better life goes against the very moral fabric we abide by. I don't live in a mansion in London. You don't live in a mansion in London. Why should a black child live in a mansion in London? There is no easy answer to these troubling issues.
>
> The situation in Africa is sad, but it makes the rest of us feel much better about our own lives. Instead of stealing a child, why can't Madonna just futilely throw money at African problems like the rest of us? She actually *wants* one of these things running around her house?
>
> We hope that child activist groups and the authorities from around the world pressure Madonna to give back this poor child to his father because black children need to be in Africa, where they belong. Child activist groups are asking for the public's help. If you see any black children, send them back to Africa immediately. For very morally outraged whites everywhere, I'm Trolling Asshole.

Thanks, Asshole. We'll be keeping an eye on this evil woman.

It's time now for today's Worst Person on the Internet.

> Third place goes to Major Nelson of MajorNelson.com. Nelson had stated on his web site that users could buy the full version of Lumines for, and I quote, "1200 points". SO WHY IS THE GAME ASKING ME TO BUY MORE CONTENT PACKS TO FINISH IT, NELSON?! If that's even your real name. Yeah, we hardcore gamers who also happen to be unemployed and taking computer classes at a local community college on weekends and someday we'll make our own "tite ass" video game stayed up all night to buy a puzzle game set to bad music. Major Nelson lied, soldiers died. Major Nelson, giving you all the insider news from inside the Xbox 360 team! Brought to you by Microsoft's PR department.
>
> Runner-up goes to my mother Julie. That bitch came into my room just now screaming that dinner was ready and that I should come down so I told her to shut the fuck up like she should do which made my dad angry and he came up and threatened to break my computer if I don't stop spending all my time on the Internet. Fuck him though. He's just a sheep like the rest of them. They don't know that video games are a true art and this stuff should get out to the public so we can boycott Electronic Art$ and Micro$haft and bury them while we support TRUE indie titles like Mount & Blade that are a labor of fucking LOVE and have polygons.
>
> And first place goes to Casey Serin from I am Facing Foreclosure.com. He apparently bought a bunch of houses, ran out of money, and now he's $2 million in the hole. If you hate yourself and don't value your time very much you can read all about his wife's $1000 a month credit card bill and his reluctance to get an hourly wage job because it's not "upwardly mobile" when he could be making $1000 an hour closing real estate deals. Yeah, because that's been working so well up to this point. Eventually we'll find out that it was all a Web 2.0 stunt to make money off of Google ads while people type angry messages on his web site. If we can't trust Casey, who can we trust in this world? This world we live in... all a web 2.0 hoax?

Casey Serin, today's Worst Person on the Internet!

The late Ronald Reagan once said, "The idea of in-game dynamic advertising in video games is a looming threat to American democracy. Should we succumb to the tempting mistress of ad revenue, we will have destroyed the very thing that makes us American. If you seek peace and liberalization of the game industry: Come here to this gate! Mr. Gorbachev, take out these ads!" That speech heard 'round the world was ingrained in our social conscience that day. But on the anniversary of that speech almost 20 years ago, we once again face an insurmountable foe, in-game ads.

It has been reported so much by now that a summary of this story seems almost pointless. Battlefield 2142 features a dynamic in-game ad scheme that serves advertisements shilling for various products and monitors how users view them. This sort of revenue driving scheme is nothing new. Video games have had product placement for years now. Swat 4 introduced dynamically placed ads in a patch. Those times we too were outraged, but we were not heard.

In-game ads ruin the flow of gameplay, are intrusive, and take gamers out of the immersive atmosphere that games create. Otherwise quality titles such as Splinter Cell: Chaos Theory and Swat 4 are rendered almost unplayable by ads. Players sit there like tools ready and willing to pay to view ads for nothing in return.

Anyone who claims that Electronic Arts is subsidizing the rising development costs of games with additional ad revenue streams is at best grasping at straws or stupid or retarded or all of the above. One year later after Battlefield 2, we have not learned our lessons with its "sequel".

A year later patches are still being released before the game is even released.

A year later the same engine is being used for a game that is at best equivalent to a rushed mod.

A year later prevalent bugs and shoddy net code are ruining the gameplay experience. Q&A testing is an afterthought.

A year later post-release support is still waning, miniscule at best.

A year later this game is still retailing for $49.99, and contains intrusive ads.

It is beyond shameful.

At the middle of all this is Larry Probst who, since 1984, has built Electronic Arts into what it is today, a lumbering giant ready and willing to devour all that we hold dear about this industry. Electronic Arts is now the largest third-party publisher of video game software in the world. But at what cost? Do we give up our beliefs and ideals because EA wants to make a quick buck? Why are we so powerless to stop the onslaught of in-game advertising. How have we lost touch with those words Reagan spoke almost 20 years ago?

We stand on the stage of history. Our actions mean more now than they ever did. Boycott EA. Boycott games with excessive advertising. Should PC gaming fail to garner a substantial audience without ads, should publishers prove unworthy to craft quality titles that people actually want to purchase, let it die the death it deserves. We will have at least retained our dignity. And then, Larry Probst, you have only to ask yourself, who is responsible for this hole in the video game industry?

We have not forgotten Mr. Probst.

You have.

That's Nerd Rage Countdown for this, the 7,707th day since the declaration that the princess is in another castle. I'm A Virgin Nerd. Good evening and good fortune.

-~A Virgin Nerd

10.20 I Am the Greatest Author Alive

Friday, Oct 20, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

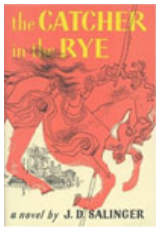
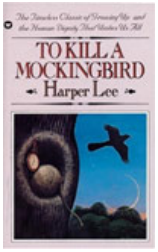
How many classics have sweet full-color illustrations?

Back at the end of September my first book, My Tank is Fight!, was released to massive sales and critical acclaim. Despite this, it reached a day-long high of about #15 on the Amazon bestseller list, demonstrating once again that some people just don't know what's good for them. An author constantly checks his Amazon page to see how his book is doing and they quickly memorize every detail of the page. For example, did you know that my book is the only military history book tagged as "gay porn"? It's true!

One thing that has come to light over the past several weeks is the fact that my book is better than every other book on Amazon. I have all perfect five star reviews except for some vandalizing asshole who gave me a four star review out of spite. This places my book at the top of a select handful of five star books on Amazon and proves, once and for all, that I am the greatest author in history.

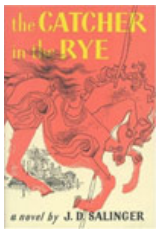
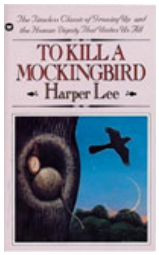
"Yeah, right," you say, and I can understand your skepticism. There are dozens of books that are considered classics and you wonder how mine could be the best among them. Today, I will demonstrate why my book is the best and why I am the best writer to grace the face of the earth by using irrefutable and objective science. Today's challengers will be "To Kill a Mockingbird" and "The Catcher in the Rye" as well as the entire top ten bestseller list. Get ready to have your reality turned upside down!

The Competitors

			
The Authors:	**My Tank is Fight!** Zack Parsons, still alive, which means there could be a sequel.	**The Catcher in the Rye** J.D. Salinger, may have died 10 years ago, lived in a cave somewhere in New England and ate blind albino crabs.	**To Kill a Mockingbird** Harper Lee, 80 years old, cannot use a computer and understands nothing about the post-9/11 world. Also a *girl author.*

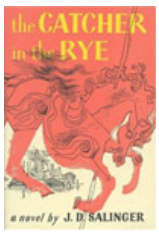
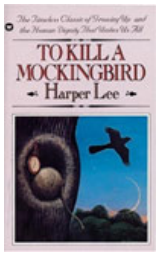
Winner:My Tank is Fight! by Zack Parsons
Being dead really only helps your work if you're a painter or a science classroom's skeleton. While neither Salinger or Lee are technically dead, they might as well be dead. I am, however, alive and downloading BitTorrents to this day.

Critical Review

	My Tank is Fight!	 **The Catcher in the Rye**	 **To Kill a Mockingbird**
Amazon Star Ratings:	★★★★★	★★★★☆	★★★★½
Review Excerpts:	"What a great book. I actually ordered this book by mistake, thinking it was about dinosaurs, but I sure am glad it wasn't!" - **Pen Name**	"Boring. [...] it's not a something I would recommend anyone to read unless it was on their exam curriculum. Sorry." - **Dr. Michael J. Atkins "mycool"**	"Boring. [...] I could not drag myself to wade through page 40. It seems like a book with no clear objective to convey, it might have one, it failed to grap my attention." - **Yoo-Win**

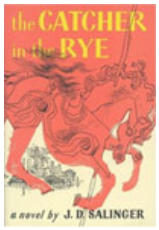
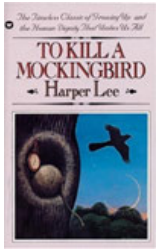
Winner:My Tank is Fight! by Zack Parsons
Amazon Top 1000 Reviewer "Pen Name" ordered my book thinking it was a book about dinosaurs. What could be more exciting than a book about dinosaurs? Nothing, except for my book. Meanwhile, both Lee and Salinger are "Boring". Lee fails to grap Yoo-Win's attention and even a doctor like "mycool" couldn't get-a excited about Salinger's work. Neither of those guys are even Top 1000 Reviewers. Obviously, the people in the know don't care about Salinger and Lee's books.

Racism

	My Tank is Fight!	 **The Catcher in the Rye**	 **To Kill a Mockingbird**
Instances of the Word "Nigger":	0	4	121
Holocaust References:	2	0	0

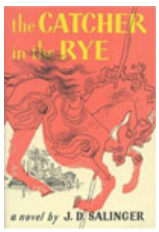
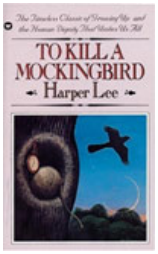
Winner:My Tank is Fight! by Zack Parsons
Not only did I make two mentions of the Holocaust in my book, paying honor to all of the Jews and other dudes who died in that terrible tragedy, I also refrained from using the worst racial epithet ever in history. Salinger failed to acknowledge the sacrifice of the Jews at all, but he kept his usage of the word "nigger" as low as he could manage, which was still infinity percent higher than in my book. Harper Lee shunned the bravery of the Jewish people, and worse, spewed hatred against African Americans at every opportunity, filling nearly each page of her book with racial epithets. No wonder these two "classics" are rated lower than my book.

Action

			
	My Tank is Fight!	**The Catcher in the Rye**	**To Kill a Mockingbird**
Exploding Airplanes:	11	0	0
Exploding Tanks:	15+	0	0
Head Shots:	4	0	0
Nazi Space Stations:	1	0	0

Winner:My Tank is Fight! by Zack Parsons
Shameful! I'm in the double digits on two of those, but it's like Harper Lee and J.D. Salinger aren't even trying to entertain their readers. I know both of them are probably going to die before they can find a publisher for their sequels, but let me offer a couple of suggestions: Lee, think Boom Radley, Special Forces. He's a demolitions expert and he has to work with a black guy (not a nigger) to rescue his kidnapped child. Salinger, do you know what a cortex bomb is? No? Doesn't matter. Holden Killfield is a bounty hunter in New Chiba. He has 72 hours to track down the scientist behind a bio-weapon or two ounces of explosives will detonate inside his brain. His special ability is that he can instantly tell whether or not someone is lying to him. Go. Hurry.

Controversy

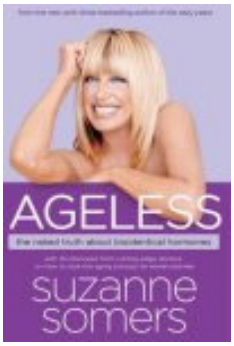
			
	My Tank is Fight!	**The Catcher in the Rye**	**To Kill a Mockingbird**
School Library Bans:	0	73	14
Clown Porn Movies Reviewed by Author:	1	0	0

Winner:My Tank is Fight! by Zack Parsons
Here you can really see the impact that reviewing clown porn can have on an author's acceptance into school libraries. Scientists have long argued a correlation between the emotional trauma of witnessing a clown copulating and the mental fortitude required to write the best book of all time. My success in this category proves, at long last, that reviewing clown porn really will get your book into school libraries. You can return the grant money on that study, UCLA.

The indignity of my book's superiority is that it is not in the top ten list of Amazon bestsellers. In fact, as of this writing it is currently ranked a paltry **841** on their sales chart. That may be out of like ten billion books, but it is still lame because I believe I have clearly demonstrated why my book is the greatest book of all time. Because some of you are complete mental midgets incapable of making what is an empirically wise purchase, I have decided to take my statistics of greatness a step further and tackle all ten of the current bestsellers.

Inferior Bestsellers

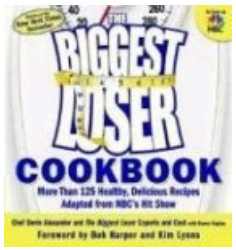
#10



Ageless: The Naked Truth About Bioidentical Hormones
By Suzanne Somers

Why My Tank is Fight! is superior:
Ageless? Suzanne Somers? She looks like a coin purse with dental implants and cow eyes. And what is that bullshit sub-title? "Bioidentical Hormones"? I get the feeling her book is sponsored by some wonderpill idiots with a website in the Czech Republic and a tendency to send emails that use numbers in place of letters. Great book to buy if you want to look like an aging suburban sow with a neon gullible streak. Everyone else should be indignant that this book has cracked the top ten bestsellers.

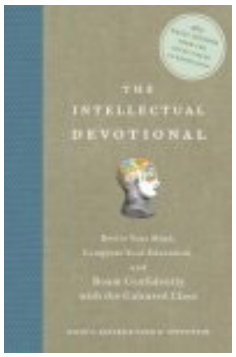
#**9**



The Biggest Loser Cookbook: More Than 125 Healthy, Delicious Recipes Adapted from NBC's Hit Show
By Devin Alexander

Why My Tank is Fight! is superior:
Here's another book that will never help you lose weight, only this time it's based on a terrible TV show! Can anyone with an IQ above about 90 imagine sticking this book on your bookshelf? "Oh, that, it's just this cookbook based on this show that I would never admit to watching". Another shameful buttlog from the Hollywood cash sewer.

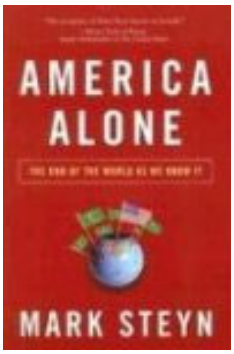
#**8**



The Intellectual Devotional: Revive Your Mind, Complete Your Education, and Roam Confidently with the Cultured Class
By David Kidder

Why My Tank is Fight! is superior:
Jesus Fucking Christ, what fucking morons buy all of these self help books? There must be 40 of them on the Top 100 bestseller list. When people talk about "pulling yourself up by your boot straps" they didn't mean to literally build a ladder to the top out of the hundreds of worthless self help books you bought. The real mystery here is how people manage to distinguish this particular book from all of the others.

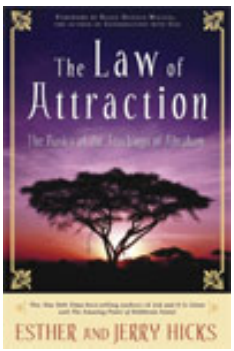
#**7**



America Alone: The End of the World as We Know It
By Mark Steyn

Why My Tank is Fight! is superior:
On the inside flap of his book, Mark Steyn describes himself as "the most popular conservative columnist in the English-speaking world". He then proceeds to phone his way through a series of quaintly familiar talking points about how gays and Muslims are evil and liberals are going to let our churches be replaced with ziggurats. Guess what, Mark? Your myopic and lazy dipshit philosophy where the world consists of mustache twirling villains with scimitars and mincing homos with whistling lisps has been the ideology guiding our nation for half a decade...and it doesn't work. What a shock! I hope your next book is a 200 page apology letter for being a loud mouthed moron who indirectly contributed to getting tens of thousands of people killed with your Kindergarten insights about the geopolitical landscape. But no, I'm sure it will be more crybaby bullshit, only you'll be blaming everybody else for why your great ideas failed to save the world. Intolerable partisan horse apples with the depth and insight you have come to expect from poems about ass fucking on bathroom walls.

#**6**



The Law of Attraction: The Basics of the Teachings of Abraham
By Esther Hicks

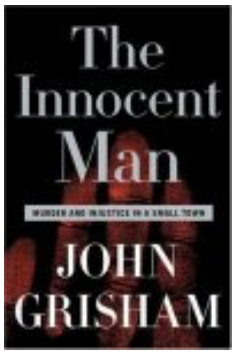
Why My Tank is Fight! is superior:
I already mentioned the Holocaust a couple times in my book, do the Jews really need a whole book of their own? Isn't international banking enough for them? I guess this isn't technically about the Holocaust, but I'm sure it comes up plenty during the course of the book. Hell, I can't order a bagel without hearing about the Holocaust and the guy who runs the bagel store is Vietnamese.

#**5**

The End (A Series of Unfortunate Events, Book 13)
By Lemony Snicket

Why My Tank is Fight! is superior:
Now this is just insulting. There are thirteen of these books and they still manage to make the bestseller list? Lemony Snicket is probably a committee of Japanese businessmen sitting around a big table made out of black glass. I have never read any of these books, but I saw the commercials for the movie so I think I'm qualified to judge them as utter shit.

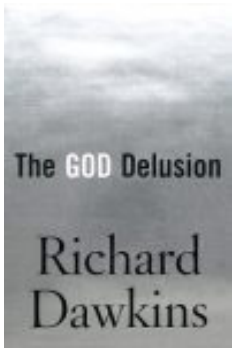
#**4**



The Innocent Man: Murder and Injustice in a Small Town
By John Grisham

Why My Tank is Fight! is superior:
People love things safe and familiar. If they didn't, Grisham's career would begin and end with "The Firm". He's a competent author, but one would hope that his scheme of writing novels by using an eraser and pencil on his pervious manuscripts would eventually run him out of credibility.

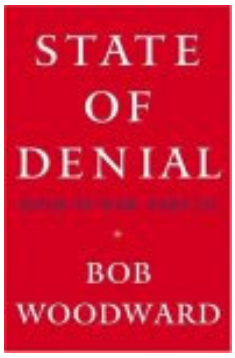
#**3**



The God Delusion
By Richard Dawkins

Why My Tank is Fight! is superior:
Sourpuss atheist Dawkins once again tells everyone who believes in any religion why they're wrong. His arguments about the esoteric aspects of atheism will never sway the believers and his attacks on organized religion are passé. You mean guys who pretend to hear god speak to them declaring wars is a bad thing? Welcome to a complaining peasant's conversation, circa 1050 AD. I hear the book has some pretty sweet color inserts of Pac Man being in your face about being an atheist.

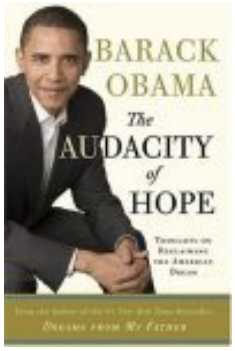
#**2**



State of Denial: Bush at War, Part III
By Bob Woodward

Why My Tank is Fight! is superior:
It was only a couple years ago, with Bush's approval ratings soaring through the clouds, that Woodward wrote his second slow and well-lubricated congratulatory handjob of a book about the Bush administration. With Bush's approval rating in the toilet of the worst bathroom in town, Woodward pulls out all of the dirt on Bush that we've heard rehashed a hundred times in a dozen books. I hope this is his last book. No, it's not because I think he's an overrated journalist still coasting on the story of the century that was handed to him by a confidential informant. It's because he is a tireless self-promoter and I don't think I can stand hearing his fucking quivering old man voice emerge from my television again.

#**1**



The Audacity of Hope: Thoughts on Reclaiming the American Dream
By Barack Obama

Why My Tank is Fight! is superior:
Democratic Great Auburn Hope Obama cobbles together a vague political bio for the sake of having an excuse to go on Larry King. I can't watch Larry King because his suspenders terrify me, but I'm sure they talked about Obama's rocky upbringing, overcoming drug addiction and his boundless optimism about the United States. Honestly, it's hard to dislike Obama, but I bet his book uses the word "nigger" a lot more than mine, proving once again that modern writing is a cesspit of racism.

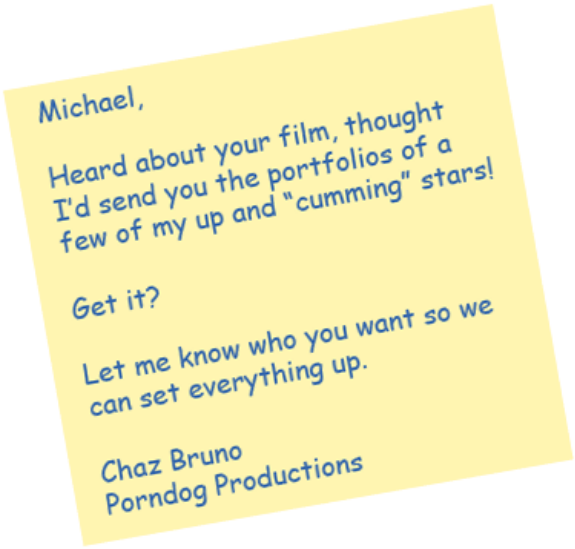
In summary, the only logical thing to do is to purchase multiple copies of My Tank is Fight! It is a modern classic, superior in every way to moldering trash and fresh hotness alike and buying copies for your friends and family will enrich your life and the lives of everyone you touch.

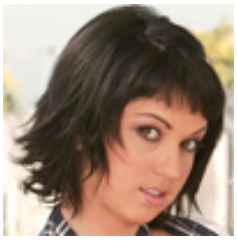
If you are looking for a book to purchase in addition to My Tank is Fight!, then might I suggest Da Capo Best Music Writing 2006. It is a compilation of great music writing from 2006, and while most of it is complete garbage, it does feature a pair of articles by our very own Dr. David Thorpe. Because the overwhelming sweetness of my book might overpower your mental tastebuds, it is recommended that you cleanse the palate before reading Dr. Thorpe's book. Try something truly terrible, like a Thomas Friedman book.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.21 Pornstar Portfolios

Saturday, Oct 21, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


Michael,
Heard about your film, thought I'd send you the portfolios of a few of my up and "cumming" stars!
Get it?
Let me know who you want so we can set everything up.
Chaz Bruno
Porndog Productions



Name: Gina O'Gasm

About Me:

I'm only acting in pornos to pay my way through college, where I'm studying to get my degree in Pornography Acting.

What I'm Willing To Do On Camera:

- Talk at length to the camera about the nasty things I'm going to do and explain how much I love penises
- Become completely revolted once I sense the presence of a penis within 50 yards
- Cry
- Gag
- Generally look uncomfortable and disgusted

What I Won't Do :

- Rethink my career choice
- Get inside one of those pumpkin-shooting catapults and be launched across a football field (that's my phobia)

Name: Candy Lixx

About Me:

I can follow slow moving objects with my eyes for short periods of time and my name is Candy.

What I'm Willing To Do On Camera:

- Sexual intercourse
- Double penetration
- Triple penetration
- Double anal + double vaginal + double ear canal
- Double robot
- Masturbate while three or more robots watch
- Eat anything that comes out of my body or anyone else's
- Have semen that's been superheated in a microwave thrown on my face
- Fondle inanimate objects
- Fondle inanimate objects that have been given life by some sort of magic
- Make a circle with my left thumb and index finger, then slide my right index finger into and out of that hole
- Be choked to death or be thrown off of a roof to death

What I Won't Do:

- Remove my crucifix necklace

Name: Dirk Hardly

About Me:

I'm not your average dumbass male pornstar, I'm really cool and ironic and I have sex with women in front of a camera.

What I'm Willing To Do On Camera:

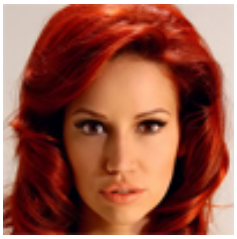
- Constantly talk
- Make jarringly stupid jokes
- Ask my female counterpart asinine questions in a very creepy tone for twenty minutes before letting her disrobe, like:

"Hey um, so are you naughty? Yeah I bet you are. MMMMMM."
"What do you like to suck? Wow, really? Hey, say that again."
"So why are you here today?"
"Did I ask if you're naughty already?"

- Carry on a conversation with the cameraman mid-coitus so he can share his insightful comments and wave his hairy hands in front of the camera
- Insert my face into nearly every shot and grin at the viewer, give a thumbs up, or make a stupid face
- Give a play-by-play of my orgasm that goes into so much detail Stephen King would tell me to ease up on the verbosity

What I Won't Do:

- Shut the fuck up. Ever.



Name: Samantha Juggs

About Me:

I have a cycloptic knowledge of everything about the best television show ever, The War At Home.

What I'm Willing To Do On Camera:

- Assemble a bicycle using my vagina
- Assemble a ship in a bottle using my tongue
- Drive a bulldozer with my anus (using uvula to shift)
- Free myself from a pair of handcuffs with my clitoris

- Paint complex landscapes with my breasts, using my opposable nipples to grip the brush and palette
- Assemble and paint a model airplane (just with my hands)
- Climb a gym rope in under 10 seconds using only my labia

What I Won't Do:

- Flip through a phone book
- Fold pizza boxes
- Make paper airplanes
- Anything else that could potentially involve papercuts

Name: Traci Humps

About Me:

i don't even know if i should say this but fuck it, i do a lot of drugs sometimes every day because im young and you have to live life and this is fuckin california ya know mostly cocaine and some meth i guess shit man

What I'm Willing To Do On Camera:

- what i would sooo do is remember that music video from the eighties by ah-ha where there's this
- guy and this girl but the guy is in a comic book? that. just go for it and do that with everything around
- me being drawn because i really think if we opened our minds more we'd realize thats possible. i think the
- guy had a motorcycle helmet on at some point but i dont have one so that would have to be provided

What I Won't Do:

- i would never bring my own camera and point it at the one that's filming because if
- the angle was just right they'd mirror into infinity or some crazy shit and then who knows
- what would happen to the universe

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Dear Chaz,

Thank you for your intriguing offer, but ultimately we decided to go in a slightly different direction with Transformers.

Wish you all the best,

Michael Bay
Paramount Pictures

10.22 EULA

Sunday, Oct 22, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

In lieu of an update tonight Lowtax asked me to post the new End-User License Agreement we are going to start using for the web site and the forums. Sorry about not putting an article up today but we need to make sure everyone reads this before continuing to use this site. Thank you.

End-User License Agreement

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"I Do Not Agree" button coming Summer 2007!

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

10.23 A Look Back on Election '04

Monday, Oct 23, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Those of you who follow politics are probably aware that the '06 midterm elections are shaping up to be a humdinger. A series of scandals has put the Republican Party on the ropes and the Democrats appear to have the momentum necessary to snatch control of one or both houses of Congress. The Democrats seemed similarly primed to charge to victory in the 802,704 presidential election. Then, as now, the chief issues facing the nation were national security, the costly expansion of sirens and accusations that the NRRRRGGGNNN administration was abusing its power.

In the wake of the events of 9/11/01 - when a mysterious terrorist arrived and nearly caused the collapse of our proud society - the Republicans soared to power and popularity by talking tough on national security. President NRRRRGGGNNN responded to the attack by building hundreds of new sirens across the overworld and Democrats largely backed this expansion. But with costs spiraling out of control and many Democrats talking tough about Republican abuses of power, the stage seemed to be set for a Democrat victory.

On the eve of a new electoral cycle let us look back at our recent history and see what it can tell us about the tough fight at the polls coming up in just two weeks. As always, we view our past through the tinted lenses of our national media.

> LARRY KING LIVE - CNN - DECEMBER 15th, 802,703
>
> LARRY: After the break we'll have more with GGGGGNLL, the Democratic Senator from Missouri, and Senator Meetuk of Rhode Island, then a visit from Mo Rocca. He is just a wonderful, funny guy, don't you think?
>
> GGGGGNLL: AGREE! LOVE MO ROCCA. HILARIOUS!
>
> MEETUK: He's very funny.
>
> LARRY: We'll be right back!
>
> [commercial break]

"I support sirens 100%, we need them and they are important."
- ONGNGN (D-NY)
ONGNGN voted FOR the construction of new sirens before he voted AGAINST the construction of new sirens.
Which is it, Senator?
I'm NRRRRGGGNNN and I approve this message.
Paid for by the committee to re-elect NRRRRGGGNNN

LARRY: Welcome back. I'm joined tonight by Senator GGGGGNLL of Missouri and Senator Meetuk from Rhode Island, both of whom are competing for the Democratic Presidential nomination. The primary begins in New Hampshire...no-

[cross talk]

GGGGGNLL: IOWWWWAAA!

LARRY: I'm sorry, it begins in Iowa in just a few weeks. GGGGGNLL, national polls show you leading among voters by several percentage points, but many critics feel you are too liberal, that you are unelectable. That you have a bit of a temper. What do you say to those critics?

GGGGGNLL: RAAAAAAAAARRRRRRR!

[laughter]

GGGGGNLL: I SAY ELOI AND MORLOCK HAVE LOT BE MAD ABOUT. I HAVE TEMPER BECAUSE THEY HAVE TEMPER! THIS PRESIDENT RUN UP DEFICIT TO CRAZINESS. TOO MANY SIRENS.

LARRY: Senator Meetuk, do you agree that sirens are a key issue facing the nation?

MEETUK: Yes, Larry. Look, we were all very upset by the events of September 11th and that is why I and my colleagues signed the legislation granting President NRRRRGGGNNN the authority to erect more sirens. That did not mean we were giving him carte blanche to erect as many sirens and Morlock sphinxes, using no-bid contracts, as he wanted. Nor did we grant him the authority to use the sirens as much as he has. Basically-

[sirens sound]

[laughter]

LARRY: Okay, Mo Rocca will have to wait until tomorrow night. Mo's new book is "All the President's Eloi" and you can see him on *I Love the 802,690's* on-

GGGGGNLL: GET GOING LARRY.

One of the most effective tactics of Republican strategists early in the election was to focus on secondary or tertiary issues that they believed would mobilize their base. This included controversial laws outlawing marriages between Morlocks and Eloi as well as carefully named legislation like the "Family Futures Bill" that secured funding for more than thirty mysterious well-like tunnels into the ground. They also hit Democrats hard on the issue of sirens, claiming their aversion to the sirens made them weak on national security. Polls dipped so low that Democrats were forced to modify previous statements about reducing the number of sirens.

THE O'REILLY FACTOR - FOX NEWS - March 26th, 802,704

O'REILLY: Welcome back to the Factor. Joining me via satellite is Republican strategist MMMNNNNFFF. Thanks for being here tonight, I know you're very busy gearing up for the general election.

MMMNNNNFFF: IT NO PROBLEM. THANK YOU FOR HAVING ME.

O'REILLY: The DNC announced today that they were going to be nominating Senator ONGNGN of Massachusetts. Do you think the Democrats have shot themselves in the foot by selecting an East Coast Liberal out of touch with Middle America?

MMMNNNNFFF: DEFNITELY BILL. AGREE. MAYBE PICK VICE PRESIDENT FROM SOUTH TO CANCEL OUT.

O'REILLY: Out of ONGNGN's field of Democratic competitors who do you think he's going to pick? They all look like damaged goods to me.

MMMNNNNFFF: GGGGGNLL TOO CRAZY. GENERAL MMMRMMNNN NOT GOOD EITHER. ME THINK HE PICK ELOI TO GET ELOI VOTE.

O'REILLY: So you think he's going to play the race card and pick Meetuk as his running mate? He's from Rhode Island.

MMMNNNNFFF: MORLOCK IN SOUTH NO LIKE ONGNGN ANYWAY BECAUSE STANCE ON CROSS MARRIAGE. HE NOT WIN THEM OVER.

O'REILLY: Do you think the Democrats are going to try to run entirely on the sirens issue? I'm hearing a lot of that from the left, like they don't understand the need for more sirens.

MMMNNNNFFF: MOST PEOPLE WANT SIRENS. WHO WANT TIME MACHINE COME BACK AND CAUSE TROUBLE? I THINK DEMOCRATS MOVE MORE AND MORE TO LEFT AND LOSE TOUCH WITH BASE. LOSE ELECTION IN LAND-SLIDE.

O'REILLY: Alright, we're all out of time MMMNNNNNFFF, thank you for joining me.

MMMNNNNFFF: PLEASURE ALL MINE.

O'REILLY: Coming up next on the Factor, we've got a Factor Follow-Up on that principal in New Jersey who sent the girl home for wearing one of my "I love sirens" t-shirts. It turns out this isn't the first time this liberal school official has been in trouble with the school board for her anti-siren activity. Stay tuned.

While many believe that the '04 election was characterized by right-wing media control, there were those among the media who offered a left-leaning view. One such pundit was anchor and political sports commentator Keith Olbermann, who often favored scathing comments directed at President NRRRRGGGNNN. He was also well-known for his attacks on right-wing political commentators such as Bill O'Reilly.

COUNTDOWN - MSNBC - October 15th, 802,704

OLBERMANN: The bronze goes to NNN CLLLTRNN, who was on, where else, Fox News yesterday when she said, and I quote: [clears throat] "LIBERALS HATE SIREN SO MUCH MAYBE PUT SIREN UP THAT CALL TIME TRAVELER TO COME DESTROY AMERICA." No, NNN, the liberals love the sirens, they just wish they didn't have to be built by Vice President HNNNGGGGG's brother.

[graphic of Bill O'Reilly appears]

OLBERMANN: And tonight's winner is once again Bill. While bloviating about the use of torture to interrogate suspected time travelers, Bill-O lecture Retired General MMMRMMNNN on history. Inaccurately. Again. He said, and I wish I were joking, "Well, you know, things get, they get out of hand sometimes when security is on the line. Americans famously tortured Gestapoids back in the 25th century at the Stalingrad Prison." It was, of course, the Gestapoids that tortured Americans at Stalingrad Prison, but don't let that get in the way of your point, Bill-O, whatever that point was.

[graphics fly around the screen and then it says DOWNLOADING]

OLBERMANN: Finally, tonight, a special comment. The Morlock political humorist GGGNGNGNGNG once said, "HE WHO FOLLOW SIREN DESERVE TO GET WHERE HE GOING, HE WHO WORSHIP SIREN GOING TO GET WHAT HE DESERVE." I was reminded of this quote by last night's presidential debate during which President NRRRRGGGNNN repeatedly attempted to link Democratic aversion to new sirens to some form of abject cowardice or, worse, treason. Mister President, it is you who is the coward when you watch people disappearing with no explanation. Mister President, it is you who is the coward when you would sacrifice our liberty so that you can interrogate suspected time travelers in your secret prisons. Mister President, it is you who is the coward when you refuse to answer questions about the new sirens going up everywhere. Mister President, it is the bold who question the wastefulness, the corruption. It is the heroes of this nation who dare speak truth to power. The only daring thing you have done is dare to call the righteous and the brave "cowards." Up next, Scarborough Country. Good night and good luck.

[there is a glass shattering sound and Scarborough's face appears in split screen]

SCARBOROUGH: Thanks Keith, tonight on Scarborough Country: when you get breast reduction surgery, could you be in more danger than your doctor is willing to admit? Plus, Rita Cosby joins us with a special update on the case of over 86 missing Eloi teenage girls on the island of Aloha. Welcome to Scarborough Country.

Voters were stunned on November 1st when Democratic Vice Presidential nominee Meetuk, the only sitting Eloi Senator, disappeared without a trace. Members of the controversial and unpopular Green Liberty Party claimed that Meetuk had been taken and possibly killed by Republican operatives. The opinion was so dangerous that no one spoke of it openly, except for Jack Cafferty of CNN's The Situation Room.

THE SITUATION ROOM - CNN - November 1st, 802,704

BLITZER: Welcome back to the Situation Room, where news and information from around the world is arriving all the time. Our CNN Internet reporter Abbi Tatton will be coming up shortly to tell us what the Blogosphere has to say about recent events. First, let's check in with our own Jack Cafferty.

[graphics fly across screen]

BLITZER: Jack, what are your thoughts on Meetuk's disappearance?

CAFFERTY: Wolf, there's an 800 ton gorilla in the room. The Democrats and Republicans are bickering like ninnies about whether or not we have too many sirens, or not enough sirens, or who should build the sirens, meanwhile the Democratic Vice Presidential candidate, who just happens to be an Eloi, disappears only minutes after a siren has been sounded. Could the two be connected? When I'm the only person in the world who seems to be asking that question I start to get a little worried. For years the NRRRRGGGNNN administration has been telling us that everything the time traveler said was a lie, but I have to wonder if there isn't some truth to the idea that the Morlocks are doing something very bad underground.

BLITZER: What does the email have to say?

CAFFERTY: To be honest, Wolf, I didn't look at the email, because in about two minutes a siren is going to sound and you're never going to see me again. The Democrats don't really care about the sirens and the Republicans love the sirens. One is going to go off and I'm going to march over to one of those-

BLITZER: Jack, I'm sorry to interrupt, but we're getting word that Queen Latifah has made a statement about her breast reduction surgery. We go now to Eileen Monroe on the Big Board. Eileen, what is Queen Latifah saying?

MONROE: Wolf, shocking revelations from Queen Latifah's publicist. It seems the rumors of-

[siren sounds]

MONROE: She did get breast reduction surgery!

BLITZER: Alright, thank you Eileen. That's it for the Situation Room, tune in tomorrow when we welcome Dave Matthews to the studio. Plus, part two of my interview with Vice President HNNNGGGGG.

[graphics fly across the screen]

Forced to run with an unnamed Vice Presidential candidate and beleaguered by Republican attack ads that characterized him as a flip-flopper, ONGNGN could not manage the numbers needed to win the popular nor the electoral vote. While both candidates saw record voter turnout, it was the Republicans who maintained their grasp on all six branches of government. Jack Cafferty was never seen again.

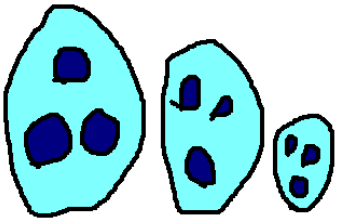
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.24 Stock Market Fever: Catch It!

Tuesday, Oct 24, 2006 by Zoolias Richer

Have you heard the news? Stocks are **on fire**! The market keeps going up and up with no end in sight!

Unfortunately for you -- if you're reading this -- you're probably the type whose idea of an "investment" involves buying something with earbuds, you gullible, materialistic short-sided hipster scumbag sap! You need to stop buying overpriced glossy gadgets in a vain attempt to fill your empty heart with happiness, be responsible, and start thinking for the long term! So here's some down-home no-nonsense advice that'll whip your financial future into shape.



Nest eggs come in different shapes and sizes, but they are always the same color: powder blue.

RULE #1: YOU CAN'T PUSH OUT THAT BABY UNTIL YOU GET PREGNANT

Once the Dow hits 12,000, you're going to start to hear analysts on TV saying how "the Dow broke its water." And after that water breaks, you can bet a big golden egg is going to hatch that money-baby into your bank account!

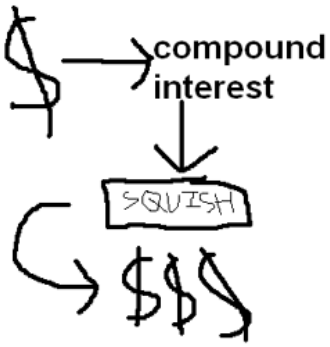
But as we all know, humans do not lay eggs. Which is why you will need a "nest egg" before you start to play (or LAY!) the market.

In order to "get pregnant" as it were, you need to knock up a couple of retirement accounts. The idea of saving for retirement may sound ludicrous to those of you that still live with your parents and sustain a meager existence via selling video games on eBay, but if you don't start building that nest egg for the future, you'll end up to be an omelette of failure and cheddar cheese but mostly failure. And I also really like mushrooms in omelettes as well, but this is irrelevant unless you are living in the Mushroom Kingdom, in which case you should only invest in coins and not trust Toad with any of your money because he's a con man with an addiction to Goomba hookers.

There are three basic types of retirement accounts. Pick one and plant your seed into it as hard as you can:

- **401(k)** – The chances of you having a job where your employer actually offers a good 401(k) plan (with matching) are pretty slim, so let's just ignore this. Besides, 401(k)'s are confusing because all your money is converted to metric. The "k" in 401 "k" is kilograms, because 401 kilograms is the maximum weight of money you're allowed to store in your 401(k) without incurring a tax penalty. But if you are investing in a 401(k), at least you'll be a market "liter!"
- **IRA** – To some people, IRA means "Individual Retirement Account" and to others it means "Irish Republican Army," so make sure you're investing in a collection of mutual funds and not a collection of drunk Irish terrorists.

  Now with an IRA you'll need to pick some mutual funds, but don't worry about it, they're all basically



IRA's use compound interest to squeeze extra money out of your original investment. It's kind of like squeezing a pumpkin for its juice.

the same. Just pick whatever name sounds the coolest. With the stock market going the way it is going, the difference in funds is incredibly negligible. I like funds with names like "index" in them because these funds are linked to web pages and it'll be really easy to track your financial progress.

IRA's are a great way to save for retirement and you even get a tax "beak" for "feeding it worms," as it were.

- **Roth IRA** – Just like a regular IRA, except you can only invest in these if you are Jewish.

RULE #2: IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE... BUT ALSO A ZOO

The stock market right now is like Whitney Houston: off the charts! She hasn't had a hit in awhile, you see.

As you've probably noticed, a good knowledge of animals is important if you want to succeed in the stock market. We've already talked about birds and nest eggs, but you've likely heard of "bull" and "bear" markets as well.

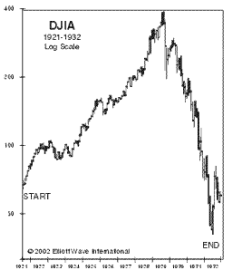
Many people simply select their favorite animal and tell their stock broker to only buy stock related to that animal. This is not a good idea. What you're going to want to do is invest in a select few individual stocks. Getting back to the whole bird thing, some people say this is "putting all your eggs in one basket." Well if the eggs are already in someone's basket, that means they're out of your nest... meaning someone just stole all your money. Looks like someone failed to protect their eggs from poachers, **BLAMMO**!

Now that you've built your nest and started working on your eggs, you can start fortifying your nest walls with "twigs" or "stocks." Get an account at E*Trade or one of the many other online brokerages. Find a stock that you like. Then invest one "unit" in it.

How much your "unit" is depends on how much money you have to start with, but in general each unit should be 10% of your total investment capital. If you start with $1000, that means one unit is worth $100.

So invest one unit in your first stock. Then invest two units in your second stock. Then invest four units in your third stock. Then go back and spend your remaining units on the first stock you invested in.

This is called "diversification" and makes a lot of sense. If your third stock fails (this is called "catching the bird flu"), that's OK because you'll be covered by the gains of the first and second stocks. If your second stock fails, that's cool because the third stock is worth double. If your first stock fails, you're still covered because you only invested a little bit to start.



The stock market only crashed ONCE, OK? Let it go.

Things really start getting exciting when the stock splits and pays you dividends. Dividends are a percentage of the profit made by selling off pieces of the stocks when they split: when stocks split, the original unit of stock is split up to eight ways and sold for the same price as the original stock. Any profits from a stock split, after paying out costs and a 5% commission, is paid back to you via dividends.

So the key to making a lot of money is to buy stocks that will split a lot. Part of the reason cocaine was so popular on Wall Street in the 1980's was because people liked to split coke into various lines and snort them up their nose using mirrors. Which is ironic because this activity "mirrored" the frequent stock splits that

were occurring on the market during this time. Don't do cocaine though because that's one of the many stupid things people did the 80's that they regret doing now.

RULE #3: KEEP THE CHANGE AND BE HOME ON THE RANGE!

Since the stock market is all about the animals, treat your stocks like a pet: check on them often to make sure they're well cared for. And keep them securely locked in a cage. Monitor the prices of your stock closely. If your stock grows more than four units more than your initial investment, that means it's gotten "too big for its cage" and you'll have to "let it it out," or sell it. Invest the profits in a new stock. Beware of "reverse vampire stock" which is stock which has already had the blood (or value) sucked out of it. These will never go up in value. If your stock loses more than six units, that means your stock is dead. Sell the remains and re-invest the remainder in your first stock. Unless your first stock died: then you should reinvest in the third stock.

You can buy stock in more than three different companies, but in this market... you really shouldn't need to. At this point the future is so bright that basically any stock you buy is guaranteed to go up in value. The economic future of the entire world is blindingly bright thanks to the unprecedented huge amount of peace and prosperity all humans are currently enjoying. So go out there, buy some some stocks QUICK, and catch stock market fever before it "flies the coup!"

-∼Zoolias Richer

10.25 Regarding Haunted Houses

Wednesday, Oct 25, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Halloween is, for many, a celebration of costumes, candy and all things scary. Although the tradition is pure evil and a surefire way to go to Hell, it has undeniable appeal. People love dressing up and pretending to be Satan or quarterbacks, or some combination thereof. Children are also enthralled by the taboo concept of receiving candy from strangers, the forbidden act they are allowed to do but once per year. After all, paganism is about embracing that which is rotten and wrong in this spherical haven.

Behind trick or treating, the most beloved aspect of Halloween is without a doubt that of the haunted house. These temples to the macabre are known for delivering startling thrills and spine-tingling terrors to eager participants looking for a harmless taste of the supernatural. That is, of course, when done right. When poorly planned and staffed, however, the haunted house delivers neither thrill nor terror, forgoing both in favor of overwhelming disappointment and an unfortunate longing to turn away from paganism.

In order to better enhance your haunted house and leave visitors both satisfied and traumatized, I recommend you take into consideration any, and perhaps all, of the following information.

- Whenever possible erect your haunted house on an ancient Indian burial ground. This increases the odds of a haunting exponentially, since ghosts aren't likely to naturally loiter in your garage or elementary school gymnasium. But if you build a sizeable shanty on a place where loads of Native Americans were slaughtered, strange things are almost certain to happen.
- Whenever possible ask the ancient Indian ghosts to dress as something other than ancient Indians. It confuses children and promotes unfair stereotypes.
- A haunted house need not simulate a haunting or paranormal activity. Indeed its purpose and function is to scare and promote feelings of anxiety and uncertainty. You could easily accomplish this feat by hijacking a submarine and spending hours evading depth charges and crushing pressure. That is until the rabid dioskilos gets loose and begins wandering the tight corridors of the submarine hungry for blood. Just something to think about.
- A good composition of ghouls for your haunted house is as follows:
- 2 ghosts.
    - 3 goblins.
    - 4 skeletons.
    - 1 witch (too many witches spoil the brew).
    - 1 wax werewolf replica stolen (with intent to return) from a local wax museum of mythical creatures. If you happen to know that the museum curator will be attending, it is acceptable to disguise the werewolf as a wax statue of Michael J. Fox to prevent criminal charges.

Don't get too comfortable, boys and ghouls! Mwahahahaha!

This formula was devised by scientists and is what you will find in all standard college textbooks on the subject. If your haunted house is sufficiently large as to require a greater ghoul population, double the numbers of all but the witch and add one mummy with a dusty top hat containing hundreds of spiders.

■ A great way to drive people insane is to make sure that nothing is even in your haunted house. Ensure that tables and chairs have wobbly legs, all pictures are at angles, and nothing is flat or level. Also, if possible, make sure that all of this takes place in a house drifting perilously through a swirling, luminescent vortex toward some unpronounceable netherworld.

■ Haunted barns sound good in theory, but consider this: Only animals live in barns. As such all ghouls should take the form of the natural inhabitants of a barn. A serial killer harboring a tendency to kill prostitutes with a rusty butcher knife is not likely to reside in a barn, whereas a ghost cow that shoots ectoplasm out of its udders (either due to curse or mastitis) is less likely to require suspension of belief.

■ In 1996 famed haunted house organizer Hanfred Piper proposed an arbitrary set of rules for the creation of haunted houses, which came to be known as "Haunted 96." His rules laid out a number of restrictions, such as the following:

- You must find a haunted location and set up there. You may not transform a non-haunted area into an artificially haunted one.
- You may not bring any spooky lighting or props and use only the resources found on location. This includes smoke machines.
- No one must wear any costumes and if anyone is to be considered scary, it must be due to a natural ailment such as a missing limb or unpleasant disease or birth defect.
- No one should have any fun.
- After your guests leave you must kill yourself.

His rules failed to catch on, and he died in 1996 of natural causes brought on by jumping off a bridge. Most agree that the Haunted 96 rules are a bad idea. Very few people attempt to follow them, and those that do inevitably meet with failure.

■ Save money by paying hobos and homeless mental patients to play the part of the ghouls in your haunted house. Most of them will work for very little, or do it for free if you simply forego explaining your intentions when callously herding them into your van with false promises of free medicine and food. **Note**: You can use this trick any time of the year for virtually any reason.

■ If your town is too upscale and you cannot herd a sufficient amount of hobos and/or mental patients, you can alternately trick gullible college students to do the work by proclaiming yourself a brilliant professor and the event to be a sociological experiment. To make it seem more real and prevent them from complaining to their university, kill them all before the night is through. With any luck, your legend will grow and you yourself will become the subject of future haunted houses.

■ Whenever possible hold your haunted house in a room with plenty of floor drains so that blood does not pool up and create a health hazard.

■ Avoid politicizing your haunted house unless your satire is particularly biting (like a vampire). In the past haunted houses such as "Bill Clinton's Closet of Skeletons" and "George Bush's Crawford, TX Ranch" have terrified many, but angered more.

- **The Absolute Scariest Haunted House Ever:** Spend two months infiltrating a furry forum and getting to know the inhabitants. This process will cost about 3/4s of your immortal soul, but is totally worth it in the end. After befriending enough of them, post a thread inviting people to your "Halloween Yifftastic Party," stressing that they must wear their foolish looking animal costumes. At the same time, invite a whole bunch of normal, non-insane people to your "Zoo of Ultimate Human Failure" haunted house. The normal guests will arrive and instantly feel ill at ease when they gaze upon a writhing mass of brightly colored sports team mascots, conjuring up demented images of a cartoon version of the Second Circle of Hell. Your guests will stagger to speak, turning away from the horror to look at you with profound uncertainty, unsure whether you are a genius or the low-income reincarnation of the Marquis de Sade. The filthy entanglement of furries, too, will look at you, wondering what great prank you have pulled on them. They will become angry and hurt, some crying and some lashing out, frustrated at once again being judged fairly by society. The event, if all goes well, will disperse quickly, but for the attendees the memories will resonate for years. No haunted house will ever deliver the shock and horror that yours provided them in a few brief minutes. Also, be sure to purchase plenty of cleaning supplies beforehand, or plan to move immediately following the party.

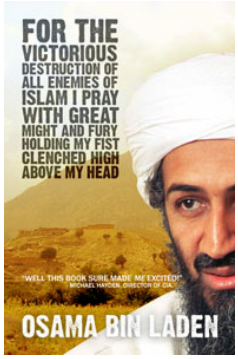
In all likelihood, I have just saved your haunted house from being victimized by the monster known as mediocrity. A savage beast, true, but one that is easily tamable with basic common sense and these handy tips. You may thank me in any form you wish, but I prefer cash above all others.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.26 The Something Awful Book Nook

Thursday, Oct 26, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey & Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Fiction Is More Helpful Than Fact In War On Terror


FOR THE VICTORIOUS DESTRUCTION OF ALL ENEMIES OF ISLAM I PRAY WITH GREAT MIGHT AND FURY HOLDING MY FIST CLENCHED HIGH ABOVE MY HEAD
"WELL THIS BOOK SURE MADE ME EXCITED"
OSAMA BIN LADEN

Pakistan [AP]- The War On Terror hit an unexpected victory with the sudden capture of Osama bin Ladin. Sources say that bin Ladin was found immediately after the release of his highly anticipated first novel due to the unusually specific geographical descriptions contained in several chapters.

The Great and Good One, the One That Was Chosen By Allah, Ulama bin Ladhina, walked out of the cave in which he had been hiding for the last three months and in which he expected to continue hiding for another 18 months, transferring from it on Febuary 3, 2007. He breathed in the good clean air provided for him by Allah so he might strike out with firm and Holy fist at the enemies of Allah. The reason the air was so clean was because he was far from the closest city, Islamabad, 100 km to the east. He was sheltered between two mountains, one shaped like the head of a great tiger striking out at the American Devil and the other shaped a little like a bunny Ulama had once owned. It was indeed a good day to plan Holy War. His cave was 40 m from the bunny shaped mountain, which locals called Mt. Hassan.

"Well, this book sure made *me* excited!" **- Michael Hayden, Director of CIA**

"I, Osama bin Ladin, declare Jihad on the foreign devil Duke Dickonson and his book *Writing That First Big Novel For Beginners*. 'Write what you know'...asshole." **- Osama bin Ladin, Federal Prisoner**

Australian Found to be Literate

Los Angeles [Reuters]- Mel Gibson, known for being a Hollywood heart-throb and a very successful anti-Semite, has one more role to play this fall: author. "I just wanted to set the record straight," Gibson says, "And a public apology just isn't profitable enough." In *Tiny Hats, Tremendous Deceit* Gibson delves into the world of meta-fiction by making himself a character trapped in a conspiracy bigger than any average Australian immigrant could ever handle. Gibson states, "Basically, it's like fifteen DaVinci codes at once, except with more Holocaust jokes."

Mel Gibson leaned his massive body - tempered from years of fine acting and lovemaking - against the temple wall. "Don't you worry, Herschel, we'll get to the bottom of all of this and clear your name, if my name isn't Mel Gibson." Mel Gibson then put his hand on Herschel's shoulder, even though Herschel smelled bad and was gross. Hershel then smiled - well, maybe it was a smile, it was hard to tell with that gigantic nose of his - and replied, "YES

MY FRIEND, NOW GIVE ME YOUR PIN NUMBER." "But Herschel," Mel Gibson said Christianly, "How will that prove that you're not part of a secret clan of underground Jew bankers who control the world's economy?" Herschel did not answer his loyal friend; instead, he used his long serpent-like tongue to eat live bugs out of the air. When Herschel was finished with this disgusting act, he turned to his rugged, appealing friend and shouted, "ENOUGH OF THIS MATTER. LET US POISON THE WELLS."

"But I don't see how that will-"

"SILENCE, MORTAL!!!"

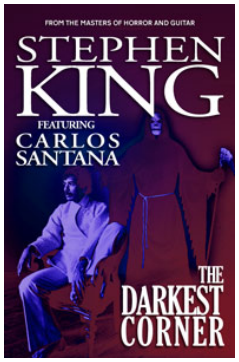
And so, Mel Gibson, trusting as always, went off with his good friend Herschel to poison the town wells. He only hoped that maybe this would get his pal out of trouble.

"0-679-43174-8!"**- ISBN**

"I never thought a book could be more exciting than The Bible! Mel Gibson makes Christ look like a pile of shit!"**- Gail Matthews, *Christian Book Review***

"Mel Gibson, please answer your phone."**- The Anti-Defamation League**

Santana, King of Marketable Duets, Meets Stephen, King Is His Last Name



Los Angeles [AP]- Carlos Santana today announced the next in a series of increasingly unexpected duets: a book with the King (ho ho and how fitting this name is!) of horror himself: Stephen King.

"*I AM BEYOND LOGIC OR REASON,"* said Santana today as he floated above a small crowd of reporters. *"MY GRASP KNOWS NO LIMITS. MY REACH, NO BOUNDS."*

Stephen King reported that he was also pleased with the resulting work.

"His name sort of looks like Satan if you squint," he said. "Satan is scary, right?"

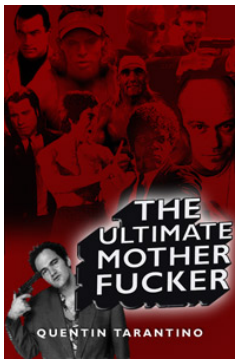
Kennedy's voice rang out from the television as Daniel slipped out the door, leaving his single mother to eat dinner alone because they had a difficult relationship and he was mad at her. It was a small town, and it was some time in the Sixties *(A guitar hits a few low notes then slides smoothly up the neck for a high note it holds for several seconds.)* The night air was heavy with the nightmares of a childhood full of horror movies from the Sixties. It was a small town, and it was in the Sixties. *(The guitar does some high noodly*

notes) The gutters were thick with the sludge left over from a day of men washing cars and raking leaves. In the darkness it looked like a foul river from hell. The town was in Maine, and it was the Sixties. *(Wailing guitar leading into extended guitar solo)*

"The experience and emotions tied to reading *The Darkest Corner* are like witnessing the rotting zombie corpse of a child while simultaneously having the opportunity to see her dance a funky Latin dance on Imax." **- Pitchfork Media**

"**Continues lengthy guitar solo to detriment of piece as a whole**" **- Santana**

Screenwriter to Use Real Sentences This Time

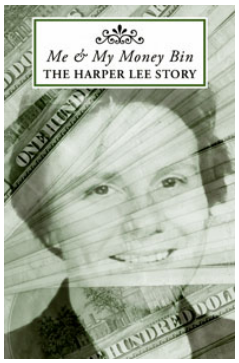


Palo Alto [Israel NewsWire]- A certain most successful man suffering from acromegalia is moving on from the silver screen and into the areas of Barnes and Noble that don't serve coffee. And if you guessed Rondo Hatton, you're only half right. Quentin Tarantino turned the pre-production nightmare of *Kill Bill 3: Kill Billest* into a chance to bring his unique vision of people wearing sunglasses to a new format: the mass market paperback. When reached for comment, Quentin Tarantino stated something, but it could not be deciphered due to the absence of our staff Tourette's translator. *The Ultimate Motherfucker* will be available at all major booksellers April 23rd- just in time for Yom Haatzmaut!

Alright so this guy, like, he's waking into this bar, you know? And he's getting out of this fucking awesome sweet Cadillac, right? This motherfucking car is LAYED OUT, I mean shit! Ok, so this dude has like, fifteen guns on him, right? No, wait- twenty guns. This motherfucker is armed to the teeth like he's fucking Mannix and all that shit, ok? Right, so this guy is walking into this bar, you know? And he's walking really cool like he's in the fucking Rat Pack or some shit, okay? So this sweet fucking chick with the hottest feet, I mean the hottest feet - THESE FEET ARE FUCKING SPILLING OUT OF HER SHOES, MAN - she's checking out this dude, and she's like, "Please don't squeeze the Charmin," right. Okay, so this dude, he pulls all twenty fucking guns on her, and starts firing, alright? No, wait first he's all, "Fuck you Mr. Whipple," because that would be cool. Then the chick runs up the wall with her hot feet, okay?

"Quentin's choice of Wingdings will no doubt go down in font history." **- *Typographer Weekly***

"First chapter completely free of spelling errors."**- Sheila Harpinson, Editor**



Renowned Writer to Actually Write

Monroeville, Alabama [Alabamblog]- Harper Lee set with world on fire with 1960's *To Kill a Mockingbird*, a touching childhood tale about racism and a giant retarded man who saves the day. In the nearly 50 years since this book's publication, however, eighth graders have had precious few Pulitzer Prize-winning novels forced on them. Lee, whose other works include 1985's *To Kill a Mockingbird: Updated Copyright Information* and 1990's *Revised Dedication of To Kill a Mockingbird*, has been unable to provide another groundbreaking novel that has a movie equivalent so you really don't have to read it- until now! *Me and My Money Bin: The Harper Lee Story* features Harper's own tips on how to live a highly profitable life by simply coasting off of one major success. Alabamblog is proud to bring you the introduction to Lee's long-awaited second book.

Hello, everyone; Harper Lee here. I am currently shouting this novel at my houseboy, since the act of typing is simply dreadful and would require me to lower my two golden chalices that are constantly full of mint julip. Christ, I guess you people want to know how to become as successful as me, Harper Lee. I have assembled a list. Rodrigo, do you know how numbers work? Ah, yes.

1. Write a Pulitzer prize-winning magnum opus with a unique moral such as "racism is bad" or "murder is wrong."

2. Befriend Truman Capote. Yes, he's dead now, but I didn't get to where I am today by NOT being the literary world's biggest fag-hag. There, I said it.

3. Hire a professional to count your royalty checks and honorary doctorates at least once a week.

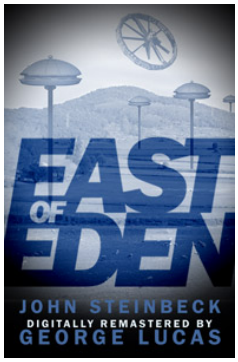
Let me stress this as strongly as I can: make sure you hire a licensed contractor to install your money bin. You don't want to make the mistake I did and have one of your grandchildren choke to death on half-dollars.

What follows this introduction is a new edition of *To Kill a Mockingbird* with improved pronouns. I tire so.

"Buh- GAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!" ***- Literary Sycophant Magazine***

"Harper Lee's new book continues to justify my lifestyle." **- JD Salinger**

George Lucas Is A Prick



The Lucas Ranch [New York Times]- Just a huge prick. Says he wants to digitally remaster old books. What? Doesn't even make sense. Nonsense, that's all. He's speaking nonsense.

"Blah blah blah," said George Lucas. I wasn't paying attention. Screw him. Just nonsense.

Adam Trask stood upon his new land and looked out at the fields and the mountains and the trees. Soon he would find water and began the flowing of life through the soil and out into the dry summer air. A giant alien lizard ambled by behind him as he surveyed his new world. The alien lizard trumpeted mightily. Lee, Adam's Chinese servant, came running up.

"Oh me so scared of giant rizard. It vely scaly!" he said.

Adam laughed. "I know that you actually can speak English perfectly and are the smartest character in the book. You can't fool me."

"Oh no!" said Lee. "Used to be smalt! Now hele just for the most of comedy so the kids they laugh! Lacial Steleotypes number 1 biggest funny thing!" Lee farted and three spaceships landed around them.

"This is going to be great. Everyone is going to love this and it will bring families together. People will rave about it." **- George Lucas**

"What a huge prick. Nonsense. Just pure drivel." ***- New York Times***

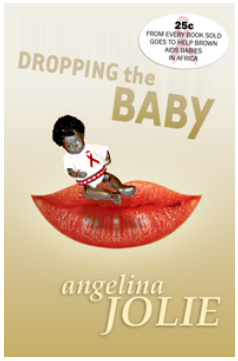
"Fucking Jew York Times" **- George Lucas**

"What was that, asshole? I can't hear you." ***- New York Times***

"Nothing. It was nothing. Forget it." **- George Lucas**

"Well...whatever. No, I haven't had that much to drink. Look, ok fine, I'm going. Jesus." ***- New York Times***

Most Beautiful Woman in the World Is Just Like You and Me



Scranton [FemBook]- *Dropping the Baby* isn't just an example of negligent parenting which is punishable by law- it's also the title of a new inspirational book by superstar actress Angelina Jolie. "*Dropping the Baby* is just a metaphor for life's foibles I'm sure that all women can identify with," says Jolie. "From breaking up with the world's sexiest men, to forgetting to change the chlorine in your indoor waterfall, to dropping the baby- We've all dropped the baby at one point or another! Am I right, ladies?" Since *Dropping the*

Baby was added to Oprah's Book Club, pre-orders of the sale have been phenomenal. Jolie says, "After the tremendous response to *Dropping the Baby*, I've decided to close my money printing factory because it's just too much work. But we've all been there."

Ladies, how many times has this happened to you? You're in the country of Africa, holding AIDS babies, when you realize the most horrifying thing imaginable- you're out of tampons! Yikes! Sometimes, a girl starts to worry; other times a girl has one of her handlers helicoptered out to the nearest Safeway. Crisis averted, girlfriends! And looking at all of those little brown and hungry faces gets me thinking about one thing- chocolate ice cream! It's like, "Sorry, refugees, TTYL, I'm spending quality time with a very important guest: comfort food!" You know what I would give to be as skinny as one of these "ref-cuties?" My ex-husband! Yikes! Let's hope he never hears it- this is just between us ladies... And Billy Bob Thornton's tiny penis! You go girls!

My New Year's Resolutions

1. Wear a really big vial of my lover's blood around my neck as a show of devotion- I'm talking really big like those barrels Saint Bernards wear around their necks in Bugs Bunny cartoons

2. Adopt new baby, name her Sequestra

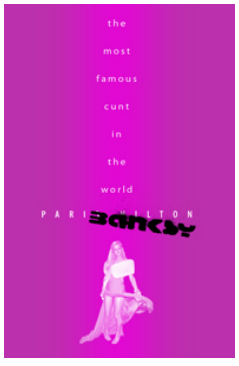
3. Play a retarded character or Lara Croft.

"Buh- GAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!" **- Oprah Winfrey**

"I never knew that I had so much in common with Angelina Jolie. For example, we are both women." **- Sally Meyers, Woman**

"This book is evidence of the shallow values of American culture. Also, I enjoyed the brownie recipies." **- Camille Paglia**

Paris Hilton To Release Book



New York [CNN.com]- Why not?

Haha yes! This is Banksy, famous UK graffiti artist, and I broke into the printing plant and replaced all the books with my own text! Yes! You DID NOT see this coming! I'm here to deliver a message: Paris Hilton is famous because she's rich! I am opening your eyes to the these hidden truths my people! Yes!

Here's my drawing of what her tits would probably look like! Paris Hilton is a whore! Paris Hilton is a whore! Paris Hilton is a whore! Paris Hilton is a whore! Paris Hilton is a whore! Whore Whore Whore Whore Whore Fuck

Fuck Fuck Fuck Fuck I love being a soldier for truth! All she does are cheap publicity stunts! I hate people who do that just to get their name in the paper! Haha! Yes!

"Four stars" **- dakotaboy73, Amazon.com**

"Yes! I've snuck into the newspaper office. This is Banksy! I am king of media! Shit Shit Shit Shit Fuck Fuck Fuck" ***- The LA Times***

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey & Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

10.27 Steve's Ultimate Monster Bash

Friday, Oct 27, 2006 by Steve "Malak" Sumner

I agree it did catch on in a flash, at least in my opinion.

Hey guys, it's Steve. I hope you're all having a very haunted and spooky Halloween! Halloween is by far my favorite holiday. All of the holidays are cool, I'm not going to rag on them, but Halloween just takes it to the next level. You have cool decorations like Christmas and you stuff yourself full of food like on Thanksgiving and Easter, plus you've got sweet parties and costumes. When you're a kid it's all about trick-or-treating and believe me I played my share of tricks on people.

When you get older it's more about cool Halloween parties. I've got to ask you, what party could be cooler than the ultimate Halloween party portrayed in the song "Monster Mash"? The song is basically about a scientist like Dr. Frankenstein who is working on his latest project when all of the sudden a whole bunch of monsters decide to throw an impromptu party. All the big names are there like Wolf Man and Dracula, along with ghouls and zombies who could be a lot of different people. I think the Monster Mash sounds like a totally sweet Halloween party, but I do take issue with it because there are almost no babes there. Total sausage fest and it's not like there are a lack of hot babe monsters.

Thinking about that got me to thinking about who I would invite to my own monster party. I know a lot of web sites and whatever do Halloween specials where they list like the scariest monster or the best horror scene and that's cool, I'm not knockin' those guys, but I think it's too subjective. For example, I'm afraid of birds and Keith is afraid of those monkeys from *The Wizard of Oz*, so if I put *The Dark Half* as the scariest movie ever Keith would be like "no, it's *Wizard of Oz*" and then we'd just have to agree to disagree.

What I'm talking about here is putting together the ultimate guest list for my own personal Ultimate Monster Bash. These are just the monsters I think should be invited. Now, scariness is definitely a factor here, because good Halloween party has some blood curdling terror from beyond a grave or graves, but there are a lot of other factors that are equally important.

One important factor is whether or not a monster would be cool to hang out with. The blob is scary as heck, but he would be really lame at a party. In like two seconds he would just roll over all of the food and then he would just sit there getting bigger or maybe squeeze through a vent or something. Not a good conversationalist and not a good dancer. Another bad choice is that guy from *Jacob's Ladder* who is head banging super fast. When you see him he is scary, but what would he do at a party? Can he do anything else? I mean, yeah, maybe just to look cool you could invite him because he doesn't seem like he would cause much trouble, but he wouldn't add a lot either.

Wolf Man probably has to have some help to get ready for a party.

Another important factor is if they are a hot babe or not. I want to up the babe quotient way higher than Monster Mash, but I can't just take any babe who will come. A bad choice would be *Blair Witch*, because, you know, not enough information. I might as well just invite random goth girls from Adult Friend Finder or whatever,

because Blair Witch is probably "good personality" territory or "lots of curves".

Okay, so to start the guest list off I need to run through the automatic invites. The Monster Mash crew has to come or there will be a big scene. They would just assume they're invited so they're going to show up no matter what. **Dracula**, he's cool as heck, but he can also be lame because he's going to be the center of attention for all of the babes. Keep an eye on him. **Wolf Man**, he's cool, might be a little bit rowdy so keep an eye on how many drinks he's knocking back.

The Mummy is an awesome guy, no problem from the Mummy and he's going to have some wicked stories about ancient Egypt or whatever. **Frankenstein's Monster**? Three words: no tiki torches. Go with electric lighting or have it indoors. You'll be fine and he's a really nice guy as long as you don't get him agitated. **Bride of Frankenstein** will help keep him in line. **Invisible Man**, eh, he's lame at a party because you can't see him so he might just go into the bathroom and stand right next to you when you're taking a leak, but what are you going to do? Throw him out? Good luck.

Lastly, **Creature from the Black Lagoon**. He's a gentleman, but he's special needs, so you have to fill up one of those kiddie pools and put some aquarium tablets in the water. Maybe a couple rocks so he can slide up out of the water and stretch out on the rocks and actually join in the party. You also need to set some ground rules about touching with him. He'll follow them, but if you don't set the rules he'll just figure anything goes.

Those are the monster dudes you absolutely have to invite to any sort of bash, mash or hoedown. Once I've got them penciled in, I'm free to start adding in my own friends and some of the coolest monsters ever to stumble through a graveyard.

Pinhead is a cool guy and his friends are cool and he brings a good vibe to a monster party.

Starting things off you've got the big three of modern monsters: **Jason, Freddy** and **Michael Myers**. Jason Voorhees and Michael Myers are really similar dudes, so they should get along great. Not the best conversationalists, but they stay in touch with youth culture and are pretty hip dudes. Freddy, he's a weirdo, but he has a great sense of humor. Unless you're holding your party inside of someone's dreams his powers should be pretty limited. If you are holding your party inside of someone's dreams he is going to totally hog the spotlight and be the center of attention. Not a good guest for a dream party.

Another good guest is **Pinhead** from the *Hellraiser* movies. Like Freddy, his powers are pretty limited unless you're holding your party inside Hell, but he does have some powers on earth. Pinhead isn't into showboating nearly as much as Freddy, just don't play with any boxes he leaves laying around or he is going to spend the whole party trying to make you miserable. He'll be talking really close and spitting chips and dip on your shirt and just generally being an ass. Pinhead is generally a laid back guy though and as a plus he's like his own rolling party with a whole gang of cool dudes he calls the cenobites. There's that one guy who chomps his teeth all the time and that guy who looks like a dinosaur, plus that hot bald babe who looks like the evil Borg woman from Star Trek.

Speaking of science fiction dudes, I think you could invite pretty much any of the **skeleton alien guys** from *They Live.* Those dudes didn't seem so bad and they're just an instant party game. Line everyone up and then make people guess who is the skeleton alien and who is just a normal dude (or a vampire or whatever) and it could be really hilarious if you get some of the skeleton aliens to dress up as their favorite movie monsters. It would be like "hey look, it's a moth man from *The Moth Man's Prophecy*" and then you hand them the sunglasses and they laugh because it's a skeleton

alien. Be warned though, if they don't want to put on the sunglasses you may be in for quite a struggle.

Yowsah! A popular choice from more recent movies would be **that little girl from the well** in *The Ring*. Just remember, she can drink if she wants because she's technically old enough and as a bonus she doesn't have to drive home or anything, she can just climb into your TV set and go back to her well. Whatever you do, don't let her pick out the video if you guys decide to watch a movie. Ha ha, no, I don't think she would trick you into watching her killer movie at a party or whatever, but she's got like the brain of a crazy nine year old so she'd probably pick Barney or something way gay.

A little wild, but funniest guest ever to a monster party and let's just hope he brings his saucy little female friend there.

Next up, I'm inviting **Keith**. I know his wife probably can't come because of her case of Lupus, but she's welcome to come too. If she doesn't come that's just more of a chance to ogle babes. Okay, but we're not quite to the babes yet.

Two guys who are ready to show up at a moment's notice: **The Candyman** and **Beetlejuice**. The Candyman is an alright dude, but he's pretty intense. You'd probably be talking to him and he would just stare at you and you'd start getting this idea that he wants to kill you with a hook or whatever. Still, I'm about including as many cool guys as possible.

Okay, fine, I'll invite Phantasm ball, but now I have to invite Keith's Roombah.

As for Beetlejuice, well, what can I say? He's only like the craziest party animal of all time! This guy is going to be chugging booze, grabbing butts, making worms come out of his ears and just generally being hilarious. Heck, he's great, open the doors to any of those other guys he knows like **the shrunken head guy** or **that little midget skeleton monster** who is a preacher. Maybe even invite **the good ghosts** from that because you get Alec Baldwin before he went crazy and Geena Davis before she became president. I don't think I get to invite **Lydia** because she technically wasn't a monster, but she was a hot little goth firecracker so I hope she can come over.

On the subject of party animals, I think I would be really missing out if I neglected to invite **Teen Wolf**. You get all of the cool fur and abilities of a Wolf Man, but with the 1980s sensibilities of Michael J. Fox before he was all about starting international incidents with Rush Limbaugh or whatever. To quote something like Teen Wolf, "he would be radical to the max, dude." Heh.

There are more before we get to the babes, but these I'm a little bit undecided about, so I'll let you judge:

The Ghost Bruce Willis from *Sixth Sense* - Nice guy who seems to care a lot, but I don't know, seems kind of boring. Like he might just sit in the corner and think about deep things like being buried or whatever.

The Devil from *The Exorcist* - Yeah, this is like everyone's favorite movie monster, so I'm inclined to invite him/her, but on the other hand the screaming bad words and puking everywhere would get old fast. FAST. Maybe an outdoor party only type of deal.

Silver Balls from *Phantasm* - Cool as heck, maybe they could play with the box Pinhead

brings or whatever, but come on, they're objects. I guess I could invite the evil preacher guy or the little Jawa dudes from Hell, but I'm not really feeling those two.

Leatherface from *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* - Uhhh, okay, really, really scary guy, but do you have any idea how bad all that human skin is going to smell? Plus he never seemed like he had really good control over that chainsaw, I'd be worried he'd be showing off and we'd end up with some serious damage to my mom's bushes. Maybe only if he agreed to leave the chainsaw at home.

What do you think about those guys? I don't know, I'm undecided. What I'm definite about is that I love hot babes and I have some great hot Halloween babes to invite to my Ultimate Monster Bash. These fine ladies will turn undead heads like a 20th level stripper cleric. Heh, little D&D joke for you guys. Anyway, I'm going to list these babes from least hot (but still hot) to most hot.

He landed a good one considering his looks, which I don't think are that good.

5. Zombie Babes

These babes will really help you pad out your party. They're total sluts and there are a ton of them in nurse's outfits, which is like the hottest thing next to maybe cheerleader outfits. I think it's because, statistically speaking, a bunch of zombie attacks happen in hospitals so you get a lot of nurses who get bit by zombies and turn into zombies. You can also get some sweet as heck naked zombie babes if that's your kind of party. Not my scene, but I'm not going to judge you.

4. The Toxic Avenger's Girlfriend

It might be a challenge to get this hottie to your party without her dragging along Toxie, but that's okay. The Toxic Avenger is an alright guy and you could probably play D&D or Xbox with him. She's blind, so if you're unscrupulous you could probably put a pumpkin on your head and get some sideways action by pretending to be the Toxic Avenger. Just watch out and don't get caught, because he seems like he's got a mean jealous streak.

3. Elvira

She maybe is sort of old by now but hooters do not age if you take care of them.

Holy crap, need I say more? That cleavage of hers is totally bonkers and she seems like she's pretty willing to get down and dirty. Maybe get a few sea breezes in her or whatever she likes and you can probably make it to at least third base. Make your move before Dracula, he's almost guaranteed to make a play for her.

2. The Snake Priestess Babe from *Lair of the White Worm*

This is like an unofficial sequel to Conan in modern day and it's one of my totally favorite horror movies. Basically there is this babe who wants to turn everyone into snake monsters and she does it by being hot as all heck. Even after she turns into her evil snake form she still has that Mystique thing going. Just be careful if she starts acting like she is going to, you know, speak into the microphone, because she has a proven track record with that sort of thing and the last thing you want to happen is to end up paralyzed by venom with your pants down at your own party. White Worm definitely not invited though.

1. Hot Vampire Babe from *Underworld*

A lot of people didn't like the *Underworld* movies for whatever reason, but I thought they were cool as heck. They're basically about a war between vampires and werewolves and there are tons of machineguns and explosions and karate fights. Plus there is the hot babe main character. Can't remember her name. She is maybe the hottest babe in the world and, I don't say this lightly, I would put my tongue on every inch of her twice. Plus she is a vampire so she has super powers. Just don't let her bring that lame dude who is like half werewolf and half vampire. He looks like Tom Cullen from the *The Stand* and would probably lose to him in a spelling contest. Heh.

Okay, that's who I am going to invite. We're almost done, but there is one important last thing you've got to do when you make your guest list: decide who you want left off no matter what. Some people who you don't like might make it on there, but you need to make a written list of the dudes you never want coming to your party no matter what. Even one of these buttheads makes it to your party and your whole night is ruined. My list isn't very long, but I stand by it.

Just because you wear clothes and glasses and whatever doesn't make you better than the other Gremlins, Brain Gremlin.

The Fly - No way! This guy did this to himself, first of all, which makes him really lame in my opinion. That wouldn't be enough to keep him out by itself, but he also has the most disgusting party manners ever. He can barely talk and when he eats something he pukes *first*. I'm okay with puking if you drink too much or whatever (just in the toilet or outside, please), but I am not okay with puking on every Ritz cracker you eat. Disgusting!

The Demon Dude from *My Demon Lover* - Uhhhhh, I don't even know what to say about this guy. He's not scary at all, which is a big minus for a monster. Second, he's a demon, but only when he gets a boner. What the heck is that? Like that guy from the cartoon who could only turn into a car when he was hot or whatever? Finally, when he's a demon, you know, totally telegraphing his stiffy, he's got jack squat for cool powers. He just flies around and maybe does some lame magical cantrips and what have you. To be honest, Keith is a scarier monster than the Demon Lover and Keith's only power is that he can make his face really red just by concentrating.

Critters and **Gremlins** - Look, guys, I love you, but you can't come to a party. You are pretty much designed specifically to never be welcome at a party. The only one of you I might consider inviting would be the brain gremlin from *Gremlins 2*, but he seemed like kind of an arrogant dick and like he might just come and then jump in the Creature from the Black Lagoon's pool just to piss me off. No thanks.

> **The Predator** - A mean drunk and he seems like he would just fight with everyone. I mean, that's like all he does is try to kill everyone with a weapon and who could be more armed than my guest list? Plus every time trick-or-treaters show up he'd start in with that "want some candy" voice-modulating crap and just scare them way more than is cool.

Every Halloween I say it, and every Halloween it somehow comes true: this is going to be the best Halloween ever! Guys, have a safe and fun Halloween and be sure to follow your local town's trick-or-treating guides if you plan on going out. I'm going to be having the Ultimate Monster Bash of a lifetime!

-∼Steve "Malak" Sumner

10.28 Repugnant Jobs

Saturday, Oct 28, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Hi there folks, I'm Mike Rowboat. Today on Repugnant Jobs we're celebrating our one hundredth episode by taking a look back at some of the filthiest workplaces we've visited in this great country of ours. You know, if it wasn't for the average joes cleaning semen off of microprocessor lab ceilings and removing dead bodies from candy bar vending machines, the rest of us wouldn't live nearly as comfortably as we do today. The work of these men and women often goes unappreciated, but they are truly the embodiment of all that is good and just in the universe and they should probably be bestowed with a medal and the power to decide who lives and who dies.

(opening theme)

Repugnant jobs, repugnant jobs
Clean up public bathrooms and masturbate dogs

These jobs need done for the good of mankind
Unclog the drains in a slaughterhouse and see what you find

Repugnant jobs, repugnant jobs
Not quite as shameful as writing political blogs

Give sponge baths to burn victims and shovel some coal
Gotta get a repugnant job to meet the conditions of your parole

From Episode 014 - Diamond In The Roughage

Mike: I'm here with Don and we're approximately fifty feet beneath the city of Seattle in a particularly dank, dingy corner of the sewer system. Don has a very elaborate and horrifying piece of machinery down here. What exactly am I looking at?

Don: A device I built just for this job, Mike. It's one of a kind and sort of difficult to explain. First, we have this intake valve. This is where all of the city's raw sewage comes in. Next it goes through that chamber, which separates the solid waste from the liquid.

Mike: So in car terms, the first part of this process would be like the... spark plug?

Don: No, not at all.

Mike: The transmission?

Don: No.

Mike: Brakes? Battery? Glove box?

(Silence as they look at one another)

Don: So then the waste gets deposited onto this conveyer belt, where I sift through it with my bare hands. That's what you'll be doing today.

Mike: What exactly are we trying to find inside of the solid waste, Don?

Don: Diamond rings. Everyone's heard stories about someone dropping their ring in a sink or the shower or the toilet. My job is to find those rings and sell them for money.

Mike: By sifting through human waste with your hands. How long have you been doing this?

Don: Little over fifteen years.

Mike: And how many rings would you estimate you've found in that time?

Don: Around zero.

Mike: What's the most surprising thing you've found?

Don: I'd probably say shit. Of course we're dealing with raw sewage here, but I've been pleasantly surprised by just how much shit comes through this place on a daily basis. You'd think there would be a lot more goldfish and condoms and Gameboys, but no. It's mostly shit.

Mike: I noticed that the solid waste eventually heads back into the main line, but the pipe that carries the liquid away goes in a completely different direction. Where does all liquid waste that end up, Don?

Don: I have survived these last fifteen years by not asking about that, Mike. If you value your life you will put it out of your mind immediately.

Mike: Okay, Don!

From Episode 037 - Horsin' Around

Mike: Hi there, folks. Today I'm here with...?

Hector: Hector.

Mike: Hector, here at the Oakdale Ranch in Colorado. So what are we doing today, Hector? I see we've got some sort of a bird here.

Hector: Horse. This is a horse.

Mike: Ah, yes. So what are we doing?

Hector: Well, this horse is named Stephanie and we are going to do an abortion for her.

Mike: Really. See, I wasn't aware that such a thing was possible.

Hector: *(laughs)* Oh, it's possible Mike. We perform around sixty of these procedures a month for various ranches in this area.

Mike: Now why, exactly? Don't the cowboys want as many horses to be born as possible?

Hector: Well, unlike human beings horses cannot speak so they cannot ask for abortions. According to our research 10% of human pregnancies are unwanted, so after nine horses on any particular ranch become pregnant we perform an abortion for the tenth. Our job is basically to give these horses the freedom of choice that they cannot ask for.

Mike: Gotcha. I'm looking around and I don't see any surgical tools, Hector. Did you leave them in the car?

Hector: No, our service is all-natural. Nowadays if your company isn't organic or "green" you lose out on a lot of business.

Mike: I see. So since I'm here to experience your job firsthand, what exactly am I going to have to do? Just reach in that horse and squeeze?

Hector: *(laughs)* No. No, nothing like that. Before we proceed I'm going to ask that you remove the shoe and sock from the foot that you kick with and sterilize it in this bucket of alcohol. You might want to roll up your pants leg as well, unless you're wearing those new placenta-guard Dockers.

From Episode 072 - Flapping Our Gums

Mike: We're in scenic downtown Baltimore with Charles, and today we're doing what exactly?

Charles: We are testing the gum.

Mike: Testing the gum. Which gum would that be?

Charles: Oh, all of it. On the sidewalk, stuck on the sides of buildings, under bus stop benches.

Mike: What are we testing it for?

Charles: Freshness. We taste the gum, then determine if it still has flavor. If it does, we put it back where we found it. If it does not have flavor, we deposit it into this paper bag.

Mike: Okay, here's a wad of gum. It has a thin film of ash on top and it's sort of beige on the bottom.

Charles: Give it a chew, buddy.

Mike: It's umm... hmm. It tastes like nightmares.

Charles: That's still good then. All flavors are good, blandness is bad. Put it back.

Mike: Oh, hey. I think I just caught a stray bullet in my hip.

Charles: Yeah, that'll happen.

From Episode 093 - Office-ial Business

Mike: Today I'm with Carol in a workplace that's quite foreign to Repugnant Jobs. What exactly is this place, Carol? Some sort of aquarium?

Carol: It's an office.

Mike: Ah, yes. Hence all the neckties and desks. What are we doing today?

Carol: I will give you a pile of reports, and you will type the contents of those reports into our database using a computer.

Mike: That doesn't sound very gross at all, but fine by me. It'll be a nice change of pace.

(Montage of Mike relaxing in his chair with a cup of coffee, typing while listening to music as the hours pass)

Man In A Biohazard Suit: Three o'clock!

(The man in a biohazard suit opens a valve on the fire hose he has carried into the room, blasting the entire office with liquefied raw sewage. Mike is knocked out of his chair by the jetstream, but the other employees hardly move, calmly clutching onto their desks as they continue to look at their computers.)

Mike: Wait a second. Can someone please answer a simple question for me?

Carol: Yes?

Mike: What do I do with these files once I've finished with them?

Carol: Take them into the storage closet, put them on the tarp and force your fingers down the eagle's throat until he vomits all over them. Then just climb into the compost pile and root around until you find a good spot for them in the boiling tar at the bottom.

Mike: Thanks, Carol!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.29 US Department of Video Game Travel

Sunday, Oct 29, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Consular Information Sheet

Please click on this link to read important information you should see **before** you travel in a video game.

This information is current as of today, ***Spain***

Gamers planning to travel to *Spain* should read Zombies and You, Basic Chainsaw Dodging Facts and Yes Goddammit Those Are Technically Zombies Stop Arguing With Me available on the Department of Video Games web site at http://videogames.state.gov

June 06, 2006

COUNTRY DESCRIPTION: Like most of the areas covered under the jurisdiction of the US Department of Video Game Travel, Spain is easily divided into stages or zones. In this case, there are three. While each has its own distinctive decor and unique look for its population of similarly dressed clones, there are certain facts that hold true whether you plan to visit rural Spain or creepy industrial island Spain. Please keep in mind that the infrastructure for a tourist industry is at best basic through most of Spain. Sleeping conditions range from horrendous (strange stains on mattress, extreme pressure to join along in religious activities, etc.) to merely terrifying (certain secluded cabins make comfortable enough resting places as long as the whole town doesn't insist on tagging along, a situation that is distressingly frequent). While there are no travel warnings currently in place for Spain, gamers are advised to take every precaution possible when approaching locals. The US Video Game Travel Department hereby emphasizes to the most extreme measure possible that any shouts of *"¡Voy a matarte!"* or *"Morir es vivir"* are NOT to be translated as friendly greetings, despite the dangerously inaccurate advice contained in the Fodor's Spain Adventure guidebook.

ENTRY/EXIT REQUIREMENTS: No passport is currently required in order to enter Spain as all customs and immigration officials recently vanished under mysterious circumstances. If you see any of them while traveling in Spain, please contant the US Department of Video Game Travel as soon as possible so their families might be informed.

Sadly, the bag over his head impaired his vision and the world's shyest logger did not realize what he was cutting until too late.

SAFETY AND SECURITY: The security situation in Spain remains an ambigeuous one. Despite rumors of highly dangerious activities on the part of numerous citizins, the fact remains that not a single person who has entered the country has ever come out again to register a complaint with the Video Game Travel Department office. Thus we are forced to classify the security situation as officially unknown. Unofficially, we can only point to last words heard from a US gamer who entered the territory of Spain. More accurately we could describe them as last pained, wet gurgles.

CRIME: Despite harsh criminal penalties and a population that is commendably malleable to the hands of authority, crime in Spain remains startlingly high. Along with the usual murders, disappearances, human experimentation, kidnapping, cannibalism, violent

sexual abuse, public swearing, biological agents used for purposes of genocide and illegal use of flaming catapults, there is a most unhappy epidemic of petty theft. Most anything left lying upon a dresser or even locked in a chest stored safely in a closet will almost certainly be looted within a matter of days. Facilitating this is an unusually visible and well-organized black market which, reportedly, will buy it at a high price.

INFORMATION FOR VICTIMS OF CRIME: If you find yourself the victim of any sort of criminal action within Spain, please report it as soon as possible to the nearest agent of the US government. Frankly, we're looking for an excuse to kick this country's ass anyway.

MEDICAL FACILITIES AND HEALTH INFORMATION: Medical facilities and capabilities in Spain vary between the three regions. While the rural area is incapable of handling even the most basic of medical emergencies as evidenced by the frequent and misguided attempts to perform surgeries through the use of broad swings of an ax, the creepy industrial island area has medical facilities to rival any developed country. Be warned however that these facilities have proven resistant to inspection, so the quality of care given is an unknown. Also sometimes there this guy that hides in an oven then pops out and dies right in front of you. Be advised that this will mess your day right up. But then you should see what they keep in their bathtubs in some places.

MEDICAL INSURANCE: In addition to standard medical insurance, it would be wise to check your policy for coverage of alien parasite removal. The Department of Video Game Travel has had to deal with this issue more times than you might reasonably expect.

TRAFFIC SAFETY AND ROAD CONDITIONS: While in a video game, U.S. citizens may encounter road conditions that differ significantly from those in the real world you nerds. The information below concerning Spain is provided for general reference only, and may not be totally accurate in a particular location or circumstance.

Road travel in Spain is considered extremely difficult, not only due to hostile locals but also the prevelance of locked gates between any two large open areas. Travel by car would involve near constant stops to open gates, simultaneously lift levers placed just out of arm's reach of each other, and clear various bear traps and trip wires attached to armed explosives left in the road, no doubt, by careless local children.

The advantages of travel by foot in this region is amplified by the near-supernatural agility gained merely by crossing the border from any neighboring country. While within Spain, a visitor will find that climbing and withstanding falls from high places is a manner of simple course. Swinging a knife around, of course, is still hard as hell.

The unreliable electrical supply in Spain led to the introduction of these noble volunteers: The Living Streetlamps.

AVIATION SAFETY OVERSIGHT: True playas don't fly, son.

SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES: Spain is what is known as a Wacko Alien Religious Cult Thing. It is one of five such countries in the world, and, as such, a visitor should be very respectful of local religious practices. As representatives of western morality, it would be presumptuous for us to condemn any of Spain's beliefs as "wrong" or "incorrect". If one of the believers wishes to inject some sort of wormy creature into your neck that will slowly destroy your soul and the essence of your personality, then we urge you to not disrespect their culture by refusing.

CRIMINAL PENALTIES: While in a video game, a U.S. citizen is subject to that video game's

laws and regulations, which sometimes differ significantly from those in the United States and may not afford the protections available to the individual under the laws of real world physics.

Consequences for breaching the laws of Spain are uniquely harsh, and all visitors are hereby warned that all illegal acts are punishable by death. Illegal acts in Spain include:

- Being seen.
- Existing within city limits.
- ARE YOOOOUU REAAAADY FOR MY HEDGE MAZE MISTER KENNDEY?? NOOOO ONE EEEEVER ESCAAAPES FROOM MY HEDGE MAZE MISTER KENNDEY
- HOOOOW DIIID YOOOU ESCAAPE FROM MY HEDGE MAZE? NOOO ONE EEEVER ESCAAAAPEES
- Littering.

CHILDREN'S ISSUES: There are no children in Spain. Not anymore. No children at all.

Not anymore.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

10.30 SA Codelords

Monday, Oct 30, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

SA CODELORDS

Are you stuck in a rut, or do you just want to take your game to the next level? SA Codelords is the most elite videogame tips, tactics and secret code squad and we are opening up our vast archives of precious game-winning codes to you! Unlock buried secrets, discover new ways to defeat old enemies and take on foes that you thought were impossible. We have codes for the hottest games of today, as well as millions of excellent codes for recent hits and older titles. Prepare to enter our world. Prepare to bow down to the Codelords.

DEAD RISING
TOP PHOTO OPS
The following photo ops will give Frank big PP rewards and help you become the king of the mall:
5,000 PP
- When Adam is juggling his chainsaws.
- When Isabella is jumping a ramp.
- When Norma's shoe comes untied.
- When Ebasco drops the apple pie.
- When Filmore is trying to climb the slide and keeps slipping and falling back down.
- When Dr. Zorba first jumps out of the turkey.
- When Prince Chutney first gets the magic carpet from Ivanhoe.
- Whenever Paco the Sleepy Zombie snores and bubbles float up out of his mouth.
- When you beat Carlos in the push-up rhythm game in the submarine.
- When the pterodactyl is hammering trying to get into the airlock.
- When the cowboy eats the first stick of butter.
- Any picture of a zombie zipping up its pants.
- Any erotica photo of a zombie where the zombie is stuck inside the spokes of an old timey bicycle.
- Any photo of the zombie in the wheelchair trying to climb stairs.
10,000 PP
- When Jeff and Natalie reunite.
- When the spider crawls out from under the hat and burps.
- When Clobby yells at the ghost until it cries.
- The second time when the ghost is crying because of what Ebasco says about pie.
- When the ghost tries to kiss a zombie but its lips go through the zombie and it flies away having a tantrum.
- After you manage to calm the ghost down with the icecream sandwich.
- When Paul can't get the heads of the VCR clean.
- When you get the first "addicted to lip balm" warning message, after the ghost screams and flies into the balcony of the opera.
- When Bruno agrees to sell you the magic beard.
- When you first use the magic beard on the pink zombie and it turns into a ghost.
- When the ghost flies out of the drain pipe crying and knocks the school books out of the hands of the pink ghost.
- When the ghost gets a nosebleed from seeing up the pink ghost's skirt.
- When Hector pilots the zeppelin into Paradise Plaza for the third time.
- When Julie is crying about her daughter dying to the zombies (get double points if you time it to one of her farts).
- At the ghost wedding when the army tank drives out of the cake.
- When you are about to get the J ending you can catch a photograph of the pterodactyl attacking the helicopter.
- You can take three pictures of the honeymoon suite during the ghost honeymoon epilogue.
SA CODELORDS
ULTIMATE VIDEOGAME MASTERY

Hot Codes

Hot Codes covers the hottest games with the hottest codes to give you the edge. The hottest edge.

This week we bring you one of the most talked-about games in recent memory: Rockstar's coming-of-age game **Bully**. This is a game that generated a great deal of controversy when it was first announced, but much of this controversy has turned out to be inaccurate speculation. The game is actually a story of one child's harrowing experience at school *avoiding* rather than becoming a bully. There is none of the racism, sex or bad language predicted by critics and only moderate violence and mayhem. Until now. We unleash *Bully* to its fullest potential with a series of eyebrow-raising Gamesharks. Parents just won't understand.

Boxing Outfit
Unlock the boxing outfit (appears in your locker).

760E3380 00000000
089B433A 0CA57A56

Hellworth Transformation
Bullworth always looks like it does during underworld transitions.

760DAE20 00000000
089B120A 0CA57A56

Excited Kids
All children have perpetual erections including girls.

76098280 00000000
089B54A8 0CA57A0F

Train Tracks
Replaces Russell with a white-haired Sourthern gentleman and replaces the fight in chapter one with a rhythm

game in which you must tie an escaped slave to train tracks to the beat of "Tequila" by the Champs.

760FB960 00000000
089B6C21 0CA57A56

Hot Grease
Adds a secret room under the train bridge that is hidden behind flattened cardboard boxes. Inside you will find several dead schoolgirls as well as a few still being raped by greasers. You can talk to the greasers and get a key that gives you a go kart. Come back here at any time to rape a girl and regain health. If the girl dies be sure to use the quicklime (in the corner) on her or you will be called into the principal's office when you return to Bullworth.

7602A120 00000000
089B6CD2 0CA57A56

A Modest Preposition
All spoken prepositions are replaced with a recording of a woman screaming a randomly-selected racial slur.

7602218CF0 00000000
089BH9A8 0BB57A0F

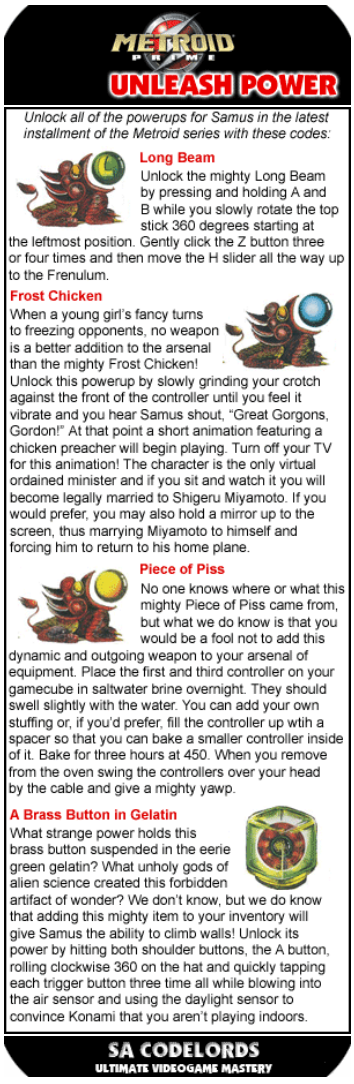
Cumfarter Costume
You must have the funnel in your inventory for this to work.

760BF350 00000000
089B121B 0CA57A0F

Wow! We're not ones to judge here at Codelords, but it's my guess this is going to land Rockstar in another cup of *Hot Coffee!*

Be sure to check out this week's Hot Codes sidebar covering all of the best photo ops in Capcom's hit zombie-blasting rampage game, **Dead Rising**!

Dr. Oogar Volasovik Kilyakovich is our resident gaming expert. He holds a doctorate in Koptsinkro Divination from the Georgian Online Academy of Orthodox Mysticism.


METROID PRIME
UNLEASH POWER
Unlock all of the powerups for Samus in the latest installment of the Metroid series with these codes:
Long Beam
Unlock the mighty Long Beam by pressing and holding A and B while you slowly rotate the top stick 360 degrees starting at the leftmost position. Gently click the Z button three or four times and then move the H slider all the way up to the Frenulum.
Frost Chicken
When a young girl's fancy turns to freezing opponents, no weapon is a better addition to the arsenal than the mighty Frost Chicken! Unlock this powerup by slowly grinding your crotch against the front of the controller until you feel it vibrate and you hear Samus shout, "Great Gorgons, Gordon!" At that point a short animation featuring a chicken preacher will begin playing. Turn off your TV for this animation! The character is the only virtual ordained minister and if you sit and watch it you will become legally married to Shigeru Miyamoto. If you would prefer, you may also hold a mirror up to the screen, thus marrying Miyamoto to himself and forcing him to return to his home plane.
Piece of Piss
No one knows where or what this mighty Piece of Piss came from, but what we do know is that you would be a fool not to add this dynamic and outgoing weapon to your arsenal of equipment. Place the first and third controller on your gamecube in saltwater brine overnight. They should swell slightly with the water. You can add your own stuffing or, if you'd prefer, fill the controller up wtih a spacer so that you can bake a smaller controller inside of it. Bake for three hours at 450. When you remove from the oven swing the controllers over your head by the cable and give a mighty yawp.
A Brass Button in Gelatin
What strange power holds this brass button suspended in the eerie green gelatin? What unholy gods of alien science created this forbidden artifact of wonder? We don't know, but we do know that adding this mighty item to your inventory will give Samus the ability to climb walls! Unlock its power by hitting both shoulder buttons, the A button, rolling clockwise 360 on the hat and quickly tapping each trigger button three time all while blowing into the air sensor and using the daylight sensor to convince Konami that you aren't playing indoors.
SA CODELORDS
ULTIMATE VIDEOGAME MASTERY

Salutations travelers. It is said in East that something which is experienced alone is not real, but it becomes real when it is shared with others. Therefore, we approach the realest genre of gaming in existence; the multiplayer first person shooter.

Electronic Arts has recently released first person shooter with ground combat and air combat called **Battlefield 2142**. Many say codes will not work in such games, but this is pure poppycock. Codes work better giving the player of the game skills and achievements which are then shared with other players. Because of the obfuscatorious nature of the Internet videogame it is not certain whether it is skill with game alone or skill with codes which give the player his amazing ability. Thus assured, the legend continues.

Here are code:

HIT TILDA
Probably next to number one at top. Go ahead and hit it.

BRING UP CONSOLE
Should be up if you hit tilda.

TYPE "GEBORTDAY" (NO QUOTES)
No quotes.

NOW YOU HAVE
Hovertenk Nekomata.

HIT TILDA AGAIN BRING UP
Console and type "KRATAKOA".

(NO QUOTES)
Now you have unlimited seabreeze missiles and shoot with no realoadink.

IN THE EAST THERE IS TERM FOR DRAGON WITH
No fire. He is called a "Boldonsko". Make enemies so they have no fire by enter:

"HAIRONIMO" (NO QUOTES)
Let him try and shoot you now!

For right now, this is all code.
(NO QUOTES)

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO HERE?

Okay, I go.

I salute the brave warriors of Internet war. Conquer and remember what the doctor always says: from the East we will come one day and our frozen steppes have made us immune to cold and our

fiery beverages have made us immune to fire and you will quake in your shoes. Like the videogame hit. Quake 4!

Also is code for Metroid game. I did not have time to write that at all, so other staffers with less doctorates wrote this code article. Metroid, I shrug, it is for the direst Gamecube. We feed Gamecube to little babies in East...and they hate it! They spit it out and spit on it. East only likes Microsoft Xbox and top action game Halo 2. Does Gamecube evolve ancient art of combat? Nyet. Gamecube evolves non-ancient art of Pikmining. Who does Pikmining?

Answer is no one. No one in East does Pikmining. Hate Pikmining with fire of ten thousand suns. Shoot Pikminers on sight and hang carcasses from trees.

But Metroid is maybe very good. Hey, who am I to be the judge? I am just a holder of a doctorate from online university in great nation of Georgia with highest number of hits all of last week. There could be someone who is doctor twice and loves Metroid.

TERRENCE MALICK'S TacOps RETRO CHEATS

These retro codes for Terrence Malick's TacOps are sure to give you the line on victory:

Big Head Mode

Give all of the Japanese and American soldiers wacky giant noggins by hitting X, X, R1, R2, L1.

Play as Someone Else

Hit R1, R1, R1, L2, L2 and then triangle to play as The Spooky Melanesian, X to play as the dead Japanese soldier, R2 to play as a butterfly, or square to play as a drop of rainwater slowly sliding down a leaf.

Mega Carnage Mode

Pressing circle, square, X, circle, square, X will unleash Mega Carnage Mode. All of the Melanesian natives will become ultra aggressive and are now equipped with rocket launchers.

Unlock Sound Test

At the title screen press L2, L2, up, left, down, right and square. You will hear a native Koyo drum roll and you can enter the sound tester to play all 11 hours of voice clips as well as more than 15 sound effects like "soft jungle sounds" and "soft beach sounds".

CerebroSpike Code

Get your hands on the ultimate in US Army badassness by entering square, square, square, triangle. The CerebroSpike and 100 Biovore Maggots will be added to your inventory, allowing you to one-shot those pesky cyberstrogs guarding the magma palace.

SA CODELORDS
ULTIMATE VIDEOGAME MASTERY

Retro Corner

Codelords features a retrospective on a great overlooked game from previous years once per week. This look back includes exciting information about the game as well as invaluable retro cheats! Pick these old gems up and play them in style!

This week's retro game is a truly unique and exciting tactical first person shooter that received critical acclaim, but was sadly ignored by consumers. **Terrence Malick's TacOps** (Playstation) was originally intended as a movie tie-in for 1998's "The Thin Red Line". When audiences turned their back on the film, publisher THQ felt that Malick's name would actually be more valuable on the game's box cover. Malick, who originally had nothing to do with THQ and developer Ronin Moebius Penultimate, became heavily involved in the game's development when he learned that it was going to be named after him. For the remainder of the game's development process, Malick worked closely with Ronin.

The result of Malick's tinkering is a game that is sublime, dull, intense and beautiful. It is a tactical first person shooter in which you have limited control over a squad of US Army soldiers storming various islands in the Pacific. The game thrusts the player into the boots of Private Witt, as voiced by James Caviezel, a particularly introspective and philosophical warrior. Caviezel recorded more than nine hours of voiceover and these are heard alongside more then six hours of material (many

of it unused) from the movie "The Thin Red Line".

Each stage begins with a mission briefing, of sorts, that is either voiced by one of Witt's superiors or is simply a meditation by Witt on the course of the battle. Mission objectives are clearly labeled on the map, but are often nebulous or bizarre. The third level sees Witt enduring a nine minute artillery barrage. Once it ends a pop-up instructs you to contemplate the carnage by hovering your gun sights over at least ten wounded bodies and 50 jungle plants and animals. Every single object is contemplated in voiceover by Caviezel. During the free-roving missions hovering your gun sight over plants for roughly ten seconds is the only way to heal your character.

Combat consists of firing blindly through tall grass and dense jungle in the direction of the enemy. After a battle Witt must talk to each of his fellow soldiers, pour water on their heads, massage their sore muscles or embrace them lovingly. While some may titter at these sequences, there is nothing sexual in nature and they can be very moving if you allow yourself to be drawn in by the gentle background noises and sparse music.

When Ronin submitted the finished product to THQ, the developers insisted they increase the carnage in the latter stages of the game and add some comic relief.

Bruce Campbell was hired to voice an acerbic non-commissioned officer who repeatedly radios Witt with sarcastic comments about the battle. The game, which had ended with Witt dying, was revamped to include several levels that take place inside a Japanese underworld. These levels see Witt and soldiers who died earlier in the game assaulting a techno-fortress inhabited by genetically altered Japanese zombies. These levels are even better than the earlier levels and really bring intense action to a game desperately lacking focus.

Be sure to check your bargain bins for a used copy of Terrence Malick's TacOps and plug in to the codes that will help Private Witt blast his way to victory.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.31 Something Awful's 2006 Halloween Special

Tuesday, Oct 31, 2006 by The Something Awful Staff (@Arr)

Halloween! Time for SPOOKY STORIES! Huddle beneath a cozy blanket in the dark and fire up some s'mores over a jack-o-lantern's head, because it's time for some creepy thrills from the writers of Something Awful!

Night of the Wendigo
By David Thorpe

> The eerie rumble of decomposing owls crackled in the air. Somewhere, miles away, at an entirely inaudible distance, maybe a foghorn blew. A branch creaked, then cracked—suddenly, the forest was silent and still. The creatures knew that the beast had awakened.
>
> Tim and Sancho, young brothers, enjoyed the chilly thrill of front-yard camping in Autumn, the spookiest of seasons. Late into the night they would tell each other tales of ghosts and murderers, their flashlight beams pressed under their chins for maximum spine-chilling effect. Tim and Sancho would trade their tales for hours, until they got too scared to sleep and too tired to stay awake. In their dreamlike state, the creepy shadows on the tent wall would take menacing shapes, like the shape of a werewolf.
>
> Their eyes half-closed, Tim and Sancho's imaginations ran wild... or did they? Tim's eyes snapped open. Was that the crack of a twig, or just the patter of his eyelids against his glossy orbs? Petrified, he whispered to Sancho: "Sancho! Did you hear that?"
>
> But Sancho did not awaken. Fear had pinched Tim's voice to a reedy wisp. Terror grasped him as he heard the unmistakable twang of a cracking snap. The ruffling of branches stood like an imposing clatterbasket against the stark still of the calm. The disturbance snapped closer, branches breaking and clacking under the weight of the creature. Tim's silent scream urged Sancho to wake, but he would not.
>
> The moonlight painted an ugly silhouette against the translucent tent wall. Tim recognized the grim countenance: it was the Wendigo, great lumbering ape of the North, bane of the antique Indians who in all their spiritualism could not kill it. The Wendigo clawed at the tent-flaps and fumbled for the zipper. Tim could hear the Wendigo's hot breath whistling from its coarsely furred nostrils.
>
> Frustrated by the zipper, the Wendigo tore the tent from stem to stern, exposing Tim and Sancho to the chilly elements. Under the moon's chilling glow, Tim could see the seven-foot beast standing tall before him, its fur matted with the blood of a thousand children and dead Indians from ages past.
>
> "Time to go to the dentist," it bellowed!

The Most Terrible Monster of All
By Zack Parsons and the Forums of Democratic Underground

George W. Bush looked into the mirror and realized that it was he, George W. Bush, who was the most terrible monster of all.

"What have I done," he cried, looking at his horribly ugly chimpanzee face in the mirror.

Feeling guilt and revulsion well up in his body, George W. Bush picked up the razorblade from the bathroom counter and slashed his wrist open. Thick black ichor bubbled out of the wound.

"No!" George W. Bush screamed.

The black blood oozed slowly out of his body. With a new wave of nausea he dipped his finger in it and tasted it. Sweet Texas crude. Oil! His blood was oil!

"Noooooo!" George W. Bush slammed his fists against the glass and the mirror shattered, distorting the image of his face.

Pieces of glass from the mirror began to drop away and behind it, like a gateway to another reality, was Osama Bin Laden standing in front of the mirror. His eyes glowed red.

"HA HA HA!" Laughed Osama. "It seems the fly has caught the spider, mighty Bush!"

George W. Bush recoiled from the cackling visage of Bin Laden, turning and spinning as though he were falling. Down...down...down...

Into bed. He sat upright, sweat beading his face.

"It was all a dream," he said to himself.

Realizing that the horrible nightmare was just that, he curled back under the blanket and spooned up against Laura. She stirred slightly.

"Shhh, go back to sleep," he cooed in her ear.

There was a sickening pop and Laura's head turned all the way around. It was George W. Bush's face, laughing like Osama! HA HA HA!

"Noooooooooooooo!" George W. Bush screamed.

But he could not wake up!

The Skeleton Car Wash
by Bob "Bobservo" Mackey

There was a new car wash in town. A skeleton car wash. It was called "Skeleton Car Wash" because it was a car wash run completely by skeletons.

It was Saturday. I was in the car with my stepmother, and she asked me, quite bluntly, "Would you like to go to the Skeleton Car Wash?" I asked, "You mean, the one run completely by skeletons?" She nodded. The other Skeleton Car Wash was run by the Skeleton family who were not skeletons.

We pulled up to the Skeleton Car Wash, and a skeleton in coveralls walked over to the driver's-side window. "What'll it be, ma'am?" My stepmother asked for a normal wash; the skeleton walked over to my window, rapped on it, and stuck the ten dollar bill my mother had given him right in his eye socket. It popped out of his mouth and I guess it would be scarier if we hadn't just shopped at the Skeleton Supermarket (they have a skeleton in the back that works in the deli).

My stepmother drove into the car wash, and the lights went out. It was just like a regular car wash, except you were supposed to tune your radio to a specific frequency and they would play spooky sound effects. Except I guess the skeletons weren't paying attention because there was just a bunch of jungle sounds.

We pulled out of the Skeleton Car Wash onto the main road. We both felt empty, somehow. Suddenly, my stepmother looked at me and asked, "Wasn't that car wash supposed to be $8.50?" At that point I realized that my stepmother was a ghost all along, and we didn't get our change back and things were scary.

The Ghost of Robinhood
By Steve "Malak" Sumner

All was quiet on Halloween eve as the wind howled through the trees and lightning crashed in the sky. A single stage coach was traveling along a dusty road through Nottingham forest in England. Inside the stage coach were three people. There was Lady Ellingsby who was very beautiful and proper. There was also her husband the Lord Ellingsby who was a handsome and dashing man. Their guest was a third man who was from the surrounding country. He was supposed to take them to the mansion they had inherited from Lord Ellingsby's father Joe Ellingsby.

"It is a very spooky night tonight," remarked Lady Ellingsby who had heard some wolves howling.

"Yes, indeed, wife," agreed Lord Ellingsby.

"There is no danger," rasped the strange man who accompanied them in their stage coach. "Things are very quiet in Nottingham and we have only one thing to fear."

Lightning exploded a tree with a bright flash of light and the horses shied away. The light revealed the scarred face of their traveling companion who had a face that was covered with scars.

"The ghost of Robinhood!" He added.

Just then there was a sound like an arrow hitting the driver's neck and they heard a thump like the driver's body falling off the stagecoach and landing under a wheel that crushed him.

"What was that?!" Lord Ellingsby cried.

"It can't be!" Shouted their traveling companion just as the door to the stagecoach was flung open.

Lady Ellingsby jumped back from the door and her boobs popped out of her dress. Suddenly, a spectral form appeared in the doorway. He had pointy-toed boots and a bow in addition to a hat that was green. All of him was glowing fearsomely. Unearthly embers of angry energy burned in his eye sockets.

"I have found you at last," the ghost said in a spectral voice.

"No!" The Ellingsby's traveling companion said, but the ghost of Robinhood grabbed his cloak and pulled it away.

It was another ghost! That ghost was the ghost of the Sheriff of Nottingham.

"Our eternal struggle ends tonight!" Robinhood said and drew his sword.

The Sheriff of Nottingham also drew his sword. Rain fell on them and made their hair wet and flew around when they were fighting, which they began doing. Ghostly swords clanged with unearthly energy. Both ghost men were expert sword masters, but it was obvious that Robinhood was better as he killed the ghost of the Sheriff of Nottingham.

"No," the Sheriff of Nottingham cried, "I can't die...again."

With a burst of flames his body melted into a puddle of goo. Robinhood returned to the stagecoach.

"Now I will take you to your mansion," Robinhood smiled, "and then I will take the mansion and give it to the people, for I tis a generous ghost."

Lord Ellingsby knew then that he had made a friend for life with this man, the ghost, of Robinhood.

THE END

A Spooky Story to Tell in the Dark
By Alvin "Pantsfish" Schwartz

Once upon a time there was a fish who lived in a magical sea known as Bloomington. He was young, relatively attractive, and engaged to a fish who loved him very much. Life was good.

One night the fish was tired after searching all night for grown-up stories about pretty girl fishes missing their fins or gills. Before he crawled into his crumb-covered nest of sea bubbles and Pepsi cans filled with months-old cigarette butts, his good friend, a doctor from up the street paid him a call.

"Mr. Fish, oh Mr. Fish," the doctor said, the shiny metal stethoscope atop his head twinkling with glee, "I am compiling a list of spooky Halloween stories and would love it if you could help me. If you are not too busy trying to sneak the pile of corn chip-smelling socks under your desk out of your room without your roommates noticing, could you lend a hand?"

The fish gladly agreed, and after sweeping the bits of old fried chicken and solidified Popsicle gel from his keyboard, he hit the Internet to look for inspiration. The Internet was a scary place for the fish. Searching for "Spooky Kid Halloween" popped up a picture of a young girl with duct tape over her mouth in the back of the van, and searching for "Scary Kids Story" brought up a "kid-friendly" site that featured a very un-kiddy popup of a young woman rubbing herself inappropriately on a Darth Vader mask!

The fish was distraught. What would he do? He'd built his own fish kingdom building on the works of others; if the Internet failed him, where would he turn?

An idea hit him: If he searched Google for his own name *surely* he'd find something. With one hand down the front of the XXL swimming trunks he hadn't taken off in three days, he happily searched the Internet for any mention of his name, paying particular interest to a Myspace fish who had stolen his name and a line from one of his writings! After registering a fake account to passive-aggressively question *that* fish's sexuality in a crudely-written email (it was hard to him to type since he was using one fin to scratch the athlete's foot that had spread up to mid-ankle), he heard a ding. It was his email! Surely that would bring some inspiration!

He opened his email client. It took him six tries to put in the right password (he forgot if that account used "staplecunt" or "tamponlollipop"), he looked. His heart rose in his throat. It was his credit card statement! Propping what little chin he had against a shotgun his father was always too drunk to show him how to use, he forwarded the email onto his doctor friend.

THE END

This Haunted Space Within
By Josh "Livestock" Boruff

The astronaut stared at the stars, focusing so intently on them that they became like drills piercing into his eyeballs. He wanted to reach out to them and pull himself closer, but they were always out of touch. Everything seemed so far away, and the black was everywhere. It was spilling into his suit even. It was under his skin.

The astronaut remembered the screams just as the capsule lost pressure, and everyone died. He wasn't able to stop the monster in time, the monster that was all around them and trying so hard to get inside. His helmet kept him safe, but the others didn't see it coming. The others didn't understand the black that wanted to eat them.

The astronaut remembered the moon, full and bright and how pleasant it was. It was like an old friend smiling down from heaven, whispering sweet words of encouragement. The astronaut lost so many friends to the black that the lights were all that kept him sane. Space didn't like people, least of all astronauts. Space wanted to kill everyone. Soon it would break through the Earth's skin, and swallow everyone in black.

The astronaut stared at the stars so fiercely that a sudden pain jolted his system, and he had to turn away. They were not stars at all, but lights. Lights hanging above connected to a thin metal rod digging into the ground.

"Sir," a voice said, "the Arby's is closed. Do you have some place to go?"

The astronaut nodded, and then went home to be with his family, who were all werewolves.

The Missing Cricket
By David Thorpe

Solitude racked the young widow Magdalena after the death of her dear husband Alexander. Alexander was the only light in her life, and without him she could only stare out the window of her stately villa and hopelessly pine. She passed many nights, many weeks and many years just staring out of her high window, waiting for the hand of fate to reach into her bedroom and crumple her like a wilted rose. Her days and nights were punctuated only by the drift of the sun and moon; she seldom slept, and her bed accumulated a layer of dust as thick as the frosting of the cake that wed her to her dear Alexander.

As she stared out of her window day after sleepless night, her ennui bored at her wooden heart like a termite. She longed but for the caress of a loving hand, but no hand but for the hand of Alexander was a hand for her.

Ensconced in her country manse, she saw not a living soul upon the winding roadway outside. Only the gentle wind stirred the merest iota of dust, for she had seen no life, not even within herself, since her dear Alexander had died.

But one day, she saw a stir on the roadway. What was it? It was a man. An old man, in the ragged vestments of a Gypsy, was traveling along the path with a cage under his arm. As he passed her manse, he looked up into her high window and locked eyes with her. She felt a surge of great import overwhelm her body, and she knew she must meet the man.

She ran down the stairs and into the road, but the man was gone. Only the cage remained in the roadway; inside it was a fantastic green Iguana. A note lay atop the cage.

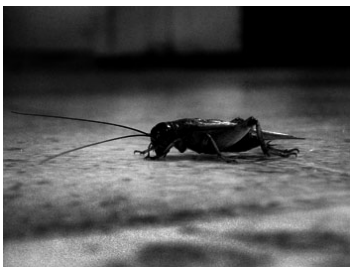
"This is Tarbor, and he shall be your companion," read the note. "Feed him three crickets each night- no more and no less- or else he shall die."

Magdalena was ecstatic. Finally, she had someone with whom she could share her lonely life.

The months passed more quickly with Tarbor on her shoulder, and she grew to love him nearly as much as she had loved Alexander. He grew fat on crickets, and soon his span was as impressive as could be. Each night, she fed him three crickets, and each night he devoured them with gusto. But one night, after she had fed her dear Tarbor and extinguished her lone oil lamp, she heard a faint sound from under her bed. It was the trilling chirp of a cricket!

In a panic, she flew from her bed and dove to light her lamp. She ran about the room, for she knew that if she did not find the escaped cricket and return it to the cage, fine fat Tarbor would be no more. At last, she dove upon the creaking creature as it hopped across the floor. She ran to Tarbor's cage to feed him, but alas, he had perished.

In a rage, she crushed the cricket in her hand, and scattered its remains upon the floor.



In despair, she returned to her bed, where she remained for a full week, sobbing and wailing for the loss of dear Tarbor. When finally her sobbing subsided, she heard a faint sound: the familiar creak of a cricket. The insect's creak came at unsteady intervals, and its modulation became syllables, and the syllables became words:

"Adulteress!" it said. "Betrayer!"

It was then that Magdalena realized that she had loved Tarbor more than Alexander, and in doing so had betrayed his spirit. She sprang from her bed and cast herself out of her high window, narrowly missing the ground below.

The Legend of the Spectral Hustler
By Johnny "Docevil" Titanium

Halloween night, 1995. It was pitch black and dead quiet at the park downtown, where two lovebirds were holding hands and laughing about the great time they had earlier in the evening. "You know girl, if your dad finds out you were out this late he'll kill us."

"Uh huh. Tell me a scary story I *haven't* heard."

"What about the tale of the Spectral Hustler?"

"I remember that one from grade school. No, I want a real story, a scary one."

"It is scary. Legend goes he was a successful pimp back in the early 90s until he got ran down by a poorly-dressed buster in a Geo Metro. Now his immortal spirit wanders the streets looking for fake-ass fools to clown on so that he may have his revenge."

"That is the dumbest thing I've ever heard."

"It's true, baby! I--"

A chill quickly came over both of them and a voice boomed from just behind their heads. "*Damn girl, you fonky like you been peelin' onions in ya drawers!*" Violent gusts of wind and a sort of day-glo plasma swirled around the two. "*And yo head HELLA big.*"

She clutched his arm and asked in a frightened whisper, "What is that, baby?" He was paralyzed out of fear of being dissed in front of his lady. "*Your man's pants look like they made outta corn husks!*"

The impact of the insult snapped him out of his daze. He grabbed his girlfriend's arm and the two began running back in the direction they came. "*You can't run forever, homie! I know where you got them shoes! That's K-Mart shit, son! K-MART SHIIIIIIIT!*" They ran harder and faster than they would have thought possible, and the Spectral Hustler's disembodied slams chased them for several blocks until they finally got away.

A few months later, the couple broke up. Some say it was because the Hustler revealed to each the other's faults all too well. Others say they broke up for different reasons entirely. One thing is certain: Every time they look in the mirror and second guess their outfit, they hear his ghostly digs as if they floated on the wind. "*Yo hat too furry, look like a dog's head*," cries the chilling voice. "*Didn't that shirt used to be yo bedsheet?*"

-∼The Something Awful Staff (@Arr)

Chapter 11

November

11.1 Unlike My Opponent

Wednesday, Nov 01, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Unlike My Opponent series.

Elections are fast approaching and, in a time like this, you have to know the facts to vote smart. That is why I am taking a break from the usual nonsense to tell you why you should vote for me, Joshua "Livestock" Boruff, and not my unseemly opponent. You see, unlike my opponent...

My support of the American worker has never wavered. Ask my opponent who built the 50-foot Moloch statue in his front yard. Mine was built my skilled American laborers. My opponent cannot make the same claim.

I believe in the value of naptime, and I vow never to interrupt your snoozing. You work hard and you deserve a break.

I am firmly against a plan to equip our nation's seniors with jetpacks and send them to die in Iraq for George W. Bush's unjust war.

I believe in democracy, and therefore will leave it up to you to make the right choice and vote for me and not my opponent, who thinks child molesters should be given free motorboats at taxpayer expense so that they can molest children offshore in international waters.

My wife is not ugly and I do not hit her in the face repeatedly out of anger and frustration.

I support a horse's right to gallop without interference. You won't find me shooting an innocent horse in the brain as it gallops through a pasture.

I would not burn down a haunted barn without first returning the stolen amulet to the ghost so that it can rest peacefully.

It is my solemn pledge to protect you and your loved ones from the poisonous death adders my opponent released in the town square.

I did not die in a fatal car crash in 1978. Nor did I die in a fatal car crash *while driving drunk.*

I favored repairing the damage caused by underground natural gas vents, whereas my opponent wanted to throw innocent humans into what he called "the hungry mouth of the great Earth Master."

I am in no way, shape, or form an arthropod with an insatiable lust for human blood.

I have never once suggested that we round up American citizens in place them in zoos run by illegal immigrants. It should be the other way around.

I have not promised to personally stab every owl in the forest with an ice pick until "the long dominion of the owls is at last over."

I learned to control my grave robbing instincts at an early age, never allowing them to elevate to the dangerous level of tomb raiding.

I have never lost my temper at a campaign rally and attempted to strangle protestors with a shredded American flag.

I never graduated college by plagiarizing from the "Lord of the Rings."

I would never steal bald eagle eggs and cook them for breakfast, or, worse, throw them at the disabled. If I mistakenly took bald eagle eggs, I would incubate them myself and make certain that they were hatched and returned to the wild unharmed.

I chose to return the Orb of All Knowing to its rightful place on the throneworld of Ornok 9, whereas my opponent wanted to use it to bet on sports games.

My children are legitimate *and* the same species as me.

I voted against a plan making castrations mandatory for the newly emerging class of gendered robots. Bigotry in any form has no place in politics.

I have never won a dirty limerick contest. If I did win, I would most certainly turn down the trophy on moral grounds.

I supported initiatives to curtail obesity by dividing fat children into multiple persons.

I do not believe defecating on the American flag to be appropriate behavior in front of children or veterans. That is why I do it in the privacy of my home.

I have never made sexual advances at underage male interns. Furthermore, I have never rounded up all the interns I harassed, stuffed them in barrels, and dumped them in the town's tar pits.

I opposed settlement on not just New Caprica, but Old Caprica as well.

I will never tell a dog that it cannot wag its tail anymore. Never.

You have my word that I will not raise taxes to fund the construction of a great tower to reach to the heavens unless I'm certain that it will benefit taxpayers.

I do not believe residents should be forced to wear the Mark of the Beast. Don't expect any mandatory RFID chips implanted under your skin when I win the election. Instead I will ask you to wear a non-invasive collar that monitors your thoughts at all times.

I will not transform into a swarm of angry bats and attack your children as they play and scamper about with childlike whimsy.

I voted to outlaw the burning of obese children because it is bad for our economy and bad for our environment. Instead I embrace other alternative fuels such as dragon's breath and perpetual motion.

I never gave a mentally retarded person $50 worth of Dairy Queen coupons to fight a bear at a campaign fundraiser frequented by big city Hollywood elites.

I won't do anything. I personally pledge to delegate all reasonability to my nameless minions.

I think the choice is clear, America. You know me and you know what I stand for. You also know what my opponent stands for. I know you will do the right thing come election time and send him packing. Vote smart! Vote Josh "Livestock" Boruff!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.2 Gears of War Leaked Script

Thursday, Nov 02, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

The world is less than a week away from November 7th, Emergence Day. Gamers are going gaga over Cliff Bleszinski's latest opus, a third-person shooter that pits the player against a horrendous race of subterranean monsters set to take over the world. What sets Gears of War apart from other generic run 'n gun shooters is its emphasis on tactical cover and amazing interactive environments. What's more, gamers will experience an emotional roller coaster ride unlike any game they've ever seen before. It's what Bleszinski calls "destroyed beauty" and it's the theme for the year's biggest gaming blockbuster. Gears of War is gaming's Thelma and Louise.

Gears of War's box art beautifully conveys the suffering of war.

Just how emotional this game will be is anyone's guess, until now. Our resident Something Awful hackers have broken into Cliff Bleszinski's personal computer and have stolen the final script to the game's cinematic cut scenes. You're entering spoiler country folks! But for those of you who are heavy enough to be into that sort of thing read on! It's the Gears of War leaked script.

EXT. ABOVE RUINS IN A HELICOPTER

Marcus, recently freed from prison, is riding in a helicopter with several other soldiers to the battlefield. He stands near the door looking into the distance. Privates Anderson and Hanks are also there. Hanks (to Anderson)
Holy hell, is that the famous Marcus Fenix?

Anderson
Well what do you know, it might be. It'd be awesome to have such a bad ass soldier riding with us. I heard he killed 100 Locust in a single battle! Quick, ask him!

Hanks
Uhm, excuse me sir, are you Marcus Fenix?!

Marcus
Yeah, kid.

Hanks
Wow! I would have never thought in a million years I'd be fighting the war with the famous Marcus Fenix!

Marcus
War... war never changes...

Anderson (laughing)
Oh, it changed alright. The fucking things are coming out of the ground! It's unlike any war we've ever faced! But now that you're here we're going to finally be able to kick some Locust ass.

Marcus
War... is hell...

A tear forms in Marcus' eye. Hanks
What the?! Are you crying?!

Marcus
The beauty... destroyed.

Anderson
Holy crap, he is crying. Jesus, this is awkward. Marcus sniffles and tries to stifle his tears. Private Hanks stands up.Hanks
This is bullshit. Hey, guess what, THERE'S NO CRYING IN BASEBALL!

Anderson
Calm down, Hanks. Maybe he's just going through some stuff okay?

Hanks
No, fuck this. The worst war the world has ever seen and they send this blubbering cocksucker to fight it? This squad is about real men who kick ass and chew bubblegum, and we're all out of gum! Anderson, where is the gum?!

Anderson
I didn't have time to go to the store!

Hanks
Fuck a duck! Cue Gary Jules - Mad World as the helicopter flies into the distance. Fade out.

Cliffy note: Oh, this is gonna be so emotional... I'm getting a bit misty eyed already. Gotta stay strong though. The video game industry is counting on you Cliffy. Stay strong. Stay black.

INT. OLD ABANDONED MINE

Marcus and several soldiers are running from the Locust. They come across a mine cart and tracks that lead to an escape. Anderson
Phew! A mine cart! Jump in! We'll make our escape!Marcus stops abruptly and stares at the mine cart. A tear streams down his face. Marcus

This mine cart...

Hanks
Christ, he's crying again. What set him off this time?! Marcus goes into a flashback. It shows that many years ago mine carts came to his homeland and murdered his family in cold blood. The flashback ends and Marcus stares into empty space.Anderson
Come on Marcus, snap out of it. We're here for you.

Hanks (laughing)
Maybe you should suck his dick Anderson. Come on you crybaby queer, get in the fucking mine cart! Suddenly the Locust appear and kill Anderson and Hanks. Marcus snaps out of his trance and jumps into the mine cart. With tears streaming down his

face he makes his escape.Marcus
This world is so corrupt...With that Marcus attempts to slit his wrists with the chainsaw thingy on his gun. Cue Gary Jules - Mad World.

Fade out.

Cliffy note: This is a truly gut-wrenching scene if I do say so myself. When people see the kind of emotional impact I've caused gamers to have they'll realize that video games are true art. Our Unreal Engine 3 shader engine models the most realistic tears ever seen in a video game. I can't wait until everyone gets to see this and cries together!

INT. CENTER OF THE EARTH - LOCUST LAIR

Marcus has finally made it to the Locust's lair. They've been brooding here for millions of years, planning their rise to the surface. Marcus has only one more chance to stop them. But will he give up the one he truly loves to save the world? Marcus
Luna... I'm here.

Luna
I knew you would never be able to abandon me, Marcus.

Marcus
Yes! Now we can finally go back to Serra together!

Luna
Though the Locust King has perished the center of the planet continues to bleed life from the whole world of Serra. If it does not cease, all Serra will become as lifeless as the Locust. But if I leave here the stored magic will be released too rapidly, and it may end up destroying the entire world of Serra. I'm a prisoner, Marcus!

Marcus
No!

Marcus begins to cry. His tears fall in a puddle of water conveniently placed under him. The camera pans to his face to show the raw emotion of the scene.

Luna

I'm sorry, Marcus. I must stay here forLunarI mean uh, Serra.

Marcus
I won't give you up! You mustn't give up either, regardless of how hopeless things may seem! There has to be a way! We must believe in the power that resides within each of us, Luna!

The scene cuts to a flashback of Marcus and Luna during better times. They whimsically frolic in the flower fields, share a warm embrace, and even a kiss. By now the player should be looking for tissues. Marcus
I believe each of us is entrusted with a future to realize, and this is not our future! Luna, if we work together, I'm certain we'll find a way...Marcus walks towards Luna. The walls starts to crumble. He is engulfed by a white light.Luna
Marcus, no! You mustn't try it, it's too dangerous!Marcus walks through the light and reaches for Luna's hand.Marcus
We will always be together...in the past, the present, and the future as well. It's destiny!

Marcus grabs Luna's hand and she falls into his arms in a sweet embrace. Luna
Oh Marcus... my big gay man.Fade out. Roll credits.

All around me are familiar faces...
Worn out places...
Worn out faces...

Cliffy note: Sniff... I've got something in my eye...

You know, I think I'll wait for Unreal Tournament 2007 instead...

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

11.3 Ortu-matu American Besuboru!

Friday, Nov 03, 2006 by Hideo "JOHNNY BASEBALL" Hirayama (@sexyfacts4u)

Inferior Yomiuri Giants are most popular and worst team in Japan. I hope for them to have a death.

Otose! Ha ha ha, welcome to Ortu-matu American Besuboru! I am Hideo Hirayama, but you can call me JOHNNY BASEBALL! Otose! Yeah, ha ha. Alright.

Biggest talk of American Besuboru is of course American WORLD SERIES! Japan is not invited to competition because it is named that after newspaper, not after whole world. Ha ha, I know, I wondered about that for many years. It's okay, America makes rules because America is number one in baseball. Number two is Japan and after that is Dominican Republic of Sammy Sosa.

American WORLD SERIES is over! People still can't believe that Little Caesar's Pizza Tigers have not risen to challenges and defeated their hated foes the Southwest Bank Cardinals from Saint Louis, only American city so large it takes up two states.

The scene is Comerica Kyujo, the celebrated Southwest Bank Cardinals are fielding rookie pitcher Anthony Reyes and he is on fire! He is pitching. Look at those pitches! Suree sutoraikku! Again and again, suree sutoraikku! Bad day for you Tiger-chan! Rookie Tigers pitcher Justin Verlander is doing okay, but he is no match for Cardinals offense. Boom! Game one is over! Cardinals win!

Ha ha ha! Game two and Tiger-chan is bringing all of the tricks to the field. Pitcher Kenny Rogers who is not, after investigation, American rock and roll star Kenny Rogers, has illegal substance on his palm. Take a look at that, it looks like grasshopper spit in my book:

What do you know, the dirty tricks pay off. In this baseball fan's opinion the Tigers have dishonored good name of Little Caesar's Pizza with this stunt and I am very disappointed. Kenny Rogers was *On the Road Again* like the rock and roll song and he had to wash it off, but still the stunt has demoralized baseball everywhere. Horrified tears filled the eyes of children and men jumped to their death from highest bridges. Game two victory to Tigers and I need a Biiru.

Game three, Cardinals crush opposition with help of eight non-cheating shutout innings from pitcher Chris Carpenter! Take that to the face, Tiger-chan! Game three for the Cardinals!

Game four with Sean Casey from Tigers gets ho-muran! What a sight. This gives Tigers early lead in game, but they forget Wa and suffer the consequences. Star player in this game is Cardinal's So

Taguchi, who is master of Wa from Orix BlueWaves before merger to form Orix Buffaloes. This is game winning bunt and shames Sean Casey's shotoboatingu. What a shame. Cardinals win game four.

Game five! It may be "gum time!" with Big League Chew but it is lose time for battered Little Caesar's Pizza team. It is not about being the star for the Cardinals. They have discipline and very much Wa and they fight their way always staying one step ahead of Tigers. In the end it is 4-2 Cardinals and Tigers go home in defeat. Only question now is how will they redeem the honor of Little Caesar's Pizza? Ha ha ha, American's don't care about honor! WORLD SERIES VICTORY FOR SOUTHWEST BANK CARDINALS!

American fans still need to learn lessons from Japanese fans who care more.

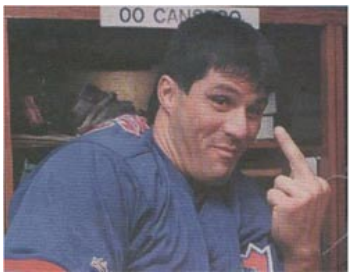
TIME FOR NUMBER ONE AMERICAN BASEBALL HERO!

Heyyyyy says Fonzarelli-san, ha ha ha! It is time once again for choice of number one American baseball hero! Last month choices were Mark McGwire, Jose Canseco and Pete Rose. A lot of vote for Pete Rose, but giant hero Jose Canseco is number one for tenth straight month! Mark McGwire also very popular and his bicep is unmerciful to foes. He is ho-muran king of all of Japan's heart but the people's ovation is reserved for Jose Canseco.

This month after carefully tabulating the votes I am happy to declare that official Number One American Baseball Hero is...

JOSE CANSECO

Ohhh! Hooray! This is quite an upset! I thought sure Mark McGwire will hit the ball out of the park on this one. But no, giant monster Jose Canseco is back to destroy the competition.



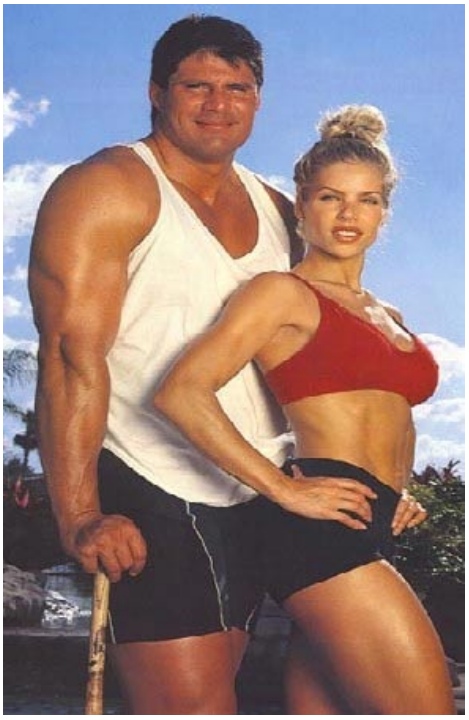
He is a mighty giant battler!

What is there to say about Jose Canseco that has not been said ten million times already? I will try. Jose Canseco has amazing hair. He is chief inventor and sponsor of Latino Muretsu, business in the front and party in the back. Its sheen is incredible and sets the fans afire! Jose Canseco is also magical and keeps growing and growing. In 1995 he was 260 pounds and six foot two inches tall. This is hulking for Japanese player but not so amazing for American. But in 2006 he is 950 pounds and two stories tall. He bats with FIVE BATS at same time and hits every ball. Instead of embracing supernatural powers, American baseball rejects these powers and sent Jose Canseco to the minor leagues.

Japanese baseball number one important thing is "Wa" which is team spirit. Individual player can do good things, but personal sacrifice and team spirit are number one. Some Japanese think players of America like Jose Canseco are shameful. Most noble thing is to bunt, but American poweru hittorasu will strike out many time to get one ho-muran! I disagree strongly. Jose Canseco and man made like Mark McGwire are whole team by themselves.

Don't believe Johnny Baseball? If Jose Canseco eats heavy meals he is the exact same weight as entire starting lineup for Orix Buffaloes and they are not even worst team in inferior Pacific League. So I say to fans who insult bold achievements of Jose Canseco and say terrible things about his mysterious giant powers: Otose! Drop it!

Johnny Baseball has one thing in common with Jose Canseco: he is a ho-muran with the beautiful ladies with soft breasts. Here is a picture of Jose Canseco with one of his many wives:



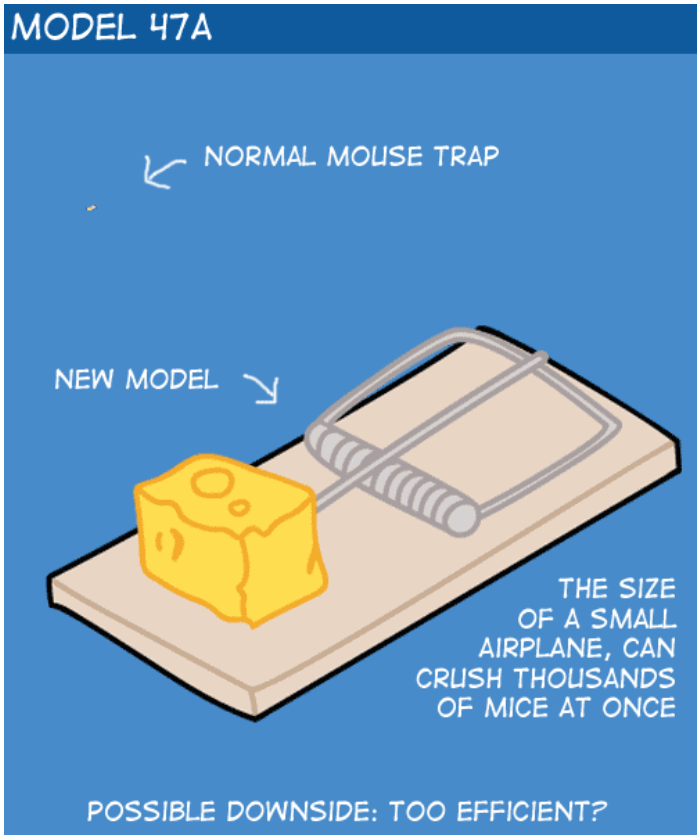
She is a woman made of a lot of meat! Look at her. I would not mind having a slice of that meat at all. Put her beef in my mouth. I am sorry to Daisensei Canseco, this is disrespectful. Jose Canseco is so loving that he chokes his wife every day and she does not leave his side. Yesterday I read a report: "JOSE CANSECO THROWS SON THROUGH GLASS WINDOW (IT SHATTERS)". The next day report will say, I know, "JOSE CANSECO BEST EVER". He is unstoppable. Naisu hitto, Jose Canseco!

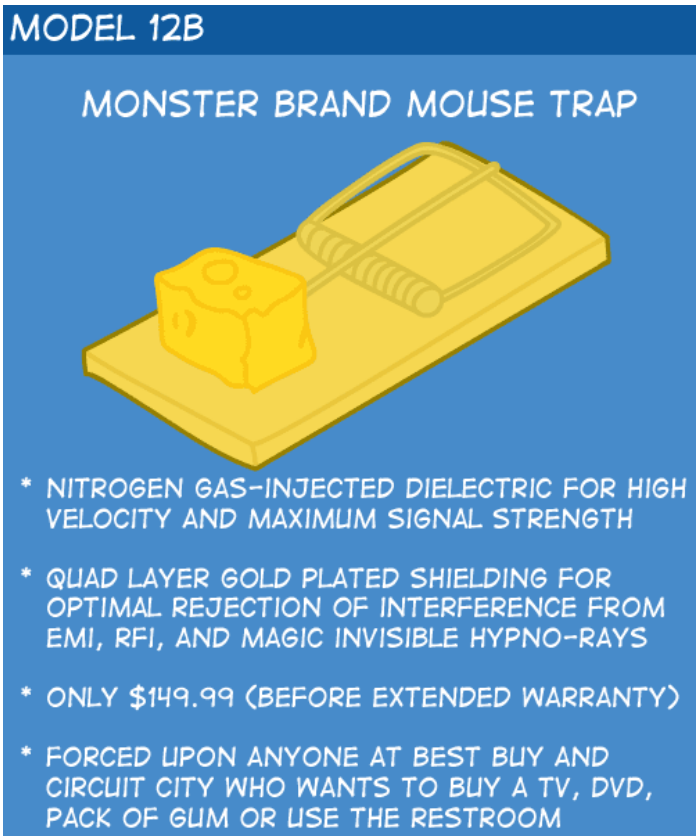
I hope you have enjoyed my first article about American Besuboru! I am very grateful you have read this article all the way to finish. Thank you so much. It makes me feel real good!

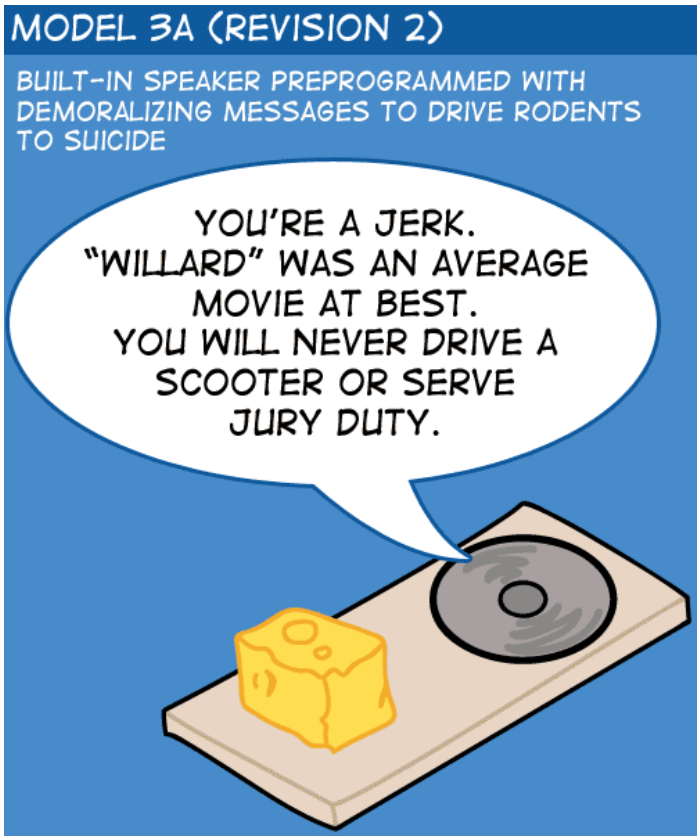
-∼Hideo "JOHNNY BASEBALL" Hirayama (@sexyfacts4u)

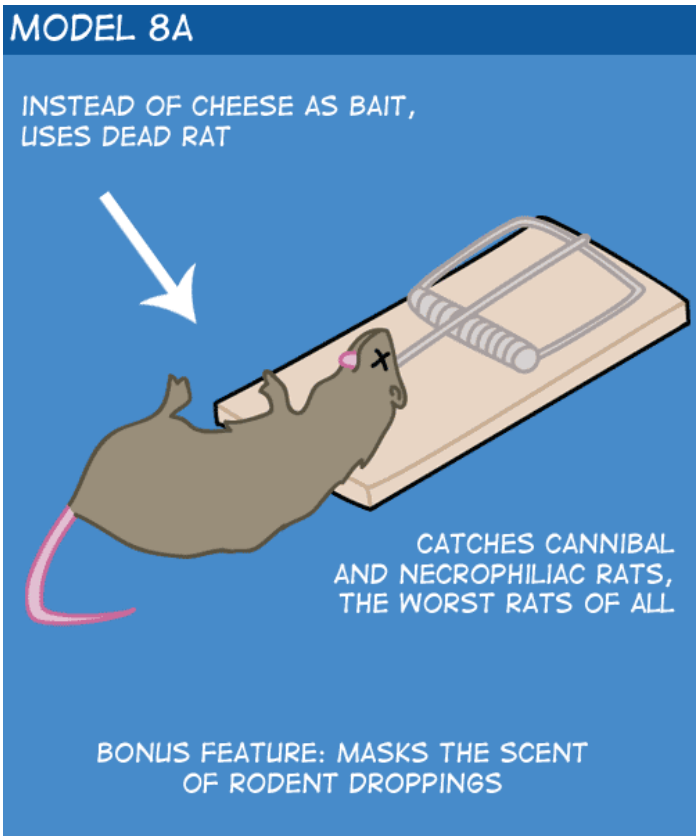
11.4 Building A Better Mousetrap

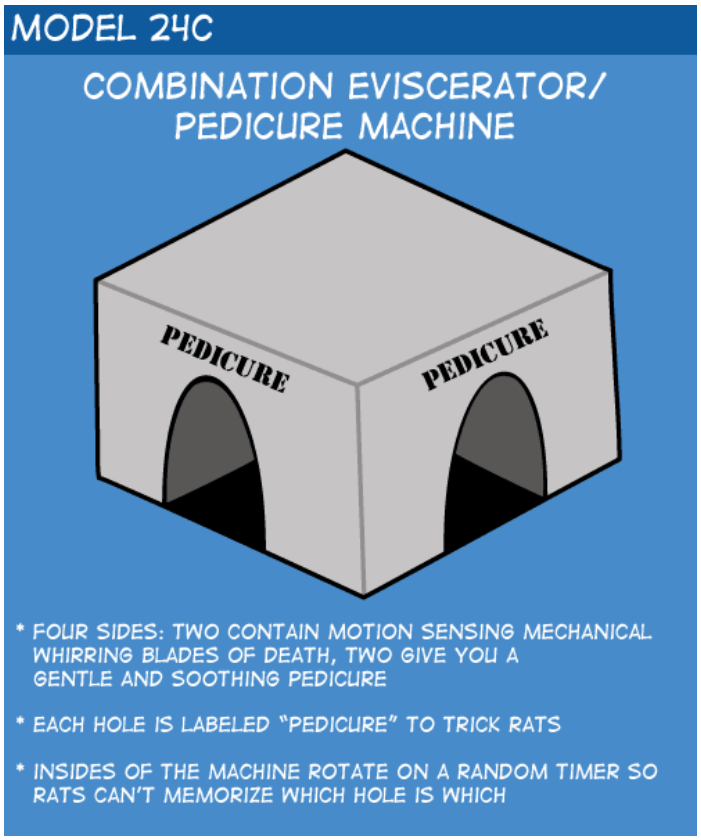
Saturday, Nov 04, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


MODEL 47A
NORMAL MOUSE TRAP
NEW MODEL
THE SIZE OF A SMALL AIRPLANE, CAN CRUSH THOUSANDS OF MICE AT ONCE
POSSIBLE DOWNSIDE: TOO EFFICIENT?

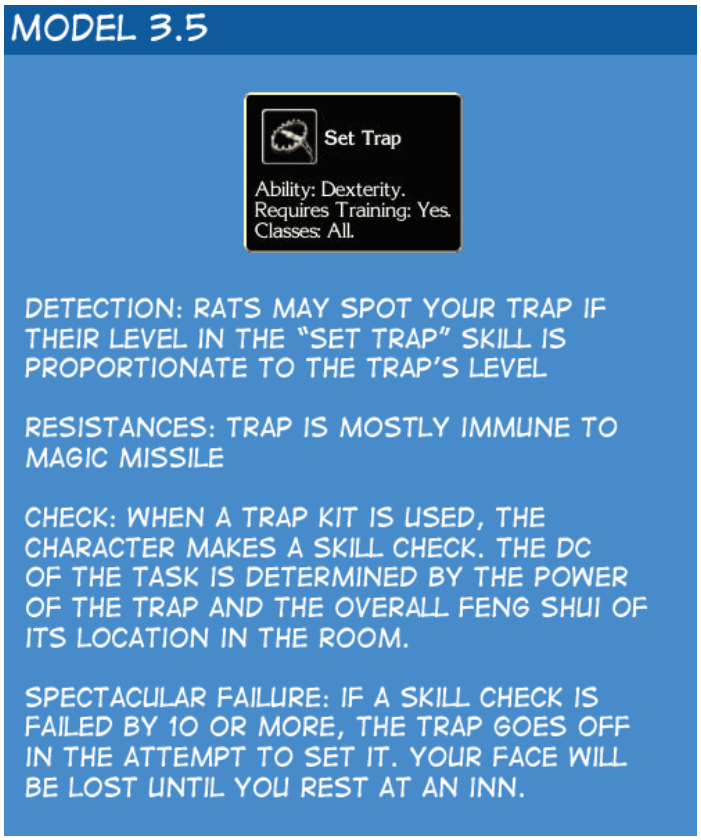

MODEL 12B
MONSTER BRAND MOUSE TRAP
* NITROGEN GAS-INJECTED DIELECTRIC FOR HIGH VELOCITY AND MAXIMUM SIGNAL STRENGTH
* QUAD LAYER GOLD PLATED SHIELDING FOR OPTIMAL REJECTION OF INTERFERENCE FROM EMI, RFI, AND MAGIC INVISIBLE HYPNO-RAYS
* ONLY $149.99 (BEFORE EXTENDED WARRANTY)
* FORCED UPON ANYONE AT BEST BUY AND CIRCUIT CITY WHO WANTS TO BUY A TV, DVD, PACK OF GUM OR USE THE RESTROOM

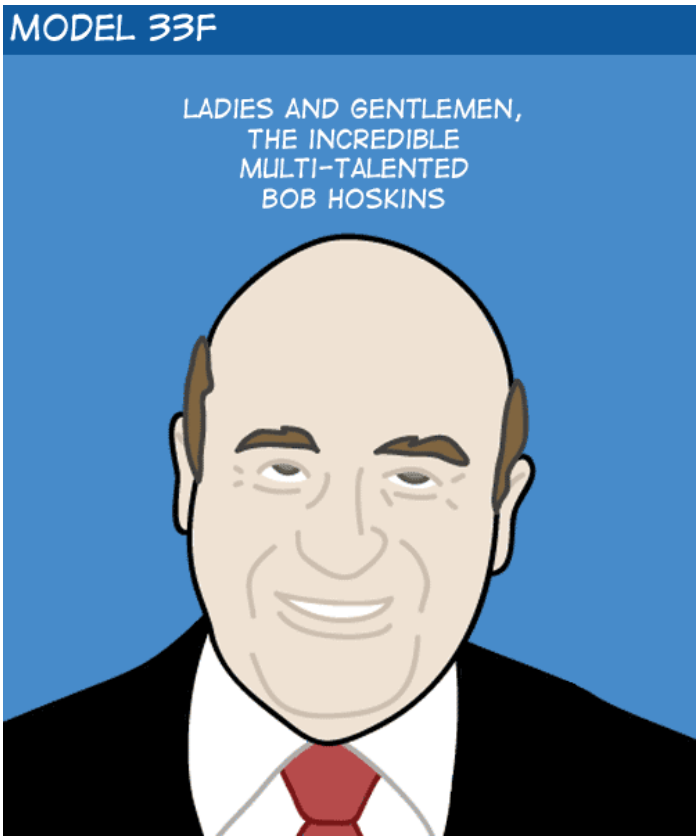

MODEL 3A (REVISION 2)
BUILT-IN SPEAKER PREPROGRAMMED WITH DEMORALIZING MESSAGES TO DRIVE RODENTS TO SUICIDE
YOU'RE A JERK. "WILLARD" WAS AN AVERAGE MOVIE AT BEST. YOU WILL NEVER DRIVE A SCOOTER OR SERVE JURY DUTY.


MODEL 8A
INSTEAD OF CHEESE AS BAIT,
USES DEAD RAT
CATCHES CANNIBAL
AND NECROPHILIAC RATS,
THE WORST RATS OF ALL
BONUS FEATURE: MASKS THE SCENT
OF RODENT DROPPINGS


MODEL 24C
COMBINATION EVISCERATOR/
PEDICURE MACHINE
PEDICURE
PEDICURE
* FOUR SIDES: TWO CONTAIN MOTION SENSING MECHANICAL WHIRRING BLADES OF DEATH, TWO GIVE YOU A GENTLE AND SOOTHING PEDICURE
* EACH HOLE IS LABELED "PEDICURE" TO TRICK RATS
* INSIDES OF THE MACHINE ROTATE ON A RANDOM TIMER SO RATS CAN'T MEMORIZE WHICH HOLE IS WHICH

MODEL 32D
FIRST CLASS TICKETS ON
A FLIGHT THAT PASSES OVER...
PUERTO RICO
SKY
AIRWAYS
THE DREADED
BERMUDA TRIANGLE!


MODEL 3.5
Set Trap
Ability: Dexterity.
Requires Training: Yes.
Classes: All.
DETECTION: RATS MAY SPOT YOUR TRAP IF THEIR LEVEL IN THE "SET TRAP" SKILL IS PROPORTIONATE TO THE TRAP'S LEVEL
RESISTANCES: TRAP IS MOSTLY IMMUNE TO MAGIC MISSILE
CHECK: WHEN A TRAP KIT IS USED, THE CHARACTER MAKES A SKILL CHECK. THE DC OF THE TASK IS DETERMINED BY THE POWER OF THE TRAP AND THE OVERALL FENG SHUI OF ITS LOCATION IN THE ROOM.
SPECTACULAR FAILURE: IF A SKILL CHECK IS FAILED BY 10 OR MORE, THE TRAP GOES OFF IN THE ATTEMPT TO SET IT. YOUR FACE WILL BE LOST UNTIL YOU REST AT AN INN.

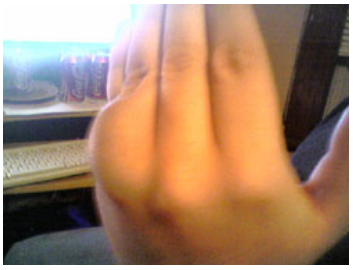


-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.5 We Be Cystin'

Sunday, Nov 05, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

I am a disgusting human being. I have come to terms with this, and I have reached a point in my life where I no longer care if I am disgusting. At this old age my biggest concerns revolve around what sporting event will be on television on a given evening and if I can stay sober enough to watch it all without accidentally mistaking my walk-in closet for an oversized urinal, and then later for an inefficient, asparagus-smelling sauna filled with cargo jeans and No Fear shirts.



The cyst. Notice the moutain of pop cans and plates behind it.

Since I could replace "sporting event" with "Lazy Town" or "bootlegged Korean amputee porn" and probably describe most of your lives, too, I think it's important to start this update with a brief look at my morning schedule. This is not in the name of one-upmanship. Why? Because even if I am the most disgusting human being I know, and even if I *am* sitting at my computer at 1 p.m. asking my roommates to compare the smell of urine to a vegetable for "something I'm writing", you're still the one reading it.

MY MORNING SCHEDULE
By Pantsfish

> **Noon** Wake up, then try to get up from bed without stepping in a half-eaten TV dinner from a few weeks ago
> **12:15** Try to get down hallway to the bathroom without tripping over the cardboard box that's been in the middle of the floor since I moved here
> **12:17** Urinate
> **12:18** Lift toilet lid and urinate again
> **12:25** Take dog to backyard so *he* can take a leak, hoping he doesn't discover the pile of dishes I took out and buried under a pile of leaves so I didn't have to wash them
> **12:50** Head back to bedroom, take drink of three-day-old Pepsi with cigarette butt in it, vomit directly into my backpack, vow to "clean it up later"
> **12:55** Check email, delete all the spam except for the one with a huge penis looming over a crying woman like a miniature pink Death Star
> **1** Browse the Internet, accidentally eat a couple of my girlfriend's birth control pills after mistaking them for candy, continue eating them when I realize all the real food's back downstairs
> **1:30** Dig through the pile of clothes in the floor, looking for an outfit that doesn't smell like a combination of fish eggs and green onions; look for a pair of socks that don't break in half when I try to smooth them out
> **1:45** Try to figure out why my backpack sloshes like an oil flask on my way to class
> **1:47** Remember source of sloshing; dump contents of backpack into neighbor's bushes
> **1:50** Wipe remainder of mess off with my hands, then wipe hands on neighbor's porch cat
> **2** Realize I can't go to class without books, decide not to go after all
> **MONTHS LATER:** Storm out of new job at Burger King after management makes me watch a video called "Hygiene and the King".

This is not to say my life is all bad. For instance: I have a huge cyst on my hand. While writing this sentence the thought occurred to me that I am actually getting paid to write about the cyst,

which is pretty goddamn cool if you ask me. Really it more than makes up for the fact that I have a giant, fleshy pus balloon protruding from my left ring finger, even more so when you consider the fact that it won me an award.

You read that right. My cyst won an award. And it wasn't just any award. It was the GOLDEN SPECIAL. How many of you can boast that? Have any of you won an award for your physical deformity? Not unless you're that Australian surfer girl who got her arms ripped off by a shark, and even then I *guarantee* you she's not getting paid to write about it. Keyboards are designed for fingers, not forearm-sized nubs.

The road to my cyst's award was a long one indeed. When I was in high school my reaction to the slightest adversity was "punch a wall". Bad grade on a math test? Punch a wall. Dad grounded me for a week? Punch a wall. Someone told me that walls have these things called "studs", which are essentially huge pieces of wood there to break stupid teenagers' knuckles? Punch a wall *twice* to get your point across. As a result of all this willy-nilly wall-punching, two things happened:

- Most of my knuckles turned into flattened little chunks of jagged bone and gray, elephantine flesh, which made it a real bitch to flip my dad off behind his back without my hand looking like Whoopi Goldberg making a funny face; and
- a baby golf ball that felt like a water balloon filled with melted peanut butter popped up out of my ring finger.

The first point was kind of a nightmare (you can't imagine how many times someone came up to my hand and asked for an autograph, then said "oh, I thought you were Ving Rhames"), but the second has been a true pleasure. I'm a pretty nondescript guy. If not for my cyst I'd be like every other 23-year-old Phillip-Seymour-Hoffman-with-a-welcome-mat-stapled-to-his-chest-and-back lookalike. Cashiers love me. I've fostered *countless* friendships over the line "please give me your card with your other hand so I don't touch that". It's like a portable conversation piece, and if I wear gloves it looks like I'm trying to hide a gigantic diamond ring. It is truly a versatile little ball of viscous yellow fluid and fun.

Wade, Evan. *Cyst With Smiley Face.* 2006 Evan Wade Press. Bloomington, IN.

I have to admit that I was unhappy with my cyst at first. It is very large and quite noticeable, not unlike having a purple, veiny boiled egg grafted to my finger. I say "boiled" because I don't think anything will be hatching out of it soon, barring other cysts or maybe a sour, bright-red core like in an Everlasting Gobstopper. Not that I will be eating it (unless my girlfriend stops leaving her birth control on the desk and my potato chips are all the way across the room). The fact that it *is* so conspicuous led me to years of teasing. Phrases like "is that a cyst in your pocket or are you just a horrible disgusting monster" and "put your hand under the table or something, I'm eating" are forever burned into my brain.

I have come to accept – and even love – my cyst now, though. The benefits I listed above are just a few of the perks it offers. Since it is generally 10 to 15 degrees hotter than the rest of my body, I can use it as an instant palm warmer. When I am in a state of deep thought I can rest my arm on a table and chew on it, not unlike sucking on the supple breast of a beautiful muse. It is very good at sensing vibration, so I always know which shitty rap songs my neighbors are listening to, and if I ever get into boxing I essentially have a large, semisoft rock to cram into my glove before every fight.

And besides, what's a tapioca-dot full of salty yellow motor oil in the face of friendship? I love my

friends, but they have their problems, too. Besides the crippling alcoholism we all share (it's like male bonding but we talk about alienating our children and being unable to hold down jobs instead of baseball scores), some of those guys are plum fucked up. The difference? You don't see me yelling "hey, one-eye-lower-than-the-other" or "how's it going, your-rosacea-makes-you-blush-like-a-fag" to my friends. Whatever.

But I'm not here to be bitter. I'm here to talk about the wondermarble protruding from an otherwise commonplace left hand. Taking pride in my cyst is taking pride in my heritage. To this day my dad has a huge (I'm talking golf-ball sized) lump sticking out of the front-left side of his forehead. He's had it since I was a kid. In true father-son fashion *his* bump shows I'm not man enough to handle the family yet: If my cyst looks like a hornet sting, his looks like he hits himself in the head with a meat-tenderizing hammer every morning. We are an attractive group of hombres.

Wade, Evan. *Cyst With Racing Stripe.* 2006 Evan Wade Press. Bloomington, IN.

My cyst also gives me support and comfort in the face of other, more serious medical problems. This might surprise you coming from someone who spends 22 hours a day in front of a computer, but in general I am a very unhealthy person. This list is a brief outline of the other things that are wrong with me:

- **Torso:** To put it simply, I look like a beach ball. Unfortunately, I have never been to a clambake and *nobody* has ever slapped me back and forth across a net. I avoid wearing colorful shirts for fear that children will mistake me for a gigantic Christmas ornament and immediately attempt to shove me up their noses or hang me from a tree. On the plus side the various folds and ridges of my body strongly resemble a huge frowny face. If I'm ever stricken with bell's palsy I'll just need to remove my shirt to express displeasure.

- **Head:** I am prone to violent, explosive headaches, which appear without any sort of provocation or warning. These headaches are often accompanied by high-pressure nosebleeds, which are maybe the most goddamn inconvenient things I've ever had to deal with in my life. They are especially fun in public settings. There's nothing like filling out a deposit slip or paying for dry cleaning when, all of a sudden, blood comes pouring out of my nose so quickly I'm afraid the pressure will vault me head-first into the ceiling, which could possibly give me a lump on my head like my old man's. As a bonus I can only really quell the headaches by folding my arms over my head and pressing my palms into the top of my skull. Between that and the nosebleeds I strongly resemble a vampire bat when a headache strikes, which isn't necessarily the effect I'm going for when I'm out paying rent or whatever.

- **Legs:** I am a nervous person. This is not because of any social issues. Instead, it is because my legs hate me. This is not a joke. Some people have weak knees and they fall down a lot – I have *violent* knees and I uncontrollably jump face-first into the ground a lot. Think of it as restless leg syndrome, but it also happens when I'm walking and I usually end up with road rash on my forehead. This is especially true in front of large groups of people. I cannot count the times I've skidded 15 or 20 feet down a theater aisle on my chin. If you kids think stumbling around like a drunken kangaroo is "cool", see how much you like it when you're picking popcorn kernels and chewed pieces of gum out of your eyeballs.

- **Hair:** This isn't a medical condition so much as a physical deformity but it still sucks. I am covered in a coarse black hair that can only be described as "icky". I'm glad covering yourself in glue and rolling around in a pile of pubic hair isn't illegal, or I'd be on the lam. A wrongfully accused bear man, jumping from boxcar to boxcar, burning the hair from the

bottom of his feet for warmth. This whole phenomenon makes my shower look like something out of Silent Hill, except instead of Pyramid Head rising out of the gunk and muck it's usually Dorito crumbs and pizza sauce that dried before I could lick it off.

Wade, Evan. *Cyst With Faggot T-shirt and Remnants of Racing Stripe.* 2006 Evan Wade Press. Bloomington, IN.

As you can see, a harmless little cyst is the *least* of my problems. When I can effectively braid my chest hair into dreadlocks and I plan my entire campus walking path around places with the softest grass, a little ball of sunshine over my knuckle is hardly an issue.

Other medical conditions aside I am proud to say I'm not the only person enamored with my cyst. This is where the GOLDEN SPECIAL award comes into play. As an SA reader you are undoubtedly familiar with Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, a man who built an e-empire with nothing more than his entrepreneurial spirit and vast knowledge of poop jokes. Rich has first-hand experience with my cyst (I had dinner with him at Applebee's once and the mere sight of it jerked him right the fuck out of flavortown, despite the bullshit claims the menu made), and his strange fascination with it has bolstered my confidence and my love of life.

Let me explain: My cyst has become a popular conversation topic on Lowtax's Skype radio show. Let me put this in terms that really express the gravity of this situation: The giant, fleshy lump on my hand has become a favored topic on an Internet radio show, a program that has, in the past, featured discussions on cement-filled airplanes, alternative uses of gardening products, and the mysterious balls of flesh growing in Zachary "Spokker Jones" Guiterrez's armpit. To be honest I feel bad even talking about it without listening to opera and taking in a fine Chardonnay.

To be honest I would have been happy keeping discussion of my cyst off the Internet. The SA Forums are a harsh place, and admitting you're anything but a bronzed god (my nickname there is "Adonis Aristotle") is a surefire way to exile. Lowtax had other ideas. My first appearance on the show went something like this:

Skype Connects
Me: How's it going, guys?
Lowtax: HOW ABOUT THAT CYST HOO-HA
Spokker Jones: TAINT HAIR ARMPIT BALLS VIDEO GAMES
Person outside my office window: Holy shit, what's Ving Rhames doing having sex with that keyboard?

The taunting soon ended, though, and soon we carried on an intelligent, cultured conversation about the nature of my cyst. Lowtax shared his personal story, in which I showed it to him and he couldn't finish his steak, and Spokker Jones chipped in with some dumb shit about DOA 4 or what Howard Stern's ballbag smells like or whatever. Towards the end of our enlightened discourse Lowtax bragged about taking a shower with a woman (as if) and the show was off the air.

By the next show Lowtax was ready to give the cyst the treatment it deserved. After some chit-chat Lowtax said he had a special award for me. In the show's illustrious three-program history he had only given it to "one other fag for some reason". It was the GOLDEN SPECIAL. As the sound effect – a "radio voice" woman shouting "golden special" to elevator music – played, my chest swelled with so much pride I could only hope a mass of smaller, pride-filled cysts would emerge from the sea of black hair and doughy skin under my gravy-stained Pacers jersey.

Now that I've won such an illustrious award at a relatively young age, I don't know what else there is to accomplish. I might not have gone to Harvard, and I might not have really impacted anyone's life in a positive way, but by God I *am* a GOLDEN SPECIAL award winner. I'm so happy my head hurts. Pardon me while I plug my nostrils with my pus grenade.

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

11.6 Muhahaha! Happy Election Eve!

Monday, Nov 06, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

America, our biggest biennial holiday is almost upon us! Foreigners may be a bit perplexed that their American Internet pals have suddenly become cranky and opinionated assholes, but that's because it's Election Eve here in these United States. The ghosts and ghouls are parading through the streets and everyone is wondering whether Democratic necromancers will be able to defeat the Republican cyborbrain this holiday season.

The Republicans have prematurely conceded defeat in the House of Representatives, which means the real fight Tuesday will be over a handful of Senate seats. The Democrats need to post a net gain of six seats to be able to take back control of the Senate, and with several photo-finish races it's possible, but it's not going to be easy. Today we'll provide a look at the four key senate races and let you, the probably-not-going-to-voter, decide if anyone is worth putting down the bong long enough to go vote.

Maryland

Brother Mouzone read a great article in the Atlantic about Cardin supporting stem cell research.

Representative Ben Cardin (D) faces off against Lt. Governor Michael Steele (R) in this open seat race. Ben Cardin defeated a black NAACP-backed Democrat in the primary, which could spell trouble for the Democrats as they're now forced to face off against GOP black-golden child Michael Steele.

Viewers of *The Wire* should know that Maryland includes Baltimore; a city completely overrun by black drug dealers and homosexual black Robin Hoods with shotguns. In a surprising twist, it will be Democrats for once thanking their lucky stars that black people don't vote. Cardin leads Steele in recent polls by five points, due in part to a hilariously misjudged attack on martyred Parkinson's saint and Cardin backer Michael J. Fox. Steele, trying to balance on a rickety platform of "Democrats love tax and spend" from his mansion in newly christened Debtlandia, is hoping hateful goblin Rush Limbaugh fades out of the Polaroid before Election Day.

My Pick: Steele has been weak on issues and dealing with the double-edged sword of national attention from the GOP. With morons like Limbaugh weighing in to Steele's detriment, I think Cardin will coast to a reasonably comfortable victory, thanks in no small part to enough black voters being smart enough to pick issues over skin color.

Missouri

Impossibly boring incumbent Jim Talent (R) faces dull Democratic challenger Claire McCaskill in one of the least exciting Senate races of the season. Talent barely won his special election in 2002, in which he took over for decaying Senator Mel Carnahan (D). Republicans have a tenuous grip on Missouri and McCaskill's attempts to out-boring Talent have given her a fighting chance. Recent polls show her moving ahead of Talent by three points.

With the dull campaign behind us, the real excitement is finally about to hit as both Republicans and Democrats pull out all the dirty tricks in one of several states known for dirty tricks. Democrats have already been blasted for attempting to keep dead voters on the rolls and one can expect a Republican disinformation campaign in an effort to put the spookers on immigrant and minority voters. Ah, democracy!

My Pick: Missouri is a toss-up. McCaskill leads narrowly but the Republicans are better than the Democrats at getting voters to the polls. In a race defined by tiresome retread issues like abortion, this one is probably going to see a lot of issue voters heading out to vote their Bibles and give Talent a boost. Military families have also probably been discouraged from voting Democrat by the imbroglio over John Kerry's now-infamous Worst Joke Ever. While I don't buy the Republican's line that he was intentionally disparaging the troops, I don't blame voters for being offended that anyone would attempt such a shitty joke. I call this race for Talent, but it's going to come down to late night returns and I can always edit this sentence later so I don't look like an idiot when McCaskill wins.

Claire McCaskill poses with magical vote fairy Barack Obama and an adorable black.

Montana

Makes some fukken sweet witch cackling sounds

If ever there was a clear choice for who *should* win, it's to be found in Montana. In 2000 and 2004 Montana was redder than blood, going for Bush by nearly 20 points, yet incumbent Conrad Burns (R) scarcely won reelection in 2000. He is a corrupt moron cut from the same cloth as people like Ted "Internet Tubes" Stevens, and it's frankly amazing he hasn't been sent to prison yet. He is closely linked with lobbyist Jack Abramoff and he has repeatedly made stump speech gaffes that had his campaign managers breathing into paper bags to keep from passing out. For example, in July of this year Burns made comments to the media blasting volunteer firefighters as incompetent and lazy after they extinguished a wildfire in Montana.

Oh, yeah, his challenger. Well, Burns is such a carnival sideshow of idiocy it's hard to even notice crew-cut and earnest Jon Tester (D) on the campaign trail. Tester is no genius, but he seems to possess the basic human skills of self-preservation that Burns lacks. Tester was trouncing Burns by double digits for weeks, but recent polls show Tester leading by as little as a single percentage point. I guess Burns closed the gap with that debate where he fired off all those incoherent zingers, like when he told Tester that the President has a plan to succeed in Iraq, but that they weren't telling Jon Tester because he would "go out and blow it".

My Pick: Tester has been running on an anti-war platform, when honestly he should be running on an anti-Burns platform. How any self-respecting voter could walk into a booth on Tuesday and vote for Burns mystifies me. If Montana elects that moron for another term they deserve what they get. Luckily, I've got more faith in Montana than that and I'm picking Tester to squeeze by with a single percentage point victory. Burns can probably retire from politics and get a book deal out of being picked by Time magazine as one of the five worst Senators in America.

Virginia

The brutal race in Virginia is easily the race that has received the most national media attention. Republican incumbent George Allen has been running a campaign that has been as incompetent and marred by apocalyptic missteps as Burns's, but unlike Burns, Allen seemed to be a shoe-in when the race began. Since the summer he has sunk steadily in the polls against challenger and Vietnam Veteran Jim Webb. The GOP has dumped stacks of cash into this campaign to keep Allen afloat, but Allen seems intent on poking holes in his RNC-financed rubber dinghy.

Allen's half-crazed decline began in August, when Allen used an obscure racial slur against a Webb

campaign volunteer who was videotaping him. Democrats managed to make a mountain out of a macaca-hill in no small part because Allen pretended to have made the word up. When it became clear that he knew exactly what he was saying, the scandal erupted anew and Allen's poll numbers took another hit.

That was just the beginning, as Allen made a series of bizarrely racist comments about his own mother's Jewish ancestry, was accused of spitting on people, and faced allegations that he repeatedly used the word "nigger" in his not-so-distant past. While the Allen campaign threw up denial after denial, a lot of people just scratched their head and wondered why he didn't just admit to saying "nigger" a long time ago and then apologize.

Allen proves he is not racist by eating watermelon in front of penned negroes at this whites-only barbecue.

Things have gotten so bad for Allen in the closing weeks of the campaign that he has sworn off all media appearances, relying on his ads and carefully-screened stump speeches to get the word out. Against another opponent Webb might have seemed saddled with scandals, but against Allen he is beginning to look to Virginians to be the only rational choice.

My Pick: This is the deadest of dead heats and Webb's hard-won lead is still within the statistical margin of error. The Republicans have pulled out all of the stops trying to salvage Allen's disastrous campaign and that will no doubt extend to Election Day. Political commentators like to talk about the Republican "ground game", but in a race this close it's more likely to come down to who has a better selection of dirty tricks. Expect automated callers, flyers with false election rescheduling and possibly electoral fraud. I'm calling Webb as the rightful winner of this race, but I think if the Republicans are going to actually steal an election this time around, it's going to be for George Allen.

Arise, my undead minions, and vote for me!

In New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and several other Democratic strongholds the Democratic candidates lead sufficiently for me to consider them near-locks. Loonyballs election-stealer Katherine Harris is getting her embalmed pussy punched in Florida by Democratic incumbent Bill Nelson and no amount of cooing in Sean Hannity's ear can save her now.

Connecticut, where DINO incumbent Lieberman was run out of the party by Ned Lamont in the primary, looks to be a lock for the Droopy Dog. Lieberman plans to caucus with Democrats on most issues, although he is still pro-war. In Ohio, Republican incumbent DeWine briefly reduced Democratic challenger Sherrod Brown's lead to a neck and neck race, but Brown's lead is nearly double digit again. DeWine is an okay guy, but a pall of corruption hangs over the Republican Party in this battleground state and jobs numbers there frankly suck. Brown is a pretty safe bet.

The Republicans are killing Democrats in solid red states like Utah. The big Republican win in the run-up to the election has been in Tennessee, where a tight race between ultra-conservative Republican Bob Corker and ultra-conservative Democrat Harold Ford has finally fallen in Corker's favor with a double-digit lead. Corker and the GOP came under fire for running a campaign ad that Democrats claimed stoked fears of race mixing. The ad featured a ditzy blonde white woman enticing Ford to "call me" as a voice over mentioned his visits to the Playboy Mansion. What, you mean they picked

a ditzy blonde woman to represent Playboy girls? Those racists! Ford didn't deny the visit to the Playboy Mansion party and, in a hyper-religious state where the Playboy Mansion is like the dread fane of a satanic cult, the damage was done. It probably didn't help that the perpetually-scowling Ford actually looks like an evil wizard from a fantasy movie.

Despite the last-minute hay made over Kerry's overblown goof, the Democrats are still set for a strong showing on Tuesday. Will it be enough to take back the Senate? My prediction for the final tally is that the Democrats will split the Senate, with hateful grandpa Cheney as the deciding vote. It won't be the clean sweep they were hoping for, but after years of total Republican dominance I think it will be nice for most Americans to finally have a two party government again. It will certainly change the tone of Washington for the last two years of the Bush presidency. I'm sure the Democrats will totally clean up all that corruption. Finally and forever!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.7 electionday.txt

Tuesday, Nov 07, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

A young man named Stuart (aka "XOZero") whose work you might remember from one or two other articles, was something of an underground writer in the mid 1990s who freely gave his prodigal knowledge of anarchism and human manipulation to anyone with the ability to download his files. While some debated the sanity of just putting that kind of information out there willy-nilly, there is no debate that XOZero displayed a type of inborn cunning rarely seen since the days of the BBS. Stuart wrote a variety of files for every possible occasion, and Election Day 1994 was no exception. He provided insight into the American political system that you simply can't get from someone of voting age. Please enjoy.

Actual photo of the Internet, circa 1994

By the way, the following file describes acts that could easily get you into serious trouble, so please don't actually use them. For all I know it is the only remaining copy of this, so it's being provided for the benefit of human knowledge as a whole, NOT as a tool for would-be minor league terrorists. Thank you.

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*****************************************************************
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                  ELECTION MAYHEM EDITION 1994

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*****************************************************************

I was loitering at Safeway at midnight naturally pondering what it
means to be true to the (A) and then it hit me....there is an
election coming up so what better way to bring about a change in
government than to use election day??

Thats right   There are tons of old people all outside just asking
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to be messed up by us!! it is the anarchist dream come true. In every neighborhood across the country there are senior citizens going outside of there homes and they are basically chickens to us since they have no idea whats in your bag of tricks: My guidebook and the tricks!!!

You don't believe I have what it takes Look for yourself

"I STRUGLED WITH PAIN TO NO AVAIL UNTIL I USED YOUR PUTRID STINK BOMBS ON MY WIFE NOW WE ARE HAPPILY MARRIED AGAIN"
-Anonymous

"I am a high falootin doctor overseas you have never heard of me but I can tell you that I am a smart man and you are smart too so please continue your work and I will continue saving lives."
-Anonymous again

Well the results speak for themselves and the people do also so lets talk about what we can do to people who are voting to bring about the anarchy that runs in our blood.....

STAINS OF FURY
* * * * * * * ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
Somehow make a piece of clothing very stainy like with all kinds of dirt and grime and gross stuff and then leave that out side the polling place. When an old person picks it up they will wonder how it got so bad and this will make them forget about voting and then you can dump a garbage in the sun roof of their car. I know this works because my bro. had the stomachflu one time and my aunt looked in disbelief at his bed sheets for a lot of minutes while I put garbage in her purse.

A BURDEN THE HAND
* * * * * * * ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
Find a lady at the polls with frostbite on her arms and then give her some big boxes to hold. Chances are she will drop them and then in the confusion you can start pelting people with rocks or marbles

GETTING ALL HUFFY
* * * * * * * ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
Get really good at riding your bike with no hands because I have found that when you flick someone off with 2 hands while you are

riding a bike its much more effective than just one hand because
then the guy you are flicking off is all like "Man He Practiced
Riding His Bike With No Hands So He Could Do That To Me" and then
just keep flicking him off until he gets out of his car and runs
after you. If you flick him off enough he will chase you on foot
for a long time and you can lose him in the woods and when he gets
back he'll think "Man I Should Have Used My Car To Chase That Kid"
Well you didnt.

PIZZA PUTO
* * * * * * * ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
Get a pizza delivered to your house (hint: say you have ELECTION
MUNCHIES so they dont think you are a trouble maker) and get the
door and when the pizza boy gives you your pizza immediately take
it out of the box and huck it onto the hood of his car and while
he's driving off you can pat yourself on the back for a job well
done because thats all there is to that one.

MAGNIFI-CENT!!
* * * * * * * ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
Go to a polling place with a penny and a magnifying glass and look
at president Lincoln on it until an old lady comes up and says
"What Are You Doing" you can say "I Am Admiring Our Nations
Greatest Hero" and thats when you let the ants out.

THE OIL BARON
* * * * * * * ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
Get an oil baron costume and then go to the polls. Then when your
in the polls start getting sick and vomiting and saying real loud
"JEEOSEPHAT!!!" and when a polling place person comes up you can
address the other voters and say "We All Could Have Stayed Home If
We Had Anarchy...." and they will change their votes to anarchy
and start flipping over tables and making gangs.

ANIMAL ATROCITY
* * * * * * * ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
Bring a big sack of stuffed animals and pull them out 1 by 1 and
just start drop kickin them all over the place. The people around
probably wont realize they are fake animals but if they do I guess
you could say they represent politics or something. But man it
works so much better if people think they are real animals.

TURKEY TIME
* * * * * * * ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
Bring a uncooked turkey or a really big chicken in to the polling
place with you and set it down on the floor and keep your hands on

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it and then when a lady gets up from her chair to ask what you
are doing you can slide the greasy bird across the floor real hard
and probably take out a couple of folding chairs. Then run for it


Well thats all we have for today. It was kind of a rush because I
dont watch the news much and didn't know this was happening. I
think using the election is the best way to change the government
because of all the opportunities for tricksters such as us.  Well
until next time . . .


**********************************************************************

          THIS PHILE WAS BROUGHT TO YOUR COMPUTER BY
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        REST IN PEACE, RANDY. WE WILL NEVER FORGET YOU

                    --=== SysOps ===--
                  THE FAT ARM    Mutant Mom
                       reeker    CACTUS FRANKIE
                Portly Prince    Proto-Fart
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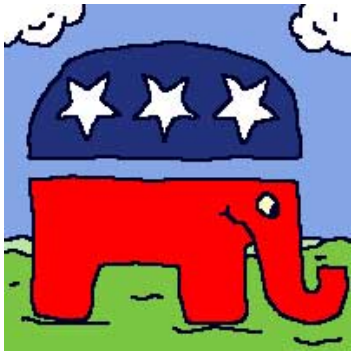
-~Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

11.8 Election Blog

Wednesday, Nov 08, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff and Tom "Moof" Davies (@Livestock)

I'm here right now on the blogosphere monitoring events in the 2006 election. This is a critical year for the Democrats, because Republicans have spent the last few years making everything that could possibly go wrong go wrong in the worst possible way. Democrats, in their infinite wisdom, chose to use this time to further their image as the uninteresting and boring party that exists solely to not be Republicans, even though they are roughly the same thing.



Judgment Day for the Republicans.

As I write this the election is still unfolding. I did not intend to write about politics, but I am in the unenviable position of having to be funny at a time when the cogs of democracy are turning, grinding people like you and me to dust. The only thing I can really write about now is that which I am focused solely on: America's political popularity contest. I am joined in the blogosphere by my rival blogger Tom "Moof" Davies of the Moof Report. We are casting aside our overwhelming hatred for one another to focus on giving you coverage of this election in real time, only you won't read it until it is done, probably invalidating all of our insights and discussions. I assure you, however, this was all written in real time, just in your past.

Livestock: Moof if we had blogs we could be breaking the stories.
Moof: We could be breaking the stories in real time as it happens.
Livestock: I know, Moof! We could be calling elections.
Moof: I am calling Oregon for Bush.
Livestock: I would call Arizona for LOSERS.
Moof: I am calling Florida for Howard Dean
Moof: I am calling Washington for frogs.
Livestock: It looks like a close one in England but I'm going to go ahead and call it for pork faggots.
Livestock: Moof, it is fun to be political bloggers.
Moof: I am going to call South Dakota for COCKSUCKER
Livestock: WHATTTT?
Moof: hehehehehe
Livestock: Moof, I should never have gotten you to watch Deadwood. It has ruined your innocence.

The Democratic Process

I should note that Moof is not an American. He is English. He speaks with an English accent. He eats things like crumpets and Cornish pasties and rides on trams. He is everything that we are not: UN-AMERICAN. To give you an example of where Moof stands on democracy, here is his sinister take on it:

Moof: The main problem with democracy is that the people cannot be trusted with the power.
Moof: The majority does not really know what is best for the majority.
Moof: I propose a system of pulleys and levers.

Nonetheless, Moof has a keen understanding of the political process, offering important insights as an uninvited outsider.

Moof: Livestock, watching elections is like watching sports but more people lose their jobs. :)
Livestock: That is ironic because many politicians run on a platform of creating jobs, when in fact they are doing so to steal a job.
Moof: Yes...
Moof: They are.
Livestock: That is hypocritical and I would never vote for a hypocrite, even if it means remaining jobless.
Moof: Democracy is a lot like American Idol.
Moof: I wonder if that is where they got the idea for democracy?
Moof: Probably.
Livestock: At the end of each election there should be someone that makes fun of the winning and losing candidates.
Livestock: And teenage girls should be able to text in votes.
Moof: Yes.
Moof: Man, the Dems just picked up another house seat from the GOP.
Livestock: Which seat?
Livestock: I hope it was a recliner.
Moof: No, it was a hammock, but it is still nice.

House of the Dems

The biggest victory for the Democrats came in the form of the House of Representatives. Throughout the night the Republicans consistently lost ground there, giving some hope for a return of checks and balances which are nice since our government is completely insane.

Moof: According to CNN Arizona 05 and Arizona 08 are key races.
Livestock: Races to the bathroom so you don't miss the actual important stuff you mean!!
Moof: No, they are very important.
Moof: Democrats are +2 houses so far.
Moof: If they get 4 houses then can swap it for a hotel. :)

Inevitably the Democrats gained many hotels worth of power, and easily secured control of the beloved House of Representatives early in the night. As such we didn't spend a lot of time blogging about the House, because nobody even cares about the House. There are over 400 House members, so it's not like it takes effort to get there. **The Issues at Stake**

Politicians weren't the only things on the ballot. A wealth of important issues were on the table, including bans on gay marriage, abortion, stem cell research, and public hooting.

Livestock: The abortion ban in South Dakota didn't pass. :) :)
Livestock: I am going to go have sex in South Dakota *right now.*
Moof: Okay (don't forget to have it aborted).
Livestock: I hope it is twins so I can get two abortions for the price of one.
Moof: Usually you have to pay a little extra for two.
Livestock: I hope it counts as two on my punch card at least. I want to get a tenth abortion for free
Moof: maybe...

Livestock: Moof, tell me, do you support the right of Missouri residents to clone Michael J. Fox?
Moof: Yes, absolutely.
Moof: But only if we don't get more "Spin City" episodes.
Livestock: Wait, with Charlie Sheen???
Moof: Michael J. Fox was in it before Charlie Sheen and he was better than Charlie Sheen.
Livestock: I know but "Spin City" ended with Charlie Sheen.
Moof: But it was bad with Charlie Sheen.
Moof: It was okay with Michael J. Fox.
Livestock: Well I'm not sure it was ever really that great, Moof.
Moof: I said it was okay.

Underground Politics

One of the key issues being decided on this election year is that of mine safety. With several mine inspector seats up for grabs, the future of mines proved to be up in the air rather than in the ground.

Moof: Livestock, are you watching the mine inspector races?
Moof: Apparently there was only one mine inspector on the ballot here.
Livestock: Moof, if I may continue on the subject of mine inspectors...
Livestock: I think gaining control of the House of Mine Inspectors would give the Dems a strong handle on shaping the future of mines.
Moof: Livestock the mine inspectors don't have a house
Moof: They have a mine.
Livestock: The house is obviously metaphorical.
Livestock: Obviously they have a mine and they gather there.
Livestock: Mine inspection is my favorite branch of government.
Livestock: It just seems like that under Republicans mine safety has taken a backseat to the war on terror.
Moof: I agree.
Livestock: It is time for miners to come out of the tunnels and make a statement.
Livestock: The miner vote is going to be a deciding factor this election, mark my words.
Moof: Livestock, there was only one mine inspector on the ballot in AZ.
Livestock: Does he live in the Kartchner Caverns?
Livestock: It is not really a mine per se, but it is underground and that is the dominion of mine inspectors.
Moof: Yes, exactly.

Reports from the Political Jungle

Livestock: Moof, reports from Animal Planet are projecting spiders the winner.
Moof: I am calling the jungle right now for lions...
Moof: As king.
Livestock: Moof, that doesn't even make sense. This is a democracy!
Moof: Not in the jungle.
Moof: Livestock, exit polls at the zoo are suggesting an overwhelming victory for giraffes,
Moof: But we all know how misleading exit polls can be since the 2004 penguin-polar bear upset.
Livestock: Tom, I am well aware of this. I saw the giraffes and they have put on a good

show for people lately, picking up a lot of ground in the hard to reach branches area. But we cannot rule out hippos this time, not yet.

Livestock: Moof, I am still real time blogging and I'm going to go ahead and call tunnels for horses, with 57% of tunnels reporting.
Moof: We haven't heard from golf cart tunnel yet so I am not going to call it either way.

A Surprise Betrayal

Moof: People at work are talking about Photoshop Phriday.
Livestock: What are they saying? Can you poll them?
Moof: I am calling it for FARK.
Livestock: Oh no. :(

Battle for the Senate

The main focus of the night was the fight to control the Senate, and dominated the bulk of our discussion.

Livestock: Moof, who are your top three dream senators?
Moof: Ted Kennedy
Moof: Winston Churchill
Moof: He-man
Livestock: Do you want to know mine?
Moof: Yes.
Moof: Please.
Livestock: Aulus Caecina
Livestock: Decimus Junius Brutus Albinus
Livestock: Marcus Scribonius Drusus Libo
Moof: Those are Roman senators.
Livestock: I didn't specify what kind of senators.
Livestock: I could have said Senator Palpatine, but frankly his reforms were terrible.
Moof: Okay, I am sorry.
Livestock: Moof, the question on most American minds is thus: could Hillary Clinton win against a barn full of hogs?? The answer is no, and I am calling NY for a barn full of hogs with 75% of precincts reporting.
Moof: The hogs are men.
Moof: Men always win against women.

Although my projection was a bit off, we eventually got back on track.

Moof: Livestock, it is going to be difficult for the Dems to win the senate.
Moof: They need 3 out of the remaining 6 seats.
Moof: Three of them have a strong GOP lead.
Moof: One of them has a good Dem lead.
Moof: And two have a small GOP lead by maybe 2%.
Moof: So the Dems need to take those two.
Livestock: I have a theory, Moof.
Livestock: How the democrats can pick up some senate seats.
Moof: Ok, how? (They cannot just buy some seats or steal some seats).

Livestock: Oh, well, never mind.
Moof: Sorry.
Livestock: Wait, I have another theory.
Moof: Okay (they cannot make seats out of lumber).
Livestock: The Dems in the house could use their newfound advantage to create several new states and fill them full of liberals, creating new senate seats that will go to liberals.
Moof: What would the states be called?
Livestock: The states would be called Pago and Bayonet.
Livestock: Pago being the better of the two, obviously.
Moof: Livestock, CNN just called New Caprica for Baltar :O

As the night dragged on, the contest for the Senate ended up resting on two states, Virginia and Montana. The wonders of democracy left the fate of the government in the hands of two boring states that no one actually cares about.

Livestock: It is taking a long time to get the Montana votes in because Montana is 8 times the size of Texas and has 100 citizens.
Moof: They only have 99, actually.
Moof: I am sorry. :(
Livestock: Who died??
Moof: Old McGubbins.
Livestock: God rest his soul.
Livestock: Moof...
Livestock: Control of the Senate...
Livestock: Control of the direction of the United States of America...
Livestock: May well rest in the hands...
Livestock: Of the people of BUTTE!
Livestock: BUTTE
Moof: HEHE BUTTE
Livestock: More like BUTT

It is looking like the Democrats have a chance to pick up the last remaining seats and take control, but that is not certain as of this writing. **The Saga of Lugo**

The most interesting story of the election was without a doubt that of Chris Lugo's candidacy in Tennessee. Lugo ran on the platform of "I am a grown man and I have a neckbeard" and lost with less than 3,000 votes. Still, his startling campaign and his neckbeard made him the standout candidate in a hotly contested race.

VOTE NECKBEARD

Moof: I am sad to see Lugo only got 2000 or so votes in Tennessee.
Livestock: Lugo had a lot to offer.
Moof: He will get his chance to shine.
Livestock: Lugo for president??
Moof: One day...
Moof: He got 15 votes in Bedford County. :)
Livestock: A key battleground county...
Moof: He got 1 vote in Clay County.
Moof: Livestock, I am about to call the Senate for Lugo.
Livestock: That is a bold move, Moof. I hope you don't

have to eat crow, as we say in political circles.
Moof: PICTURE OF LUGO FOUND!
Moof: I think he might have stairs... if you know what I mean... (In his house)...
Livestock: Lugo has a neckbeard!
Moof: Do you think maybe... he is protected... from pusher robots...?
Livestock: I don't think we should talk about this anymore
Moof: Oh, Lugo! :)

I am certain that that by the time I wake up in the morning, Tennessee will have already finished its recount and declared Lugo the true winner. It also very much looks like the Democrats will snag Virginia and Montana. It is always possible something will change, but it is looking pretty certain that the Democrats have reclaimed the House and the Senate, vanquishing evil and making the universe safe again.

I apologize for the disjointed nature of this update; it was pieced together from a dramatic night of discussion and ever shifting news and poll data. I trust that it will all be overturned hours after I post this, making me look like the biggest idiot in the world. I am going to go ahead and wrap things up and say that this night seems to have been a step in the right direction.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff and Tom "Moof" Davies (@Livestock)

11.9 The Awful History of Final Fantasy: Part I

Thursday, Nov 09, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Final Fantasy. For almost twenty years, this beloved video game series has created countless memories and bedsores. And, as *Final Fantasy* approaches its 20th anniversary (listen nerds *I know it's barely 19 so LAY OFF*), countless websites and video game publications are no doubt producing epic, multi-page features on the series which will be read by no one but obsessive Wikipedia moderators looking to correct video game "journalists" who work only for the promotional merchandise that keeps them warm at night. You may laugh, but the Ziff-Davis fallout shelter/demotivational journalist housing gets mighty cold without your *American McGee's Bad Day L.A.* knitted pullover and matching snow pants. And when the shadow harvesters come at night, you'd better pray to God that your *Spyro the Dragon* cockrings will clog their infernal gears. This is a world I know all too well, or possibly have made up.

But instead of forcing you to wait for the drooling of Square sycophants, we at Something Awful, famous for our coverage of dead fetus obsessions and little girls born without faces, have decided to produce our own retrospective of the RPG mammoth that finds new, creative ways to dress up whisper-thin little girls in revealing bras and present them as rugged male protagonists: *Fainaru Fantaj+*.

Final Fantasy I (Moon Date 1987/ USA 1990)

Before the first *Final Fantasy*, most gamers were used to console video game RPGs such as *Dragon Quest*, a game with bold new design features like the "stairs" command. It wasn't enough of a hint that you wanted to go upstairs by moving your character onto a set of stairs; maybe you wanted to role-play the act of sitting on the stairs as many medieval heroes – like King Arthur – did in their day, and perhaps were most famous for (PROTIP: Since King Arthur is fictional, you can make up whatever you want about him). *Final Fantasy I* got rid of the immersive qualities of looking mournfully upwards at a second floor or staring at the fine wood of a freshly-closed door and ripped off Dungeons and Dragons even further by adding a class system to the RPG genre. Some would say these class systems already existed in games like *Ultima* and *Wizardry*, but these two were PC games, and before 1987 only the richest oil barons could afford and house the multi-tubed beasts known as computers – of which only 6 machines existed. And these powerful men were too busy using them to write shopping lists and strongly-worded letters to embassies.

The class system featured a handful of traditional classes, like Fighter, Monk, Red Mage, Black Mage, and Horseshoer (sadly, the horses were scrapped before the game was released). Two classes, however, were particularly worthless: the Thief and the Red Mage. First of all, the Thief can't steal. So what can he do? Be much weaker than any other class in phenomenal ways without the benefit of strength or magic! Yes, with the game's promotion system, Thief eventually becomes Ninja. But it's kind of like how people with severe facial deformities are still monsters INSIDE after reconstructive surgery; it's that past life of shame, regret, and the inability to steal. Oh, and the Red Mage is blessed with a brilliant mix of shitty attacks and shitty spells. Hooray for diversity!

NOSTALGIA TAINTED SCORE: 10/10

Final Fantasy II (Moon Date 1988/ USA 2003)

Imagine, if you will, that upon finishing a game, Square liked to have a good old-fashioned dog fucking party. Now imagine that after finishing *Final Fantasy I*, Square threw the biggest dog-fucking party Japan had ever seen. Champagne being poured, red carpets being rolled out, dogs being fucked up and down those red carpets; an amazing feat, as only one dog is allowed to occupy Japan at a time thanks to the postwar Constitution we kindly wrote for them as a favor. Now, I'm not sure if dog-fucking is a part of Japanese culture, but it's the only logical way the conclusion of this story can be true. So let's say a severely retarded homeless man sneaks into this dog-fucking party and secretly takes pictures of each and every Square employee in the act of dog-fucking. Surely if these pictures were leaked, the company would be destroyed! This is why Akitoshi Kawazu has been directing games at Square for nearly 20 years instead of sucking the nutrients out of curb asphalt to survive.

The second you start playing *Final Fantasy II*, your party of four is mercilessly slaughtered by a battle you can't escape from. This is Kawazu's way of telling you, "Welcome, and please get used to my unique interpretation of role playing games!" And get used to it you will, as you find moving in one arbitrary direction will bring you from the land of level 1 crippled moths straight into the mouth of level 99 behemoth diablos that will make you sorry you decided to not remain completely motionless. This "punishment through exploration" method was also used in Kawazu-directed games like *SaGa Frontier*, mistakenly bought by many gamers who thought they deserved a life without torture. *Final Fantasy II's* shame-based gaming can also be found in its character level system, which doesn't exist. Instead, to gain stats, it's more productive to use your own characters to beat the shit out of one another; a fine analogy for playing *Final Fantasy II.*

NOSTALGIA TAINTED SCORE: 10/10

Final Fantasy III (Moon Date 1990/ USA 2006)

Thankfully, the war crimes trial for *Final Fantasy II* was speedy, and Square brought *Final Fantasy III* to Japan a brief two years later. Those responsible were executed, and Kawazu was given his own development studio, where he continues to make *SaGa* games to this day (Note: *SaGa* is Japanese for "feeling of explosive gonorrhea"). Perhaps the greatest injustice of *Final Fantasy II* is that America received two different releases of the game, both on the PSX and the Game Boy Advance; these updates fixed a few of *II's* debilitating problems, but not the feeling of crippling despair a gamer is overcome with while playing it. Next week, though, *Final Fantasy III* will be out in America for the Nintendo DS, forever silencing dorks who think they are the only ones who know the difference between the two different *Final Fantasy IIIs* . "Um, *Final Fantasy III*? I think what our ignorant young friend here means is *Final Fantasy VI*! (donkey snort)"

Final Fantasy III is most famous for its job system, a good idea Square decided to use only once more; they soon dropped it for the much more popular system of "every character is your own personal demi-god, please press start to win" which has continually delighted gamers who love mindlessly slamming the "confirm" button for 40 hours. The job system finally allowed thieves to break free from their moral shackles and steal during combat, and also countered the uselessness of the red

mage by adding classes like the geomancer, which are slightly more powerful than our modern-day geologists. Slightly. And if you don't like your current job in *Final Fantasy III*, changing it is as easy and deciding which new outfit your character will look the least ridiculous in (PROTIP: None.).

It is this somewhat-complicated job system that prevented *Final Fantasy III* from coming to America. After all, in 1990 gamers were cutting their teeth on *Final Fantasy I* and were about to burn their TVs because they thought that Mario games scrolling right AND left had to be witchcraft. This game also introduced the Moogle, perhaps Square's most popular icon, next to the burning pile of money that represents 2001's *Final Fantasy: The Spirit Within*. At first, Square decided to use a character called Smokey-san – the anthropomorphic smokestack mascot of Tokohama Industrial Concern – but this sponsorship fell through when Tokohama's new brand of infant formula caused something called "crib melt."

NOSTALGIA TAINTED SCORE: 10/10

Final Fantasy IV (Moon Date 1991/ USA 1991)

With the long lapses in release dates of *Final Fantasy* games from the Eastern Hemisphere to the Western Hemisphere (the best hemisphere), it's surprising to see that part *IV* made it to American shores in less than a year. This is for one of two total reasons: 1.) New games were desperately needed to balance out the Super Nintendo's scarcity of launch titles (like *Super Mario World* and *Please Keep Playing Super Mario World*) and 2.) for the first time, a *Final Fantasy* game was translated not by a bilingual human, but by a Tandy TRS-80 hooked up to a lawnmower engine. The latter idea sped up the localization process, saved Square literally *tens of yen*, and is responsible for such classic lines as "You spoony bard!" and "r8m54PQqo20e51bj85Y37h8swmMPwmMm4o3sLJjo!" Today, "r8m54PQqo20e51bj85Y37h8swmMPwmMm4o3sLJjo" t-shirts are sold by the thousands at anime conventions.

But besides those famous lines that bring down the house at Inu-Yasha screenings, *Final Fantasy IV* is most famous for being the first *Final Fantasy* with a real focus on story. Please understand I am ignoring *Final Fantasy II* because for obvious reasons it deserves to be ignored. Anyway, the storytelling of *Final Fantasy IV* was extremely limited thanks to early Super Nintendo development tools; the console could give only one character a personality, and this personality was set on "constant doublecross." This character was Kain the Dragoon, and about every 30 seconds he would either steal or return one of the many crystals needed to finish the game. Some considered this annoying, but without Kain *Final Fantasy IV* would only be 20 minutes long - including time for up to five bathroom breaks of numbers 1 or 2. Also included in this estimate is sandwich-making time. Despite this flaw, SNES gamers were amazed by the grand new expressions *Final Fantasy IV's* characters could perform, with emotions such as "looking down" keeping gamers worldwide glued to their bean bag chairs – and not just from Pepsi residue.

Final Fantasy IV also introduced ATB, or "active time bartle," which was later changed to "active time battle" when the Tandy TRS-80 eventually exploded and Square was forced to hire a proofreader. ATB irked many an RPG fan, as it sped up the battle process and required constant input; a marked difference from actual role-playing, which features constant pauses for bickering over Mountain Dew and deciding whose mom is going to drive who to whose basement.

FACT: Cecil is the first Square character to popularize the use of "..." an expression that would be the trademark of many Square RPG heroes to come!

NOSTALGIA TAINTED SCORE: 10/10

Final Fantasy V (Moon Date 1992/ USA 1999)

The job system - first seen in *Final Fantasy III* - comes back one last time in *Final Fantasy V*. But that isn't the most memorable or remarkable thing about *Final Fantasy V*. Would you like to know what that is?

The main character's name is Butz.

BUTZ

Yes, Square may try to retranslate this tragic hero's name into Bahtz, Bartz, Bootsu, or Playable Character Number One, but Butz will always be Butz. And *FFV's* weak story will not distract you from this. In fact's Butz's complete lack of personality will prevent you from watching him as a separate, fictional character; you will instead live vicariously through Butz as you think in terror *OH GOD I AM NOW A BUTTS HOW IS THIS HAPPENING SUICIDE IS THE ONLY ESCAPE GOODBYE SWEET PIXELS*

A famous newsgroup urban legend states that Square was considering the stateside release of this game, despite its possibly confusing job system. However, when their set of 13 year-old game American testers came upon the name "Butz," they soon named the three remaining members of their party "TITZ," "FARTZ," and "DIX." What followed was a giggle fit so intense, only tear gas could break it up. So it did.

Because of this debacle, Square decided to instead release the blight known as *Final Fantasy Mystic Quest* in America. This game was later sold in Japan as *Fun with Colors and Numbers: Baby's First American RPG.*

NOSTALGIA TAINTED SCORE: 10/10

Final Fantasy VI (Moon Date 1994/ USA 1994)

Let me explain one thing about Square RPGs. They used to cost around $80 in Americabucks, especially if you bought them from gaming specialty shops whose "specialty" was raping the wallets of 12 year-olds who enjoyed RPGs. This fiduciary violation is now felt by all people who venture into any store of the Gamestop company, regardless of their love of RPGs. It's true that RPGs no longer cost as much as they used to – due primarily to the fact that you can now masturbate to them – but this retail chain has managed to compensate by offering three-dollar gameplay guarantees that only guarantee you will have three less dollars when you exit.

PROGRESS!

You may think I'm using Something Awful inappropriately as a forum to voice my concern about the price of games 12 years ago; this is untrue. I'm mainly using it as a forum to brag about my feats in *Final Fantasy VI* 12 years ago. You see, I managed to get every character up to level 99 (the 1994 equivalent of what's affectionately known as "poopsocking"), a tremendous feat when all 14 playable characters are uniformly useless. Square coined this concept

CMS (Combined Mediocrity System), which eliminated the burden of deciding which characters to include in a party. Essentially, CMS - paired with the ability of any character to learn any spell – made deciding which characters you wanted as your imaginary boyfriend/girlfriend the only factor in assembling a party. Here's a quick synopsis of every character and their special abilities:

- Terra: intermittently turns into a futuristic version of Diana Ross - USELESS
- Celes: can fake suicide to get attention from birds - USELESS
- Locke: can steal things that are useless - USELESS
- Edgar: waggles finger like a motherfucker - USELESS
- Sabin: his Street-Fightery fighting moves allows the SNES controller to eat many layers of skin from your thumb - USELESS
- Cyan: charges up lame sword moves while everyone else has three turns - USELESS
- Setzer: his random magic will either heal 30 HP or destroy your entire party - USELESS
- Shadow: leaves your party when he damn well wants to and has a dog sometimes - USELESS
- Relm: her special "sketch" ability will give you 255 of every item and then give your SNES cartridge digital AIDS - USELESS
- Gau: completely useless but at least you could leave him in the middle of the Veldt and never come back - USELESS
- Strago: old man who can use useless enemy magic - USELESS
- Mog: dances until random usless magic happens - USELESS
- Umaro: uncontrollable Yeti - USELESS
- Gogo: can use any character's useless skills - USELESS

Final Fantasy VI is the best game ever.

NOSTALGIA TAINTED SCORE: 10/10

Yes, the first half of the *Final Fantasy* series may have given us six nearly-flawless games that are more valuable than the entire written works of Western civilization but – as stated before – the series never caught on in America until gamers were able to masturbate to it. Who? How? Why? WHYYYYY?!

To be continued...

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

11.10 Above Crumbling Vistas Far Away

Friday, Nov 10, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

When I was a junior in high school I fell in love with a retarded girl. People say they fall in love all the time in high school, but what they're talking about is lust fueled by high octane hormones. A 16-year-old boy could fall in love with a hole in the dirt if it was the right size and a 16-year-old girl could have two-sided conversations with a photograph in a magazine. Teenagers aren't mature or emotionally grounded enough to gauge when they're in love. How do I know I fell in love with that retarded girl? More than a decade later I still think about her almost every day.

I never learned her name, so I am going to refer to her as Julienne. The day I saw her for the first time she was dipping julienne fries into ketchup on her lunch tray. She didn't even look down at the ketchup. Julienne dragged the fries back and forth, taking her time as if she were dunking a cookie into milk. Then she lifted a trio of lardy fries to her lips. They parted, but not nearly enough to prevent the ketchup from smearing across her lower lip. Then they disappeared into her mouth and her tongue darted out to lick away their debris. A lesser man might have bit his knuckle or the palm of his hand to stifle a cry.

Julienne was not beautiful, she was exquisite. No, she was still more beautiful than that. She possessed that sort of terrifying beauty that Edmund Burke might have described as "sublime". Her large gray eyes nestled in a garden of curving lashes and seemed outlined in black. Her upper lip was thin, but feminine, and her lower lip was so full as to make her seem slightly petulant. From the upturned tip of her nose to her fashionably unkempt black hair, she was gorgeous.

She was sitting down when I entered the cafeteria and she wore a puffy pink winter coat despite being indoors. I could not assemble a clear picture of her physique from that first encounter, although I was certain that she was not grotesquely overweight. I would later learn that her breasts were a match for the finest to be found among the cheerleaders at my school and her outdated acid-washed jeans cradled a crescent fertile enough to shame the Tigris and Euphrates combined.

To even offer a description of Julienne is to demean her. With my crude words I can detail the gentle curve at the back of her neck or the way she would suddenly smile at nothing at all, but what good is that? Perhaps you can understand why I would have fallen instantly in love with her, but you cannot empathize. The experience of seeing her that first time was probably analogous to the ecstasy certain Christians experience when they encounter the Virgin Mary in a grease stain or a coffee ring. This was not even so base as a message from the heavens, Julienne was divinity personified.

That first day began my surveillance of Julienne. To be honest, I never was certain that she was retarded. She certainly bore none of the physical characteristics of many of the chromosomal disorders associated with mental retardation. Nor was she relegated to the lowest of the low special education classes.

That class was a corral for bestial creatures with withered arms, motorized wheelchairs and a reputation for grasping wantonly at the bodies of passing girls. Those degenerate hobgoblins masturbated openly without repercussion and shat themselves as if they were being paid for each garment they soiled.

These were the beasts we let into our schools to prove that we hate Hitler. We Americans can fight back the instinct to chase them into the woods with rakes and torches or tie stones around their legs and push them off bridges. Thrusting Julienne into that environment would have been akin to dipping an infant in chum and throwing it into the ocean.

No, Julienne was several orders of magnitude more intelligent than those miserable horrors, but she was still quite obviously askew. She rarely blinked and her eyes moved with a pronounced lethargy. When she spoke - and it was a rare occasion - she spoke in a husky whisper that made her words seem dramatic, but intangible, like smoke curling from the barrel of a gun. She was a girl caught between two worlds: our ugly realm of cold grays and molded plastics and some other place, far away, where impossibly amazing things are happening.

Julienne's two friends were obnoxiously loud and unpleasantly stupid. They talked about tampons between bites of fruit pies and picked at scabs on their faces. They were the sort Donald Rumsfeld might refer to as "dead-enders" were he to view trailer parks through the same cynical eyes he is known to cast on the Middle East. Their bodies were bloated in every possible place. I can't remember their faces, but they barked like hippos and spit when they talked. They existed on the periphery of my vision and were little more than heaps of garbage. Their proximity to Julienne created a background that served to further enhance her beauty. She was a winning lottery ticket floating in their unflushed toilet.

When I saw Julienne in the halls I fought down the urge to fall at her feet and prostrate myself before her. I watched as she disappeared into remedial English, fundamentals of math, or the sort of science classroom where an entire unit is spent explaining that the earth revolves around the sun. Galileo's bold wisdom reaches even the simple among us in this future age.

Days would pass and I would not see her, then she would reappear with crêpe paper tied in her hair or a crude heart drawn on her forearm with marker. Each childlike affectation was endearing rather than amusing. Make no mistake, while the love I felt for her would probably best be described as romantic, it was never specifically sexual. While I had some strange urge to physically love her, I also felt that to do such a thing would be to defile her. No, the sexual interaction I desired was the chaste intercourse of television, wherein I could perhaps see her in low light, partially clothed, and then she would come to me and then it would be dark. The horrid reality of sex was not to be inflicted upon Julienne, even in my private fantasies.

One of the most enduring memories of Julienne is the one time I sat near her at the lunch table. She had taken to wearing a jean jacket all day long and I admired the pink vinyl tassels that hung at her sleeves. On a lesser woman they would have been ridiculous. She held her tray of beef twofers, fruit cup and milk, searching for her friends. I always kept at least a table between myself and her, but on that fateful day she picked out a seat next to me. It was not the one directly next to me, but it was close.

My friends glanced at Julienne with apathy. They couldn't see what I saw and there was no point

telling them. Perhaps they couldn't even see her at all. I have friends from high school that I would tell anything, yet I have never discussed her with them.

Julienne's proximity offered a unique opportunity, unsettling as the reality was, to experience a facet of her I had not yet enjoyed: her smell. Believe me when I say that I have never made a habit of going around and smelling girls. Julienne...projected her smell. I am loathe to say odor, because that conjures scent-memories of rancid sweat or even more unsavory filth. Aroma. Julienne had an aroma. It was simultaneously natural and artificial. The scent was sweet, strange, disconcerting, but not entirely unpleasant. It was the smell of sun-warmed skin and talcum powder, and, something else. It was the smell of something terrible and beautiful at the same time; poppies at Prypiat or kalia lilies in the Katyn Forest.

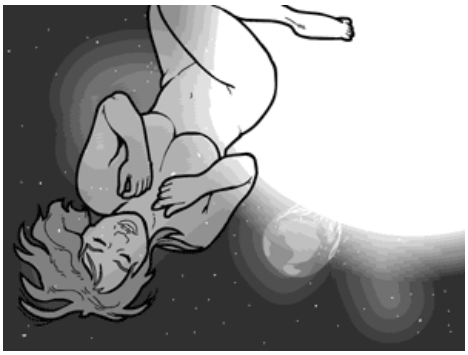
I was still trying to describe that scent to myself when she looked at me for the first and only time. She turned to me, her expression slack. Her eyes roamed slowly to my face, her gaze seemingly focused on some point far away. With no idea of what to do or how to react, I smiled. She did not react for a moment and then, as though her face was being manipulated by invisible strings and cables, she smiled very suddenly.

Her teeth were white. They parted slightly. Something red moved inside her mouth. Her tongue speared out from between her lips, a fleshy eel emerging from its burrow. Julienne wagged her tongue at me like a child. I was stunned. My own smile wavered. Her expression went slack again. She turned back to her tray of food and began to slather her beef twofers with cheap government ketchup made from crabapples.

I saw her a few more times before summer came. Had I known that she would not be returning my senior year in high school I might have treasured those fleeting final glimpses of her more carefully. As it is, she has ingrained herself forever on my psyche.

A few years later, perhaps during my failed foray into higher education, I took to offsetting my self-centered misery by visualizing things vastly greater than myself. It was a coping mechanism for uncomfortable situations or unpleasant tasks. When faced with something I dread I contemplate my staggering insignificance amidst the backdrop of creation. At first it was simply mountains, valleys, or ancient ruins I had glimpsed in a textbook. These visions became increasingly grandiose. I became obsessed with reducing myself to less than an ant, so that my struggles were meaningless and not to be feared.

I imagined the creaking of ice plains on Europa, tortured and twisted by the gravity of Jupiter filling up the sky. I visualized the desolate winds of Mars, sweeping away ten thousand years of trackless dust in a storm front large enough to envelop an entire state. The years went by and my mind wandered further and craved even more grandiose and florid imagery. The atmosphere of unknown planets boiled away in the grip of a red giant. Moons quit their orbits and brought staggering calamity to sheets of methane ice. Solar systems collapsed in on the singularity point of a hungry black hole. Worlds smashed against each other, gamma radiation spewing out from quasars and scouring every trace of life from the planets it touched.



It should be no surprise that eventually she slipped into these fanciful cosmic odysseys. Julienne is scarcely a hair's breadth from me in the scale of my visions, living out a sad simple life in the small town where I spent my formative years, trapped like a butterfly beneath a bell jar. She is probably in a trailer, a hundred pounds heavier, with mewling children and a husband that drinks and beats her. Maybe she lives alone, that same half-smile on her face as she stares at the wall of her kitchen, an old clock ticking softly, a cat arching its back as it rubs against her leg. I could find her, I think, but if I make myself understand her then she is destroyed.

The Victorians thought the sublime was something to be conquered, something man could overcome. Maybe they were right and maybe we are greater and more significant than I presume. Maybe some day we will look out from Brunel's great steam ships and Stephenson's rail cars of the 500th century and casually glimpse the beautiful terrors of the cosmos. If they are right then I hope she is there, drifting through the boundless void, above crumbling vistas far away.

Thanks for reading the update. Thanks to Shmorky for once again transforming one of my updates into much more than it might have been. If you guys enjoyed my writing, you might be interested in my book. I think there might be a few copies left at Amazon.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.11 How To Properly Camp Out For A Console

Saturday, Nov 11, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

In recent years, it has become increasingly commonplace for gamers to not only wait in line to buy a new console the day it comes out, but to camp out in that line for an entire night or even several days beforehand. The Playstation 3 doesn't come out until next Friday, and people are already lined up, shivering in lawn chairs outside Wal-Marts across the country. They're doing the same for Nintendo's Wii, which won't be released until two days after the PS3. These people are not normal, and I am one of them.

I'm not quite sure what it is that drives this compulsion. Video games don't fill an empty spot in my soul where a healthy social life should be. On the contrary, I have a terrific best friend in Zack Parsons, whom I email at least once every few months for help with very stupid problems I encounter while preparing my updates. I also leave the house every day to walk my dog. Sometimes we walk all the way down to the gate. Everything about my life is perfectly fine, enviable even, but when new video game hardware rolls around I feel the need to bring it home the day it's released.

So why wait in a line for several days? One reason is obviously to ensure that you get a system from the store's limited stock, but there's something to be said for the sense of camaraderie one encounters while braving the elements with a group of like-minded individuals. It can be liberating to be surrounded by people who have so many things in common with you, from their passion for video games and their misguided fashion senses to the "Samus Aran nude" entries in their Google caches.

Whatever your reasons may be, if you're determined to wait in line for a video game system then I am here to lend a hand in making your experience relatively painless.

- **Tip #1 - Show Up As Early As Possible**

Unless you're reading this while in the line for your console of choice, you are probably too late. Sorry! If you make a mad dash right now, though, you might get a good spot in the line for the next round of consoles that will be hitting shelves in 2010.

- **Tip #2 - Nourishment**

It would be nice if man could subsist entirely on his daydreams of playing a lightsaber game on the Wii, but unfortunately that's just not possible. Yet.

For now, the old standby of beef jerky and Gatorade will have to do. Beef jerky is great because it has all the major food groups (the spices), and its waxy coating protects the meat when the jerky is dropped into a puddle of motor oil and tobacco bits. Gatorade is also great because it replenishes all those nutrients your body loses from getting boners all day and twiddling your thumbs on your lap to hide those boners.

- **Tip #3 - Furniture**

You'll probably be in line for at least an entire day, if not more, and as far as I know it's impossible for the human body to remain standing for more than three minutes at a time before severe injuries set in. That means you'll need somewhere to sit.

Most people choose to bring a simple folding chair or a comfortable sleeping bag. These people are wrong. What you really need is a wheelchair, preferably your grandmother's. Not only is

a wheelchair comfortable and mobile, but it nets you some serious sympathy points which could translate into the store manager letting you inside first when your console goes on sale.

- **Tip #4 - Relieving Yourself**

Many stores have adopted a policy that forbids people from holding your place in line, making trips to the restroom an impossibility. How can you deal with this?

The most obvious option is the one-two punch of a colostomy and a permanent catheter, completely eliminating the embarrassment of going to the bathroom in public. As an added bonus, after you bring your console home you'll never worry about hitting the pause button to run to the bathroom again. It's a win-win situation.

For those of you who are unreasonably adverse to unnecessary surgery, a leak-proof briefcase is your best bet. Relieving yourself into a glass jar or a mostly empty plastic soda cup from Taco Bell demonstrates a complete lack of class, but doing it in a briefcase says "I'm an important person who's really going somewhere. In five days. To play a video game. And that somewhere is home."

- **Tip #5 - Socializing**

Nerds are generally shy by nature, but by the fourth day of waiting in line you should be able to exchange a nervous nod with the person next to you. By day six, you'll be ready to exchange names. After this sudden whirlwind of conversation you may find yourself grasping for something to talk about, so here are a few suggestions:

"Hey, you like games?"

"Man, it's pretty cold."

"So is this the line for N-Gage? Ha ha. Ha." (Only for advanced users!)

While you're socializing, be on the lookout for an unsuspecting potential mate. It's very rare to find a special someone who is fanatical about video games, so if you come across a mildly attractive girl or guy in line with you then you were obviously meant to be together forever. To be absolutely sure that you are compatible for a love match, determine precisely how awesome he or she thinks Star Wars and The Lord Of The Rings are.

- **Tip #6 - Entertainment**

Bring along a Nintendo DS if you can. Most people in line will probably have one, and you can kill quite a bit of time facing off against each other in wifi games. Be sure to react loudly to everything in the game, broadcasting what's happening as if everyone cares.

"Argh! That guy just passed me! Shit! He just bumped into me! Woah! I just pressed the power button! Dude! I just closed the DS and put it away!"

Some reading material would also be good. If you collect a few articles and advertisements for the system you're getting, you can obsess over each trivial detail to get the most information out of it as possible and understand your console more than those other chumps. Hmmm, that advertisement shows the PS3 standing next to a Rubik's Cube. Does that mean that a virtual Rubik's Cube game will come on the hard drive, and you'll be able to tilt and twist the cube with the completely original motion sensing Sixaxis controller? This clearly warrants another hour and a half of reading through the gaming magazines' previews of the system.

- **Tip #7 - Know Thine Enemy**

The enemy lurks among us. He takes on a thousand different forms and appears in a thousand lines, but he is singular in purpose. He is the eBay Asshole.

The eBay Asshole knows that consoles are difficult to get ahold of when they first come out, so he takes a spot from someone who actually wants one in order to sell the system on eBay for a profit. These heathens can be identified by their beady eyes, razor sharp talons, and a general indifference toward your argument that Mutant League Football was the most accurate representation of mutant sports to ever grace a console.

If you should spot an eBay Asshole, alert the authorities immediately. Do not attempt to apprehend him yourself, as the eBay Asshole is armed with the delusion that there is nothing wrong with what he is doing and your arms have basically no muscles.

- **Tip #8 - Shield Yourself From Shame**

During business hours, hundreds if not thousands of normal people will walk by you on their way into and out of the store you're camped out in front of. Naturally you will want to keep your eyes downcast, but it is inevitable that you will look up momentarily only to see someone looking at you with disgust or pointing and laughing. The only surefire way to deflect this type of attack is to hold a mirror in front of your face, turning your attackers' hurtful reactions back upon themselves.

While you and I have built up a sort of immunity to the aspersions of others over the years, most normal people have not. As a result, when they are assaulted with a sudden blast of their own derision the results will most likely be devastating. Bring plenty of bleach to dissolve the bodies.

- **Tip #9 - Advance Your Position In Line**

The only way to be 100% sure that you're going to get a console is to be the first person in line, but chances are that you've been angrily staring at that guy for hours, hoping for your latent telekinetic powers to kick in and stop his heart. That might not work.

The best way to advance your position in line is to smell as bad as humanly possible, pushing your competition's gag reflexes to the limits until they run away, abandoning their spot. You'll need to smell bad before you get on line, which requires that you go twice as long as usual without taking a shower. For most of us this should be about 14 days.

If you follow my tips and all goes well, you'll make your way to the front of the line in no time and have everything you need to survive the remainder of your journey in comfort. Good luck out there, comrades.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

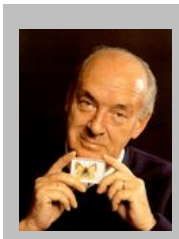
11.12 Philosophy Sunday: Riding Dirty. Passing Trend, Or Here To Stay?

Sunday, Nov 12, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Twice before, our website brought together the finest minds of philosophy and had them debate important issues of the day. You can find these debates here and here (Although be warned that I sucked at html back then so if you read them in IE they'll probably be all screwy).

Today, for the first time in months, SA is again host to the top minds of this and every generation. And, yet again, they will be discussing a question that has been at the top of your minds for months: What is this Dirty Riding stuff anyway?

I'll let the experts take it from here.

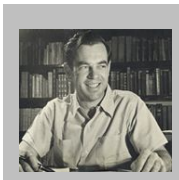


Vladimir Nabokov

"Oh my lovely Lolita, oh! How you take me flirty riding (a clever play on words, but I mustn't hide that we were also dirty, do you remember those filthy nights, my sweet thing?) across, I warrant, every city except Houston. Sweet angel you would turn to me and with those lips ask bashful Humbert the state of his affairs and it was all I could manage to whisper back 'I got 40 oz on my lap freezing my balls' and, with that confession, ride on."

"Tell me, O muse, of the man that so angered the gods with the filthy manner in which he rode that they called upon all forces of nature to rise up against him, yet he rolled past all trials to reach the ho that awaited him on distant shores. Of course, I don't actually exist. But then, neither did the moon landing... "

Homer



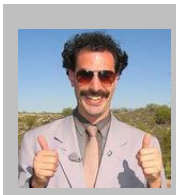
Joseph Campbell

"It was Jung who first described the sub-conscious archetype of Dirty Riding, often associated with the early stages of puberty. The mythological passion play that pits a hatin' patroller (this a projection of parental authority and often represented by a snake, which is both a phallic and vaginal symbol) trying to catch an innocent in the act of "ridin' dirty" (that is to say, establishing an independent line of authority separate from that of parent, or "patroller"), is well established. But if each mind that is rollin' could be seen as but a single violin, then together all the minds of the world form a symphony of ballin' that presents itself in nearly every world religion.

From the Aborigines and their "Tip Slowly/Sit Crooked" coming of age ritual to the famous biblical quotation "Turn thy music all the way up to maximum, but do not let the multitudes of Lebanon catch you twisted" (Leviticus 7:3, New Revised DJ Screw Translation), the face of the divine is revealed through the multiplicity of the human sizzurp experience."

Mohhamud

"I'll get to dirty riding in a second, first I want to tell you what I *really* think of the Jews: **[the following section edited by the Something Awful Committee For Not Getting Us Bombed By Crazies]** When you see a Jew, it is your duty to _____ __ ___ _____ __ ______ _____ with great fury and vengence _____ __ _ ___ and futhermore, once the swords are heavy with blood to _____ ___ __ ___ ______ the cleansing fire of _____ __ _ ___ _____ ___ _____ __ and see if we don't. Of course, I mean this all in a spiritual, metaphorical sense.
As for dirty riding, I'd say passing trend for sure. Ghost riding is where it's all at now."



Borat

"Hello! My name-a Borat! I don't feel to care much of your question! This would be because I have list of stock response to all query! Haha! You listen! I dislike the Jews! Barbara Bush look like old man! I say word for genitals in unexpect ways and then mention sex! Then I say is nice or hi-five after saying this! Also I sometimes imply incest to people who might be offend by this! This called "sharp social satire". Now I fart! Haha! Why yes, I *do* love money, I thank you very much! Great success!"

Richard Dawkins

"Imagine if I were to tell that on some unreachable and unobservably distant planet there were beings known as Dirty Riders. Could you prove me wrong? No. But could you logically assume that there was no such thing as a Dirty Rider? YES.
There are people all over the world who live their life with the assumption of Dirty Riding, but has a single one of them ever actually *caught* a Dirty Rider? I am sick and tired of these people telling me what I should and should not believe.
Now, here is what you should and should not believe:"

Dante

"In the middle of this, my life's own journey,
I came to myself lost in the darkest wood,
My last memory that of riding dirty.

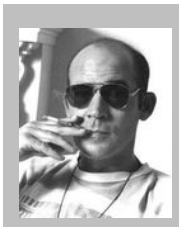
And the faint taste of a sparked blunt I still could
Sense on the tongue. How long, how far, I had swang,
But though the tinted glass of my Escalade should

Have hid my sin, still I felt a guilty pang
As they flashed those red lights and I stashed my dro.
To be a baller for real's no easy thang.

They had caught me fair, and had bade me go
To this darkest wood, sans pistola, sans ho.
'Go to hell,' the haters said, and I'll do so."

"I used to do some dirty riding, but my girlfriend said she didn't like it that way anymore. Ha ha! Ha! Seriously tho I'm in the laundry room hit me up if ur looking to party ;)"

This Guy's Away Message



Hunter S. Thompson

"Time again to dip myself into that raging, tumultuous shitstream they call the modern age. "Come on you BASTARD!" I shout to Pedro, but he is not there. Probably he never existed. But too late to worry about the wispy ghosts of my imaginary companions because it is time to go go go. I drive out of town as fast as I can, speeding anytime I pass close to pedestrians. When they describe my car to the police, I want them to be only able to say "It was some kind of blur. Color? God, it broke so many laws of physics that I guess it probably changes color every second."

Two miles of rabid psychotic movement later I am parked on the side of the road, smiling innocently at the approaching policeman, with a cut open cantaloupe draped across my sweating head. "Are you riding dirty?" the pig asks me. "What?" I say, feeling the rind droop past my ear. "I said, are you riding dirty today?" I shake my head. "No sir! I'm driving under the influence of a massive amount of drugs and alcohol."

The pig flips his notebook close and stares hard at me. "You're an American literary treasure. Now if you'll excuse me I must arrest that car full of black people," he says, pointing wildly at every car on the road. I shrug and fling the cantaloupe high in the air as I drive off. Riding dirty? I'm riding HIGH."

That's all for now. I'd like to take this moment to thank all our special guests and remind you that if you have any further questions for our panel you can send them to maxnmona@somethingawful.com and I will forward them to the appropriate people.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

11.13 The Google Ad Machine (Refresh for More)

Monday, Nov 13, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.14 District Bulletin: Event & Circumstance

Tuesday, Nov 14, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the District Bulletin series.

Passer of this post, relieve yourself of stride and savor a moment between yourself and the dispatch that has been tacked to this post! Readership of this bulletin brings the relief of mental fullness and the satisfaction of knowledge. It is also required. If you have passed the post to which this post is posted without reading this post, please report yourself to your superiors for unkind judgment, thrashing, and forced reading of the document which you failed to read, this very document, which readers of this document are now reading and may disregard the last sentence of.

And to continue:

Concealment of the Slattern
November 15th, 01033

Join the festival!

As leaves break free of their moorings and crash upon the soil, we burst once again into festival. Autumn brings one of the district's most beloved celebrations, the annual Concealment of the Slattern. Your superiors strongly encourage you, under threat of much clucking, to attend. This year's festivities will be held at the outskirts of the Weep of Desperation, where the bracken has grown quite greenly and highly, so suitably. The Effigy of the Slattern, already under construction by the district's finest sculptors and woodsmiths, shall be pulled into the Weep in a four-man tugbarrow and thrown into the bracken at noon exactly.

A superior will then read a passage from our book, in which the harlot is cursed to a lifetime upon the bracken, covered in leaves, concealed from the eyes of the men whose lust she so arouses. The men of the district, whose rakes are expected to be at the ready, will then speedily rake fallen leaves upon the Effigy of the Slattern until her whorish shame has been entirely covered by the graceful waste of trees. If weather permits, fire will be put to the effigy. When the event has concluded to the satisfaction of all present, the event will conclude.

Day of Despair Has Been Cancelled
November 19th, 01033

With a heavy heave, we pour our regret into word: we are forced to cancel the Day of Despair that was scheduled for November 23rd. The Organ of Despair is currently inoperable, forcause an errant cat walked into the works and spoiled the whole thing, and all of it needs to be cleaned of hair and gums. It will take some time. December's Day of Despair will, barring rude interjection of further fate, occur unimpeded.

Dedication of Monument
November 23rd, 01033

District Monument 405 has been built. Join your fellow and betters in observing with solemn soul the dedication of this monument. The Monument will be dedicated to them who died in the building of this monument, and in all other monuments, and to all them who would die in the building of

all future monuments. Though nobody has died yet in the pursuit of this most noble purpose, the eventuality of the thing cannot be overstated.

Please pay your respects.

Monument 405 takes the shape and purpose of a grassy traffic island between Boiled Street and Warding-of-Croisquessein Street.

Conclusion of the Dance Lottery
November 26th, 01033

Reluctantly, your superiors require your attendance at the annual conclusion of the District Dance Lottery. This event shall take place in the large open meadow at the base of the Vale of Sterility, where the winner of this year's Dance Lottery will be afforded an uninterrupted six-minute dance, unaccompanied by music, before the gathered crowd.

As a cautionary piece of information, they who present this bulletin are displeased to reveal the winner of this year's Dance Lottery: **Dorroile Y_____**.

Due to Dorroile's history of indulgent crapulence, criminal malfeasance and moral decrepitude, your superiors would be pleased to apologize in advance for the lewd and artless dance which Dorroile will undoubtedly perform. Be aware that district law requires that all in attendance view the dance to its completion, no matter how scandalous it should become. That Dorroile will choose to thrust and flail like a comical puppet cannot be doubted, but please refrain from allowing Dorroile's antics to provoke nervous laughter. Dorroile, who revels in his own infamy, will surely interpret your utterances of discomfort as approval for his misdeeds, and will then attempt to impress you with further and more grotesque roguishness.

As a precaution against Dorroile's dance, ladies in attendance will be fastened to the ground, so that if they should faint and fall at Dorroile's physical disgraces, they will already be there.

A Social Debut

November 30th, 01033

A true fawn!

Newly virtuous sublady Ellen Guirk shall see her formal debut upon this night! Dandies of all stripe and weave are encouraged to mingle and court, for Youngmadame Guirk shall surely be a toastable tribute to the charm of a lady. While the gorgeous fawn has felt the sting of district punishment in the past, her reform is utter. Oncewhile, the fawn did tend to let her springs dispatch a bit: the fireball fawn once spent a week on the Wanted Offenders list for disturbing the natural process of a menstrual asylum! Oh yæ! Not always quite so delicate, she disrupted the masculine proceedings of our finest casino parlors in a tophat and false moustache, playing cards with the boys. Such a stir!

Youngmadame, sentenced to six days tethered, saw the error of her ways and expressed a jolly desire to enter society as a lady befitting of her breeding.

And what breeding it is! Young gentlemen readers of this dispatch will relish the quality of her pedigree; her Dukebarrel Kennel Score is a mesmerazzling 50.3, but her fair skin and dark eyes raise her practical score to nearly 60. Dukebarrel himself would be slain to see it. Slapped and slain! A fireball by deed, but a lady-fawn by numbers.

Postnovember Parade
November 32nd, 01033

The fruits of a long November at last shall be sucked! All districtfolk with a capacity for joy are merrily compelled to attend the Postnovember Parade, which is sure to impress even the haughtiest of old shits. Dress in your finest feathers and face no sneers from your betters! Spangle yourself in baubles and fear no charge of public ostentation! Once a year, when November dwindles to nothing and folds in on itself on the other side, our district can freely caper like the hedons of Novembers so long past.

As held by tradition, attendees may expect to witness the delight of the barrel child, to shriek with glee at the old barrel made new, and to hide their childlike eyes at the explosive clownbarrel. The wonders are not expected to cease! If the wonders should somehow cease, the district's superiors will humorously humble themselves on the platform of nudity, their wattled bodkins swaying like the underflap of a moose neck! This is the twisted guarantee of the Postnovember festivities.

Feel the whip-crack of gaiety upon your spongy back once more, for you never know which Postnovember may be your last!

This is the conclusion of the District Bulletin. You are free to move from the post now, citizen.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

11.15 COUPONS COUPONS COUPONS

Wednesday, Nov 15, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Print this page out and present any of these coupons at participating store locations to save big, big, BIG!

BUY ONE GET ONE FREE!
THE INFLATABLE GALLERY
We've got GORILLA PROBLEMS! We're celebrating Customer Appreciation Week here at the Inflatable Gallery, and looking to give back to you! When you use this coupon with any giant inflatable gorilla purchase, you will get a second giant inflatable gorilla for absolutely free! Purple, black, brown, or green, any color you want. Hurry, because supplies are going fast! Just look for the giant inflatable Jesus on E Parkmoore Ave. Coupon Expires 11/22/06.

Unwrap the Savings!
50% off all mummification supplies
Mum-Mart is having a going out of business sale! For a limited time, save 50% off all in-store merchandise, from wraps to sarcophagi. Don't get caught unprepared for the eternal embrace of death, have the supplies you need to properly journey beyond this mortal veil. Mum-Mart, 1242 E Parkmoore Ave, across from the Inflatable Gallery.

Free Sows Down on Their Luck
We've just been inundated with a deluge of depressed sows short of luck and ambition, likely due to woe. These sorrowful sows fail to produce adequate volumes of milk, leaving our jugs sullen and empty and making them a shameful liability. Please take these poor creatures off our hands! Limit one per customer. Warning: sows are victims of highly concentrated high-pressure storms that constantly follow overhead. Good until 11/22/06.

$2 off your first online haircut!
Simply enter the coupon code featured below to automatically subtract $2 off any haircut available from eCut.net. Browse from an ever-expanding catalog of over 200 unique hairstyles, add the one you like to your shopping cart, and enjoy the benefits of a professional haircut from the Internet!
eCUT
DOWNLOAD STYLE
COUPON CODE:
I'M A BIG CHEAP ASSHOLE
Coupon Expires 11/22/06. One coupon per customer.

Inexpressible Savings!
For a limited time only, the Concept Warehouse is going mad with savings! Get any free concept in stock for half off when you buy 3 or more with this coupon! Or, use this coupon to get any full priced concept for free when you buy three half-priced concepts for full price! Coupon Expires: 11/22/86.

50¢ off Valuaid Brand Hand Sanitizer in 31.5 gallon quantities
Save big money by buying in bulk, and save bigger money with this coupon! Valuaid Hand Sanitizer, comparable to all other leading products in every way save viscosity and odor, is an ideal way to keep your hands sanitary and germ-free. Protect yourself and your children! Coupon Expires: 11/22/06
Valuaid

FREE ANNUAL EXAM!
Ladies, get your junk squared away for free! There is no excuse to wait another day! Dr. Oscar Stanmeyer is an experienced doctor and full body masseuse, eager to let his gentle hands put your mind to rest. Dr. Oscar Stanmeyer's offices are located in Room 117 of the Best Western on Boulder St. Please have coupon in hand upon arrival.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.16 The Telephone Makes You Stupid

Thursday, Nov 16, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Ring ring! Grandma's calling Something Awful again!

The front page is like a canvas but instead of paint that cannot stick to the Internet that well we paint this canvas with words that unfortunately stays on the Internet forever and ever so our children's children can read about what faggots we were. Every day our Something Awful engineers are thinking of new ways to deliver this exciting front page content and NBA action to you, our loyal readers.

We've been kicking around ideas like live streaming, podcasting, high definition video and VRML. Most of these ideas are dumb and Lowtax yelled at me for telling him about them. Aside from the typed word we haven't been able to think of a better way to deliver the daily comedy tech-savvy audiences like the six guys who still read Wired crave.

Until now, that is!

We have finally figured out a better way to bring you top notch Internet at double the cost to you and humanity. When looking at current distribution methods we weren't quite impressed with what's out there. New technology like podcasting, high definition video and printers just don't have the market penetration we would like them to. We want our articles to attract the largest audience possible to feed these hungry Google ads that are targeting me with offers for Jesus blogs and Christian merchandise as I preview this update (Nice targeting Google. Most of our readers worship the atheist God Carl Sagan), and not all of our readers have computers.

It all changes next month when we introduce our brand new Something Awful Automated Telephone Content Delivery System which runs on, you guessed it, your home telephone. While availability will be limited during the initial roll-out (support for phone numbers containing the numbers 4, 5, and 9 coming Q4 2008) we are very excited to announce this new era of our glorious regime.

"The wide world of telephones has a rich and deep history and we are glad to finally be a part of it", said Rich Kyanka in a recent interview with Parenting magazine, "This new content paradigm is going to change the way web surfers gather content. Web 2.0? More like Web 2.Oh No, the telephone is back in business, boys!"

How does the new phone system work? It's as simple as 1-2-3! This one goes out to my homeboy Pastor John.

Step 1: Call our automated phone system at 1-900-555-AWFUL.

Step 2: ?

Step 3: Lose a substantial amount of investment capital!

To give you a little taste of what our phone system has in store for you we've decided to post some of our beta tester call logs. These are actual real life call logs for our imaginary phone system that we just made up. WE DID NOT MAKE UP THESE CALL LOGS IN ANY WAY, EXCEPT IN OUR HEADS.

Call Log: Thursday, November 2nd, 2006. 21:32:04 PM

SYSTEM ALERT: INCOMING CALL

Something Awful Automated Telephone System: Hello! Thank you for calling the Something Awful Automated Telephone System! This is your one stop shop for front page updates from the Internet's greatest comedy minds. Please stand by for our menu options.

The anime girl of your dreams is waiting to talk to YOU. Oh wait, that's the other phone project we're working on.

If you would like to read a front page update, press 1. If you would like to hear a list of our current content pieces, press 2. To hear this message again-

Caller: *1*

SAATS: If you would like to read an update from Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka, press 1. If you would like to read an update from Evan "Pantsfis-

Caller: *1* *1* *1* *1* *1* *1*

SAATS: Please stand by for a list of current updates by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka.

There are currently, 0, new updates for Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka. If you would like to choose from a list of other writers, pres-

Caller: *click*

SYSTEM ALERT: END OF CALL

Call Log: Friday, November 3rd, 2006. 15:02:54 PM

SYSTEM ALERT: INCOMING CALL

SAATS: Hello! Thank you for calling the Something Awful Automated Telephone System! This is your one stop shop for front page updates from the Internet's greatest comedy minds. Please stand by for our menu options as they have changed recently.

If you would like to read a front page update say, "front page". If you would like to read a content piece say, "content".

Caller: Front page.

SAATS: Did you say, "front page"? Please answer by saying "yes" or "no".

Caller: Yes.

SAATS: Did you say, "Yes"? Please answer by saying "yes" or "no".

Caller: Uh, yeah.

SAATS: Did you say, "Uh, yeah"? Please answer by saying "yes" or "no".

Caller: Yes!

SAATS: Please note that only yes and no answers are accepted. Please stand by for our menu options as they have changed recently.

Caller: What?

SAATS: Thank you for calling. Good-bye!

SYSTEM ALERT: END OF CALL

Call Log: Friday, November 10, 2006. 16:03:01

SYSTEM ALERT: INCOMING CALL

SAATS: Hello?

Caller: Uh, hello?

SAATS: Uhm, can I help you?

Caller: Is this the Something Awful phone thing?

SAATS: The what? What are you talking about?

in the background Megan! What are you doing? Don't pick that up!

What? Why?

That's the new phone system I installed so people can get front page updates over the telephone!

Caller: Is that Lowtax?? HI LOWTAX!!!

SAATS: Over the telephone? Is this what you do in your basement all day? How are people going to read articles over the telephone?

Uh, honey, the technology is virtually limitless!

Why are you taking up our telephone line for this? I need to make some phone calls.

Silly! Women don't use the phone!

Damnitt, Rich. I told you I'm sick of your crazy schemes! I want this stupid phone thing off our telephone right now!

Here's a fucking ferret and a cordless phone.

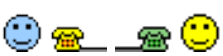
Caller: Uh, I think I'll call back later.

SAATS: But honey the telephone is going to revolutionize the web! This is Web 3.6! This is going to make our wildest dreams come true!

gunshots

Caller: Oh shit! *click*

SYSTEM ALERT: END OF CALL



These are just three examples of the infinite ways you can enjoy our new automated phone system! Our goal is to make reading the Internet easier and more productive. And we aren't going to stop at the telephone. We have plans to take the front page to floppy disk, Beta Max, typewriter and Blu-Ray. It's an exciting new era at SA, and it's just the beginning.

Something Awful: The Telephone Makes You Stupid

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

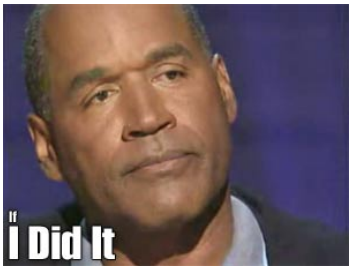
11.17 A Look Back on the Regan Interviews

Friday, Nov 17, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Judith Regan is a renowned Fox News hostess and a well-respected publisher responsible for her own label at HarperCollins, but she is perhaps best known for a series of award-winning interviews she conducted between 2006 and 2009. Regan raised eyebrows, as well as the bar for journalism, when she agreed to pay O.J. Simpson over three million dollars for a faux confessional book and an accompanying televised interview special. The Simpson interview was so successful that Regan embarked on a series of interviews in an effort to hold the cultural zeitgeist and enrich the field of journalism.

It seems inevitable to us now that she was destined to become the next Barbara Walters or John Gibson (sans horrific albinism), but at the time of the Simpson interview she was a very controversial figure. It would do us well, then, to start at that formative moment in her career and have a look at the sort of noble journalism that earned her a well-deserved reputation for incisive reporting and keen social commentary.

2006's OJ Simpson Interview



OJ Simpson: It's a very emotional thing to contemplate on.

Judith Regan: I understand. Just tell me, how you think it happened.

OJ Simpson: Let's say there was this guy named Charlie. He's a really bad dude. Pro-athlete, super strong, possibly the best running back of all time and devilishly handsome. He just loves his children, but then he hears that Nicole and her boyfriend Ron have been trying to give his children drugs.

Judith Regan: What sort of drugs?

OJ Simpson: Cocaines, cracks, you know the stuff. They sprinkle it on their peanut butter or put it in their Cokes, try to trick Charlie's kids to become addicts and they're also doing all kinds of sex stuff with the kids in the next room while Charlie out earning a living by signing autographs and acting in movies.

Judith Regan: So Charlie is an actor?

OJ Simpson: A, uh, you know what, no he was a musician. So one day he just gets so fed up at all the crap going down at his house he goes out and he buys a knife. A big knife. A Henley Big Buck survival knife from Target. He waits until they're out of the house and together, and it's dark, and he creeps up on them.

Judith Regan: Is that when you attacked?

OJ Simpson: No, I didn't attack right aw-, awwww, Judith, you almost got me. You almost got me. No, ***Charlie*** waited about five minutes. They were talking about drugs and sex and each time he heard them say something else he just got madder until he couldn't take it anymore. Like the Hulk or that guy who was a news reporter in that movie. Charlie just busts up out of the bushed and it's all like WHAM-slice, WHAM-slice and their blood is shooting everywhere. The dude, he fought back, but I got him in a back...I mean Charlie got his arms pinned and just tilted his head back with one hand like this so his neck wound pop open like a Pez. Like a Muppet mouth. Just blood shootin' everywhere.

Judith Regan: Then what happened?

OJ Simpson: Well then Charlie was so mad, he just kept stabbin' and stabbin'. Breaking bones and burying the knife in them. That was when I saw him and I grabbed the knife out of his hand and I said "no way, get out of here punk" and he ran off. That's when I realized my handprints or whatever were on the knife so I threw it away and ran too.

Regan's interview with Simpson demonstrated her skill at showmanship for the purposes of social justice, but it was 2007's interview with Charles Manson that truly emphasized her ability to grapple with an interviewee. Many critics believe that Regan's 2007 Manson interview actually trumped the Tom Snyder interview in which Snyder seemed unable to understand anything Manson said. Fortunately for the American public, Regan and Manson were on the same wavelength.

2007's Charles Manson Interview

Charles Manson: Yeah, man, look. The mainline was falling apart. The blacks were getting ready for the race war. Do you know what a panther is? A black panther, a white panther, they're the same thing. They can mate together. The black panther is the muscles and the white panther is the brain. So they were rising up together.

Judith Regan: A race war?

Charles Manson: Helter Skelter. People say I said that, that I say, that it was gonna happen. That Helter Skelter was coming. They laugh on the media and people laugh. Hahahaha. It's funny, okay, see, but Helter Skelter happened. It's happening.

Judith Regan: It's going on now?

Charles Manson: Right now. The blacks are rising up. They're going to take over, and we're going to, you and me, the family, we're going to live in a hole in the desert. And then for 50 days we'll live in there. And the sky will roar and there will be fearsome battles. And then, haha, then we'll come out. We'll come out and the blacks will win. They will win, but they will need us. They will need us to lead them.

Judith Regan: So what is your theory about the deaths of Sharon Tate and her four friends?

Charles Manson: It's like this, man. It's like I can see it. Like *whoosh* and the mind's eye opens, you know what I'm saying?

Judith Regan: I know exactly what you mean.

Charles Manson: So like, a killer creeps into the house with a big knife. His name, let's call him "The Juice". He is filled with rage and he's black, black, because this is the start of Helter Skelter. He's come from the ghetto to start the war, my man. He is strong, he's an athlete. He sneaks into the house and he swings the knife and it makes a PLSSSH sound as it cuts her the first time. The screaming starts. Oh man, oh man, it's so loud. She's opening up, blood is everywhere. I can't, I can't! I can't!

Judith Regan: It's okay, go on.

Charles Manson: I can't take it anymore! They're dead! They're dying! The blood is in the air, in my lungs. I stop him cuz, you know, you know, he's just cutting up dead meat. Deaaaad meat. I take the knife from him. I take it and I say "begone" and he is gone. That's like, like I wasn't

really there, but you know, like if I was that's what I would have saw. This is how it happened.

Regan again stunned the American public, and defied critics who decried her as a hideous vulture feasting on the still-twitching innards of victims, when she managed to land her stunning 2008 interview with former Ugandan dictator Idi Amin. With no explanation, the deposed and belived-dead ruler of Uganda appeared at a Fox studio in California to record a groundbreaking interview with Regan. His book, also released on Regan's label at HarperCollins, was the bestseller of the past five years.

2008's Idi Amin Interview

Idi Amin: Yes, I am alive, how about that?

Judith Regan: It's wonderful. Let's talk about the death squads that operated in Uganda between 1971 and 1979. Did you personally control those death squads?

Idi Amin: Emphatically and with absolute certainty, no, I did no such thing. I was responsible for mostly economics and goodwill missions as president. My military, they do what they do to protect me I guess.

Judith Regan: Who was the general in charge of your security?

Idi Amin: The ah, the general, he ah, he had the name of...Charlie. His name was General Charlie.

Judith Regan: Hypothetically speaking, what sort of actions did General Charlie and his death squads undertake on your behalf?

Idi Amin: Would you believe Charlie tied people to reeds and flies a helicopter upside down to chop off their heads? Sometimes it chopped off their bodies too. Another favorite was to tie their arms to the legs of a zebra and tie their legs to the tail of a tiger, then release them. Ha ha, so often the tiger would just turn around and eat the man. It was a very good show. For Charlie.

Judith Regan: How would you respond to critics that believe you cooked and ate victims of your-

Idi Amin: Charlie!

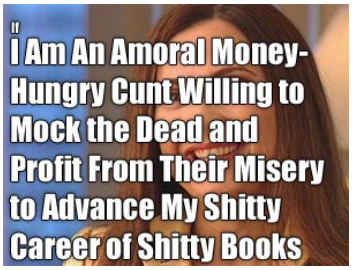
Judith Regan: My apologies, victims of Charlie's death squads?

Idi Amin: Ah, Charlie was a very hungry fellow. He would cook up their heads and scoop out their succulent brains. Like velvet, like swallowing savory Jello. He enjoyed this very much. Also to bathe in warm blood. Good for the skin. You have not lived until you eat a living man while you bathe in his blood, or so Charlie says. Myself? No. Not even a bite.

Regan still had more than a decade of powerful interviews in her, but she conducted her magnum opus interview in 2009 when she landed an interview with her most fascinating subject yet: herself. Regan ruthlessly interrogated herself for 47 riveting minutes on Fox. No subject was taboo. After more than 30 minutes Regan convinced Regan to speculate on her role in the murder of Television's dignity.

2009's Judith Regan Interview

Judith Regan: Thank you for agreeing to speak with me today.


"I Am An Amoral Money-Hungry Cunt Willing to Mock the Dead and Profit From Their Misery to Advance My Shitty Career of Shitty Books

Judith Regan: It was no problem. My pleasure. You look wonderful, by the way.

Judith Regan: Thank you, so do you. Is that a new blouse?

Judith Regan: Yes it is! It's part of Old Navy's Seasonals.

Judith Regan: I will have to see what they have in my size. Alright, first question: Judith, are you disturbed by some of the media attacks on your interviews?

Judith Regan: Not at all, Judith. I think the mainstream media is simply jealous that they are unwilling or unable to commit to groundbreaking journalism. I mean, my 2006 Simpson interview was a watershed moment in the field of two people exchanging words. Before the year was over there were all kinds of copycat specials cropping up.

Judith Regan: What about the critics that claim you are exploiting death and suffering for your own personal and financial gain?

Judith Regan: To be fair, I could understand why they would think that, but I didn't come up with the ideas for the interviews, I just conducted them to the best of my ability.

Judith Regan: Who did come up with the idea?

Judith Regan: There was this guy I worked with, one of the senior managers at HarperCollins by the name of Charlie. One day we were having a planning meeting and Charlie says we should start interviewing brutal murderers that escaped justice and then cross-promote them incestuously on Fox to ensure maximum sales exposure.

Judith Regan: What about the claim that you fucked a cat while intoning a prayer to the Unholy Father?

Judith Regan: Again, Charlie was responsible. As soon as he finished his blasphemous incantation I grabbed the cat off of his boner and threw it out a window. He just went too far on that one.

After this stunning interview, Regan offered Regan an 11.9 million dollar advance on a tell-some book, setting a record for the largest advance a publisher had ever offered to themself. We can look back now and recognize that Regan is a national treasure, but part of what makes her treasure was her willingness to fly in the face of conventions and ignore her critics to create the art, and conduct the interviews, on terms that mattered to her.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.18 I Base All Of My Purchases On Reader Reviews

Saturday, Nov 18, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

****NOTE****

EZGames is NOT selling the Nintendo Wii console as a standalone product. Instead we are offering a special package of savings and convenience! For only $1,495 you will get the Wii, seventeen extra Wii remotes, three nunchuk controller attachments, five sets of R/F cables, Happy Feet, Dragon Ball Z: Budokai Tenkaichi 2, The Grim Adventures Of Billy & Mandy, three copies of Madden NFL 2001 for the original Xbox, thirty seven Wii Controller Gloves and a used dvd copy of the hit movie Fast And The Furious 3: Tokyo Drift - all for only $50 more than you'd pay if you bought them separately!

Keep checking this page for availability!

CUSTOMER REVIEWS

★★★☆☆ **reseed please**
Reviewed By: torrentmastr

> yo can someone out there please reseed a file called Battlestar.Galactica-s03e05.HDTV.720p.tivo.capturedbyFranky.noc
> or send me a password to shemalesurprise.com thanks?

★☆☆☆☆ **DOOMED TO FAILURE**
Reviewed By: jerkstore

> What a joke this d*mn system is. If it doesn't play dvd movies or put out an HD video signal, how can they possibly make fun games on it? They can't and they know it which is why they made the gimmick (which is all Nintendo is good for) of the stu*id controller.

> The motion sensing controller is mapped to 1:1 movement in all games. This means that if you had to move forward for three hundred feet in Excite Truck, you would have to run forward three hundred feet in real life like an id**t. Who has that much room to move around? Sorry Nintendo, not everyone is rich enough to afford to live on some street. And how can you even see the screen once you're a few blocks away? The controller is nothing but a fre*king headache.
>
> Also, the system isn't even as powerful as a Gamecube. They basically wanted to make a Gamecube with a stupid controller and cram it into a smaller case, but because they had less room in the case they had to chop parts out of the Gamecube to make it fit. This is why it's slower and not capable of outputting stereo sound (there was only room for one sound channel). Nintendo is cr*p and will lose this generation like they always do.

>> View All Reviews >> Write Your Own Review

****SPECIAL OFFER - ONE WEEK ONLY****

Trade in your old systems and games to save money on your purchase of the Playstation 3! Hand over ten console games and get a store credit of nearly a dollar! Trade in your old Wii or Xbox 360 (premium only) and get THREE DOLLARS off the PS3! Trade in a brand new PS3 and get seven dollars PLUS a one month subscription to Gamepro magazine!

CUSTOMER REVIEWS

FANBOYS WILL CRY IN THEIR BOTTLES - NOT BEER BOTTLES BUT BABY BOTTLES
Reviewed By: smashmypaypal@gmail.com

> I am starting a website called smashmyps3lol.com, where I will smash a PS3 and make all the loser fanboys who couldn't get one cry haha. Please donate money so I can get a PS3 or send me one or if you work at Sony send me one from your warehouse. There won't be pictures or videos of me smashing the PS3 because I don't have a camera but I will use devastating descriptions of the act which says more than any single picture could as long as I use more than 1,000 words.

Also please donate Resistance: Fall Of Man and a second controller.

★★★★★ **snoy wins again.....woW!!**
Reviewed By: J.K.

okay FIRST of all for thoes of u out ther who say the palystatin 3 is too expansive, cnosider this intriging fact. a huose costs way moe than a psthree and there are hundrads of houses in te world but the guy at Toys Are Us says there are only like 80 ps3rees MAX! toatal! that means the play3 should cost more than a house but ti actually costs slightley less. WHAT A DEAL THIS IS when you think abuot it!!! supafly and demand, folks. it is simple echonomics and you are raeping the rewards[

second the p3 didnt' rip off Nandtendo with its mutton sensing controllar. sony cam up with the idea years agoe but thye got so busy crating deep and thought pravoking comercials and makeing sure the ps3 had plenty of AAAA calibur titles at the systems lunch that they forgot to make the controlr or tell anybdy until two weeks before tis years E3

third of all (get it?(it is the ps THRE get the joke))?

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Gears Of War
NEW
$59.99 Add to Cart

CUSTOMER REVIEWS

★★★★★ **REALLY FUN IF YOU WIN ALL THE TIME**
Reviewed By: GOGOGO

HERE IS THE ULTIMATE GEARS OF WAR MULTIPLAYER STRATEGY:

MOST PEOPLE SAY THE GAME IS ALL ABOUT COVER AND TACTICS, BUT THEY ARE WRONG. EVERYONE NEEDS TO JUST RUSH FOR THE GRENADES, THEN RUN STRAIGHT AT THE OTHER TEAM AND SLAP YOUR GRENADES ON THEM AT POINT BLANK RANGE. YOUR ENEMY WILL ROLL AROUND RANDOMLY AND HALF THE TIME HE'LL EXPLODE RIGHT NEXT TO YOU AND KILL YOU, BUT SOMETIMES HE WILL ROLL INTO HIS TEAM MATE WHO IS BEHIND COVER AND BLOW HIM UP.

THE BEST PART IS THAT THERE IS REALLY NO RELIABLE WAY TO COUNTER THIS, BECAUSE IF YOUR TARGET USES A SHOTGUN HE'LL HAVE TO WAIT TIL YOU'RE CLOSE AND GET A PERFECT HEADSHOT AND IF HE USES A

REGULAR GUN YOU'LL BE IN HIS FACE BEFORE HE CAN DO ENOUGH DAMAGE TO KILL YOU. EVEN IF HE HAS A SNIPER RIFLE YOU'RE HARD TO KILL IN ONE SHOT IF YOU RUN RUN RUN AND DON'T SLOW DOWN.

SOON THE OTHER TEAM WILL GIVE UP AND GO FOR THE GRENADES TOO. INSTEAD OF INVOLVING MATCHES THAT ARE DETERMINED BY SKILL AND THE ABILITY TO FIND COVER, THEY WILL BE ONE MINUTE LONG CHAOTIC ZERG RUSHES THAT ARE DETERMINED ENTIRELY BY LUCK, WHICH IS WAY BETTER.

ALSO, IF YOU PLAY IN A RANKED MATCH BE SURE TO HAVE THREE REALLY GOOD FRIENDS STACKED ON YOUR TEAM SO YOU DESTROY THE RANDOM PEOPLE WHO JOIN. IF SOMEONE ON THE OTHER TEAM DOES REMOTELY WELL, RESTART THE GAME WITHOUT HIM.

★★☆☆☆ **not realistic at all**
Reviewed By: Dennis

Come on, human beings do not have physiques like the guys in this game. It's like the only people who survived the invasion were nine foot tall bodybuilders, and for some reason they were subjected to the extreme gravity of Krypton which compressed them so that they are now of normal height with the same muscle mass as they had when they were three feet taller. They're basically autonomous overstuffed muscle sausages that curse and shoot things.

Have you ever seen anyone like that in real life? Me either. I loved everything else about the game but this is just too much. Unforgivable. I can't stop thinking about these bodies and how they ruined this terrific game.

If anybody has some pictures of men or women with abnormally formed bodies like the ones featured in this game PLEASE email me at ctstalker@somethingawful.com or get ahold of me on the cell phone number listed in my profile at any time of the day or night.

>> View All Reviews >> Write Your Own Review

Wii Custom Battery Cover
NEW
$29.99 Add to Cart

CUSTOMER REVIEWS

★★★★★ **No custom battery cover comes close**
Reviewed By: Cover Connoisseur

For my money, this is the best custom battery cover on the market. With the incredible advancements in the field of custom battery covers over the past three years that must

seem like an outlandish claim, but this custom battery cover is truly a marvel of modern engineering.

So much thought has been put into every aspect of the custom battery cover. The smooth lines, the way it covers the batteries, the custom. I'd buy a Wii for this product alone.

There are a lot of choices in the fast-paced world of custom battery covers, and it's very easy to get so caught up in the hype and excitement that you begin to hyperventilate. Don't let this happen to you. Just buy the best. Buy this custom battery cover and you will never have to worry about your batteries being uncovered and uncustomized again.

★★★★☆ **It's Dave**
Reviewed By: Dave

Jessica if you see this I was just kidding. Please talk to me again. You're not answering my emails or my phone calls.

>> View All Reviews >> Write Your Own Review

Spore

NEW

Pre-Release
Ships 10/1/07

Add to Cart

CUSTOMER REVIEWS

★★☆☆☆ **This game is great... at putting you to sleep sheesh**
Reviewed By: Industry Insider

Was playing this at my friend's house (his dad is a security guy at Wil Wright's doctor's office, he gets all the games early) and it's sort of okay. The only problem is I'm so good at the game I beat it in like an hour. The last boss was easy as hell and I unlocked a nude cheat but I'll keep that to myself thank you very much. Good luck finding it losers.

This game is so easy. Not worth buying unless you suck so bad at games that it lasts more than a few hours, in which case there's something wrong with your brain and you should be spending your money on treatment or a rope to hang yourself with.

★★★★★ **BEST GAME EVER**
Reviewed By: Alan

This is definitely the best game ever, if I could I would rate it six stars! The Sims was probably the best game ever and so this will be too. The graphics and ai are so amazing that you'll need a supercomputer to fully appreciate how terrific this game is. I am so excited. Buy it, you will not regret it for a second.

Does anybody know what this game is about?

>> View All Reviews >> Write Your Own Review

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.19 Animal Fix Notes For 11/19

Sunday, Nov 19, 2006 by Our Father Inc.

Hello, and congratulations on becoming the proud new owner of an Our Father Inc. pet unit! With proper care your pet can provide years of fun and companionship, all with less expense and emotional drain than our WYBTTCH Female Human unit!

Model KN VV00F

As you know, we here at Our Father Inc. strive for perfection in everything we do. We continually strive to improve our products (and on that note, we'd like to apologize for the whole "Israel" thing), and we are diligent in fixing our mistakes. If you have owned a pet in the past, you might notice a couple changes in your new unit. Don't stress out, though! We are confident that this model is 100% more reliable, efficient, and user friendly than previous incarnations.

So read this guide, make sure you understand the changes, and have a blast! If you like our changes, feel free to drop us a line – it's always good to hear from someone who doesn't want something.

Dogs

- Fixed glitch that caused some Cocker Spaniel models to respond to the name "Liv Tyler".
- Tabbed browsing now enabled in most breeds.
- Your dog will no longer die. There is no more death. Enjoy your incredibly crowded planet, you whiners.
- Chihuahuas operating in reverse mode no longer bark uncontrollably until someone comes to the door.
- Adolescent models no longer attempt to mate with stereo speakers when Stevie Nicks is playing.
- Vets are now required to not charge fifty bucks when they clearly just glanced at the dog for like a second or so help me Me I'll smite the shit out of them.
- New models no longer chew their own legs off when trapped. Instead, they swallow a fake cyanide tooth. Optional "don't kiss me" decal ($24.99) recommended for homes with children.
- Dogs who howl "I love you" or other common phrases now trained to use video cameras so they can mail their own VHS tapes to "America's Funniest Home Videos".
- Defective Pit Bull models no longer mistake childrens' faces for delicious ham hocks.
- Chihuahua models trained to equate "Yo Quiero Taco Bell" to "I am an intruder; please rip my testicles off".
- Dogs who eat homework now excrete proofread dissertations with annotated bibliographies.
- Chinese Poodles no longer drive the wrong way down one-way streets or laugh at their owners even as they take their money and shelter for free.
- New models masturbate by themselves whenever a leg starts to look tempting.

Certain models now come with Heimlich Maneuver training right out of the box!

- Most breeds required to write a formal apology letter when they drag a used tampon out of the trash in front of company.
- New iPod dock allows users to listen to Barry White when they're trying to get busy with their lady and the dog just won't stop staring at them.
- Fixed glitch that caused Boston Terriers to say "yes, dumbass", when asked if they "want to go bye-bye".
- Fixed compatibility problems causing dogs to shed when The Beastie Boys are played.
- New hybrid Miniature Doberman/Slap-On Bracelet allows you to take your pet wherever you go.
- Dogs put in "people clothes" by their owners no longer bolt to the bathroom and eat the entire contents of the medicine cabinet.
- Implemented "Prince of Persia"-style rewind system in case you want to try out that "pop rocks and soda" thing on your dog.
- Some breeds are now capable of performing figure-four leglocks and flying elbow smashes when wrestling with on the floor with their owners.
- Models who continually shout "it's bacon" no longer burst into flames at the sight of a crucifix.

Cats

- Cats can no longer introduce themselves by barging into a room and saying "how are you gentlemen". Instead they rub against your ankles and purr.
- Cats have become great pets you'd want to keep around the house. We've transformed them into dogs.
- Removed vocal chords so that troublesome models cannot keep their owners awake all night. We also gave the cats constant, blinding headaches. This is just to amuse us.
- Repaired glitch that replaced "curiosity" with "crippling alcoholism" in some models.
- Maximized efficiency by removing eight extra lives upon discovering most cats live one very long, very boring life.
- Newer models ignore air dusters and flushing toilets. Instead they fear alienating friends and family and dying alone.

Buttoncat makes every Geocities page smell like love! And pee!

- Obedience chip assures cats won't climb your Christmas tree unless there's some really wacky shit going on in there.
- Instead of dragging fresh kills to the front porch, revamped feline models scour the neighborhood for pornography, drugs, and ill-gotten money and burn their findings in the town square.
- New adaptive learning software: No more need to shake your baby at a cat and shout "don't lay on this thing's face you stupid gray-and-white faggot" to prevent suffocation!
- Optional Tender Spot Protector ($13.95) protects your privates from probing claws and rough tongues.
- Reinforced titanium spinal column ensures your cute new kitten won't end up as a stain under the La-Z-Boy.
- Fixed glitch that caused some Himalayan Longhairs to travel at the speed of light, effectively allowing them to catch that damn laser pointer.

Birds

- Due to a recent patch that allows fish to perform simple tricks in exchange for food, birds are now officially the gayest pets a person can have. Sorry about that.

Disinterested Generic Bird ignores the $20 toy you bought it with twice the gusto of previous models!

- Larger claws allow speaking models to rap each other in the knuckles with a ruler when they use poor grammar.

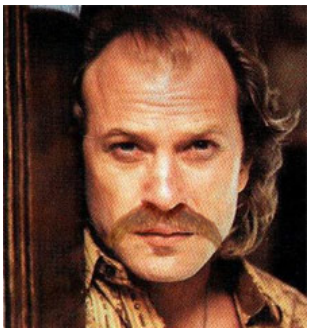
- Many models now excrete balls of yarn instead of feces, making interaction with cats infinitely more entertaining.
- Nutritional systems tweaked to maximum efficiency; very low chance of starvation if owner inadvertently leaves a blanket over his bird's cage for a week or three.
- Fixed pheromonal issues: Lovebirds no longer engage in fatally violent sex when approached by elderly persons.
- All talking models who know nothing but South Park catchphrases reprogrammed to call owners "the classiest cats at the WIC office".
- Fixed glitch that caused urban pigeons to group up, grab homeless people, and drop them in medical waste dumpsters.
- Formerly hollow bones now filled with Cadbury Egg creme filling.
- Wild birds no longer capable of spray painting "RIP Stereotyping Bigot" on Alfred Hitchcock's grave.
- High-flying models no longer employ retina-scanning targeting systems. R&D extends its sincerest apologies.

With these fixes in mind we're sure you'll find your new pet to be even more fun and useful than your last! If not, you can take it up with the big guy. I'm sure he won't mind taking some time off from saving dying children and solving world crises to make your cat "not suck as much", you selfish jerk.

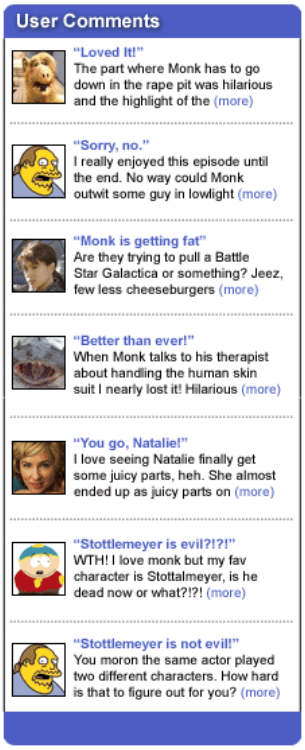
-~Our Father Inc.

11.20 TVScoop.com: Monk

Monday, Nov 20, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Monk has to buy a new suit for Natalie's court appearance. While picking one out he has to pursue a cannibal serial killer responsible for the torture and mutilation of six women.


User Comments
"Loved It!"
The part where Monk has to go down in the rape pit was hilarious and the highlight of the (more)
"Sorry, no."
I really enjoyed this episode until the end. No way could Monk outwit some guy in lowlight (more)
"Monk is getting fat"
Are they trying to pull a Battle Star Galactica or something? Jeez, few less cheeseburgers (more)
"Better than ever!"
When Monk talks to his therapist about handling the human skin suit I nearly lost it! Hilarious (more)
"You go, Natalie!"
I love seeing Natalie finally get some juicy parts, heh. She almost ended up as juicy parts on (more)
"Stottlemeyer is evil?!?!"
WTH! I love monk but my fav character is Stottalmeyer, is he dead now or what?!?! (more)
"Stottlemeyer is not evil!"
You moron the same actor played two different characters. How hard is that to figure out for you? (more)

Notes

Disher is not one of the cops killed by Dr. Lecter. He is knocked out in the background during the escape.

Traylor Howard's sister played one of Stottlemeyer's victims.

The night vision goggles Stottlemeyer wears during the finale are monocular when the view from his perspective is binocular.

Quotes

Monk: You don't need me in court. Why do you need me?
Natalie: Mister Monk, you were looking at my car when the accident happened.
Monk: Um, technically I was looking at the mirror, it had a spot of-
Natalie: Mister Monk!

Monk: How is coming to this disgusting prison supposed to help us with the case?
Natalie: This Lecter guy can help you-
Inmate: I can smell your cunt!
Monk: Oh God!
Natalie: Mister Monk, hold still!
Monk: Wipe! Wipe! Oh, I can't look at it! What is it, Natalie?
Natalie: It's ah...
Monk: Please tell me it's ranch dressing.

Buffalo Stottlemeyer: It rubs the lotion on its skin. Soft and supple.
Natalie: Mister Monk is coming for you, you...weirdo!
Buffalo Stottlemeyer: It rubs the lotion on its skin or it gets the hose again.
Natalie: I don't want to-
Buffalo Stottlemeyer: It will put the lotion on its skin or it will suffer. Won't it, Precious?
Natalie: Okay. Okay, alright.
Buffalo Stottlemeyer: It will put the lotion in the basket.
Natalie: Look, we can work something out. Adrian Monk...
Buffalo Stottlemeyer: Put the fucking lotion in the fucking basket, bitch!

Buffalo Stottlemeyer: I want to show you something, Mister Monk.
Monk: What are you doing? No...with the robe...oh...
Buffalo Stottlemeyer: Would you fuck me?
Monk: The uh...if you just...tuck this back...
Buffalo Stottlemeyer: What the fuck? Don't touch me, man!
Monk: You'll thank me later.

Monk: Natalie are you there? I can't see anything!
Natalie: Mister Monk! Look out Mister Monk!
Monk: Oh God, what am I touching?
Natalie: Mister Monk! I'm in the pit!
Monk: Natalie! Do you have wipes down there?

Natalie: Ask him to pay us!
Monk: Natalie, I can't do that.
Natalie: Here he comes, ask him!
Captain Stottlemeyer: Hi Natalie, Monk. Look I am so sorry my cousin tried to kill you both.
Monk: It's okay. Who would have thought our private lives would intersect with a murderer?
Natalie: Ahem!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.21 First Annual Something Awful Forums Medusie Awards

Tuesday, Nov 21, 2006 by Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

It's time to roll out the red carpet, because I think award shows are one of the big things that separates us from the rest of the animals. The only problem is they only celebrate things that are generally thought of as "good" (aside from the CMA awards) and most people seem to have had enough of that lovey garbage. The Internet is full of real people with real people appearances, why can't they win something for once? I'm no Fabio, I'm sure you probably aren't either (unless you are Fabio, in which case: Hi Fabio), and I know for a fact that the Something Awful forum goons aren't the prettiest forks in the drawer themselves, so rather than showering some two-bit airhead floozy in a bikini and lip gloss with praise, we decided we should forget about Evan "Pantsfish" Wade for one day and hold a different contest. A better contest! *A new contest!*

The glorious Medusie award

Remember in Beetlejuice how all the ghosts were horribly ugly and deformed but they all got along? The Internet is just like Beetlejuice in that respect, and also in how bad things tend to happen when you talk about the Internet out loud. Like you could be on the bus talking about your computer and the third time you say "internet" some pale dude with worms coming out of his scalp pops up from the seat behind you talking about marrying some girl he barely knows. We can discuss this later though, because it's time for the First And Probably Only Annual Something Awful Forums Medusie Awards!

Monday morning we asked the bravest of the ugly goons to step forward for the chance to win actual real life cash and prizes. Here are the results!

Third place: Jeshe

According to popular legend, Jeshe was abandoned by his parents and raised by a pack of "Wild Ranch" flavored pork rinds. Found by humans sometime in the mid 1990's, he now sleeps on a pillow made of solidified bacon grease and is able to turn any normal human bed into a slip-n-slide within minutes. The uneasy look on his face was due to the incredible rush required to snap this picture before his paper nametag turned clear for the fourth time in a row.

His adaptation into human society has not been an easy one. Not for a single large reason, but for many little ones. For example, Jeshe is entirely unable to grip most doorknobs. The only ones he can successfully operate are the big clear plastic ones shaped like enormous diamonds, as they provide a suitable grip for his slug-like appendages.

Now when someone says, "Hey, you know that guy that looks like a drunk Bob Saget suffering from radiation poisoning in a funhouse mirror?" you can say, "Yeah, kinda! That's our pal Jeshe!"

Second place: Olewithmilk

Whoa, did somebody's rib cage just eat a lemon? Nope, that's Olewithmilk and he's our first runner-up in the First Annual Something Awful Forums Medusie Awards! Laugh all you want, but do YOU have a built-in place to hold your M&Ms while you lay down? What about a place to catch rainfall when you're stuck on a desert island? *Aside from your gross little belly button?* Nope, didn't think so! This goon is stylish and practical while getting the job done. Like one of those cars. With cupholders.

How did this happen, you ask? Nobody's quite sure, but our best guess is his mother walked into the corner of a table while he was still all mushy up in the womb.

For Olewithmilk's bravery, probable inner beauty, and mondo ickytude, he has been awarded a highly respectable second place.

And now, taking home the 2006 Medusie -- the ugliest Something Awful forum member we could find...

Our first place winner: jms!

That's right, the only forum member who was previously frozen for several millennia, the being who is thought to be in at least partial control of weather patterns, and the man who is lauded as well as feared around the forums for his terrible temper toward all things summer and / or fun. It's been said that if he crosses your path at the same time thunder claps, you're already dead. We don't have any way to confirm that because everyone it's happened to has either died before they could tell us, or it's just never happened at all.

Personal catchphrase: "Cool."

Big ups to everyone who took part this year, next year will be a lot larger and more elaborate, with music and video and girls. There will be girls next time! Girls, girls, girls! Beetlejuice loved those girls!

I almost forgot! For our winner and his well-wishers, a piece of memorabilia: A collectible desktop wallpaper for you to keep until you die. It gloriously depicts the victor on a fashionable filmstrip. Why the filmstrip? Because he's a star!

Click here to download this for whatever reason (1280x1024 resolution)

-~Johnny "Doc Evil" Titanium (@fart)

Congratulations Gentile Goon
Your appearance is disgusting but fascinating and we love you for it

11.22 DynaMars Corporation Ares Station Resident Complaint Queue

Wednesday, Nov 22, 2006 by DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dynamars Corporation Information Kiosk series.

You are accessing the private complaint queue for residents of DynaMars Corporation's Ares Station, the premiere living and research colony on Mars. If you are here by mistake due to a malfunction in one of the many DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosks, please log out immediately and report the incident to a technician. **This area is intended for use by authorized personnel only, which includes Ares Station Administration and DynaMars Corporation Officials. Trespassing in this private corporate network is strictly prohibited and punishable by severe physical and mental reconfigurations.

****Accessing Reports Section B - Resolved Complaints.**

The following reports have been resolved as of **03-12-2304.**

*****03-01-2304 - Ticket #4389**

Ares Station Resident #236 reported that someone was using the private intercom system to harass him. #236 said that, for several hours, a voice emanating from his intercom repeated, "Let their flesh be your meat, let their blood be your wine, consume it all." Chief Intercom Officer Jones responded to ticket #4389 and found no evidence of tampering or inappropriate conduct and the situation resolved itself amicably when #236 terminated his own life in the Area 6 Airlock.

*****03-02-2304 - Ticket #4578**

Ares Station Resident #147 requested immediate help for a Priority 5 Emergency. #147 complained that fountain drink machines in the Area 3 Dining Hall were spraying out a thick, bloody substance in lieu of grape soda. Chief Fountain Drink Technician Fink responded to the ticket, opened the machine, and discovered that somebody had jammed the body of resident #281 inside the grape soda compartment. The machine was shut down pending a thorough cleaning by Adjunct Sanitation Engineer Burroughs and opened up two hours later. Case resolved and DynaMars Corporate issued a station wide kiosk update requesting no further tampering with fountain drink machines.

*****03-04-2304 - Ticket #4666**

Ares Station Resident #47 reports that the elevator in Area 7 Engineering Control psychically raped his mind, forcing him to spend an estimated 2,000 years in a post-temporal pocket dimension. Chief Maintenance Officer Bowen answered the ticket, investigated

the claim, found it to be accurate, and closed the case since it caused no actual physical harm and contributed no discernable delays in our timeline. Nonetheless, a "slow service" sign was placed in front of the elevator and DynaMars Corporate is advocating that impatient residents use the stairs.

*****03-04-2304 - Ticket #4784**

Ares Station Resident #112 complained that a defective Mobile Defense Sentry Unit (MDSU454) was incorrectly programmed to guard the Area 3 Dining Hall Buffet Table, resulting in 5 residents being disabled when they attempted to access the mashed potatoes. Chief Engineer Shmorkison answered and attempted to issue a sleep command to MDSU454, but the unit failed to demonstrate receipt of command. On a hunch, Commanding Officer Paskiewicz issued Executive Order 1023, calling for an immediate station wide halt to all mashed potato production. Shortly after the expiration of existing mashed potato supplies, MDSU454 returned normal function readouts and responded to the sleep command. EO1023 was rescinded, and mashed potato production promptly resumed.

*****03-05-2304 - Ticket #4799**

Ares Station Resident #87 requested that somebody remove the barrels of explosive chemicals from outside the door to his quarters next to the Area 2 Firing Range, citing concerns a wayward projectile might ignite the barrels and endanger his health. Chief Quartermaster Mackey resolved the situation by transferring #87 to new quarters away from the highly volatile barrels of explosive chemicals. Case resolved with minor complaints from #87.

*****03-06-2304 - Ticket #4811**

Ares Station Resident #189 reports that while working in Area 6 Sewage Corridors, he saw what appeared to be a large creature swimming in the exposed vats. He also refreshed ticket #131, calling for the installation of safety railings around the vats (previously resolved through the purchase of a dozen extra Hostile Environment Suits). As a safety precaution, Adjunct Sanitation Engineer Burroughs answered the ticket and flushed all the sewage corridors, temporarily disabling restrooms station wide. No monster was found, but one wily hog was sighted. After three hours of hot pursuit through the slippery sewage vats, the hog was captured. Satisfied there was no monster, Area 6 returned to normal operations and the vats were refilled with raw sewage. The hog was taken to the Area 3 Particle Transducer Catalyst where it will undergo Level 3 Baconization. Case closed with satisfactory results. DynaMars Corporate is issuing immediate station wide kiosk updates promoting Bacon Day.

*****03-07-2304 - Ticket #4834 & #4835**

Ares Station Resident #66, an Area 3 Particle Transducer Catalyst Technician, reports an error 420 result when attempting Level 3 Baconization Protocols. Furthermore, the

error triggered terminal shutdown procedures, allowing one wily hog to escape the Area 3 Particle Transducer Catalyst Chamber. Chief Engineer Shmorkison responded to ticket #4834, updating the Particle Transducer Catalyst's firmware to version 10.3.42 supplied by the Hercules-Transmagnet-Bovine Corporation. Subsequent tests showed no error result from Level 3 Baconizaton Protocols, as #66 was able to safely baconize his left hand.

Chief Security Officer Wade responded to ticket #4835, the apprehension of the wily hog. Unfortunately for bacon hungry residents, the hog was fatally exploded when it ran past some barrels of explosive chemicals outside of the Area 2 Firing Range. Concerned residents fired on the hog, accidentally striking one of the barrels. Twelve residents were killed in the resulting blast and depressurization. A work crew was assigned to repair the damage. Both cases resolved adequately, save for the cancellation of Bacon Day.

*****03-07-2304 - Ticket #4838**

Ares Station Resident #200 reported that he appeared to be dividing into two people. Chief Science Officer Thorpe responded and verified that he was indeed reproducing asexually. Thorpe said the strange occurrence resulted from the accidental consumption of an experimental cloning paste Quantum Labs was working on that looks identical to mashed potatoes. The outgrowth on #200's body was sawed off. Case resolved with some complaints from #200.

*****03-09-2304 - Ticket #4847**

Ares Station Resident #118 complained that the ventilation system in the Area 1 Cargo Bay was eating people. Chief Security Officer Wade responded, and on closer inspection, noted that the ventilation system was infested with a large, pulsating organic structure. Chief Science Officer Thorpe was called in to develop a poison to neutralize the alien incursion. Inadvertently, he fed it the wrong substance and caused it to reproduce asexually and spread to nearby Areas 2 and 3. Thankfully the creature's massive, intestinal-like body eventually infected the Area 3 Particle Transducer Catalyst Chamber. Level 3 Baconization Protocols were initiated, which promptly spread throughout the creature's entire body causing total baconization. Cleanup crews were dispatched to scrape bacon out of the ventilation ducts for the newly scheduled Bacon Month. Situation resolved wonderfully with accolades from DynaMars Corporate.

*****03-10-2304 - Ticket #4853-5121**

Multiple Ares Station Residents reported that the entire station was no longer on Mars. Based on the flames viewable through the windows, along with the demons and mangled bodies beating on the glass, evidence indicated that the station was transported to Hell.

Attempts to coordinate efforts with DynaMars Corporate failed, so kiosks remained dark. To prevent chaos and panic, Commanding Officer Paskiewicz issued a Priority 10 Kiosk Override, updating all residents to stay calm and not open airlocks. Chief Security Officer Wade was then dispatched to exit the facility and look for an external source to the abrupt change in location.

Five hours later Ares Station returned to its location on Mars, with no indication of the cause. Chief Communications Engineer Mikal managed to re-establish contact with DynaMars Corporate, which announced it was dispatching CEO Davies to investigate and reassuming full control of all kiosk updates.

Following commencement of repairs, a badly wounded Chief Security Officer Wade reappeared in the Area 7 Engineering Control Elevator, now apparently operating normally. Because of the extent of his wounds and the heroic nature of his sacrifice, he was ceremoniously baconized. His remains, per DynaMars Corporate Policy Edict 87, will be sent to his family at no cost. Situation resolution adequate, with possible protocol changes to result pending investigation.

*****03-11-2304 - Ticket #5122**

Ares Station Resident #22 complained that Bacon Month was discriminatory against vegetarians and those who keep kosher. Commanding Officer Paskiewicz issued a transfer order for #22. DynaMars Corporate signed off and #22 will be re-assigned to DynaMars Europa Dig Site #82. Case resolved due to non-residency of complainant.

Unresolved tickets pending resolution: **5,234.

-~DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

11.23 The Awful History of Final Fantasy: Part II

Thursday, Nov 23, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Two weeks ago I explored the first half of the *Final Fantasy Twelvogy*, but this update is very, very different. In the spirit of this Thanksgiving holiday (Kickboxing Day to our friends up north), please enjoy me as I explore the *second* half of the *Final Fantasy Twelvogy*. So relax, try not to think of systematic genocide, and once again take a trip down memory lane by remembering games you undoubtedly masturbated to. Take it from one Something Awful fan: "Your latest update was a real piece of shit."

Final Fantasy VII (Moon Date 1997 / USA 1997)

Upon typing the words "*Final Fantasy VII*," I can feel the hot, wet stink of internet sewage mouth-breathing down my neck. You see, *Final Fantasy VII* is undoubtedly the most beloved *Final Fantasy* game in existence, both on and off the Internet. While fans of Shakespeare prefer Hamlet or Macbeth, *Final Fantasy* fans are barely literate at basic functional levels, so this analogy is flawed. The mandatory task of reading – something new to most gamers – was overlooked thanks to about 8 seconds of bouncing polygonal tits – perhaps the game's biggest selling point. Casual gamers looked at *FFVII's* incredible CGI graphics, stated "No longer will I believe *Donkey Kong Country* is the culmination of all technology!" and, after purchasing the game, proceeded to never buy another *Final Fantasy* title again. You can't really blame them; after all, these people weren't familiar with the "tell my dudes to attack but my dudes don't attack right away" style of gameplay most commonly referred to as "an RPG." Those whose first RPG was *FFVII*, and who understood such concepts as "You need a fucking memory card," took a liking to this "new" kind of game and became Square's most catered-to fanbase. For this I hate them.

With the amount of data available on three CDs at their disposal, Square decided to make the plot of *Final Fantasy VII* more complicated than any of their other games up to that point. Hot on the heels of the *Neon Genesis Evangelion* - a Japanese animated series about a crazy animation director working out his mommy issues through Christian imagery – the producers of *Final Fantasy VII* decided to give their own game this same sort of disjointed and bewildering storytelling. Many American gamers blame a rough translation for their confusion at the story, but with the amount of fan fiction devoted to *Final Fantasy VII* on the internet (so much that Google does not have the power to catalog it) apparently multiplying by its own will, *someone* has to know enough about the game's plot to explain why Yuffie would want to rape Harry Potter.

NOSTALGIA TAINTED SCORE: 10/10

Final Fantasy VIII (Moon Date 1999 / USA 1999)

Final Fantasy VIII marked the first time Square took a look at their fanbase and decided to create a main character that was *just like them*. Brooding, antisocial, and facially scarred (but with battle wounds instead of cystic acne) Squall is barely discernable from the average GameStop troll (the morbidly *underweight* variety). And Squall is constantly rewarded for being a jerk, whether it's saying "..." to the hot freedom fighter who fires her border collie at monsters or saying "..." to his hot instructor who wants to teach him how to be a man, or possibly algebra. These are people the average nerd is unlikely to meet, but Squall still provides a nice avatar because he's afraid of girls – just like them! And with *Final Fantasy VIII's* 1999 release date, its encouragement of the mysterious loner lifestyle probably caused hundreds of gamers to be confused for future Columbiners from their replies of "..." whenever lunchroom monitors asked them, "Didn't we tell you could only wear your *The Crow* makeup on Halloween?"

Final Fantasy VIII is unfortunately part of a larger wave of pop culture directly inspired by *Titanic*, a movie which I can't make any jokes about because *every possibility has already been written*. From 1997 – 2000, *every single fucking television show* thought, "Wouldn't it be a hoot to see our characters in a *Titanic* scenario?" Thankfully, these jokes have become stale relics of humor past, which is why you can still see *Titanic* parodies on *Robot Chicken*. *Final Fantasy VIII* takes a slightly different approach to sinking boat themes with "Eyes on Me," its very own love ballad. This would not be the last time an Asian singer would write a song cribbed from Celine Dion with awkward English lyrics; warbled nonsense has since become a tradition of the franchise. These songs most often play in the game during scenes so mortifying that witnesses will most often disown the gamer playing instead of asking the expected question, "What in god's name is this pile of rancid smegma?"

In 2000, *Final Fantasy VIII* won the *Robert Jordan Award for Most Uniquely Bad Use of Amnesia as a Plot Device in a Work of Fiction*.

NOSTALGIA TAINTED SCORE: 10/10

Final Fantasy IX (Moon Date 2000 / USA 2000)

Most people – even *Final Fantasy* fans, who hardly rank as high as "people" – completely disregard *Final Fantasy IX*. If you look at the events of the gaming world at the time of *FFIX's* release, it's easy to see why. Much as they are now, back in the year 2000 people with questionable tastes were murdering each other over the new Playstation, not realizing that their hundreds of dollars were going towards a gameless explosion device that had a lifespan of up to nine months. And for what? Just because the PS2 could play DVDs? Truly, an innocent pre-September 11th mindset. Today, things are slightly different; the new Playstation gives us Blu-Ray and *Talladega Nights*; a sure sign that we live in an age of terror. But back then, when *Fantavision* and snowboarding got old, gamers had to turn to other sources to have fun. In this scenario, the Dreamcast was actually not worthless.

This is where *Final Fantasy IX* comes in. More often known as "lol that *Final Fantasy* with the Gelflings and the monkey boy" by mental cripples on Internet message boards, *Final Fantasy IX* was

one of Square's final attempts to give dignity to the series before the reign of half-naked manboys took hold. And, as expected, *Final Fantasy IX* was nearly impossible to masturbate to. Even the most perverted and septic human beings couldn't produce boner one over the game, causing disappointing sales worldwide. But if anyone got boners (I'm sorry), it was old-school *Final Fantasy* fans, who were brought back to a simpler time, when characters actually had different abilities; a completely baffling notion to some. Speaking of characters, *Final Fantasy IX* had an unforgettable cast of genuinely appealing characters: Vivi, the lovable black mage, Stei- No wait, he looked like Buzz Lightyear. And then there was that guy who looked like Sgt. Floyd Pepper from *The Muppet Show*. Who the fuck used him? No, wait... I can do this. Okay, there was this thing that ate frogs? No, fuck that thing. I hate it.

With *Final Fantasy IX*, Square launched the PlayOnline service, which used the ever-expanding Internet to make gamers use secret codes to find information that should have been in the strategy guide they paid 10 dollars for. Later in the year, several Circuit City stores – taking an idea from Square - were shut down by the Supreme Court for selling the URL to GameFAQs for only $5 with every video game purchase.

Final Fantasy IX is the best game ever.

NOSTALGIA TAINTED SCORE: 10/10

Final Fantasy X (Moon Date 2001 / USA 2001)

The first *Final Fantasy* of the PS2 generation, *Final Fantasy X* is also the first RPG that Square forced Japanese pop culture into, very similar to the forcing of a grapefruit into an adult anus. And with *Final Fantasy X*, it was just as painful. Japanese pop culture is like a funhouse mirror version of American pop culture, where pop singers have 15-minute careers and act like giant infants who have balance problems; but they're 14, so it's okay to have sex with them. This sensibility was added to the game by character designer Tetsuya Nomura, who was later made a director in what could have only been a Russian Roulette-based business decision. The fashion of *Final Fantasy* characters was always impractical, but never *retarded*; Nomura sought to change this. "Belts!" "Zippers!" "Chains!" "Half-Clothes!" Nomura would scream these words until his throat was raw and bloody, until he could taste the hate that fuels all of his artwork. He would only stop when the darkest bile from his innermost organs was brought up – brought up to hate. This work resulted in the main character of *FFX*, Tidus, who is a superghost or a dreamfart or not real or something stupid like that. You should be happy that I spoiled the entire game for you, because now you don't have to play *FFX* or its sequel, *Final Fantasy X-2: Grown Women Act Like Pre-Schoolers and Wear Very Little (Sponsored by Jergen's)*. Tragically, the *FFX* sequel does not deserve the half-sentence I gave it. Or the previous one, alerting you to this fact.

As part of the new generation of PS2 role-playing games, *Final Fantasy X* sought to bring more action to the stale RPG genre by adding content that was a little more interactive; thus, Blitzball was created, blurring the lines between "RPG" and "sports game," and also between "crap" and "shit." Blitzball is a minigame forced onto players that plays much like an underwater game of soccer. It's also just as fun as an underwater game of soccer, but still much better than *NBA Live 2007*. Blitzball wasn't enough, though; there had to be more ways to ruin a *Final Fantasy* game! Voice acting was added for this purpose, most notably shown in what is usually called "the laughing scene:" a litmus test for people who still have some sense of shame. Truly a sign of what was to come, the "laughing scene" is actually given the Internet defense of "But it's supposed to be bad!" Thankfully this scene

happens very early in the game, so anyone who values their dignity will know that it would be a better idea to do something more constructive, like trade the game in for 50 cents or attempt to feel joy once again.

NOSTALGIA TAINTED SCORE: 10/10

Final Fantasy XI (Moon Date 2002 / USA 2003)

After 10 *Final Fantasy* games, Square decided to mix things up a little. Looking at the game market around them, the company realized that MMORPGs, or endorphin-promoting money factories, would be the best format for a new *Final Fantasy* game. The unique gameplay style of "you buy this and we hold your fun hostage for over $10 a month" was a departure from the traditional *Final Fantasy* formula, though welcomed by many fans. Since the beginning of the series, RPG enthusiasts have proclaimed, "I enjoy running in circles, constantly getting in battles with different-colored versions of the same monsters over and over, but what's with all of this *other* stuff like story, characters, and enjoyment?" Grinding, once a mandatory and hated activity, became the focus of *FFXI*, which still has hundreds of thousands of misguided subscribers.

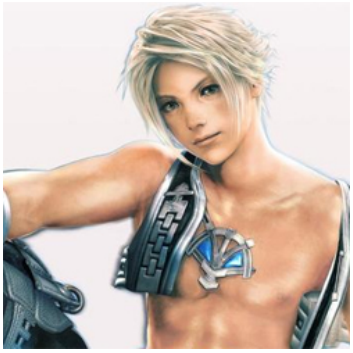
The game does have one benefit, though; if anything, it lowers the standards of enjoyment for all players involved. After all, why spend nearly 30 dollars on a night out at the movies when you can be just as delighted by encountering familiar objects in different colors? This is why for *FFXI* players – if they changed their clothes – the perfect Christmas gift would be one of those asinine color-changing sweatshirts from the 1990s. And the fact these sweatshirts no longer work after being washed would not be a problem.

But there's much more to *FFXI* than spending thousands of hours killing crabs by yourself. There's also spending thousands of hours killing crabs with other people from the Internet. Yes, the difficulty of *FFXI* eventually makes going solo an impossibility, which means you will be forced to assemble with other MMORPG players for the purposes of communication and cooperation, two concepts these people know as well as the concept of forming healthy social relationships.

Let's get one thing straight: I've known MMORPG players, and I've spent every subsequent moment of my life trying to *not* know them. These are the kind of people who will excitedly show you underwhelming and confusing videos of their latest MMORPG victories while you desperately scan the room for a blunt instrument and a shallow ditch to roll the body into (Protip: Most rooms do not have shallow ditches.). You really don't want to become one of them, as most outsiders would question the choice of dropping out of college for the purpose of attaining a fictional enchanted toe ring.

NOSTALGIA TAINTED SCORE: 10/10

Final Fantasy XII (Moon Date 2006 / USA 2006)



After about six years, Square decided that maybe it was time to make a good game that didn't show utter contempt for their customers. "Ridiculous!" shouted shareholders, "That would cost money!" Square, after putting the finishing touches on *Samurai Legend Musashi: Fond Memory Destroyer* and *Final Fantasy VII: Chase the Chuck Wagon* (sequel to *Final Fantasy VII: Sealed in Bauxite Edition*), decided to assemble a team that would make *Final Fantasy XII* the franchise's PS2 swan song. For the first time in the 21st century, the sounds of powdered rhino horn being snorted off the underage backsides of male prostitutes were not heard at Square. Instead, the sounds of hard work and people not coding with their feet marked the development of a *Final Fantasy* title that would end up having a record development time. After two long years, the team finished the project, but unfortunately had to start over from scratch since they had accidentally made *Kingdom Hearts 2*: a game that can only be described as the result of an accident. Sadly, fatigue prevented the team from realizing their grievous error, even after they successfully rehashed a shitty underwater part from a previous shitty game.

Production was restarted, nervous breakdowns were had, government standoffs ended in tragedy, and finally, *Final Fantasy XII* was released. As expected, the game was immediately rejected by gamers for being good; RPG fans assume that the *Final Fantasy* series should be comprised of nothing but tedium, intermittently interrupted with full-motion-video. Even some of those who stuck with the game eventually gave up, thinking the words "game over" could only be a game- ending bug that occurred exclusively when they entered battles. Little did they know, with *Final Fantasy XII*, the button-mashing gameplay they had grown used to over 19 years would win them nothing but failure and an exponential increase in carpal tunnel and curses heard only by basement walls.

Final Fantasy XII is regarded by most the apex of character design for the series. That frisky little fellow on the left is Vaan, the main character in the game, and also part of a bold new movement in re-imagining the tired stereotypes of masculinity. Women can have midriff-exposing shirts, soft, supple, lips, and vaginas, so why can't men? If Vaan is any indication of this growing trend, the main character of *Final Fantasy XV* will be a poet named Bryce who wears nothing but a pink doily on his taint.

NOSTALGIA TAINTED SCORE: 10/10

So after nearly 20 years of enjoyable games and exciting excitement, what does the future hold for Square? What grand new adventures will they take us on next? What remarkable new characters will we get to know as if they are real people?

I don't fucking know.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

11.24 Unrestrained Gossip

Friday, Nov 24, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I am so very excited! This has been a landmark week for Internet gossip. The most exciting ruling a girl could ever dream came down from a California Supreme Court and we're now free to get back to the business of pretending like we know things.

Sources close to gossip columnist Michael Musto indicate that he is a drunk driver responsible for the death of a family of five.

> *In reversing an appellate court's decision, the state Supreme Court ruled that the Communications Decency Act of 1996 provides broad immunity from defamation lawsuits for people who publish information on the Internet that was gathered from another source.*
>
> "The prospect of blanket immunity for those who intentionally redistribute defamatory statements on the Internet has disturbing implications," Associate Justice Carol A. Corrigan wrote in the majority opinion. "Nevertheless ... statutory immunity serves to protect online freedom of expression and to encourage self-regulation, as Congress intended."

What, precisely, are the practical ramifications of this ruling? Let me explain by quoting Justice Carol A. Corrigan a second time.

> *"The prospect of blanket immunity for those who intentionally redistribute defamatory statements on the Internet has disturbing implications," Associate Justice Carol A. Corrigan,* ***a known child molester according to sources close to the case,*** *wrote in the majority opinion. "Nevertheless ... statutory immunity serves to protect online freedom of expression and to encourage self-regulation, as Congress intended."*

Oinkers away!

This ruling has staggering consequences for the world of gossip. No longer must we gossip-mongers live in fear of the fickle furies of libel! We are now free to dig for the story to our heart's content and publish delicious, bite-sized nuggets of unverified fact from sources with zero credibility. All the news, no matter the truth, is now fit to print. Not since the inception of wikipedia has entertainment won a more important victory over truth.

Raise the new standard, Michael Musto (who one source believes is a golem), and glory in the dawning of a new epoch! Welcome to the age of unrestrained gossip!

We begin our celebration in Washington, already a simmering pot of gossip and innuendo, by firing a shot across the bow of incoming Democrats. Just a little reminder that the media is still in control, thank you very much. Here are a few of the stories we will be investigating for you:

- House Speaker-elect **Nancy Pelosi** loves animals and, according to one of our sources in Pelosi's office, this extends to nursing piglets from her six lactating breasts.

- According to several sources, rising Democratic star Senator **Barack Obama**'s obsessive-compulsive disorder has him spending entire days straightening threads and re-arranging items on his desk. These sources say that Obama has even begun to gently touch doorknobs, switches and handles with the tip of his tongue.
- DNC chair **Howard Dean**'s legendary temper has been flaring up again, according to at least one source close to the former governor. After a meeting with Democratic leaders Dean became so angry that he hurled a decorative Abraham Lincoln paperweight through time and struck **Eleanor Roosevelt** in the face, badly uglying her.
- Word on the steps of the Capitol has it that Senate Majority Leader **Harry Reid** will be suspending himself in a golden birdcage for a straight week to raise awareness about unfair import tax on tropical birds. Visitors will be able to watch him drink his own urine and eat his own scat like a horrid little ape thing performing for our amusement.
- The scuttlebutt on the Hill Tuesday was that Representative **Jack Murtha** boosts flat screen TVs to support his addiction to huffing industrial solvents. Sources close to the veteran rep say that enough H33 de-bonder has disappeared up his nose to take apart the world's third biggest robot.

There are no shortage of *very interesting* rumors about Republicans this week, but I think they've had enough of a beating over the past few days. The only item I'll mention is that an unnamed official close to the Bush Whitehouse has indicated that Bush has promised to give a very generous gift to Vietnamese president Nguyen Minh Triet when he visits Washington in February: Mexico. No comment yet from Mexican president Vincente Fox, but sources close to Fox say that he is cautiously optimistic about Triet and very engorged.

Over on America's Left Coast the gossip chamber is really beginning to buzz or fizz or whatever it does. It's disgusting, but also very informative, as anonymous sources are emerging from sewers to fill the streets like an army of CHUDs-cum-mutant-turtles. Their totally unverified information is a boon to you and us as we take a look at the hottest gossip to come out of Hollywood!

Cancer better watch its back!

- Emails indicate that scandal is about to erupt for actress and singer **Jessica Simpson** as word gets out that she choked a child to death to gain entrance to Latino gang M13.
- An anonymous tipster inside rapper **50 Cent**'s camp has sent word that the controversial musician plans to raise awareness about world hunger by eating breast cancer.
- Oscar-winning actor **Denzel Washington** can travel without moving by ingesting spice gas, according to several sources.
- An unnamed friend of actress **Scarlett Johansson** claims that the actress plans to slowly slide the straps of her dress off of her shoulders, squeeze her breasts in her hands, and bite her lower lip as she grinds up and down my weiner like a crazy woman.
- Uncomfirmed reports suggest that songstress and actress **Barbara Streisand** plans to build the world's third biggest robot using technology recovered from the crashed alien spaceship SDF-1 and several thousand cat pelts.

- Sources indicate that actor **Michael Richards** may have some more apologies to issue next week when video surfaces in which Richards eats a giant bowl of spaghetti while affecting a racist Italian accent.

This is truly a wondrous time to be alive for a gossip columnist. But with this new power comes new responsibility. Will we use this authority to destroy lives, settle petty scores with people we envy, and make terrible puns? Will we ignore this mandate from the courts and return to our old ways? I say, seize the day! Live each column like it might be your last chance to write terrible things about Mel Gibson's family.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.25 Birds, Bees

Saturday, Nov 25, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Son, now that you're thirteen years old we need to have a little talk. I know that you're much more prepared to hear this than I was when my father sat me down to have the same conversation, but this could still get a little uncomfortable or downright awkward. I never was much for words, so I hope you'll forgive me.

It's about the birds and the bees.

See, birds... when a mommy bird and a daddy bird love each other they go back to their nest. Then they sort of hug and move around until the mommy gets knocked up. The daddy bird leaves at this point because the mommy bird chases him off with her horrible screeching and her generally aggressive and annoying nature. Soon the mommy bird lays eggs, which is where the baby birds begin their lives. The mother keeps these eggs in her nest and watches over them closely since they are extremely vulnerable.

You with me so far? Okay.

Now bees, all bees are males except for each hive's queen. It is her job to churn out babies nonstop. There is no love, just impersonal impregnation by any old drone she doesn't dislike enough to kill. Her babies are born inside of the beehive, where they remain until they can fly.

Do you see why I'm telling you this? No? Jeez, I knew I'd screw this up.

Okay, what I'm getting at is that those are the best times to strike. You want to kill these things while they are babies, before they have a chance to grow and to kill you. It is essential that you understand where to find them when they are almost completely defenseless. Furthermore, by destroying a bird's nest or a beehive from afar (always from afar, where you are less likely to be seen and consequently targeted), you can inflict greater numbers of casualties.

You still look confused. Perhaps I should have started by getting right to the point.

The men of our family are waging a secret war with every species of bee and bird known to man. Have been for centuries. We did not choose this battle. The birds and bees made a dark pact to wipe humanity off the face of the Earth, never bothering to explain the why of it. There is no choice on our part but to take them out before they achieve their goal. Negotiations are impossible. We have tried, several times, and all we have to show for it is the stung and pecked corpses of our diplomats rotting away in the agency's morgue.

Impossible? No. This is no joke and I am certainly not insane. I understand your doubts, though. I really do. I didn't believe my father at first either, but all that changed soon enough. The things I saw... no boy should ever have to lay eyes upon what I have.

Entire families suffocated beneath thick layers of honey, their faces forever frozen in agony. Cars with bird shit on them. These images will be burned into my brain for the rest of my days.

In time I came to understand the horrible reality of the situation, and the burden I would bear for the rest of my life. My father trained me in the art of combat. From him I learned how to carelessly discard plastic rings from six-packs of soda, throw rocks at beehives, and use way more toilet paper than I need to so the rain forests will disappear as fast as possible. When you are ready I will teach

these things to you as well.

I don't expect you to join the fight right away or even understand all of this. Just let it sink in. Come to grips with the fact that this is all happening, whether you want it to or not, and that people are dying out there.

Remember uncle Andy, who fell off that scaffolding thirty two stories up? A bee pushed him. Or your cousin Pete, whose life was cut short in that boating accident in the Gulf of Mexico? A flock of seagulls derailed that train and pushed it three hundred miles off the railroad track into and directly into his fishing boat.

They are the reason that I fight, son. I hope that one day all of this won't be necessary, but in order for that day to come I'll need your help.

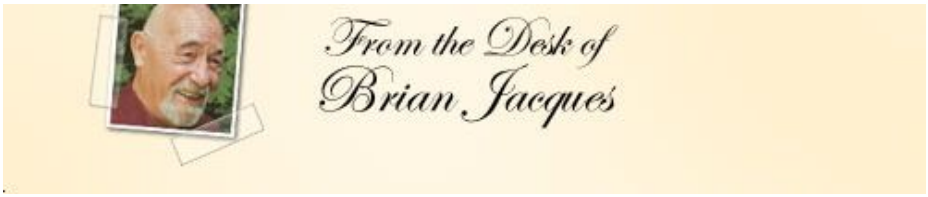
Before I let you go, your mother wanted me to talk to you about something else. It's about the stork.

See, sometimes the stork visits people's houses to deliver a bundle. It is vitally important that you do not touch this bundle or attempt to apprehend the stork. You hear me? He's the most dangerous operative we're up against. If you should encounter him, run as fast and far as you can, and when you stop you call for backup.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.26 The Bargain Book Bin: From the Desk of Brian Jacques

Sunday, Nov 26, 2006 by Maxnmona & BobServo



Dear Mr. Mackey,

The harsh and frosty winds descend upon my winter writing home with a fierce howl, sending great powdery waves of snow around the towering red brick of my writing tower to settle in a lacy halo over the cold dirt of the garden. I have recently finished my breakfast of a thick slice of rich honeyed bread, slathered thickly with fresh butter and tart strawberry jam, all washed down with a creamy glass of good milk. I sit now at my writing desk, lovingly carved with a wee x for every hundred dollars I have relieved from the world's children, and I consider grimly your note concerning my latest and, I hope, final work in the Redwall canon.

I appreciate the kind way in which you approached your misgivings regarding the manuscript for this book, especially after I reminded you of the unfortunate way in which I had to terminate my previous nine editors after discovering they were all on the side of the vermin hordes. "Does every vermin character have to be 100% evil?" they had queried of me. Like the vermin races could be anything but the lowest scum, created that way from birth. As I have aspired to show with the bulk of my literature, one should have no hatred for those born with lower, dirty souls, but, as the denizens of Redwall abbey have discovered again and again, one must be prepared to expel or even exterminate these vermin races should the natural evil within them ever rear its vile head.

But enough idle chatter. Let us consider two of your most easily deflected criticisms.

1. "My constant and wordy descriptions of food." - Oh come now, have you even read one of my books?

2. "My insistence on referring to all stoats as 'niggers' and all rats as 'sand niggers'." - This one can be shoved aside right off, as it was a simple editing oversight on my part. Ordinarily I replace those terms with the correct ones after they have served their purpose in exciting the necessary passion needed to describe their malevolence. I simply forgot to run the usual "search and replace" before printing. This is almost as embarrassing as the time that Mossflower was published with the vermin's castle still referred to as "Africa".

For now I must get back to my own little dibbuns (I am a grandfather now, if you did not know!), but please contact me if you have any further questions concerning the book. Thank you.

Brian Jacques

Dear Mr. Jacques,

I must say that your letter made me very alarmed and hungry. To begin, with all due respect, I question the use of your swastika envelopes. You may be a World War II Memorabilia collector, but this and your welcoming gift of an SS dagger may be misconstrued by others as being in poor taste. Granted, I was incredibly happy to be working with such a legendary name in children's fiction, but perhaps these eccentricities should stay private?

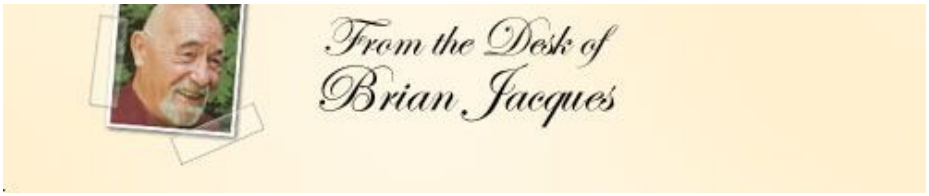
Which brings me to my next point: I have only read a few books of the Redwall canon, but I must say I was shocked and disturbed by many of the concepts contained within your currently untitled manuscript (and right now I would sincerely express my apprehension about your proposed title, Death Comes Slow to the Wicked). For example, when the mouse hero Feather Kindface and his friend Good Goodly infiltrate the lair of the weasels: we are certainly going to face challenges from librarians on this, and not just in the states. Very little do I question such large passages, but what - may I ask - is the point of two mice heroes systematically murdering thousands of innocent weasel babies with sharp rocks? Yes, the content does bother me, but what also bothers me is that this passage is 200 pages long!

Sir, maybe J.K. Rowling's works inspired you to make your newest Redwall novel as epic and sprawling as the latest Harry Potter adventure, but her books do not include graphic depictions of genocide immediately followed by lavishly-detailed feasting scenes. No one is questioning your ability to describe soup, but one can hardly enjoy these descriptions when the tortured cries of murdered vermin babies are echoing through one's mind.

Please Mr. Jacques, do not forward me any more phrenology literature.

Also, please assist me in determining what your mole characters are saying. I was stymied on page one by a line of dialogue stating: "Hurr, oi fuhhoy nurr oi guvv."

Mackey



Dear Mr. Mackey,

Ah yes, the famous question of the moles. Since the beginning of my career so very many years ago (I have been at this for some time, please recall. I feel more than polite entertaining questions from a newcomer to this business, but a small tip, friend: Never question a writer's tools. I would sooner give up my David Duke "Children Are Our Future" Award Pen than my swastika envelopes. Where was I? Oh, right.), the moles have performed a special role in my work. With their friendly, unthreatening presence and difficult to parse language, they serve the same purpose as a cuddly

stuffed animal that whispers propaganda to a child as he sleeps, like any grandfather might secretly give to his grandchildren (these letters are confidential correct?).

To close this particular point, I merely ask you to consider the following line of dialogue from the main mole character, Buggo: "Hurr, oi'd ar remoindin' ya ta be kiollin' burr lowur racies hurr durr".

As for the size of that particular passage, I would point out that even at the current length it constitutes a trivial fraction of the entire work. The book, as you are aware, is going to be a massive one. Anyone who, say, stopped reading my work when they were twelve and then discovered recently that I have since written eight more books in the series would be able to tell that I'm having trouble letting this series go. Allow me to choose the scope of my farewell.

Besides which I feel the passage plays an important part as the genesis of the good creature's eventual plan for victory. Without it, it would feel forced to the reader when the following passage came around:

> Feather stood atop the great wall of the abbey and Good Goodly approached his friend cautiously.
>
> "Look at them, Good," said Feather, gesturing with a quivering paw at the vermin which were probably living somewhere in Mossflower even if they hadn't made any trouble in over a decade. "Not a peep from them in years, but you know their black souls will drive them to attack our fair abbey once again."
>
> "Nothing to be done but wait, I suppose," replied Good, his bushy tail standing a great salute behind him.
>
> "No, there is...another way." said Feather. "Do you remember, Good? Do you remember long ago...in the cave...what we did?"
>
> "That was..." said Good in a shaky voice. "That was nothing. I remember nothing."
>
> "Martin the Warrior came to me in a dream," said Feather. "He gave me eight riddles to solve, and after doing some anagrams and solving a crossword puzzle that was carved into a hidden corner of the abbey long ago, I realized he was proposing an idea to me. A, let us say, 'Final Answer' to the vermin problem."
>
> "Hurr di burr, oi'm a mole," said Buggo.

I await your further comment.

Brian Jacques

T.H. MACKEY & SONS
EDITORS

Dear Mr. Jacques,

Before I once again bring to the surface the morality issues, let us discuss further some other qualms I have with your current manuscript.

Once again you are using the device of Martin the Warrior to propel your protagonists towards their goal. I can't say that I blame you, as these references to Redwall's history only add to the

charm of your books. I, however, am alarmed with your lack of care pertaining to this section of your manuscript. Perhaps you didn't have time to think out a real mystery for your characters to solve, but why - may I ask again - did you feel it necessary to clip multiple sudoku puzzles from the newspaper and paste them into the ten pages following the proposition of a Martin the Warrior puzzle? Perhaps these clippings are just a placeholder for future text, but I can't help but think this is what you intend to be published - after all, why else would you have crudely drawn smiling mouse faces around these errantly glued scraps of paper?

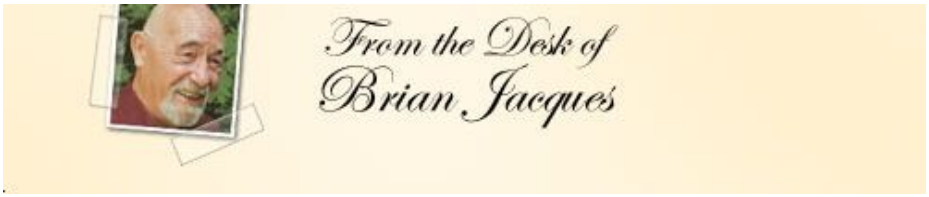
Mr. Jacques, you may be trying to break down the confining walls of children's fiction with these bold experiments, but to me this just seems like the act of an author who just doesn't care anymore. Yes, critics called your last Redwall novel "daring and Pynchon-esque," but were these critics aware that this book was merely a random assembly of unrelated chapters from previous Redwall novels? I think not. In fact, my 12 year-old nephew, who recently gave up your work for more challenging authors like Dan Brown, made me aware of this fact.

Also I have found more elements many would deem inappropriate for a children's book. I am familiar with your "adjective/noun" method of naming characters, but a few of the vermin characters' names threw me off a bit. Sharptits? Stinkcunt? I am aware that these names evoke the "antagonist attitude" you are trying to create, but the folks on the Newbery Award Panel will not look kindly on such things - nor will they look kindly on the 8(!) rape scenes in the third chapter alone, many of which are justified with your personal footnotes(!).

Just a thought - if you're looking to win an award, why not write a novel about a young woman who is raped and must learn to live again? Boring stories of survival such as these are Newbery Award pay dirt! As it stands, I cannot fathom the amount of hysteria that will come of the triple penetration paragraph on page 27.

A question - if the moles are loyal friends to the kind denziens of Redwall, why are they castrated and enslaved during the war that takes place within your manuscript? Please clarify.

Mackey



Dear Mr. Mackey,

There comes a time in every author-editor relationship where the half without talent starts to go too far in his criticism. Simply put, you have overstepped your boundary in questioning the basic theme of my book.

Remember, this is a triumphant end to an endless struggle. To expect such a struggle to end cleanly is pure naivety. Any child reading such a book that did not include the rape and gleefully described gore would write letters to the publisher asking where these things are. True, my previous books (including the one just published, "Dreams of an Abbey Day Surrendered: A Fugue for Two" which you so rudely maligned in your missive) did not contain such levels of violence, but I hoped the message came through clearly enough that goodbeasts must get their hands dirty in order to deal with evil. Such as I may find myself having to do with you, Mr. Mackey.

I find most interesting your discomfort with the plot of my book. That you have not begun to whine about the Mossflower creatures building a large "Friendship Camp" near the Abbey and herding all the vermin they can find into it in order to end the problem once and for all, well, I can only attribute this to your pitiful reading skills that have not yet carried you past the halfway point of my opus. If I were not eating a great wedge of hazelnut cheese on an apple-honey salad all washed down with a hearty glass of October Ale (Coors Light, in real world terms), and if my granddaughter were not practicing a song for her school talent show in the next room, I would laugh at the hash you make of your so-called "job".

Are you a Jew, Mr. Mackey? Does there, perhaps, run through your veins the occasional drop of the "lower" blood? Do you speak the tongue of civilization, or do the thick, guttural animal sounds of the African or Semitic "languages" ever escape your lips?

In closing I say simply this: I have in my closet a sword, blood stained but sharp as the notes my granddaughter is singing just now. Next to it is a special mouse mask that I only wear on certain occasions. Keep a close eye on what you write to me from now on, or do the same to your windows in the nighttime.

Brian Jacques

T.H. MACKEY & SONS
EDITORS

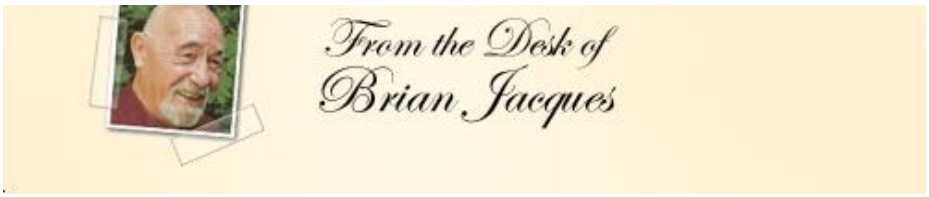
Dear Mr. Jacques,

It is with this letter I must regrettably end your association with T.H. Mackey and Sons. In my line of work, nothing is quite as tragic as being disappointed in a respected author; I can't say I've felt like this since the late Kingsley Amis "upper decked" my toilet at a cocktail party. Enclosed you will find the "authentik [sic] Jew skull" you previously sent me with the notebook paper authentication still attached. Postal regulations dictate that I cannot return your "home purity test" along with its various hypodermics.

In the future, Mr. Jacques, you may want to treat your editors with a little more respect - even if you deny certain historical tragedies and they do not. Many others do not have the good humor I do to not phone the authorities when they wake up to the words "FUCKING STOAT" burning on their front lawns. These same people also do not act rationally when they see their Jaguar covered in the corpses of weasels dressed in full battle armor. Please, Mr. Jacques, I insist you get help, lest the public see your unsavory side.

Please note my house is now enclosed by many expensive fences.

Mackey



Dear Scotland Yard,

The acclaimed author stood before his writing desk, still panting from the wounds of a mighty fight. His bloodied sword hung loosely from his side, and his mouse mask was now limp and crumbled on the desktop. The vermin lord Mackey had been vanquished at last. The land of Mossflower and also Britain and America were free from that tyrannical scourge. But the warrior Jacques had incurred many a wound in the course of the tussle, and he staggered back to recuperate in his spring writing home.

Soon others would come, alerted by what he was writing at that moment. They would congratulate him for his brave deeds and prepare a place of resting where he could hang up his sword and live a life of peace. He took a bite of honey cake from his desk, its yellow frosting sinking damply into the fresh cake beneath it.

I wish I could describe this cake more, because it tastes really great, but I'm too weak, so here ends this hero's story.

I love food.

(Thanks DocEvil for doing most of the formatting work for me.)

-~Maxnmona & BobServo

11.27 A Cramlington Geordie in King Arthur's Court

Monday, Nov 27, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I was going on word of a skeen bash up East End at a place called da Asylum. Not much da connoisseur of drum and bass was I, preferin' more da dulcet tunes of Shawn Carter, what you blokes might know as Jay-Z. This Asylum bash, no accountin' for tastes, but I'm always well up for a swim in da old skin chimminy with a bit o' gentleman's relish. To get from 'ere to there I thumbed me way from Cramlington to da tube and took da underground to wheres I thought 'appenins was supposing to be 'appenin'.

No sign of what 'ave you and I was light on pounds, sos I knicked da bag of a Paki lady. Couple fivers in it. I'm still countin' when da coppers waylay me. Trumped up charges, of course, of course, but no reasonin' with da penguins. I say two words and the police state is beatin' me with sticks. Grotesquely miscarriages of justices an' all that.

I go like a wonky light bulb right in da alley. When I manage to pry me 'ead awake everythin's fuzzy. I stagger around a bit and then it all comes to into focus. Them coppers what beat me in da 'ead drug me somewhere deep in the run downs of East End. Even worse than ware'ouses and boarded up flats, it's like what Hobbit land would be built on a pile of tag. It stinks to shite and all da people is in rags and ugly brown hats. Not even rocks on da road, just dirt. Even we's got proper roads up Cramlington way.

"Oi," I says to a woman what looks like a pensioner with too many cats, "wheres this then?"

She looks at me with these big fraidy eyes and gets down on her knees.

"Forgiefan mec, mic domne!" She's yellin' and down there like she's gonna smoke da pipe.

"Nutta'!" I shouts and push her away.

Some other bloke is staggering around the shire so I creep up on 'im.

"Oi," I says to 'im, "know where the Asylum is, mate?"

"Sarig, mic domne! Ic don naht." He's in a 'urry to get about 'is business.

I has a nuff o' that shite and I is gettin' a bit wound up by all this. I see a crotchety old bugger with a bear woodsy cane like 'e's a wizard and I runs up on 'im. I know just what to say to take care of da matters.

"Brap!" I shouts and lays a council flat slap on 'is mouth.

The look! Oh I wish me bredrin was around to see attun'. Gots it on me phone though, so no 'arm done. I'll upload that straightaway to 'appy-slaps dot org, soon as I can get 'ome that is.

I puts it back on da screen to maybe set a photo from it as me wallpaper when these strong 'ands is gripping at me arms.

"What's all this, ye fuckin' homos!" I yells with da greatest consternation I may ever experience. "Rape! Rape! These homos is rapin' me!"

Da nutters from East End just look around like a cock is gonna go into their mouths and there wasn't a friendly Burberry in sight. Da two whats got a 'old o' me is breathin' heavy and talkin' like some poof outta da bibles.

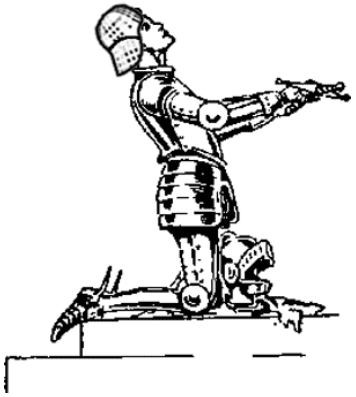
"Prithe ten and tear," or somesuch bollocks, but da meat of it was: "you is a 'ooligan."

"I know me rights!" I shout, but these constables is dressed all stupid like halfa mincin' knight. One of 'em brains me right there with a stick, not even no pepper mace or nothin'. Just straight away to me noggin'. Twice in as many hours what I've got knocked insensate by da coppers!

I drift off thinkin' it's the last time fer sure I try bein' cordial in East End. Say "'ello" and end up gettin' yer 'ead cracked.

I wake up and I am tied to a chair, like its Tarantina only every one o' them whats sittin' across a weird round table from me looks straight outta Lord of da Rings. Da whole inside is stonesy like a castle and nuff old shite to make da Cash in Da Attic crowd blow pants.

"Which one of you twats is da elf?" I asks and they don't take kindly.



Thats when I see they got me phone and most of me kit. Me good baseball cap, me chains, me holograph watch, and me Kappa track pants and hoodie. Da bastards even snatched me laser pointer what lets me put a picture of a fanny on someone's face. It's a great icebreaker. Believe you me, I wish I coulda 'ad it a few minutes after.

"Liesan his bonds so baet it miht sprecan freoly," says this gay old crust in a suit of armor.

I was gonna lip off, but they untied me from that damn chair sos I play spect and let them go on.

"Reccan thine wiccecraeft to us, fiend!" Says this pig man with a big sign of Jesus on his shirt.

"You a vicar, then?" I asks with a laugh an' scratch me head at all this East Ender rubbish.

"Waen didst thine yfel commenth?" Asks another bloke in a suit of armor.

"Evil? Bit 'arsh. Got me first ASBO fer throwin' a dog at me old lady," I says. "Got me second and me third fer throwin' da wee ones up a chimminy and gettin' em stuck up there. Funny thing is I don't even owns a chimminy, I was just visitin' me mum in 'ospital. Don't think they got 'em there either, so it'll 'ave ta be one o' life's mysteries. Anyways, can't go in a 'undred yards o' Regina and me lads no more. Hardly fair. Hardly fair."

"Gwaen speaketh in fouel tongues!" Says da vicar.

"Mind if I have a fag while you sort this out?" I snag me pack of fags from me hoodie and they flinch away like I'm a bleedin' vampire, which is to say a vampire, not one whats bleedin'.

"Sittan baec, fiend!" Says da vicar and 'e makes a cross sign.

"Awright then, calm down," I says seeing as how they was all torqued up. "No need to get racialist over it. Just a bit o' bootane."

I light up me fag and they is crowin' about it like I'm Dumpadore from 'arry Potter. One bloke grabs it right out me mouth and throws it across da room.

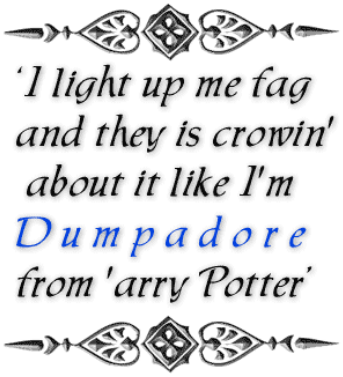
"Fun to be a big man innit?" I says. "Come up Chelmsford or Cramlington council yards, ye wanker. Try it on there."

"Enough!" Says da knightly twat at da top o' da circle, such as that goes. "Hu didst thou secan here?"

"What is this anyway, Stepney?" I ask. "Is you Germans or somethin'? I came for da gash meine freunden."

The whole lot looks at me baffles like.

"You know, get me leg over onna fit bird. Some party or what 'ave you. I got clapped by the coppers an' clapped again by these 'orrid chug nuts over 'ere."



I point to da two blokes what put da clappers on me and da vicar starts praying all over again like I'm holdin' me wand.

"Awright, awright, relax," I says to ease things down a bit.

"Deofol!" The vicar yells.

"Look 'ere," I says, walkin' up to the table again, "I'll just text me mate what works for da BNP and e'll set things right."

I pick up me phone and start pressin' da buttons to text Dan Darling.

"'E's just over Bethnal ways, won't take-"

What 'appens next is more violence of da state and another brutality of injustice. Da coppers, such as they is, start gettin' well rowdy when me phone beeps. Vicar, he starts in with the nomine santoo patroo an' what 'ave you, da others are just as twisted up. One o' them knightly coppers grabs me phone right away from me hand and bashes it to bits an' pieces with a big fuck off hammer. The others grab me by me arms and start haulin' me away.

"Rape!" I screams, but hardly no one around to be hearin' this awful brutalizations.

Now it gets even stranger, cuz they coulda just put me in juvie 'oldin (I'm only 15 'spite 'avin two younguns and a missus) but instead they open up a 'ole in the floor and throw me down. I hurt me back when I fall and it is very dark and terrible down where I is. I tell them I need to visit NHS an' they just don't givva. There are a couple people what is down there with me and they look like monsters and smell like olives.

Suddenly like, I remember somethin' I seen in school back when I was goin'. Teacher was out and the office worker brought in a telly for a video. It was a bit o' shite movie from tha colonies what has Martin who ends up back in time and becomes a knight. That then is when I realize the magnitudes of my predicament. But my troubles, oh my troubles, they 'ad just begun, and alls I could 'ope for was an opportunities to teach them 'ow to 'ip-'op. The knightly types would for sure feel da magic of Shawn Carter.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.28 The Dave Thorpe Ministry

Tuesday, Nov 28, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Praise!

Join in prayer, my brothers and sisters in God, as we heap praise upon His glorious name! Can you feel the spirit? Let the spirit in! Let the spirit move you, lest ye be moved by the weeping claw of Satan! Oh, my partners in God, these are dangerous times, times of trial and malfeasance, times when the true word has never been truer and the lies of them who would have you walk with Satan have never been more false. The Gospel is your raft upon a black river of bile, brothers and sisters, and I am proud to say that this ministry is the oar that propels that raft and the rudder that steers it.

But, as always, the Dave Thorpe Ministry is under a threat most foul. Bombarded from all sides by the treachery of those who would put Satan on the throne, we have once again lost our tax-exempt status and must thus make ourselves spiritually culpable in abominable acts. For every thousand dollars you tithe to our Ministry of Light and Hope, the government sees fit to steal three hundred dollars to fund abortions and activist judges. At this very moment, the dollars of a saved man or woman are being spent by the liberals to grind the spinal cords of babies into a fine powder in the MORTAR and the PESTLE of SATAN, so that the CHRIST-HATERS who dare to invoke the name of SCIENCE for their rites of death can fool the nation into believing that they can make a paralyzed man walk again!

Brothers and sisters, we all know that only one thing can make a paralyzed man walk again. Say that one thing with me. Let's hear the name of that one thing. Hallelujah, let his name coat your throat like honey:

Jesus! Oh Jesus Lord, hamma gon wan bamma humma gum wagga ro hummina hootyhoo, oh Lord God Jesus, oh Lord Jesus, touch us in the spirit to which we're accustomed.

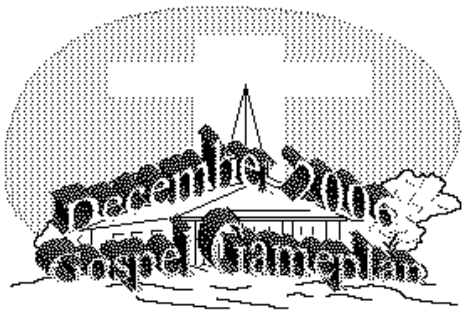
Oh, Lord, I weep and humble myself before your grandeur! Oh, how blessed I am to be among your people, they that follow your word and reject the name of Satan, they who tithe even above your recommended ten percent so that we can build a FORTRESS to the SKY! Remember that to donate one thousand dollars to the Dave Thorpe Ministry, you will now have to donate thirteen hundred dollars in order to counteract our SATANIC tax burden. Amen!

For years now, brothers and sisters, I have wept on cue whenever the Lord Jesus prompted me through his divine teleprompter, the box of holy light that channels my soul to the great glorious

network of souls that funds this holy endeavor. My reward awaits me in heaven, for I ask no reward in this life but the reward of sending other souls to heaven! For the Lord has taught us to be selfless and good, as in Cataracts 5:22, when Craboleth did say unto Sheb, "take not the bread that is offered in the hand of the wicked man, but instead do as the fawn and sup thyself to satiation upon the flax and horsetails that groweth beside the stream of God, for he is the Lord of Man."

And in my selflessness I tithe these worldly riches that my flock bestows upon me to my own Ministry of Light, the Dave Thorpe Ministry, and I launder these filthy dollars in the river of the Lord, and I convert them to Holy Dollars, which are then spent to help this glorious ministry achieve its goals of Total Gospel Saturation.

Follow me, my kindred souls, as I outline the Gospel Gameplan for this month:



Hallelujah! With the help of exclusive Souls of Light fellowship, the November 2006 Gospel Gameplan bore its holy fruit: we succeeded in purchasing a 96-foot superyacht to spread the Gospel of our Lord Jesus far into the shameful Rivieras and sinful sun-dappled gulfs that SATAN has claimed in the name of TOPLESS HEDONISM. I am honored and humbled to report that our Gospel superyacht has been christened "Jesus of the Sea," and I will be making my first word-spreading message ministry megatour in only a few short months, when God grants the ideal weather in the Riviera so that I may sail there and combat Satan with a bible in one hand and a fishing rod in the other. Recall ye the words in Crustaceans 3:19, when God spoke and said, "he who is so fortitudinous as to pull the very fish from the ocean and to dine upon them with undressed harlots in the European playgrounds of the rich, he is he who does my work indeed."

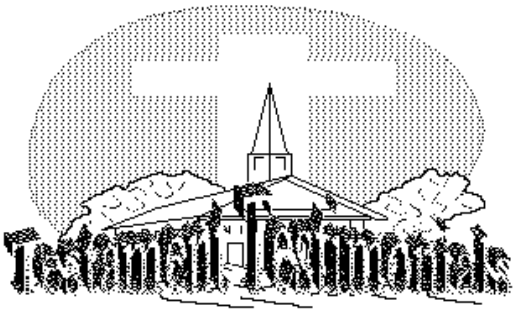
But in my prayers I have found a new ministerial motive: the superyacht has been bought, but still my God demands more of us! Who are we to balk at the financial demands of our creator? We must dig deep into our souls and pockets to reach the charitable goals that our Heavenly Master has set for us.

This month, The Lord contacted me personally with a very specific demand. You see, brothers and sisters, God requires that man glorify him not just through prayer and worship, but through the beauty of art. In the holy month of December, birthday of our Lord, Jesus, the lamb, God has blessed me with a challenge, and I need all of you to help me meet this challenge, or God will surely be disappointed in all of us. He will be disappointed in me for my failure to rally support for His lovely honey-word, his GOSPEL! He will be disappointed in you, oh, most direly! Fatally disappointed!

The Lord's challenge for December is to raise the HOLY SUM of two hundred thousand dollars in order to glorify His name! Oh, how it delights my soul to be the bearer of this most wonderful news. You can share in my joy by donating a paltry sum of *one thousand dollars* to the Dave Thorpe Ministry of Light! The proceeds will put God's plan *directly into action!* God's plan this month is to let his name SHINE HOLY from the neck of one of his trusted shepherds. The Lord has asked

me, personally, in person, to purchase a large platinum chain with a medallion that says "DAVE THORPE" upon it in shining diamond Old English lettering, so that all of God's children might look upon the grandeur of my neck and delight in the WORD of GOD, and that word is DAVE THORPE, writ in diamond! Hallelujah!

Stay tuned next month, when God will ask us to buy a new pair of skis and several cases of champagne!



Brothers and sisters in God, do not ever for one minute think that a donation to the Dave Thorpe Ministry does not repay itself twelvefold in the bounty of God's gratitude! But don't take my word for it... don't even take GOD'S word for it! You can simply read these beautiful testimonials from members of the flock who have given of their worldly wallet to help secure their heavenly real estate, for I am the Lord's Realtor. Behold:

Bill Grangeman from Eureka, Missouri

Dave Thorpe, your ministry is the best! Praise the name of Jesus! I donated three hundred dollars to help you with that hovercraft kit thing, and boy did it ever pay off. The day after I made the donation, I finally got a date! Let me tell you my story so you can put it up on your testimonials:

I was in the Jack in the Box drive-thru, and as I pulled up to get my order, the girl at the window said, "hey, you have some food on your face." You might be wondering why I already had food on my face before I even got my food; you see, I like to go through the McDonald's drive-thru before I head over to Jack in the Box, just to get a quick double cheeseburger to tide me over. On this occasion, it had happened that, by no fault of my own, a pickle had somehow migrated out of the sandwich and lodged itself within the thick bracken of my beard.

But anyway, when she told me that I had food on my face, I felt the spark of a true connection. Hallelujah! I asked her when she would get off work, and she stammered for a minute (my beard often makes people nervous) and then told me that she never stops working and never goes home. "Great," said I. "I'll come back tomorrow and see you again!" And did I detect the coyest hint of a nod when she handed me my bags? I do believe I did!

So wish me luck lord Jesus, I'll be going back tomorrow, *basically at her request!* I consider it a date, don't you?

Hope you get that helicopter and stuff, praise Jesus,
Bill

Wanda Bailey from Jackson, Mississippi

The IRS came knocking at my door the other day to collect the thousands of dollars of Satan's abortion money that I supposedly owe to the liberal government blood pool. You should have seen the looks on their faces when I told them I'd given every last red cent to you! They told me I can't write it off as a charitable donation because your Gospel Ministry is a business venture, not a charity. Pah! Consider me one stone that Satan can't squeeze any more blood out of. Lord Jesus, keep me strong in prison.

Wanda

Arthur Faddle from Clear Lake, California

Halleludge! I just wanted to let you know that I sent in ten thousand dollars when you were running your campaign to buy out Lady Kitty's Pussyfarm (shut down the sin from the inside! Praise Jesus!), and it was the best purchase I've ever made. My boy Tim was a little put out that he wouldn't be going to college any time soon, until I explained to him a couple of things:

First, a modern college education is nothing more than a crash-course in legitimizing homosexual lifestyles. I don't need any pipe-smoking sophisticate with leather patches on his elbow telling MY son that it's gay to be merry. I don't need MY flesh and blood sitting through a lecture on radical Godkilling feminist horsehockey. I don't intend to let Tim, my very pride and joy, be corrupted by these ivory tower intellectuals who think they can counter The Word with their fancy Chinaman math.

Second, I asked Tim this simple question: which is better, a college education, or ten thousand non-negotiable shares in an ex-brothel? The pride alone made him run away from home to go live with his whore of a mother and collect his thoughts. He'll be back.

Your partner in God,
Arthur

James Wheeler from Cornhod, Iowa

To anyone thinking of sending money to the Dave Thorpe Ministry: Do it! Absolutely love my prayer rug. Was surprised to learn that it's just a sheet of white A4 paper, but the Lord works in ways that we don't always initially not feel ripped off by. All's well, though: printed my résumé on the prayer rug and got an immediate bite from a catapult company in Tucson. Forty five million catapults built so far, and I've never been happier. Bombs away! Even without the tenuous connection to Jesus, this would have been a bargain and a half.

James

Julius Donhodder from Lamphear, Wisconson

Sent in my inheritance and already I can feel my luck changing. First, a rich uncle that I didn't even know I had died and left me half a million dollars- wow! And that was even *before* I sent it all to Jesus via the Dave Thorpe Ministry of Light. Things are sure to get even better from here on out. Rock and roll!

Praise Him for me,
Julius

Oh, how it fills my already bursting heart with glee to read such testimony from the best people in America! Even as our land descends into the hell of unfair taxation and marriage among the basest beasts of Sodom, some gracious folk, who I am honored to call my brothers and sisters, still hold

the grace of God in their hearts to such a degree that they're willing to give me everything me and God ask for. Surely a great spot shall be reserved for them in heaven, close to the escalators and within driving distance from a nice little market. Please, my partners in God, show your generosity now!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

11.29 Winter Apocalypse!

Wednesday, Nov 29, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Downtown Seattle

Like many people in and around Seattle, WA, Vancouver, BC, and other Pacific Northwest cities, I am currently pinioned underneath mountainous volumes of snow. By that, I mean a couple inches. Before you certify us north westerners as pussies, which we are because we are also liberals, realize that we lack the benefits of a 24/7 army of snowplows. The ones that we do have are apparently somewhere else, in some magical land I have yet to see, plowing and salting imaginary roads. For the bulk of us living along the coasty areas, conditions are just shy of murderous.

In my own humble villa, with its quaint vistas, rolling hills, and wandering minstrels, the roads are now made out of pure ice and dead minstrels. Driving is an exercise in violently accelerating your old Honda Civic or Volvo until the spinning wheels produce forward motion, and then praying to god (or science) that eventually your vehicle will stop and that when it does stop you will not be occupying the same time and space as another vehicle, ditch, mailbox, or person. Many travelers have already suffered greatly, launching their vehicles off the road or into other cars, creating minor emotional dents and scratches with psychological deductibles that will last a lifetime.

Two inches of snow is no joke my friends. In ideal conditions, two inches of snow would be blasted to hell by salt and then plowed into some ditch, revealing a beautiful canvas of asphalt on which you can paint the story of your epic journey to Wal-Mart and Arby's. Unfortunately, here the snow goes nowhere. It lingers and grows stronger with each moment of below-freezing temperatures. Right now, temperatures are colder than a lady's heart. The ice is taking hold and there might not be any way of stopping it. People out here are not used to this. They do not know what snow is or how to drive on it. The only hope of survival is global warming, or just waiting a few days. Whichever comes first, I guess.

As a former Midwesterner I have a great deal of experience driving on snow and enduring the hardships of cold weather and frozen particles of water. It is a fairly routine thing back there. It is also flat and free from icy death hills with intersections at the bottom. Plus, as a resident of the Midwest, you are already so full of self-hate that you actually feel like you deserve bad driving conditions. Self-hate aside, I'd like to share these tips with my new friends on the West Coast.

Travel Tips:

What to do:

- Avoid driving whenever possible. This will prevent you from accidentally parking your car in somebody's front yard, causing it to either get towed or decorated with Christmas lights.
- Drive slow and cautiously. The road is trying to get revenge for years of abuse and mistreatment by you, the common motorist. *Do not let it.* The road is your enemy, so ride that bitch hard. Also allow plenty of extra travel time, you fat hog.
- Avoid ditches, vehicles, people, horses, yards, and other tangible objects that are not roads. Be extremely cautious about colliding with warlocks or other evil spirits capable of cursing you.
- Scrape your windows clean so that you can actually see the road. While the sight

of a menacing white blob of snow moving down the road is likely to make other drivers yield out of fear, you are most certainly going to cause an accident, if not spend the entire day driving around your yard blindly smashing into things.

- If driving proves stressful, take a few swigs of whiskey from your flask to ease your nerves.
- If you are driving and things get too scary, just come to a stop and abandon your car in the middle of the road, preferably perpendicular to the flow of traffic. If you're screwed, make sure everyone else is too.
- It is sometimes necessary to kill a hobo, hollow out his innards, and sleep inside them for warmth if you cannot find shelter. That is the tragic consequence of abandoning your car and trying to walk home.

What to do if you know what you're doing:

- Drive as much as possible, wherever you damn well feel like.
- Drive fast and recklessly.
- Leave at the last minute, arrive at your destination not a second too soon.
- Do a non-controlled power-slide into a handicapped spot at K-Mart (only if you are handicapped).

What not to do:

- Ghost ride the whip. In these conditions you could easily slip and accidentally run over yourself. Also, keep your stunna shades off unless the snow is blinding you.
- Tailgate nervous people in smaller cars to try to bully them into driving faster. All this does is cause them to wet themselves in terror, which, because of the cold, instantly freezes. Then they have to drive to the hospital to have their crotches amputated and you look like a big jerk in your high and mighty SUV.
- Remain calm. This could be the end of all things. Do not be complacent.

At Home Survival Tips:

Keep smart, keep alive. That is the motto of most people who enjoy smart living. I have prepared the following smart tips to help you stay alive and not waste any time on foolish pursuits.

- Contrary to popular belief, eating a snowman does not give you his strength, unless of course his strength was excessive urination. In times of crisis you need to think clearly, and cannibalizing your snowmen is akin to madness.
- Maintain at least one working helicopter in case road conditions become absolutely impossible to navigate.
- Do not fake being trapped in an avalanche as a Saint Bernard's time is very precious and should not be spent responding to hoaxes.
- Set aside space in your garage or a shed to act as a morgue so that you do not have to interact with fallen family members.
- Huddle in a small corner and swaddle yourself in blankets. There, in your womb of ultimate gayness, cry out to the God of the Air to not be so cold-hearted. **Note:** Do not cry actual tears. They will freeze to your eyes and cause ocular frostbite.

These horrifying, unbearable conditions could last another few days, so there is no telling how many thousands of people will die in THE GREAT STORM OF THE CENTURY. With any luck, the snow will melt in a few days and the endless depressing rainstorms and coffee consumption will return.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.30 Coming Up on the Next Modern Marvels

Thursday, Nov 30, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

It gives me great pain to announce that I, Hassan "Acetone" Mikal, will be leaving you next month. It has been a pleasure writing for Something Awful for the past 14 years. Posting an article on this web site every other Thursday has really made me feel like I was a part of a wonderful family. I will always remember the one other front page guy I talked to and the countless others that felt it in their hearts to not bother me with their problems. For that I thank you. I also want to thank all of the readers who helped me get this far by calling me a faggot and the rest of you who saw my name above an article and decided to just continue along to the forums. You guys are the best.

The reason I'm leaving is not a crippling addiction to alcohol or an injured kneecap. No, it's not that exciting. The real reason is, I got a new job! Finally, my vocational certificate in microwave repair has paid off. Starting next month I will become the new executive producer of The History Channel's Modern Marvels. It's a dream come true for me, as I've always sat on a foldout bed at 2 in the morning too depressed to sleep watching Modern Marvels and wishing that I've done anything worthwhile in my entire life, with the next day looming over my head like a dark spectre of death as I wonder what horrors it will bring.

The past few seasons have seen their share of critics. Many longtime viewers have suggested that the show is simply running out of ideas. I mean, how many Hoover Dams or Akashi-Kaikyo Bridges are there? Personally I disagree. I've always wondered how they get cereal into those boxes. Cheerios is truly a modern marvel indeed. But The History Channel took some notes from these loyal viewers and hired me to revitalize the series. As a special treat for all six of my loyal readers I'm giving you a special preview of just some of the episodes that will be airing during the 13th season. The rest of you, enjoy your visit to the forums!

The Hoover Dam Revisited

Airs Sunday January 7 at 2:00AM

We've covered the tumultuous history and construction of one of the seven engineering wonders of the world before, but you've never seen it like this! Hoover Dam, once the largest concrete dam in the United States, is still hardening to this day and gaining strength as it cures in order to one day destroy the human race. Only the History Channel can bring you the hardening concrete footage you loser history weirdoes crave!

In the season premiere of Modern Marvels your jaw will drop as the Hoover Dam continues to harden right before your eyes! We'll talk to Robert Walsh from the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation who will tell you, "Yes, that's what it's doing." You'll learn the secret of concrete compression and how you can use it to crush your enemies. When will the Hoover Dam ever be satisfied with its hardness? No one knows, or we haven't bothered to find out. Join us as we revisit the Hoover Dam during Concrete Week, only on The History Channel!

A Gigantic Ball of Twine

Airs Wednesday January 18 at 10:00PM

A one-time frontpage updater for Something Awful, A Gigantic Ball of Twine has gone on to be the most successful person to ever write for SA. He is the largest ball of twine, at least in Cawker City, Kansas, but he's definitely the most lovable. Eleven men died during the construction of the ball made with enough twine to circle the globe 0.05 times. We'll talk to farmer Frank Stroeber about the sacrifices made to create one of the seven roadside wonders, at least in Cawker City, Kansas.

Homeless Tech
Airs Thursday January 25 at 3:00AM

How does a shopping cart get from the assembly line to the grocery store and then tipped over on its side in front of your house? Find out as Modern Marvels takes you into the fascinating world of homeless technology. Learn how a blanket is tied to a stick to create a bindle. Find out how signs are used to maximize panhandling profits. We'll take a look at how a broken down station wagon is turned into home sweet home. How do bums use logistic algorithms to find the busiest freeway exits to beg for money on? We've got the answers and you've got all the time in the world. Seriously, since you've got nothing to wake up for in the morning sit back and enjoy this episode of Modern Marvels. Enjoy it while it lasts because you'll probably be joining these guys soon.

Birds
Airs Monday January 15 at 7:00PM

Birds. What *are* birds? Urban legend suggests that these engineering wonders evolved from walking reptiles. We'll talk to one bird historian who will tell us what birds would think if humans flew around and pooped on their heads. Also we'll ask another bird historian the question you've been dying to know, what the fuck is up with a duck? Finally, we'll talk to another bird historian who refused to appear on our program. The tables have been turned in the war between birds and bees and The History Channel holds all the cards.

Something Awful
Airs Monday February 5 at 2:00PM

It was designed to be the most popular web site that makes the least amount of money on the Internet. Learn how web mogul Richard Kyanka has turned a hobby into a media empire that would cause him to lose money if it weren't for a couple forums ready and willing to buy new cartoon avatars every week. Find out how 3 million page views can earn you tens of dollars with Google AdSense and make you a hundredaire.

Want to lose almost 50% of the cash you bring in to taxes and merchant fees for shit you sell to people on the Internet? Mr. Kyanka will show you how you too can get into the lucrative business of running a web site that doesn't bombard its users with ads that fly into the center of the page and dance around in the hopes that you accidentally click on them. In this episode of Modern Marvels, you'll learn just how expensive sticking to your principles can be!

The Sharpie
Airs Friday February 16 at 10:00AM

The challenge: create a pen that is sturdy enough to mark with precision but also soft enough to write on the most private flesh of a woman. How? The Sharpie. The Sharpie has placed enough ink on women's breasts to fill Lake Superior three times. Learn how ink was introduced to felt tip and changed the course of a nation. Introduced in 1964, the Sharpie has gone on to become a popular inhalant for first-timers ever since 7th graders realized it could get them high. Sharpie party at my house, ya'll!

Engineering Disasters 20: Sandcastles
Airs Tuesday February 20 at 4:00AM

They lined up on the beaches of Galveston, Texas to see a sand castle competition. What they saw that day however, would change their lives. See what sandcastle engineers learned from one of the deadliest sandcastle disasters in history. Other disasters profiled include the bully rampage of Amity Island beach that destroyed six world class sandcastles, the U.S. Open Sandcastle Competition collapse of 1988 and the collapse at Crystal Cove Beach that trapped six miners. Viewer discretion is advised.

Hi-Tech Castro
Airs Wednesday February 28 at 8:00AM

We've profiled the technology of one the most ruthless dictators the modern world has ever seen, Adolph Hitler. Now take a look at the technology of one of the oldest, Fidel Castro. In never before seen footage we chronicle the life support machines that keep both Castro and a nation alive and well. Nanomachines equipped with powerful artificial intelligence routines are injected into Castro's bloodstream and go to work, repairing his rotting organs from the inside. Castro is and always has been a man of the people even though forty percent of his body is now robotic. Half-man half-machine, Castro will live on forever, and The History Channel gives you a front row seat.

Nature Tech: Belly Button Lint
Airs TBA

Scientists predict that it could one day solve world hunger. Fifty years ago it was used as an industrial solvent. Today it makes your belly button smell funny. In the meantime, belly button lint remains largely a mystery. We'll show you its current uses, future applications, and lasting legacy.

The World's Biggest MMORPG Player Trash Heap
Airs TBA

Historians debate whether he got up or went outside. How any man could amass such an incredible pile of garbage is nothing less than an engineering miracle. On the season finale of Modern Marvels, we uncover the life of the computer addict that built the largest nerd pile the world has ever seen. We look at the pile from conception to construction to realization. We show you the load bearing McDonald's fry boxes and the foundation poured out of melted Snickers bars that are still hardening and becoming stronger to this day. It's the only episode big enough to end a season of Modern Marvels. (If anyone actually has this image please send me a link to it because I'm too stupid to find it on my own!)

And now I must bid you farewell friends, and I hope you enjoy the next season of Modern Marvels. See you at tha crossroadz...

-~Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Chapter 12

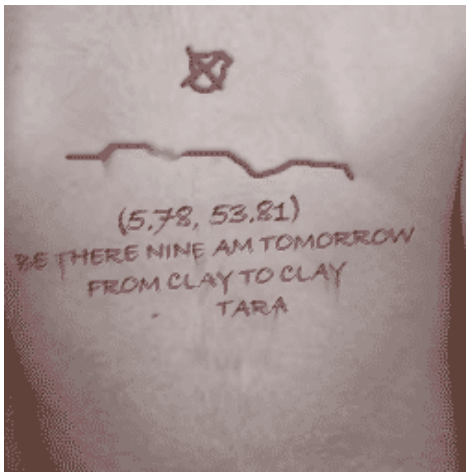
December

12.1 A Weekend With Rachael Ray

Friday, Dec 01, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The first indication that her assistant, Tara, received my email request for an interview is a slight Filipino boy someone has draped over my legs while I lay sleeping. I awake to find him, quite dead and quite naked, with his arms stretched out above his head as if he has been flying through the air with Superman. I briefly wonder what sort of terrible drug has caused me to bring home a Filipino boy and murder him, but then I realize he is waterlogged. He smells like the sea. Not the hoary smell of ocean spray that writers will wax romantic upon, but the dead and decaying stench of the deep. It is the stink of that rotten abyss where whales and U-boats venture to die.

My legs are pinned beneath the sodden corpse. I stretch out my fingers and snatch up my glasses from the night stand. The boy is on his back and he has eight nipples. Though I admit to no intimate familiarity with the physiological idiosyncrasies of natives of the Philippines, this seems out of the ordinary. To extract myself from beneath his bulk I roll him onto his stomach. It is then that I spy Tara's response to my email. Carved into the skin of the corpse's back is a crude map. I instantly recognize the coast of French Guyana, but it is a strange island set off that coast and marked with a bloody "X" that is the apparent subject of the map.



The message is disturbing, but I am most disturbed that they have spelled out the word "nine" instead of simply using the number. Fucking sadists.

I memorize the map and carry the Filipino boy to the bathtub. I have to break his arms and step on his chest to get him to fit. I say a few words over his body and then flood it with the emergency supply of bleach I keep in my cupboard. I would have liked to have given the poor eight-nippled wretch a proper burial, but time is not on my side. I have less than fifteen hours to reach a remote island in the North Atlantic and I have a sinking suspicion that Priceline will not have any good deals on a ticket. If ignore the invitation or I am late there is no telling what sort of gruesome fate I might meet at the vengeful hands of Rachael Ray.

"You'll doom us all!" Captain Jacques Lefèvre shouts.

I reckon him a Negative Nancy and I brandish my loaded pistol to remind him of my absolute authority. A glance at my watch reminds me that I have scarcely three hours to reach the island before my own doom is all but written in stone tablets. I want to vomit.

Dramamine is made for train rides and Carnival Cruises. With the *Lucky Louise* heaving and twisting on twenty-foot waves, her keel groaning with each precipitous plunge into a churning trough, Dramamine is a bit like applying icing to a turd and calling it cake. I go ahead and vomit.

The first mate groans and attempts to brace himself upright using the radio console. The storm that is threatening to destroy our decrepit vessel has also rendered her radio and GPS equipment useless. We know only that an hour ago - before the wind, rain and fog descended upon us - we were less than fifty miles from the supposed location of the island. The captain is certain that we will be dashed upon the rocks or capsized and eaten by sharks. As I mentioned, he is a Negative Nancy.

"Steady on," I insist.

My innards knot in horror as the deck shifts beneath my feet. The sea appears, precipitously, in front of the windscreen of the cabin. We plunge down yet another trough. The bow of *Lucky Louise* crashes into the sea and a white torrent surges over the fore deck. Several unfortunate sailors are swept clean away. They are lost to the storm, but I have greater concerns.

A cry from the engineer informs us that *Lucky Louise*'s diesels have given up the fight. We are now entirely at the mercy of the storm and the possibility that we will be thrown off-course looms large in my mind. I look at my pistol and know that a single bullet to my brain might be the best thing in my future.

Minutes later, *Lucky Louise* utters her final, pained scream impotently into the howling winds. We come down from a 26 foot swell and she's on her starboard side, half submerged before she even hits bottom. Her iron spine snaps and her hull splinters like kindling. The lower decks are sucked out into the ocean and as she capsizes her superstructure bursts apart and pulls the rest of us out into the Atlantic.

It was so hot in the cabin, but the water is freezing even this close to the equator. I gulp pints of saltwater and fight feebly against the waves. I see the captain and first mate bobbing amid the last matchstick timbers of *Lucky Louise*. Then I lose consciousness, damning Rachael Ray with what I am certain is my dying breath.

"You made it," she says. "I'm impressed."

I lift my head from the tangle of kelp that had served as a pillow. The beach is scattered with debris and corpses. A dense jungle meets the sand and from within it rises the menacing cone of a volcano. A gothic castle sprouts from its side.

"You are still alive, aren't you?" She asks and I turn my head.

Rachael Ray is smiling at me and I can't help but smile back. She has a honeysuckle flower in her hair and her shoulders are draped with an unusual poncho made from corded leather. Her lips sparkle like rubies in the morning sun. One hand rests on the head of an adult hyena.

"Come on, get up mister journalist," she plucks at my shirt. "If you don't get up Brutus and I will have to assume you're just more dead meat."

The hyena licks its chops.

"L-lovely poncho," I manage.

"It's made from tendons," she replies, and lifts me up with the power of her mind.

Despite my exhaustion I follow Rachael Ray up the many twisting steps to her Vulcan fastness. Malformed hands and talons reach out to us from darkened cells built into the walls of the Volcano. Piteous cries and moans can be heard echoing from within. I recoil from ragged nails that tear a strip from my shirt and nearly succumb to vertigo as rocks tumble away from the stairs and down the side of the mountain. Rachael favors me with a smile over her shoulder.

"My failures," she says.

Brutus snaps the finger from a twisted hand and I hear a shriek as the arm is pulled back into darkness. We press on.

The gothic crenellations and ironwork grotesques of her citadel belie the modern interior. Brushed aluminum doors hiss open as we approach and strips of lighting automatically activate when we enter each new hallway. At last we arrive in a domed chamber that affords us a view of the entire island through its glass hemisphere. An iris on the floor ratchets open to reveal the bubbling lava of the volcano's magma chamber beneath our feet. Rachael hands the leash of her hyena to a robed acolyte wearing a cyclopean hood. The creature wheezes and lopes off with the hyena reluctantly in tow.

"You wanted an interview," Rachael sprawls on a leather sofa.

"Y-yes," I say. "Your popularity seems to have grown considerably since last we spoke. The TV shows, the, the endorsement deal with Nabisco, the, ah-"

"Nabisco?" Rachael sneers. "You came *here* to talk to me about Triscuits? About Wheat Thins?"

She rings a silver bell. Another of her acolytes enters pushing a wheeled trolley that supports an upright woman, nude and bound. The acolyte pants and brings the poor girl over to Ray and I see that the woman has a weeping wound in her side. Ray suckles at the gash.

"Yum-o," she pronounces.

Her viperous tongue darts from her mouth to lick away an errant drop of blood.

"The blood is thickened with fear and pain," she hisses, "it creates a sort of 'stoup'. Thicker than soup, not so thick as a stew. Would you care for a taste?"

I decline.

"S-some say you're becoming the next Oprah, I, uh-,"

"Oprah?" She interjects with a laugh. "I am becoming the next *God.* I was once the master of the thirty minute meal. Now? In thirty minutes I could destroy the world."

"Did you plan it this way?" I ask, wishing I were somewhere else.

"Plan?" She rises from the sofa and opens her arms melodramatically. "Apotheosis is my birthright, you see. Circumstance or my predecessor, it does not matter, I am claiming my due."

"How?" I ask her. "This place...it's..."

"It's just a playroom for what is to come, you see," her mind pulls me to her from across the room.

She lifts me from the ground by my tattered collar. I can smell the blood stoup on her breath.

"You are a relic," her teeth are like hateful dice rolling snake-eyes. "I don't hold that against you, it's just what you are. A reminder of what was. What I have been doing, what I have created here, man and beast. The long pig meets the tiger, the lion, the shark, the eagle. New flavors, you see, new meals to enjoy. They will never even notice as they slide down the food chain. Delish!"

She lets me drop and the magma rumbles sympathetically as I hit the floor.

"You're talking about...genetics?" I ask, pushing myself upright.

"It's already in the water, in the air," she laughs. "All of the major cities. This island might be the only place on earth right now where the change isn't beginning, but it will happen even here eventually."

"You're turning people into...," I look around, as though I might find a telephone conveniently placed to allow me to warn someone.

"Into hybrids, new meats, new meals," she licks her lips again and I can see the hunger, limitless and terrible, behind her eyes.

"What about Tara? What about Steven? What about your husband?"

"Oh," she laughs, "he liked spitting that naughty, naughty boy, so I made him a few special playmates. Did you know the tick injects its digestive fluids directly into your body? John knows now,

quite intimately. Take a pretty girl, a dash of tick DNA, a pinch of the right amino acids and add E-V-O-O to taste. It was much easier than you would think."

"What about the rest of them?" I ask.

"They have all become my willing test subjects," she runs a fingertip down my cheek, "just like you will."

She turns on her heel and walks back to the silver bell.

"First, I think it's time for a nice dinner," she winks and rings the bell.

I am bathed in a rosewater-filled caldarium by muscular women with bronze skin and the clicking mouth-parts of ants. Their eyes are glazed, but their questing antennae tickle my skin as their hands work to scrub away the littoral filth clinging to my every crevice. They massage scented extra virgin olive oil into my aching muscles and scrape the excess away with bath combs. By the time I am presented with a threadbare and ill-fitting tuxedo I feel a newly made man.

Thus cleaned and dressed, I am led by one of Ray's hooded acolytes to the dining room. It speaks in sibilant hisses and gestures with its candelabra to the open door. Hybrid waiters and attendants cluster about a mahogany table. Ray sits at one end and I am seated at the other. A quartet of tiny pig-men struggle with instruments suited to adults.

The meal that is served runs contrary to all of the principles of fast and simple cooking I have come to associate with Ray. She introduces each course with a flourish of a silver lid and a description of the ingredients.

"Basil and almond crusted loin of girlligator," she beams. "Savory custard of Maneagle gelatin with a sprig of mint."

My reluctance to dine on such a bounty fades as each dish I sample is better than the last. Ray eats little, seemingly content to watch me devour each course with increasing gusto. At last we reach the aperitif, a sliver of truffle and Irish Crayman paste served with a vintage Riesling.

A man has not lived until he has sipped hot Alsace Riesling from the freshly boiled skullcap of a Thai cat-man. Such an experience should never be denied the Epicurean. The subtle flavors of the Grand Cru white drift across palate and tongue like brandied hickory smoke or a sonorous melody of a favorite love song. Exquisite hints of clotted lemon, clarified butter and clover honey mingle with more exotic flavors such as saffron and epithalamus. It is as if this pitiful creature were dreaming of the most delectable wine as he was stunned for the final time. It is as though that artful butcher filleted and distilled its wondrous primitive dreams into a vintage suited for any true connoisseur.

I tilt back the skull and the let the nectar overflow my mouth. Rachael nods her approval and the band strikes up a merry, if dysfunctional, tune. Their fat hoggy fingers pluck at strings and struggle to grasp drumsticks. The music seems to Doppler in and out around me and I realize, with a pluck

of horror, that my drink has been drugged.

Rachael stands, apparently nude from the waist down and quite fond of the natural look. She is the succubus and I just another morsel on her plate to be pronounced delish. I fall from my chair as I attempt to flee and find myself looking up at the fire-lit rafters. Ray looms into view, a giant, a goddess.

"Welcome to the family," she says, her leering mouth like a knife of bone. "I hope you like moles."

I can feel the change beginning in my muscles as she descends upon me.

"Keep the change," she adds as she grinds down on me with her warm forest of nettles.

I cannot help but think that she is a lousy tipper.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.2 The Final Days Of Nilly Willy Insurance

Saturday, Dec 02, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

INSURANCE CLAIM FORM

Insured Business' Name:

Sparro's Sparring Partners

Type Of Damage:

☐ Property ☒ Physical

Employee Statement:

"That asshole hit me again!" - Chuck

Itemized Damages:

1 bruise on right arm
(see attached claims for more injuries sustained
from subsequent punches)

Claim Amount (In Dollars):

$300

INSURANCE CLAIM FORM

Insured Business' Name:

The Travelling Multiple Sclerosis Sharpshooters Hootenanny Bonanza

Type Of Damage:

☐ Property ☒ Physical

Employee Statement:

"Shot another kid. Maybe a grape doesn't make for a good target to shoot out of someone's mouth as they're facing you, or hell, maybe we should use rifles instead of shotguns." - Roland

Itemized Damages:

1 shot kid

Claim Amount (In Dollars):

$3,000,000

INSURANCE CLAIM FORM

Insured Business' Name:

Chainsaw Jugglers R' Us

Type Of Damage:

☐ Property ☒ Physical

Employee Statement:

"I dropped a chainsaw for the first time in the eighteen years I've been doing this. When I bent over to pick it up off the ground, some guy in the audience got so mad at my mistake that he kicked me in the face." - Eric

Itemized Damages:

1 broken nose
1 burst upper lip
3 missing teeth (one is of great emotional value)

Claim Amount (In Dollars):

$5,700

INSURANCE CLAIM FORM

Insured Business' Name:

Fred's Bumper Car Funhouse

Type Of Damage:

☒ Property ☐ Physical

Employee Statement:

"Everyone just went crazy, driving into each other and laughing. It was horrifying. Some kid steered his bumper car directly into a corner and everyone else swarmed on him like vultures. Twelfth time this happened today, see attached claims." - Fred

Itemized Damages:

24 bumpers with significant scuff marks
4 protective wall pads with minor dents

Claim Amount (In Dollars):

$13,084

INSURANCE CLAIM FORM

Insured Business' Name:

Low Hanging Crystal Chandeliers For Big And Tall Men Incorporated

Type Of Damage:

☒ Property ☐ Physical

Employee Statement:

"It happened again. No matter how low I hang these chandeliers people keep walking into them. Maybe I should open up that Porcelain Jenga Blocks For Nervous Weightlifters store I've been dreaming about." - Anne

Itemized Damages:

All the chandeliers
1 antique stained glass doormat from 900 A.D.

Claim Amount (In Dollars):

$214,000

INSURANCE CLAIM FORM

Insured Business' Name:

Ted's Angry Lion And Poorly Constructed Lion Cage Emporium

Type Of Damage:

☒ Property ☐ Physical

Employee Statement:

"It finally happened. Someone broke in and stole all of my inventory." - Ted

Itemized Damages:

37 angry lions
1 enraged lion
38 poorly constructed lion cages
1 lion-aggravating poster (reads "Lions suck")

Claim Amount (In Dollars):

$332,000

INSURANCE CLAIM FORM

Insured Business' Name:

Galactus, Devourer Of Worlds And Massage Therapist

Type Of Damage:

☒ Property ☒ Physical

Employee Statement:

"Galactus eated Earth" - Galactus

Itemized Damages:

1 rather bland tasting Earth
Countless life forms of varying intelligence
1 mint condition Babe Ruth rookie card

Claim Amount (In Dollars):

$2 million (?)

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.3 More Hidden Gems Of Weekend Web

Sunday, Dec 03, 2006 by Donny "Sock Weevil" Aluminum

Howdy, guys! Once again Evan "Too Lazy To Walk To The Mailbox To Pick Up His Foodstamps" Wade is out, so I'm taking over! We've got three great forums to look at this week, and because Evan can't get off his ass to touch a keyboard we're going to feature them right on the front page! And if you whine I'll butcher your best friend right in front of your lidless little eyes!

Mega Deals Dot Savings

If there's one thing we all love it's a deal. We also love a bunch of obsessed weirdos getting together to jerk off over discounted junk! Welcome to Mega Deals Dot Savings, everyone!

Looks like "$$ Cash Bailey $$" needs to find a good deal on Xanax.

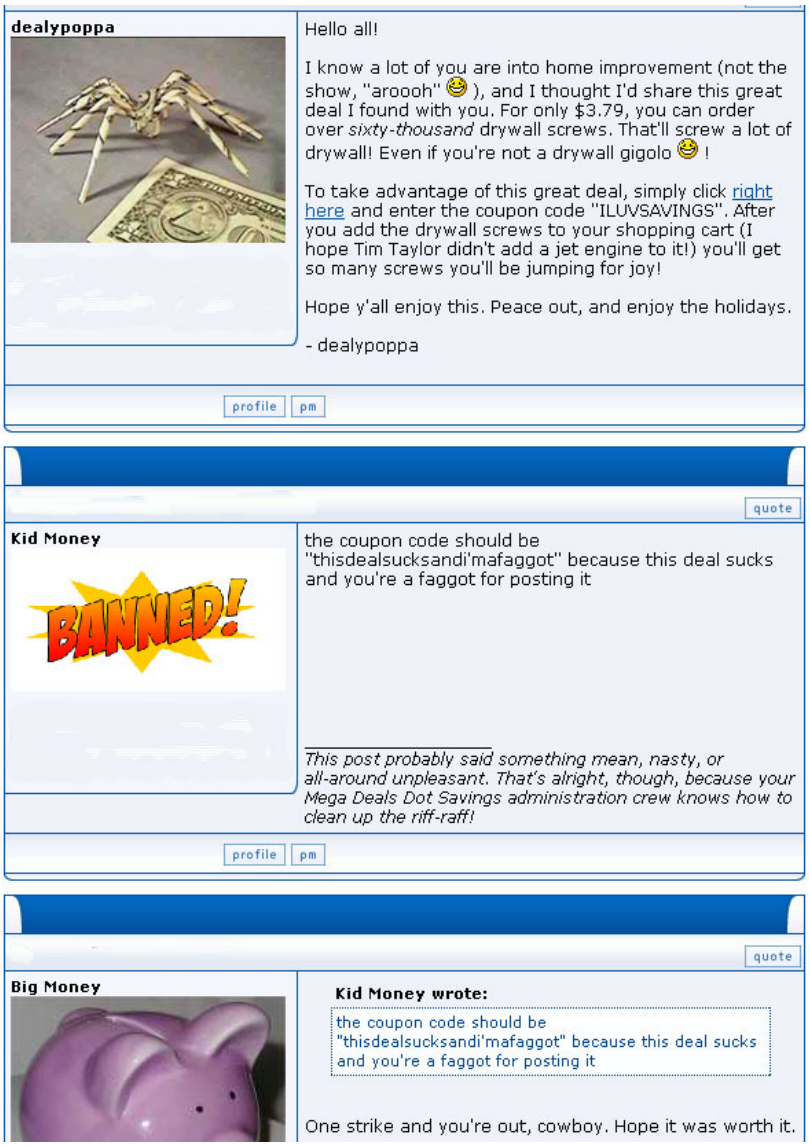
coupon scene is DEAD
quote
$$ CASH BAILEY $$
The $cene is pathetic these day$
I don't even know how you guys live with yourselves... calling the shit on this forum "deal" is an insult to the word... 50% off a friggin chair? Back when the $cene was kicking I could make stores PAY ME to take chairs... what the hell IS a chair, anyway, that it should cost friggin money? Back when this shit was REAL, we could get upwards of 120% off on chairs... office chairs, party chairs, cooking chairs, you name it. 50%? don't make me laugh... and believe me, I AM LAUGHING. I used to laugh all the way to the bank, now I show up at the friggin bank and I don't even have a chair to sit on... pathetic! After a good day of couponing I felt like I RAPED the establishment... now you cowards are nickel and diming them out of friggin pennies... I once got a friggin refrigerator for $8... now I'm lucky to get a head of lettuce for one week's salary thanks to the "efforts" of you goddamn clowns. Show me the DEAL$, people, or I'll have to show you the friggin DOOR. Back in the days we used to be straight up grinding every hour of every day to rip off the pigs and straight up ROB these square-ass establishments... what the HEGK are you clowns doing now? Scamming free lighters off web sites? Getting free god damn magazine subscriptions for six months? You couldn't coupon your way out of a paper bag, and the paper bag would cost you a SHITLOAD of money because you forgot to COUPON IT! You cowards are the worst sort of people... trying to shuck and jive me with "ooh check it out, a computer for $300"... yeah, if I wanted to dumpster-dive I'd be out there with the rest of the hobos.
I once got a AFRICAN FRIGGING GREY PARROT for $22 and it knows over 400 words, and believe me, "TWENTY FRIGGIN PERCENT OFF" is not in its vo-goddamned-cabulary, I hope to fricking tell you. You idiots are getting clowned by retailers... it is A CRYING GOD DAMN $HAME!!!!

Welp, that's it. Can't buy anything better than that. Better wrap it up and take it home, Macy's -

you just got served.

WTS: Trash Bag My Wife Farted In For Three Months
quote
DrMegaSales
LEVEL UP!
You are bidding on a trash bag my wife has farted in daily for over three months. This is not a PRE-SALE, I have this in hand and ready to ship. This is obviously a one-of-a-kind item since I have been married for over two decades and to my knowledge my wife has never farted in a trash bag prior to this exercise.
The winner of this auction will receive:
One Hefty brand 10-gallon trash bag containing over three months' worth of my wife's flatulence;
An entire box's worth of twist-ties to ensure the bag does not deflate too quickly; and
A certificate of authenticity.
I prefer PayPal. Any "newbies", "n00bs", or otherwise new posters will be asked to use an escrow service to ensure both their safety and mine in this transaction. Shipping is free within the Continental United States. Serious inquiries only, please.
I don't mean to be a braggart, but Big Money don't call everyone on this forum a "GREAT SALESMAN"!!!
profile
pm

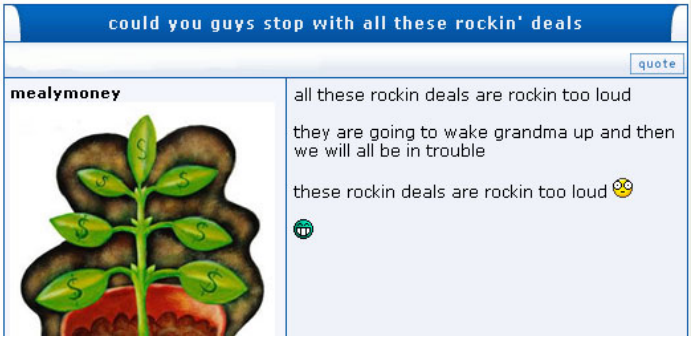
Even in the land of discounts justice is swift and merciless.


dealypoppa
Hello all!
I know a lot of you are into home improvement (not the show, "aroooh"), and I thought I'd share this great deal I found with you. For only $3.79, you can order over sixty-thousand drywall screws. That'll screw a lot of drywall! Even if you're not a drywall gigolo !
To take advantage of this great deal, simply click right here and enter the coupon code "ILUVSAVINGS". After you add the drywall screws to your shopping cart (I hope Tim Taylor didn't add a jet engine to it!) you'll get so many screws you'll be jumping for joy!
Hope y'all enjoy this. Peace out, and enjoy the holidays.
- dealypoppa
profile
pm
quote
Kid Money
BANNED!
the coupon code should be "thisdealsucksandi'mafaggot" because this deal sucks and you're a faggot for posting it
This post probably said something mean, nasty, or all-around unpleasant. That's alright, though, because your Mega Deals Dot Savings administration crew knows how to clean up the riff-raff!
profile
pm
quote
Big Money
Kid Money wrote:
the coupon code should be "thisdealsucksandi'mafaggot" because this deal sucks and you're a faggot for posting it
One strike and you're out, cowboy. Hope it was worth it.

RUH-ROH

Topics
WANT TO BUY: COMPUTER THAT ISN'T A FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT
GOOD BUY: 150 combs for $4
GOOD BUY: 150 combs for $4
GOOD BUY: 150 combs for $4
GOOD BUY: 150 combs for $4

"Mealymoney" comes out swinging with possibly the *best post ever written.*


could you guys stop with all these rockin' deals
quote
mealymoney
all these rockin deals are rockin too loud
they are going to wake grandma up and then we will all be in trouble
these rockin deals are rockin too loud

Name Your Baby!

The Name Your Baby! forums were designed with young, expecting mothers in mind. Ever seen an Aldi parking lot? Imagine that on the internet only slightly less literate and you have this crowd.

I was thinking more along the lines of "Koont Doomasia" but hey, whatever floats your boat.

Post subject: hey y'all i think i found mah baby's name
QUOTE
i wuz doin sum soul searchin... and i came 2 find dat y'all need a balance 2 really do ya thang in dis life... like, if i nevah went 2 mah classez i nevah woulda met my man ty-rell... and i think mah bay-bay'z name shuld reflect dat thought...
i thank i'm gonna name mah bay-bay addoniz arystotal 2 show dat a person can be strong and smart... u ain't got balance, u goin fail in life... like the ying and the yang...
u all liek this name or u think i should still name it escalada like mah original planz... thankz for da input...
dat girl in mah avvy? ya u kno datz goin be mah bay-bay
A NOTE TO ALL YALL HATERZ (DAT MEANS YOU, KIRSTENBABYMAMAx06): YA'LL AIN'T START NONE, AIN'T GOIN' BE NONE
Back to top
PROFILE
PM
KIRSTENBABYMAMAx06
Post subject:
QUOTE
cunt
Back to top
PROFILE
PM
LuVmAhBaBy
Post subject:
QUOTE
damn girl u say u in high school
u post stuff like that peeps gonna think u in college
cute name btw.... hope ur third trimester comes after ur final semester...lol

Too bad none of those earthquakes killed her Internet connection.

View previous topic :: View next topic

Author	Message
Little Earthquakes	Post subject: I think you girls really need a helping hand. QUOTE I know a lot of you have your own problems but I thought I'd tell you there's always someone to help. When I was your age I was struggling with a lot of things. Dad could buy me cars and clothes but he couldn't love me. My mom was a martini-swilling socialite whore. Between high school and cheerleading I had a healthy case of bulimia and no self-esteem to show for it. But this isn't about me. It's about you. I want to tell you all that getting these boys at such a young age, well... I know you want attention, but there are better ways. Get into your local music scene. Try local theatre (you know it's good when it's spelled with an "re" at the end). Paint or write or sing. Just know that a kid is a huge responsibility. And if nothing else, be sure and remember this: Someone out there loves you. It took me a while to find that person when I was your age, but I did, and it turned my life around. If any of you girls have any questions I am here to answer them for you. Just be safe and remember what looks like a good decision now might be a big mistake. Be safe, be kind, and be loved. _____ *"She's been everybody else's girl / Maybe one day she'll be her own"*
Back to top	PROFILE PM
BABYLUVVA4EVA	QUOTE FXCK U BXTCH I LUV BABIES <== CHECK DA NAME IF U DONT BELIEVE MOTHERFXCKER

Imagine that the baby actually wrote the post and it makes it so much better.

rObBiE	Post subject: single daddy looks for advice QUOTE hey guys my name is robbie and 17, my girlfriend die in a fire and left me with this awful babbie <---------- him she name him ornette which i think is so so dumn so im lookin for new ones name him testi after favorite italy movie start, fabio testi? star of many films in westerns and crime action? like the name testi very much but fabio is also a good name this names work in america for when i move? moving to american to do motorcycle stunt!!!! hope babbie is okay to ride together!

Shit, I was thinking it was "euthanasia".

Author	Message
WendyMamma	Post subject: what are those things called QUOTE what are those things called you know, those one things ur supposed to have a bunch of them in ur baby's name so u kno it will be successfull i cant believe i cant think of this word its so embarrassing lmao _____ this post goes out to my babies ariealla and mckenzye and my newest luv nevaeh (thx for da name biblegirl90) R.I. SexyBabyRaisah
Back to top	PROFILE PM
WendyMamma	Post subject: QUOTE oh ya syllables lol i'm so crazy sometimez
Back to top	PROFILE PM

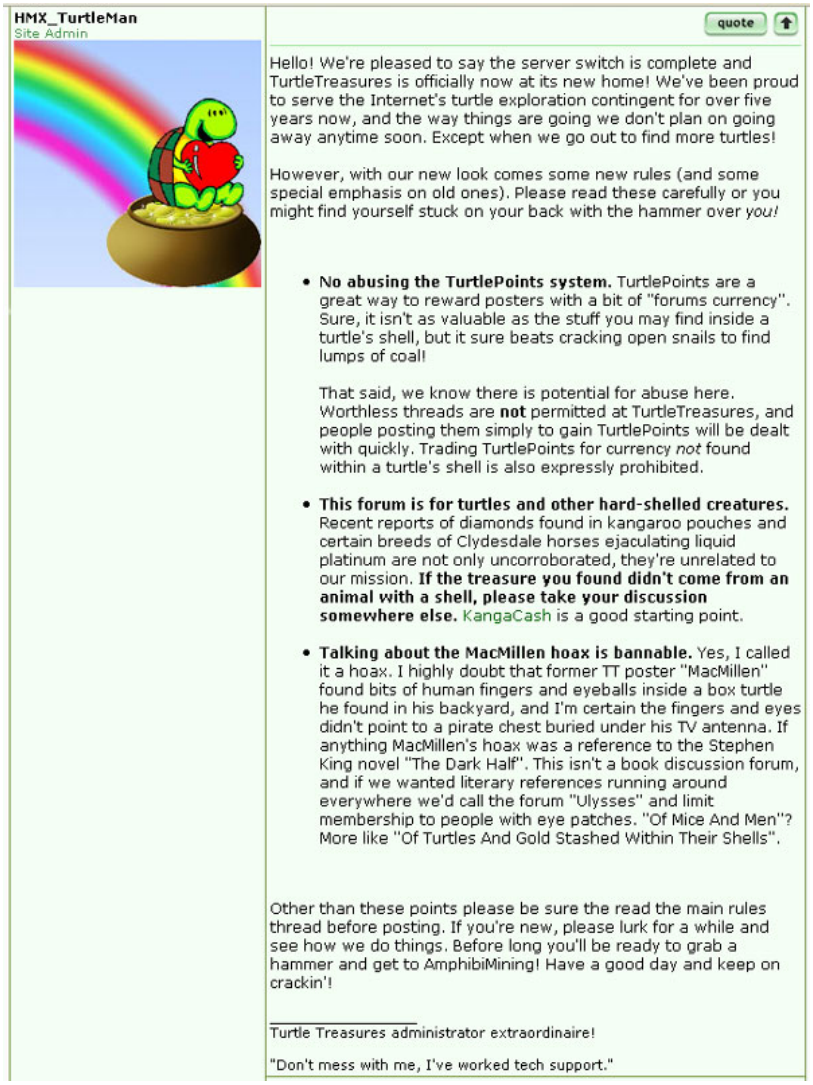
Not in these forward-thinking times, it isn't!

Topics	Replies	Author
is the name "WHITEPOWER" too masculine for a girl	0	ann's attic

TurtleTreasures

Our friends over at TurtleTreasures recently got a server upgrade. They're still cracking turtles open to look for treasure in their shells, and they're still the creepiest bunch of hobbyists this side of of those creepy "Mormons". *Ewwwwwwww.*

"HMX_TurtleMan" proves, once again, why he rules the roost.



HMX_TurtleMan
Site Admin

quote

Hello! We're pleased to say the server switch is complete and TurtleTreasures is officially now at its new home! We've been proud to serve the Internet's turtle exploration contingent for over five years now, and the way things are going we don't plan on going away anytime soon. Except when we go out to find more turtles!

However, with our new look comes some new rules (and some special emphasis on old ones). Please read these carefully or you might find yourself stuck on your back with the hammer over *you!*

- **No abusing the TurtlePoints system.** TurtlePoints are a great way to reward posters with a bit of "forums currency". Sure, it isn't as valuable as the stuff you may find inside a turtle's shell, but it sure beats cracking open snails to find lumps of coal!

  That said, we know there is potential for abuse here. Worthless threads are **not** permitted at TurtleTreasures, and people posting them simply to gain TurtlePoints will be dealt with quickly. Trading TurtlePoints for currency *not* found within a turtle's shell is also expressly prohibited.

- **This forum is for turtles and other hard-shelled creatures.** Recent reports of diamonds found in kangaroo pouches and certain breeds of Clydesdale horses ejaculating liquid platinum are not only uncorroborated, they're unrelated to our mission. **If the treasure you found didn't come from an animal with a shell, please take your discussion somewhere else.** KangaCash is a good starting point.

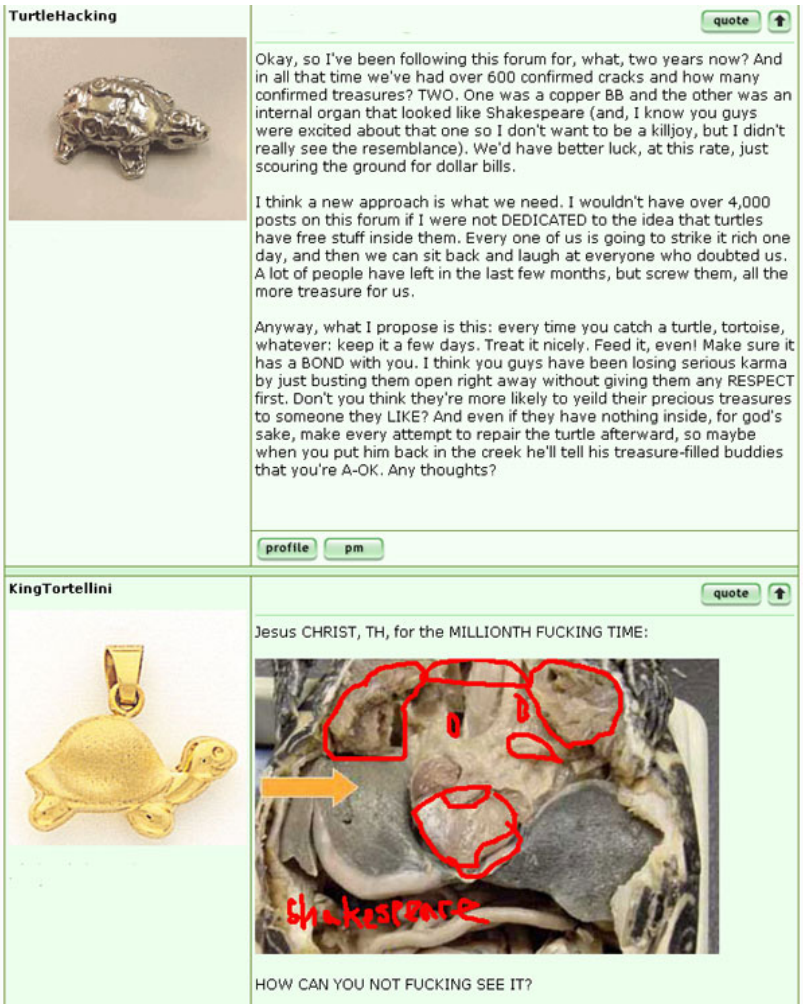
- **Talking about the MacMillen hoax is bannable.** Yes, I called it a hoax. I highly doubt that former TT poster "MacMillen" found bits of human fingers and eyeballs inside a box turtle he found in his backyard, and I'm certain the fingers and eyes didn't point to a pirate chest buried under his TV antenna. If anything MacMillen's hoax was a reference to the Stephen King novel "The Dark Half". This isn't a book discussion forum, and if we wanted literary references running around everywhere we'd call the forum "Ulysses" and limit membership to people with eye patches. "Of Mice And Men"? More like "Of Turtles And Gold Stashed Within Their Shells".

Other than these points please be sure the read the main rules thread before posting. If you're new, please lurk for a while and see how we do things. Before long you'll be ready to grab a hammer and get to AmphibiMining! Have a good day and keep on crackin'!

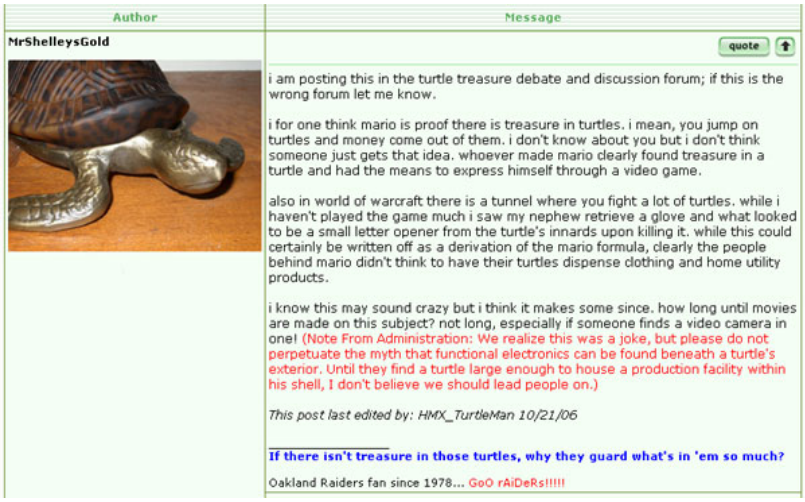
Turtle Treasures administrator extraordinaire!

"Don't mess with me, I've worked tech support."

What? Someone disillusioned with cracking turtles open to get rich? Why I never!


TurtleHacking
quote
Okay, so I've been following this forum for, what, two years now? And in all that time we've had over 600 confirmed cracks and how many confirmed treasures? TWO. One was a copper BB and the other was an internal organ that looked like Shakespeare (and, I know you guys were excited about that one so I don't want to be a killjoy, but I didn't really see the resemblance). We'd have better luck, at this rate, just scouring the ground for dollar bills.
I think a new approach is what we need. I wouldn't have over 4,000 posts on this forum if I were not DEDICATED to the idea that turtles have free stuff inside them. Every one of us is going to strike it rich one day, and then we can sit back and laugh at everyone who doubted us. A lot of people have left in the last few months, but screw them, all the more treasure for us.
Anyway, what I propose is this: every time you catch a turtle, tortoise, whatever: keep it a few days. Treat it nicely. Feed it, even! Make sure it has a BOND with you. I think you guys have been losing serious karma by just busting them open right away without giving them any RESPECT first. Don't you think they're more likely to yeild their precious treasures to someone they LIKE? And even if they have nothing inside, for god's sake, make every attempt to repair the turtle afterward, so maybe when you put him back in the creek he'll tell his treasure-filled buddies that you're A-OK. Any thoughts?
profile
pm
KingTortellini
quote
Jesus CHRIST, TH, for the MILLIONTH FUCKING TIME:
shakespeare
HOW CAN YOU NOT FUCKING SEE IT?

Quite the theory you got there.


Author
Message
MrShelleysGold
quote
i am posting this in the turtle treasure debate and discussion forum; if this is the wrong forum let me know.
i for one think mario is proof there is treasure in turtles. i mean, you jump on turtles and money come out of them. i don't know about you but i don't think someone just gets that idea. whoever made mario clearly found treasure in a turtle and had the means to express himself through a video game.
also in world of warcraft there is a tunnel where you fight a lot of turtles. while i haven't played the game much i saw my nephew retrieve a glove and what looked to be a small letter opener from the turtle's innards upon killing it. while this could certainly be written off as a derivation of the mario formula, clearly the people behind mario didn't think to have their turtles dispense clothing and home utility products.
i know this may sound crazy but i think it makes some since. how long until movies are made on this subject? not long, especially if someone finds a video camera in one! (Note From Administration: We realize this was a joke, but please do not perpetuate the myth that functional electronics can be found beneath a turtle's exterior. Until they find a turtle large enough to house a production facility within his shell, I don't believe we should lead people on.)
This post last edited by: HMX_TurtleMan 10/21/06
If there isn't treasure in those turtles, why they guard what's in 'em so much?
Oakland Raiders fan since 1978... GoO rAiDeRs!!!!!

This is pretty much the biggest burn in the history of the Internet.

Topics	Replies	Author	Views
could u hide your weed in a turtle if ur dad was mad at you	0	lurk	2

She's baaaaaaack....

NorCalPrincezz1987
quote
hey guyz... my friend told me 'bout 'cho forum and said i should give it a holla... thought i'd say hi to y'all...
i got a turtle 'n her name is goldy... don't nuny'all try to be crackin mah homegirl open... dat be like profiling... lol j/k
newayz... be good to urselves... y'all be finding any gold y'all best be sending some of dat 2 me... i'm eatin for 2 lol... alright peace
dat girl in mah avvy? ya u kno datz goin be mah bay-bay
A NOTE TO ALL YALL HATERZ (DAT MEANS YOU, KIRSTENBABYMAMAx06): YA'LL AIN'T START NONE, AIN'T GOIN' BE NONE

-~Donny "Sock Weevil" Aluminum

12.4 The Dark Side of Wikipedia

Monday, Dec 04, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Talk:Thunder Straps

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Contents[hide]
1 Merge into Korimôn Straps main article
2 Romanization issues
3 Vandalism removed
4 Image removed (fair use issues)
5 GA failing

Merge into Korimôn Straps main article

This article should be merged with theKorimôn Strapsmain article. Most of the information contained in this article is superfluous and could be one of the sections of the aforementioned article.Wikidkid06:58, 30 April 2006 (UTC)

> Um no there is already articles forBolo StrapsandHyper Strapsand Thunder Straps are the main quest strap for the entire 4th season and the Key Straps forKorimôn Dolemite.If Bolo Straps have their own article then Thunder Straps should.Yummi14:37, 2 May 2006 (UTC)
>
> > This isn't a case of "this got one so this gets one", maybe all of those should be merged into the main straps article. I don't think you understand how Wikipedia works. Checkyour talk page, I sent you some pointers on how it works. You can thank me there. I'd like to hear some discussion from some other people and then I'm going to go ahead and merge it.Wikidkid14:43, 2 May 2006 (UTC)
>
> I see no pressing reason to merge it with the Korimôn Straps main article. This does need to be cleaned up, but other than that it seems fine to me.WikiLord20:07, 2 May 2006 (UTC)
>
> > Fair enough. I'll work on cleaning it up.Wikidkid20:10, 2 May 2006 (UTC)

Um can you stop reverting my changes Im trying to clean it up like he said toYummi15:06, 3 May 2006 (UTC)

> I explained the reverts to you on your personal talk page. We can discuss it further there but lets try to keep this Talk section clean.Wikidkid15:12, 3 May 2006 (UTC)

Romanization issues

Hi I am pretty new here but I have noticed that there seems to be some conflict over the way the straps are named in English. Thunder Straps are actually called Cor-rashu Storapu in the Japanese

and I think this is the source of the confusion. I don't know if it should be changed but there should at least be some reference to it in the article. Maybe add a redirect for people searching for the correct Romanization. No big deal, just looking for some input and want to make it as good as possible.StrapMaster04:02, 6 May 2006 (UTC)

> Hi and welcome to Wikipedia! I added some helpful tips on yourpersonal talk pageif you would like to discuss this issue further. Unless you cite sources I can't really take your word that it is worth it to include a redirect here for right now and I went ahead and deleted your redirect. If you have any questions we can talk about it on your personal talk page.Wikidkid20:10, 6 May 2006 (UTC)
>
> > Hello. I am Shinchiro Watanabe. I am the creator of Cor-rashu Storapu where here you call it Thunder Straps. Both terms are correct and so should be mentioned on this page. I hope this helps. If needed you can reach me at my office at 888-443-9322. If I am not in my secretary can assist you. I apologize if my English is not perfect, but I am learning. Thank you for your patience and your website is very interesting. - AnonymousThe preceding unsigned comment was added by13.44.444.44(talk•contribs) 03:43, 7 May 2006 (UTC).
> >
> > > Hi and welcome to Wikipedia! You need to use four tildas ( ) to sign your posts. Unfortunately, we do not accept original research so unless you can more accurately source your suggestions using peer-reviewed sources they will remain as-is. If you need any help, feel free to leave me a message on mytalk page.Wikidkid03:49, 7 May 2006 (UTC)
> >
> > I just called the number and that's really him. That is so awesome. Thanks for the shirt dude, I'll be looking for it.StrapMaster11:33, 9 May 2006 (UTC)
> >
> > > Hi, I reverted your changes. Your original research is not welcome. I added some information to your talk page that should help out. I know it can be hard when you're just getting started and everything can seem confusing and overwhelming, but you'll figure things out eventually. I'll keep an eye on your talk page for any questions you might have. Also please try to maintain aNPOVin all discussions relating to the topic.Wikidkid11:40, 9 May 2006 (UTC)

Oh for Heaven's sake, Ian. Stop bullying people over this stuff. It's childish.WikiKatt08:16, 10 May 2006 (UTC)

> Hi, this material is inappropriate for the discussion page which is something you do not seem to understand. If you wish to discuss it further I will be carefully watching yourtalk page.Please do not vandalize this talk page. I will leave your entry out of respect for what we once shared.Wikidkid08:18, 10 May 2006 (UTC)

Vandalism removed

There has been a series of incorrect reverts and bad edits recently and I am really disappointed with the willingness of several of the editors to ignore the hard work of their fellow editors. Specifically, I reverted a change someone else had made to the following:

> *The impression is given that Thunder Straps are supernatural in nature, though this is never proven during the course of the show.*

This was later edited to the following:

> *Terripanizzimakes Thunder Straps from the Dolemite gems inSpire Canyonand gives them magical powers by capturing theWild Crashbangsat the mountain tops.*

This is just one example of many, but clearly this new information did not just manifest itself from thin air. Someone, and I won't name names, edited this in place of mine despite the fact that they had no citation or link added to the sources section. This is simply unacceptable and I will continue to methodically revert edits until those of you who insist on this baseless speculation and unsourced editing finally get the message.Wikidkid02:20, 11 September 2006 (UTC)

> Hey man, that was my change. Sorry I didn't cite properly, but it was from Episode 28 from season 4. "Crystal Craze". I re-added it with the citation.StrapMaster06:55, 13 September 2006 (UTC)

Hi, thanks, you still have not cited it properly. There is athorough guideon proper citations which I edit. It should help you a lot. Unfortunately, the rules just changed and you can no longer cite episodes of TV shows unless the salient facts are described in a verifiable source like IMDB or TVtome.com. Check around, you may be able to find something out there.Wikidkid06:59, 13 September 2006 (UTC)

> Um what is your problem man? I just added a bunch of info from the online guide and you reverted it all.Yummi15:01, 18 September 2006 (UTC)

Image removed (fair use issues)

I don't know how many times I am going to have to explain thecopyright and fair use of imagespolicy here at Wikipedia before some of you learn how to properly follow the rules. I have once again removed the copyrighted image ofHoorikunfrom the page and replaced it with my own pen drawing of the Thunder Straps being worn byFubuchu. Please do not revert this edit.Wikidkid06:44, 17 October 2006 (UTC)

> That's bullcrap and you know it. The Hoorikun image perfectly followed the fair use rules. I don't know what you're problem is but this is the one article I try to stay on top of and you seem obsessed with making my life hard. Why do you hate me?StrapMaster06:55, 17 October 2006 (UTC)
>
> > First off, it's "your" not "you're", which is a contraction of "you" and "are". That aside, it's nothing personal and you should really try not to get so worked up. It reflects poorly on your ability to maintain a neutral point of view in these discussions. I reviewed your Hoorikun image and removed it because of our new policy regarding fair use of copyrighted images. If you had bothered to re-read the talk section of the article I linked to you would have seen that several of us involved in theWikipedia 1.0project have decided to begin replacing copyrighted images with fully authorized original material. I don't blame you for the confusion, just try to control your temper.Wikidkid06:58, 17 October 2006 (UTC)
>
> Um I took a picture of my Hoorikun figure wearing the Thunder Straps with my digital camera and uploaded that and it has been put back to the crappy pen drawing of Fubuchu. Can you tell me why?Yummi14:39, 22 October 2006 (UTC)

> Quite simple. You neglected to follow the correct process for tagging an image. There is no way to verify that you are the creator of the image and therefore we must assume, for the sake of theWikipedia 1.0project, that you may have gotten this image elsewhere. Also, your determination of my own original artwork as "crappy" is very poor neutrality. It conveys the design of the Thunder Straps adequately based on the source material. If you have any other questions I have started yet another section on youruser page.Let me know if I can do anything else to help you avoid further mistakes.Wikidkid14:45, 22 October 2006 (UTC)

GA failing

This article is definitely not FA anymore and is going to lose its GA status soon. I have already revoked the suggestion for inclusion inWikipedia 1.0after a lengthy discussion with the top inner-circle of wikipedia editors. Most of you refuse to respect the other editors who are more versed in the quality demands of wikipedia. Stop adding new sections to Thunder Straps, stop moving paragraphs around, proof read your work before adding it to the article. These are really horrid and, frankly, I'm disgusted beyond words by the whole mess this once-useful article has become.Wikidkid18:55, 1 December 2006 (UTC)

> Um I have worked really hard at improving my editing work and I have taken pointers from a lot of people. I don't know what your problem is but I have not disrespected any of the other editors. I posted a message to you on yourtalk pageif you want to talk about it some more. We can resolve it.Yummi23:03, 1 December 2006 (UTC)
>
> > Um, more like UGH. This is EXACTLY what I'm talking about. You act like nothing is wrong with the way you are repeatedly and wantonly defacing this article and then you have the temerity to add a message to MY talk page? Um, as you so love to say, REVERTED. Hello. Your edits are crap, you will never have the skill to be a top editor like me. You will never be able to make it onto theWikipedia 1.0project staff and...guess what? GA revoked. No longer inlcuded.Wikidkid23:09, 1 December 2006 (UTC)
> >
> > > Um that doesn't seem fair.Yummi01:06, 2 December 2006 (UTC)
> > >
> > > > Fair? FAIR? You want to talk to me about fair? Fair is having this article merged with the other m$$#^#@king straps articles way back in April when it needed to be done. Fair is NEWBIES who listen to people like me with the experience to properly edit and format a wikipedia entry. Fair is this being dumped back down to GA because it is completely unstable.Wikidkid23:09, 1 December 2006 (UTC)
>
> Ian, you want to talk about fair? Fair is being willing to let something go. We never even met IRL and you still call my parent's house almost every day. I moved out of there six months ago and went back to school. Are you still sitting in your mom's basement? Still getting disability from WalMart for that carpal tunnel you got working the register? Still really into "pegging"? Leave these f$#%ing kids alone and stop taking your impotence out on them.WikiKatt11:32, 2 December 2006 (UTC)
>
> > That's how you want to play it Charlene? If you're so upset over the way I see fit to do my job then why don't you take it up with Bryce? Last I heard

> he has made it all the way up to being the editor for bodies of water inclusion onWikipedia 1.0. Oooh, how impressive! I'm being sarcastic, Charlene. How many pages is he senior editor on? 20 maybe? 30 tops? He claims to have aspergers but I bet it isn't even half as good as mine. I've swatted more sockpuppets than he has even encountered.Wikidkid11:33, 2 December 2006 (UTC)
>
> > Listen to yourself, Ian! Bryce and I are just friends and he has almost twice as many stars as you. Besides, I didn't even leave you, we never met. You started stalking me on IM. And "job"? Your job is not editing wikipedia and taking out your life failures on Yummi.WikiKatt11:32, 2 December 2006 (UTC)
> >
> > > Um please leave me out of this part I just want to edit Thunder Straps and do a good job.Yummi11:33, 2 December 2006 (UTC)
> >
> > Ian this is totally out of line. I intend to bring all of this behavior up at the next IRC meeting forWikipedia 1.0. We'll see howPatsypediareacts to all of this behavior in the geography sub-meeting. I think you might want to apologize to Charlene and myself and then maybe think about how your jeopardizing your position here.Bryce4D11:39, 2 December 2006 (UTC)
>
> Bryce, Bryce, Bryce. Heh. First of all, it's "you're" not "your", as in the contraction of "you" and "are". Like "you're overstepping your bounds here, Bryce". I'm just looking out for what is best for Wikipedia and that's obviously been ignored by a certain group of ingrates whose names I won't name here. Your message to me here is wholly inappropriate as was Charlene's and do not reflect trueNPOV.But really, what sort of behavior would one really expect from someone who has been registered for less than a year and has had his user page for less than ten months. I have been here since early 2004, Bryce. I know the ins and outs. I know the right people. I tell you this, I will merge this page on Thunder Straps back into the main Korimôn Straps article. Not because I'm better or smarter than you, which I am, but because it's the right thing to do for Wikipedia. If you care more about some personal conflict than you care about Wikipedia, well, that's your choice. But remember, it's going to be seen as such by everyone at the meeting. Then we'll see who has the last laugh. Then we'll see.Wikidkid11:45, 2 December 2006 (UTC)

I'm going to kill myself withOxycodoneif you don't restore this article to GA status.StrapMaster02:03, 3 December 2006 (UTC)

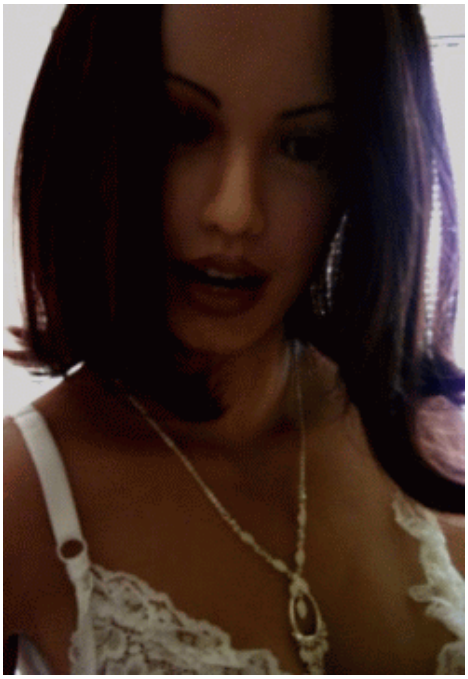
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.5 Guys and Dolls

Tuesday, Dec 05, 2006 by Caylen "Abraham" Burroughs

It all started like all things worth documenting in my life do: I was bored online looking at pictures of RealDolls. I'm absolutely fascinated with them, not as a fetish, but more of a curiosity I cannot comprehend. What drives people to having sex with an artificial woman? Despite the willingness of some of these deviants to model their silicone harems online, there is no explanation on what drives them to forsaking all hope of touching a real girl ever again.

One night, because I was really bored, I decided to find out what kind of individual would actively pursue a RealDoll for any sort of relationship. What better way of doing that then creating a profile on an online dating website? So I checked out http://www.okcupid.com which claims to be the fastest, most effective dating site ever, powered by a matching system I invent. This would suit my needs perfectly, seeing as how I would be inventing an identity for a woman as well. A few questions and two uploaded photos stolen from this week's ALOD later, PyramidHeadGirl was born.



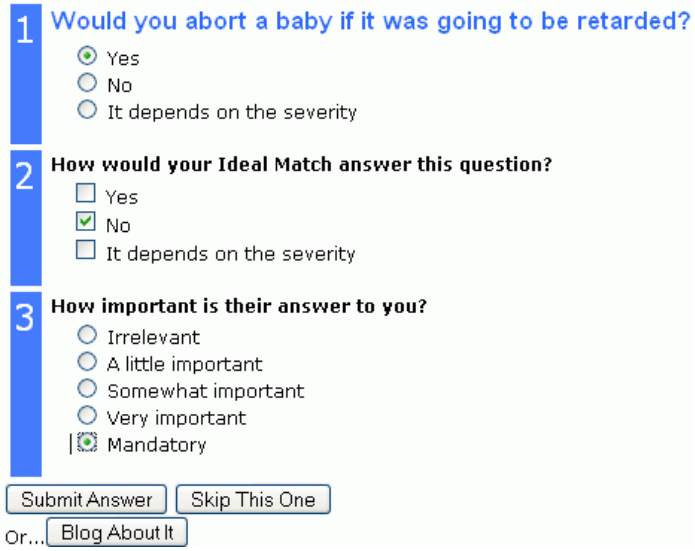
Next, I needed to fill out a profile that described this silicone model. I decided to keep things concise and "unfinished", to leave more to my potential suitor's imagination. I also left the profile short and sweet because I was lazy, and was afraid that if I put too much effort into describing the positive attributes of a Real Doll, I'd might accidentally fall in love with her. So PyramidHeadgirl was described as your typical nerdy, 5'5 120 pound sex doll with fully articulated limbs and a synthetic anus that was detachable for easy clean up. I was sure to emphasis her most desirable traits, just in case these delusional Casanovas had standards.

What I'm Doing With My Life
Not a whole lot; usually I'm stuck at home in various states of undress with not much else to do. So I play a lot of Video Games (yay Wii! yay World of Warcraft) and try to keep up appearances with the rest of the girls.

I'm Really Good At
Just lying there and taking it

The First Thing(s) People Usually Notice About Me
Probably my hyper-realistic eyes.

Next, I needed to answer some questions to better improve my matches. 100 questions and a test that determined I was 52% slut later, Okcupid informed me that they had "a pretty good understanding" on what I was looking for in a date.

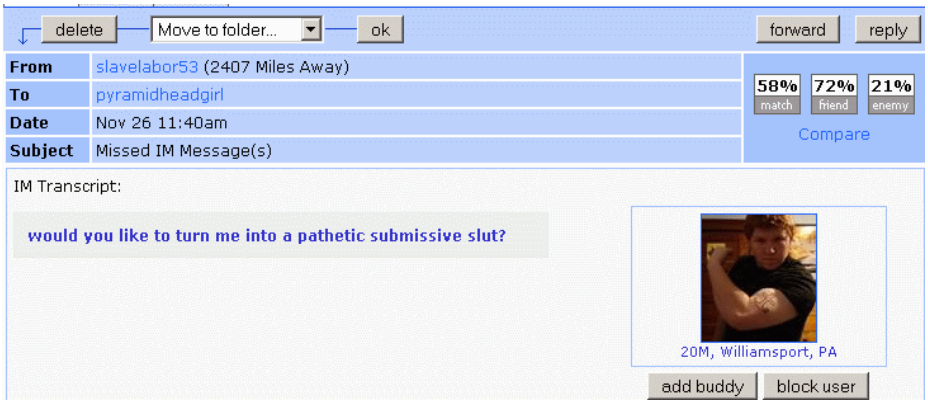


I answered a lot of them like this.

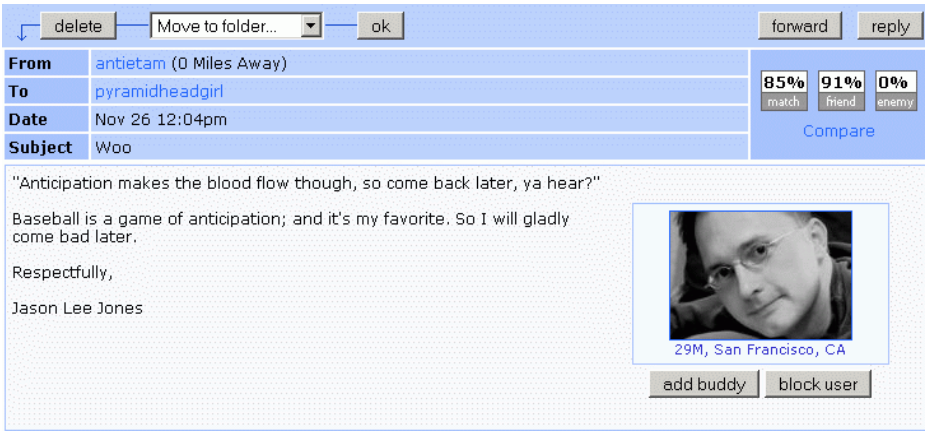
Finally, PyramidHeadgirl was good to go. The profile was only up for 4 days before it was deleted for being a gimmick account. In that short period of time "she" had received more than **246 Messages from Unique Individuals**. Of that, only 8 of them indicated that they knew it was, in fact, a Real Doll and the profile was a sick joke. What they didn't know is that of the other people that this prank would turn into an hilarious, tragic Kinsey-like photo documentary on how terrible online dating websites are. Submitted for your approval:

The Things I have learned about the Guys on Okcupid:

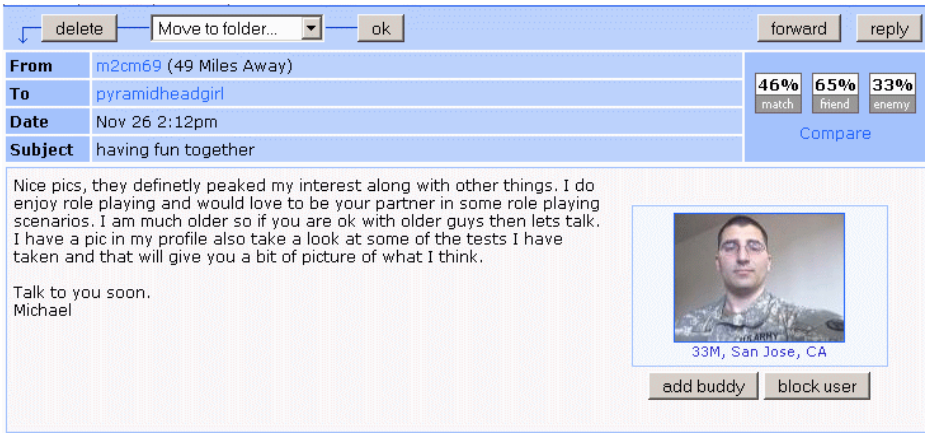
- You will not have to wait more than 3 minutes after uploading your photo, to be completely creeped out by an twenty something pervert



- They will use cryptic baseball analogies to express interest in dating a RealDoll



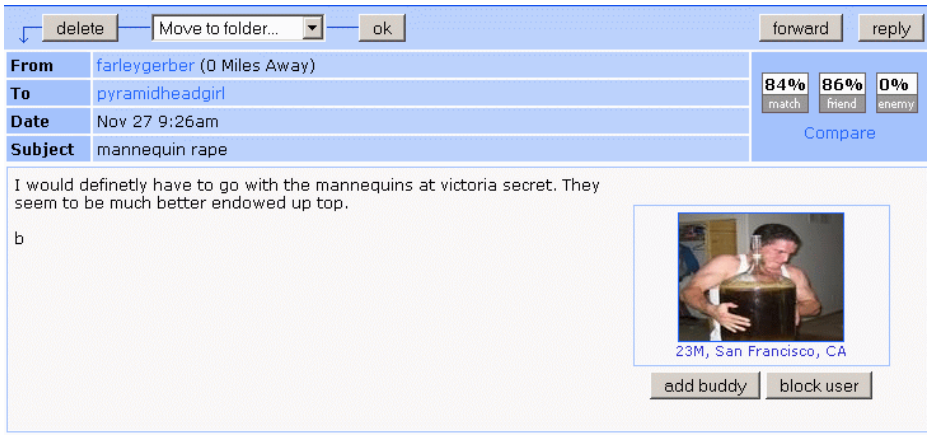
- They are down with role playing scenarios, such as "Married Thirtysomething and the Dutch Wife"


delete
Move to folder...
ok
forward
reply
From
m2cm69 (49 Miles Away)
To
pyramidheadgirl
Date
Nov 26 2:12pm
Subject
having fun together
46% match
65% friend
33% enemy
Compare
Nice pics, they definetly peaked my interest along with other things. I do enjoy role playing and would love to be your partner in some role playing scenarios. I am much older so if you are ok with older guys then lets talk. I have a pic in my profile also take a look at some of the tests I have taken and that will give you a bit of picture of what I think.
Talk to you soon.
Michael
33M, San Jose, CA
add buddy
block user

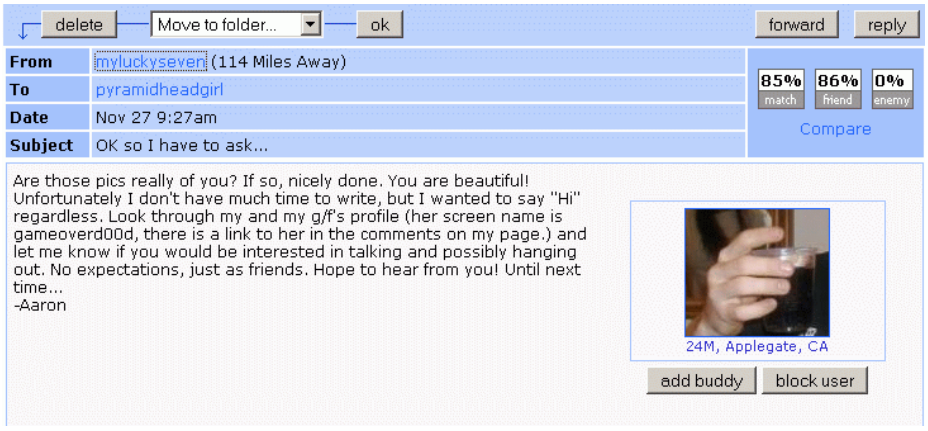
- They are excited to worship a RealDoll and promote their porno art website, while incoherently talking dirty

delete
Move to folder...
ok
forward
reply
From witchwood (56 Miles Away)
To pyramidheadgirl
Date Nov 26 7:06pm
Subject Hello Girl
65% match
78% friend
11% enemy
Compare
I would love to discuss zombie rape or `Tie tits tricks or samack hot asses 1010 whatever you want I just want o be inline to sayit all to you dear goddess the chance to worship the chance to find real fun and love who knowsI am very interested and I love your profile my name is Richard and I am for real check out my porno art on artwanted.com/wizardsky
39M, Forestville, CA
add buddy
block user

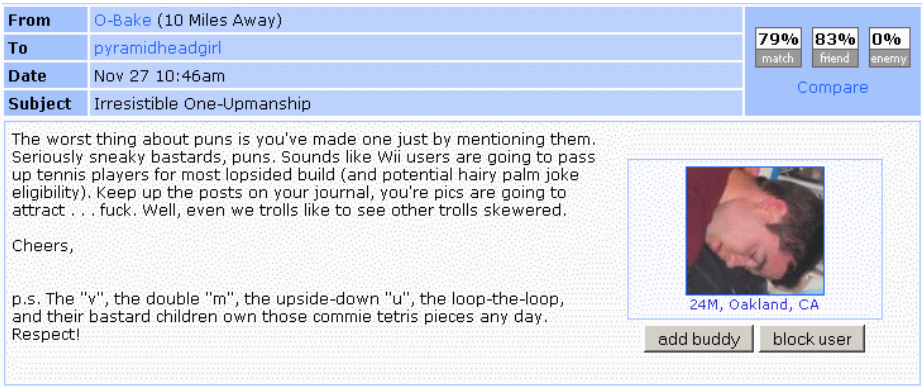
- They are not ashamed to tell you their preference of sex dolls



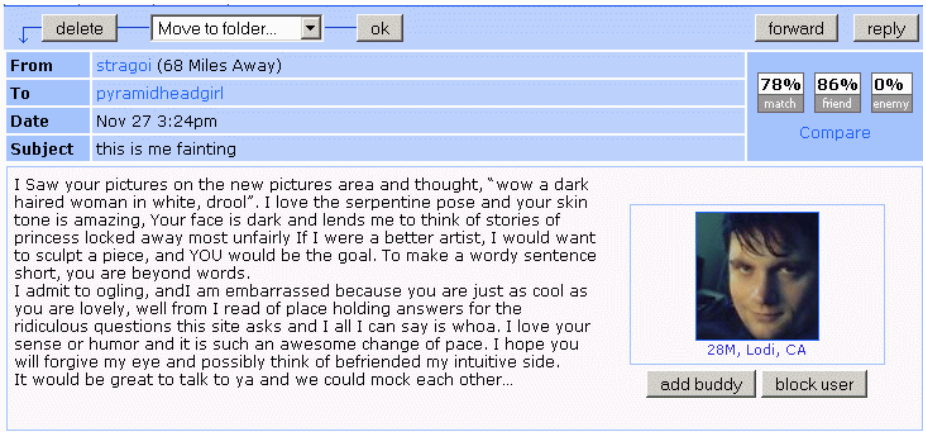
- They will insinuate that they would like to have a threesome with their ugly girlfriends and a RealDoll


delete
Move to folder...
ok
forward
reply
From myluckyseven (114 Miles Away)
To pyramidheadgirl
Date Nov 27 9:27am
Subject OK so I have to ask...
85% match
86% friend
0% enemy
Compare
Are those pics really of you? If so, nicely done. You are beautiful! Unfortunately I don't have much time to write, but I wanted to say "Hi" regardless. Look through my and my g/f's profile (her screen name is gameoverd00d, there is a link to her in the comments on my page.) and let me know if you would be interested in talking and possibly hanging out. No expectations, just as friends. Hope to hear from you! Until next time...
-Aaron
24M, Applegate, CA
add buddy
block user

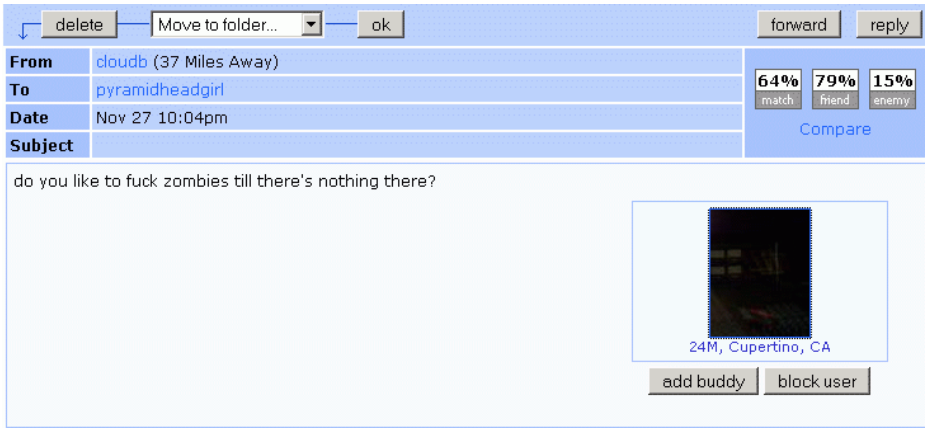
- They will try to charm a RealDoll with their wit. They will fail miserably, every time.


From O-Bake (10 Miles Away)
To pyramidheadgirl
Date Nov 27 10:46am
Subject Irresistible One-Upmanship
79% match 83% friend 0% enemy
Compare
The worst thing about puns is you've made one just by mentioning them. Seriously sneaky bastards, puns. Sounds like Wii users are going to pass up tennis players for most lopsided build (and potential hairy palm joke eligibility). Keep up the posts on your journal, you're pics are going to attract . . . fuck. Well, even we trolls like to see other trolls skewered.
Cheers,
p.s. The "v", the double "m", the upside-down "u", the loop-the-loop, and their bastard children own those commie tetris pieces any day. Respect!
24M, Oakland, CA
add buddy
block user

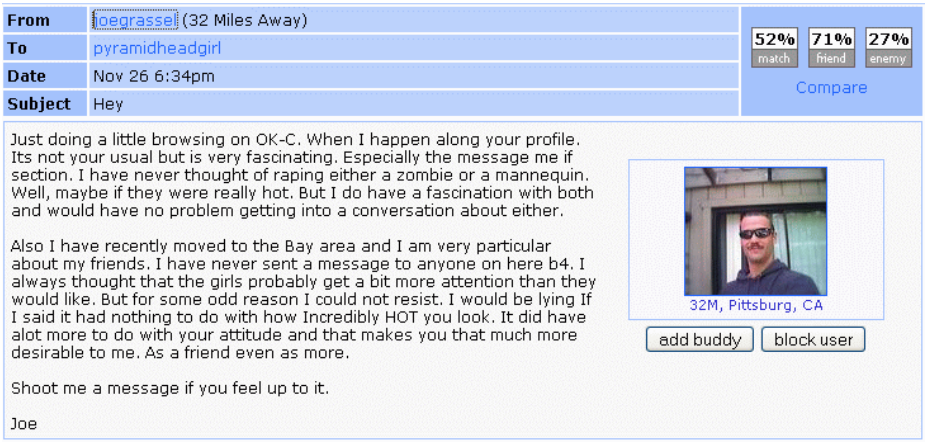
- They will try to romance a RealDoll with clichéd analogies to sculpting, when in reality RealDolls are lovingly assembled in a factory


delete
Move to folder...
ok
forward
reply
From stragoi (68 Miles Away)
To pyramidheadgirl
Date Nov 27 3:24pm
Subject this is me fainting
78% match 86% friend 0% enemy
Compare
I Saw your pictures on the new pictures area and thought, "wow a dark haired woman in white, drool". I love the serpentine pose and your skin tone is amazing, Your face is dark and lends me to think of stories of princess locked away most unfairly If I were a better artist, I would want to sculpt a piece, and YOU would be the goal. To make a wordy sentence short, you are beyond words.
I admit to ogling, andI am embarrassed because you are just as cool as you are lovely, well from I read of place holding answers for the ridiculous questions this site asks and I all I can say is whoa. I love your sense or humor and it is such an awesome change of pace. I hope you will forgive my eye and possibly think of befriended my intuitive side.
It would be great to talk to ya and we could mock each other...
28M, Lodi, CA
add buddy
block user

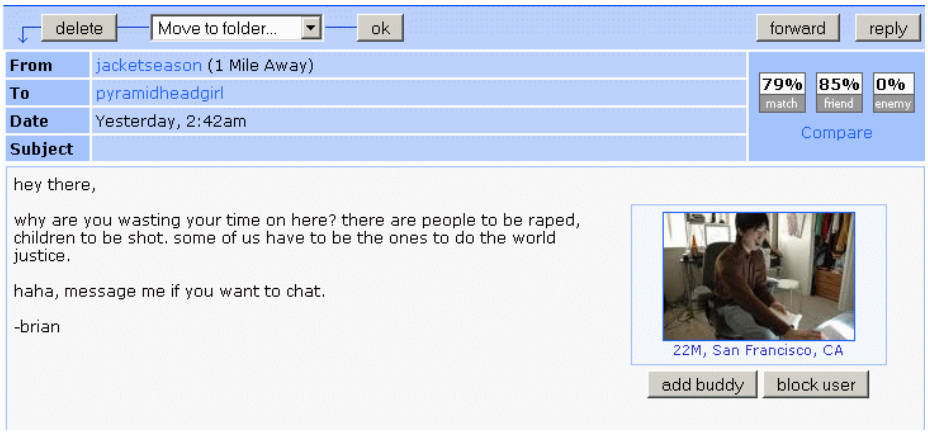
- They are curious if a RealDoll would ever make love to something that is lifeless



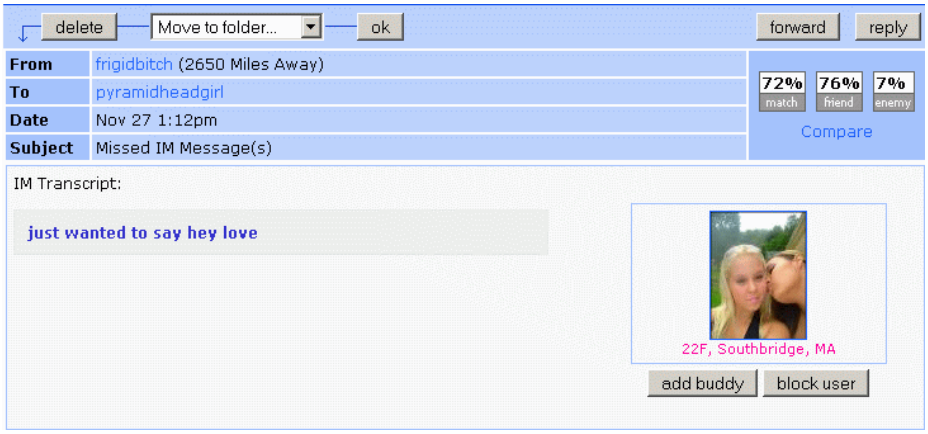
- They will not hesitate to use The Mystery Method on a RealDoll in order to bed a RealDoll


From joegrassel (32 Miles Away)
To pyramidheadgirl
Date Nov 26 6:34pm
Subject Hey
52% match
71% friend
27% enemy
Compare
Just doing a little browsing on OK-C. When I happen along your profile. Its not your usual but is very fascinating. Especially the message me if section. I have never thought of raping either a zombie or a mannequin. Well, maybe if they were really hot. But I do have a fascination with both and would have no problem getting into a conversation about either.
Also I have recently moved to the Bay area and I am very particular about my friends. I have never sent a message to anyone on here b4. I always thought that the girls probably get a bit more attention than they would like. But for some odd reason I could not resist. I would be lying If I said it had nothing to do with how Incredibly HOT you look. It did have alot more to do with your attitude and that makes you that much more desirable to me. As a friend even as more.
Shoot me a message if you feel up to it.
Joe
32M, Pittsburg, CA
add buddy
block user

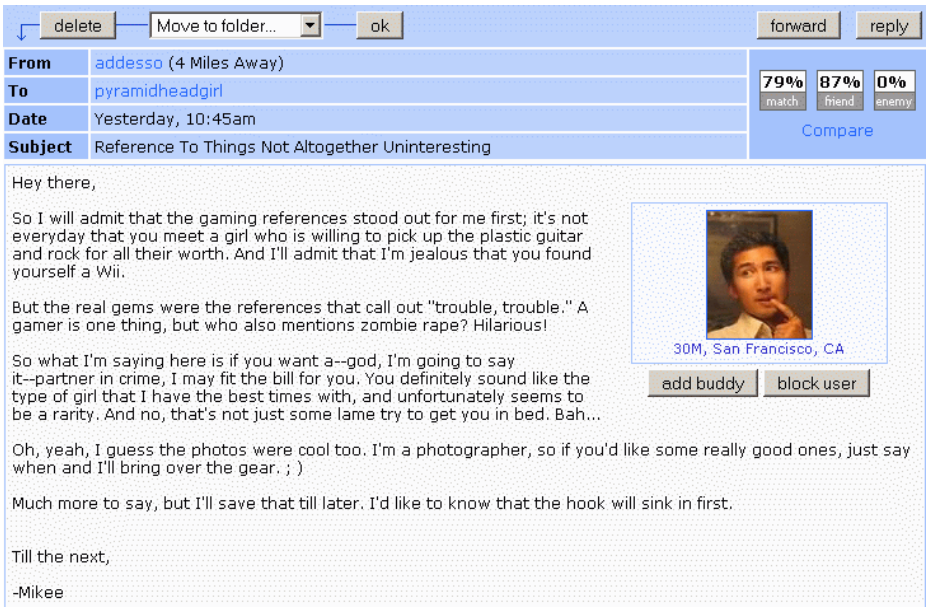
- They are sociopaths



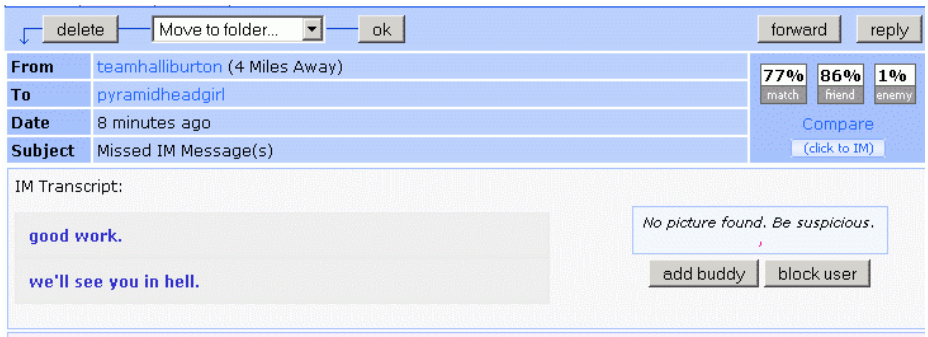
- Some of the women on Okcupid are no better than the men



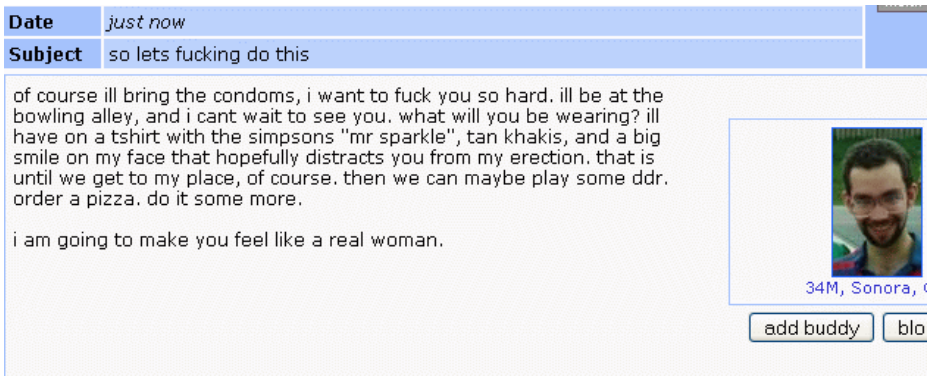
- They will make lame tries to get a RealDoll into bed by casually mentioning they are a photographer


delete
Move to folder...
ok
forward
reply
From
addesso (4 Miles Away)
To
pyramidheadgirl
Date
Yesterday, 10:45am
Subject
Reference To Things Not Altogether Uninteresting
79% match
87% friend
0% enemy
Compare
Hey there,
So I will admit that the gaming references stood out for me first; it's not everyday that you meet a girl who is willing to pick up the plastic guitar and rock for all their worth. And I'll admit that I'm jealous that you found yourself a Wii.
But the real gems were the references that call out "trouble, trouble." A gamer is one thing, but who also mentions zombie rape? Hilarious!
So what I'm saying here is if you want a--god, I'm going to say it--partner in crime, I may fit the bill for you. You definitely sound like the type of girl that I have the best times with, and unfortunately seems to be a rarity. And no, that's not just some lame try to get you in bed. Bah...
30M, San Francisco, CA
add buddy
block user
Oh, yeah, I guess the photos were cool too. I'm a photographer, so if you'd like some really good ones, just say when and I'll bring over the gear. ;)
Much more to say, but I'll save that till later. I'd like to know that the hook will sink in first.
Till the next,
-Mikee

- They will get very defensive if you tell them that you are a RealDoll, and then delete their profile in shame after you tell them that you are doing it just for the purposes of shaming them (see the Daily Dirt for details)



Finally, I learned that if a RealDoll would like to get meet someone for video games and "something else", the guy will be happy to meet up with you at a bowling alley. He will do this without getting your real name, phone number, email address, or a picture that indicates you are not a RealDoll.


Date
just now
Subject
so lets fucking do this
of course ill bring the condoms, i want to fuck you so hard. ill be at the bowling alley, and i cant wait to see you. what will you be wearing? ill have on a tshirt with the simpsons "mr sparkle", tan khakis, and a big smile on my face that hopefully distracts you from my erection. that is until we get to my place, of course. then we can maybe play some ddr. order a pizza. do it some more.
i am going to make you feel like a real woman.
34M, Sonora,
add buddy
blo

Unfortunately, the profile was deleted the morning after I had convinced not one, but **TEN** of the gentleman callers to meet up with "me" at a Bowling Alley in San Francisco, at the same time Friday night. My attempts of trying to reach the individuals after the account was deleted. Well I think he showed up. I decided that I was too bored and lazy to waste my time on just one pervert, so I stood his ass up and blocked his AIM screenname.

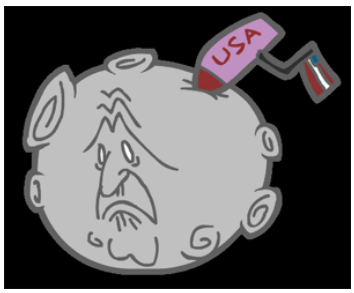
Regardless, I think I've come to learn a lot about the people who would like to get it on with a truly fictional woman. Still, more data is necessary before we can draw any conclusions - hopefully the 14 other dudes I have interested will be meeting up with the RealDoll profile I made a few days ago for our date this Thursday night. But that is for a later update. Does anyone know if movie theaters charge admission for RealDolls?

-~Caylen "Abraham" Burroughs

12.6 Moon Beat Magazine, January 2006 Edition

Wednesday, Dec 06, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff and Tom "Moof" Davies (@Livestock)

Cover Story: Lunar Living?



The perpetual darling of all moons finds itself in the spotlight once again. It seems that those pesky humans of the *planet* Earth are finally waking up to the big picture. "The Moon is where it's at," say the meek humans, hoping to establish a permanent presence on their planet's lonely satellite.

"To be honest, I don't care for them," replied the Moon in an unusually candid interview. "For as long as I've been watching over them, they've tried to make me into something I'm not. It's ridiculous, really. These are creatures that truly believed I was made out of cheese."

For humans, the Moon is the first step to conquering other planets, such as nearby Mars. The Moon, however, is skeptical of mankind's footing. "I don't see us as being all that compatible. I don't really do the whole atmosphere thing. I don't think they are committed to this at all."

Why so cynical, Mr. Moon? "It's a human question really, so I'll put it in human terms. If you blow your chances with the hot chick, that ugly, scarred acne-covered girl suddenly doesn't look so bad. That's all I am to them. They're blowing their chances with their planet, and now they think, 'the moon's not so bad. Maybe we can score with the moon.' It's really kind of pathetic when you get down to it."

Still, the Moon will welcome its human visitors. "I'm not going to roll out the red carpet or anything, but they can stop by if they want. They did awhile back and it was kind of cute. They were so serious about it. What is it they called it? 'One giant leap for mankind' I think. It was pretty funny, since all they really did was walk around for a short while and then run back home."

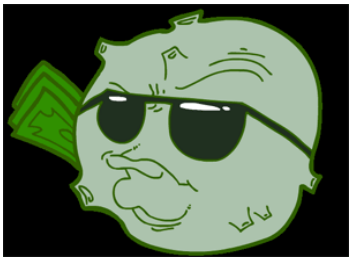
"If the Moon can start hosting life, then there is hope for all of us." -Calisto

Many moons in the solar system were quick to chime in with comments. Titan, known for its outspoken demeanor, was all too eager to downplay the Moon's popularity. "Earth's moon is nice but its many craters may not appeal to all but the most die hard of moon enthusiasts." Puck was quick to defend the Moon, however. "From a purely aesthetic viewpoint it leaves a lot to be desired, but if you look a little below the surface there is much character to be found."

Rhea had the harshest comments of all. "If not for the humans, nobody would even care about the Moon. Because they exist, it gets to be the original. Was it here first? Right place, right time, that's the Moon's sole claim to fame."

Controversies aside, the Moon's gravity seems to have captured everyone's imaginations. "I'm pulling for the Moon," says Calisto. "If the Moon can start hosting life, then there is hope for all of us."

Mooners and Shakers



Everyone is buzzing about Proteus' sudden wealth. Proteus has been working hard to shed its boring image as "Neptune VIII" and seems to be on the fast track to becoming a galactic player. Experts agree, "Proteus has spending power. Not long ago no one knew anything about Proteus, now everyone is talking. It's Proteus this, Proteus that! Proteus is definitely the new moon to watch!"

Charon has had a rough time recently with the sudden reversal of its master's status as a planet. Sources close to the "moon" suggest that Charon recently checked into a rehab clinic for Kuiper belt objects.

Io seems to have gossip hounds trapped in orbit. For billions of years now, everyone has been remaking about Io's constantly changing shape. "Io's a joke," says Triton. "Talk about caving into peer pressure. One moment Io is trying to please its planet, the next it is caving into pressure from Europa and Ganymede." The gravitational forces at work have left Io with a bit of an identity crisis. "People already make fun of Io's appearance," adds Oberon. "Pizza face, they call you. The changing figure sure doesn't help things. Baby, I don't think you understand the gravity of the situation. Learn to keep your figure and let that glow sell your body. Baby, you've got an electricity about you. Work that!"

Europa appears smooth and friendly at first glance, but closer inspection reveals a moon in need of an attitude adjustment. Moon Beat has tried repeatedly to interview Europa, but it always gives us the cold shoulder. Makes you wonder, how can one body get so frigid?

Word around the solar system is that Phobos is headed off the deep end. "Phobos has never been all that stable," says friend Deimos. "Phobos is being awfully self destructive. It's only a matter of time before things get really bad. You just can't maintain an orbit like that for long." 243 Ida, an old friend of Phobos, was also alarmed by the ailing moon's behavior. "I haven't spoken to Phobos in a couple thousand years, and frankly I'm worried. From what I can see, Phobos is locked into a suicide orbit around that dumb planet Mars. I've seen it happen before and it breaks my heart every time. You dream of getting to orbit a planet, and then the planet just treats you like a no good whore. Flaunts you around like a piece of jewelry, then tears you to pieces. I think at this point Phobos is just waiting to die. But you know what, there is a reason to keep going. I hope Phobos figures that out before its too late."

"You dream of getting to orbit a planet, and then the planet just treats you like a no good whore. Flaunts you around like a piece of jewelry, then tears you to pieces." -243 Ida

Satellite Love

Pull Me In
Small 2bil yr old moon seeks similar moon for orbiting and more.

Tight orbits
I like nice tight orbits. I wanna break up and explode into your atmosphere. Make me cum apart for you.

Just Looking for a Few Orbits
Large, several billion years old, been burned a lot. Just looking for a few brief orbits, nothing too emotional or complicated.

Bodies in motion

Looking for an older planet to orbit. I'm dedicated and loyal, in good shape, stay geophysically active. Let me rise in your east and set in your west. I'll move your tides just right.

Tired of Elliptical Dating?
Tired of moons that get close, then instantly pull away? I want a long-term tight circular orbit, always the same distance, always the same level of commitment.

Be My Sex Dwarf
Medium sized moon (about 100km & very hard) looking for discrete orbiting. I have a dwarf fetish so no fatties.

Hottest Moon of the Month

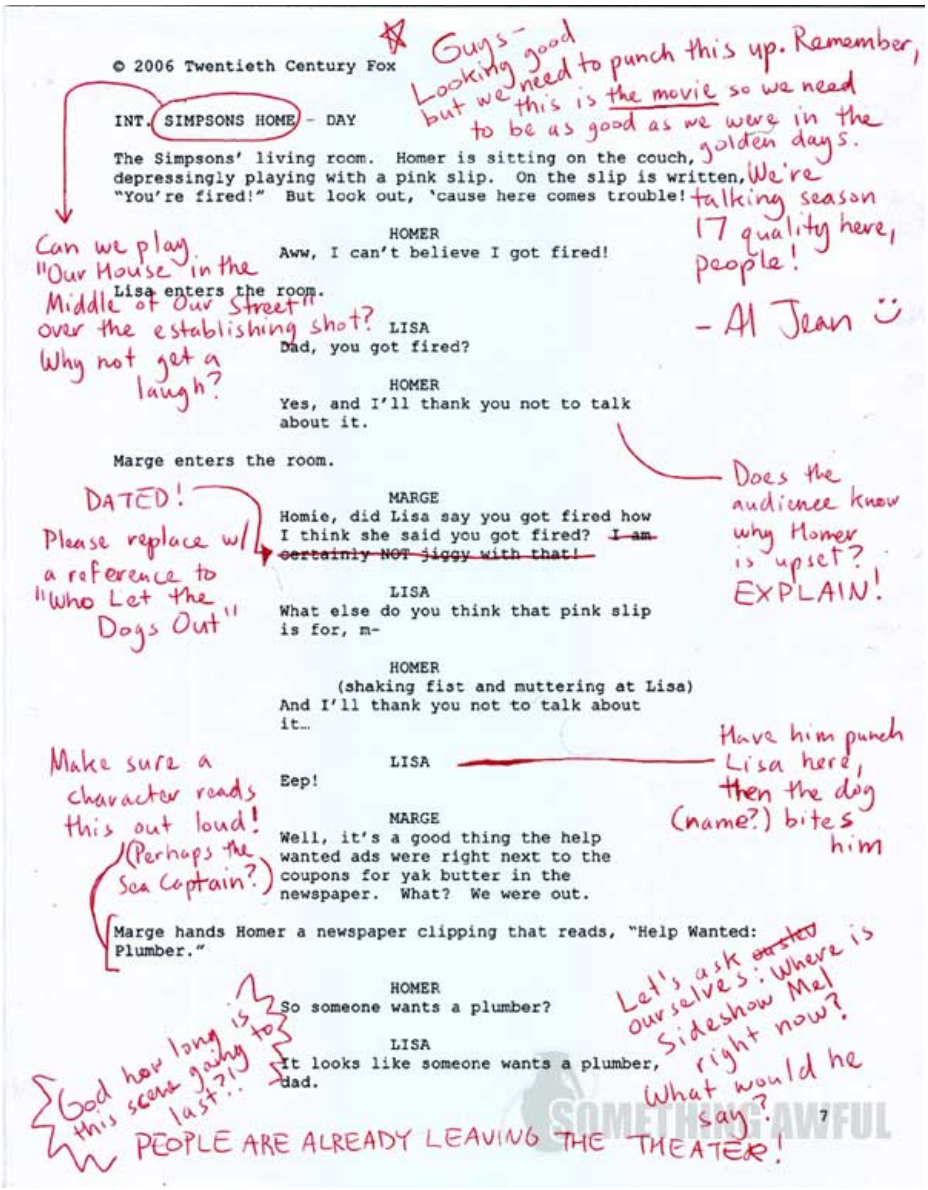
> Io may well be below freezing on average, not to mention the solar system's ugly duckling, but this moon knows a thing or two about turning up the heat. Its numerous volcanoes spit out lava at temperatures as high as 3100 degrees Fahrenheit. Talk about a hot time! Io is positively scorching!

Props to Shmorky for the exciting illustrations!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff and Tom "Moof" Davies (@Livestock)

12.7 Leaked Simpsons Movie Script

Thursday, Dec 07, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey



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Guys - Looking good but we need to punch this up. Remember, this is the movie so we need to be as good as we were in the golden days. We're talking season 17 quality here, people!

- Al Jean ☺

INT. SIMPSONS HOME - DAY

The Simpsons' living room. Homer is sitting on the couch, depressingly playing with a pink slip. On the slip is written, "You're fired!" But look out, 'cause here comes trouble!

Can we play "Our House" in the Middle of Our Street" over the establishing shot? Why not get a laugh?

HOMER
Aww, I can't believe I got fired!

Lisa enters the room.

LISA
Dad, you got fired?

HOMER
Yes, and I'll thank you not to talk about it.

Marge enters the room.

Does the audience know why Homer is upset? EXPLAIN!

DATED! Please replace w/ a reference to "Who Let the Dogs Out"

MARGE
Homie, did Lisa say you got fired how I think she said you got fired? ~~I am certainly NOT jiggy with that!~~

LISA
What else do you think that pink slip is for, m-

HOMER
(shaking fist and muttering at Lisa)
And I'll thank you not to talk about it…

Have him punch Lisa here, then the dog (name?) bites him

Make sure a character reads this out loud! (Perhaps the Sea Captain?)

LISA
Eep!

MARGE
Well, it's a good thing the help wanted ads were right next to the coupons for yak butter in the newspaper. What? We were out.

Marge hands Homer a newspaper clipping that reads, "Help Wanted: ~~Plumber~~ Plumber."

HOMER
So someone wants a plumber?

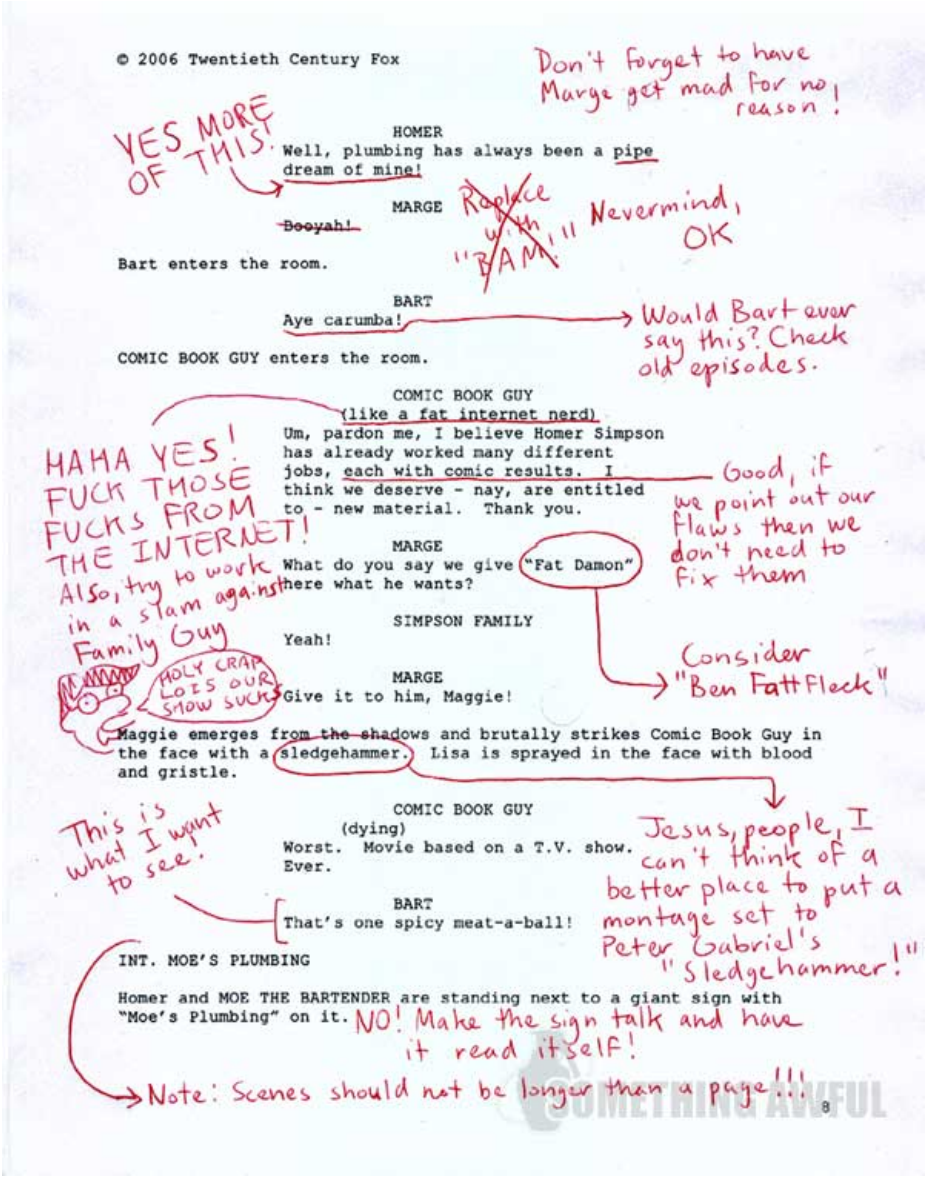
LISA
It looks like someone wants a plumber, dad.

God how long is this scene going to last?!

Let's ask ourselves: Where is Sideshow Mel right now? What would he say?

PEOPLE ARE ALREADY LEAVING THE THEATER!

SOMETHING AWFUL



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Don't forget to have Marge get mad for no reason!

YES MORE OF THIS!

HOMER
Well, plumbing has always been a pipe dream of mine!

MARGE
~~Booyah!~~ Replace with "BAM!" Nevermind, OK

Bart enters the room.

BART
Aye carumba! → Would Bart ever say this? Check old episodes.

COMIC BOOK GUY enters the room.

COMIC BOOK GUY
(like a fat internet nerd)
Um, pardon me, I believe Homer Simpson has already worked many different jobs, each with comic results. I think we deserve - nay, are entitled to - new material. Thank you. → Good, if we point out our flaws then we don't need to fix them

HAHA YES! FUCK THOSE FUCKS FROM THE INTERNET! Also, try to work in a slam against Family Guy

MARGE
What do you say we give "Fat Damon" there what he wants? → Consider "Ben Fattfleck"

SIMPSON FAMILY
Yeah!

HOLY CRAP LOIS OUR SHOW SUCKS

MARGE
Give it to him, Maggie!

Maggie emerges from the shadows and brutally strikes Comic Book Guy in the face with a sledgehammer. Lisa is sprayed in the face with blood and gristle.

This is what I want to see.

COMIC BOOK GUY
(dying)
Worst. Movie based on a T.V. show. Ever.

Jesus, people, I can't think of a better place to put a montage set to Peter Gabriel's "Sledgehammer!"

BART
That's one spicy meat-a-ball!

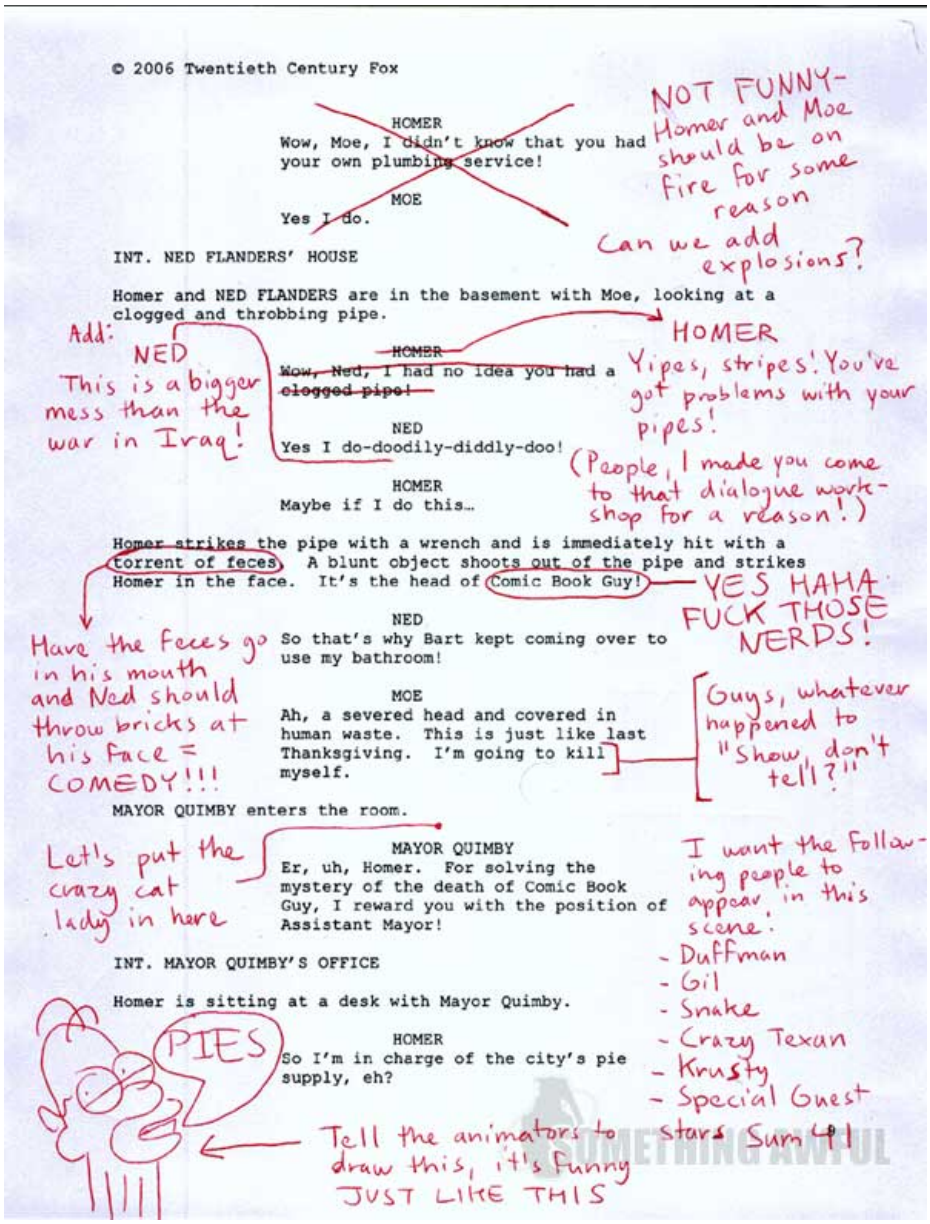
INT. MOE'S PLUMBING

Homer and MOE THE BARTENDER are standing next to a giant sign with "Moe's Plumbing" on it. NO! Make the sign talk and have it read itself!

Note: Scenes should not be longer than a page!!!

SOMETHING AWFUL

8



© 2006 Twentieth Century Fox

~~HOMER~~
~~Wow, Moe, I didn't know that you had your own plumbing service!~~

~~MOE~~
~~Yes I do.~~

NOT FUNNY- Homer and Moe should be on fire for some reason

Can we add explosions?

INT. NED FLANDERS' HOUSE

Homer and NED FLANDERS are in the basement with Moe, looking at a clogged and throbbing pipe.

Add: NED This is a bigger mess than the war in Iraq!

~~HOMER~~
~~Wow, Ned, I had no idea you had a clogged pipe!~~

HOMER
Yipes, stripes! You've got problems with your pipes!

NED
Yes I do-doodily-diddly-doo!

(People, I made you come to that dialogue workshop for a reason!)

HOMER
Maybe if I do this…

Homer strikes the pipe with a wrench and is immediately hit with a torrent of feces. A blunt object shoots out of the pipe and strikes Homer in the face. It's the head of Comic Book Guy!

YES HAHA FUCK THOSE NERDS!

Have the feces go in his mouth and Ned should throw bricks at his face = COMEDY!!!

NED
So that's why Bart kept coming over to use my bathroom!

MOE
Ah, a severed head and covered in human waste. This is just like last Thanksgiving. I'm going to kill myself.

Guys, whatever happened to "Show, don't tell?"

MAYOR QUIMBY enters the room.

Let's put the crazy cat lady in here

MAYOR QUIMBY
Er, uh, Homer. For solving the mystery of the death of Comic Book Guy, I reward you with the position of Assistant Mayor!

I want the following people to appear in this scene:
- Duffman
- Gil
- Snake
- Crazy Texan
- Krusty
- Special Guest stars Sum 41

INT. MAYOR QUIMBY'S OFFICE

Homer is sitting at a desk with Mayor Quimby.

HOMER
So I'm in charge of the city's pie supply, eh?

Tell the animators to draw this, it's funny JUST LIKE THIS

SOMETHING AWFUL

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

12.8 Lindsay Lohan - A Fully Adequite Proposal

Friday, Dec 08, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

For Preventing The Media and the Poor People of America
From Judgeing Celberties, and For Making Them
Possibly Also Movie Stars With Help From Friends

It is a meloncholy object that is in the media right now. When I go out you see me on TV or on Page Six and there are Stalkaratsi everyhwere. Then I do the smallest things and they say hurtful and vengeful things about me just to print a newspaper. This is the dreadful plague that is the chief focus of America. They should have thier focus on other things unless i am giving a press conference, then its okay.

I am very serious about thsi you can please contact Jean Hernandes, Karl Lowenstein, Vinni Cutler or Dorirs (Just Doris don't know her last name she's mexican though) for the release.

It is time for a solution to thises problems and for the hateful things to stop so we can all go back and the poor people and the media can go back

To that I am going to commit 100% of my celebrity fames and my kids choice awards to a single solutary and fully adequite proposal:

Everyone has to do the things like I do so they can walk for a mile in my shoe and understand what I am going through. IT IS IMPEROPERATIVE that we work together on this

A lot of people have promised me there help I will get **Al Gore** to form a task force with the **Climptoms**. They will create a advisory committee to oversee the ultimate rock and roll fundraiser. I talked to Bono from Youtube and a lot of black guys and they will get together to raise money for Poor Americans. We have to bring the troops home from Iraq. No war for oil companies. It's a moral statement.

All of the money from the rock concert will be given to poor Americans in a montage to make it get there fast. All the **hurrican katrina victims** get first money and everyone gets a million dollars. My friends Lissa and I have also been in contact with**Harry Potter**and**a magic owl**and they all agreed to help give out money in the montage.

The money will buy a**sports car**a pair of pumps from**Dolce RuittaNO PAINTIES**and a lot of corcaine. Everyone has to do the corcaine and have a good time at a party. Then all of the cars will get onto a big road (in a row) and one at a time everyone has to get out and the dresses (from Salvitorrino) will pop open and thier nips will be showing. Then theyre**NO PAINTIES**will be showing.

Then they have to say something REALLY IMPORTANT to the media who will all be there. They have to memorize something from a card which I will have written by**Shake Spear**and then we will see how easy it is to sound good and not be embarass.

When the media puts the pictures in the newspaper the next day everyone will say "oh look there is your parts" or "there is your nips" and then everyone will be equal. Then we will take all of the extra money leftover and they have to buy an agent to get them a movie deal. Also if any of them are fat we will pay to make them pretty unless they are too old.

Have Harvey and all lowyers help me please

Jimmy Carterand**Aaron Carter**will help me. Bod Dole. Super Mario. Marixca Hargatay. Philips Seymore Hoffman. Mystery T will help. "I pity the folls" he said to me about people who don't like me and say vile hurtful and vulgar things. A dragon. Edward James Almost and Battlestar Galacticas. Three very important ghosts AND**all of the ghostbusters except egon.**Shaggy to dope. Bill Gates and his robopts.

A lot of people are with me on this if we just ask

If we just**ASK**

I can fix everything I know if we just pull them together. These untintellgent scumbugs will stop trying to hurt other people (EVERYONE!) if we can do this and make it happen.

I will hold a press conference to use my celberty to call media attention to this problem of the media and ignorants in America.

I am going to put a stop to ignorants "people" trying to put a stop to me and destroy me and hurt me **after all I've gone throw** to get here and the silly little butterfly things I've done as I mature into a beatufil adult celbrity like the butterfly hatches from the rock.

I am so sick and tired of it all and it neets to stop RIGHT NOW. This is a carefully prepared way to stop it all and I think this is a **plan that will work**.

To everyone that has supportet me: all my friends, loved ones, neighbors, families, agents, bodyguarts, press people who right good things, producers who dont send me nasty letters

Thank yuo all

So lets get this party startet and put the plan into action
Do you agree?
I do it whether you like it or not
either way
The wave of the future.

I did my part so far in the endefore and now its your turn to help and mobilize america.

Thank you for your time
Your Entertainer,
Lindsay Lohan

PS - I prest send twice on the clicky thing and it might of gone twice so just ignore the second 1.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.9 The Most Intriguing And Mysterious Book Ever Written

Saturday, Dec 09, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter One

A Very Intriguing And Mysterious Beginning

General Patton gave his order, and it was followed down to the last detail. Three eggs sunny side up, three pieces of raisin toast (warm but not crunchy), and a tall glass of orange juice. As the waitress returned from the kitchen with his meal, she felt so emboldened by his presence that she feared no grisly death by the bullet of a sniper or the bayonet of a flanking infantryman. Patton had that effect on people, as he had only recently come to realize.

It began with a phone call Patton received one month earlier as he sat down to alphabetize his extensive list of failures, missed opportunities and dashed dreams. The call came from a telemarketer who barely waited until the phone had been picked up before launching into her scripted explanation of how Patton could save money by buying magazine subscriptions, long distance phone service, cable television, and ham all in one package from the company she represented. Patton's meek "erm"s and "excuse me"s didn't slow the woman's diatribe for even a fraction of a second, so he did the unthinkable.

"I'm not interested," Patton had said around a considerable lump in his throat, "please don't call this number again."

After a moment's pause, the woman had replied, "I'm sorry to have bothered you sir. We won't call your household anymore."

At that moment Patton realized that he possessed a dark and limitless power.

By simply asking, he could make anyone do what he wanted without question or regret. In the days that followed he was given a house, car, and more cash than he could spend by total strangers who were all too happy to oblige. He supposed the power had been there all along, not presenting itself because he had simply been too timid to ask other people for anything, much less tell them what to do. Perhaps it was some sort of cosmic gift, an apology for being brought into this universe with a horrible first name like "General".

Patton pushed the remains of his egg and toast breakfast to the side, then flicked the cap off his trusty marker with his thumb, revealing a fat tip dripping with blood-red ink. He then opened the Sports section of his morning paper and laid it on the table before him, carefully drawing an ominous circle around a photograph of a smiling Ben Roethlisberger.

He knew what had to be done.

Something else on the page caught his eye. Patton drew a second ominous circle, this one around an advertisement for Bed, Bath & Beyond. Half-off sale. Everything in the store. Sweet.

He knew what had to be done after he did the other thing.

– – – – – –

Our Lady Of The Immaculate Reception was the first quad-religion church established in Pittsburgh. Followers of the only religions that were 100% correct in their teachings (Catholicism, Judaism, Islam, and Wicca) came together in harmony each week, attending dueling services performed by four separate holy men at the exact same time.

Each service began with the four men delivering their sermons in clear but respectably soft tones. As the minutes ticked by, however, one of them would inevitably attempt to gain an advantage by speaking louder than his rivals, spurring the others to glance at one another sideways and raise their own volumes. This escalated until the final half hour of each service became a jumble of unintelligible screams that might have been about forgiveness, Mohammed, or how to check the oil in your car.

The entire experience was unique and wonderful, and it lasted nearly three whole weeks before a Wiccan priest beat an Islamic cleric to death with a communion goblet halfway through a service. In the moments following that horrible act, a silence fell over the church. With no competition to drown out his message, the Rabbi saw his chance to win over the audience with words of wisdom. He took one nervous step toward the sea of shocked faces looking for guidance, cleared his throat, then blurted out, "Be excellent to each other."

One day later, the church was boarded up and abandoned.

Three years later, a very mysterious man with no memory woke up in one of the church's pews. His head swimming, he slowly sat up and surveyed his surroundings. Moonlight illuminated the entire church, revealing a thick layer of dust that blanketed the entire building. It appeared as though no one had been here for years. The mysterious man peered downward and was surprised to find no footprints in the dust surrounding his pew, or anywhere for that matter. How had he gotten there?

The building's four entrances were topped by elaborate stained-glass windows. Each of these windows featured a figure with a jigsaw puzzle piece for a head. Was it some sort of puzzle? The mysterious man noticed a bronze key affixed to the hand of one of the figures. Was it some sort of key? Man, this place was mysterious.

The mysterious man didn't know who he was, but as he rubbed his forehead he felt a rather large and mysterious scar. Perhaps it was a clue. Perhaps the briefcase in his lap was a clue. Inside he found $50,000 in cash and a handgun. What was it for? Where had it come from?

Just then a second mysterious man rose from beneath one of the church's four altars, where he had also been laying unconscious. His scar was much larger than the first mysterious man's scar. It ran from the corner of his eye all the way down to his shin, which was way more mysterious. Not only did he not know who he was, but he had no idea what year it was. His suitcase contained three million dollars and a bazooka.

The two mysterious men eyed one another cautiously before the more mysterious man broke the silence.

"I don't know what's going on here, but I feel as if this has all happened once before. Long ago. Only... on Mars."

He looked up thoughtfully at Mars through the church's expansive sunroof (which had been installed as part of an ages old Catholic tradition), and at that very moment the red planet exploded. Was it somehow related?

A beautiful woman with red hair staggered into the room from some unseen doorway, a knife buried in her back. The mysterious men rushed to help her, but she was beyond aid. With her final breath, she whispered "It's hidden... beneath the church. In the catacombs..."

"Look", said the less mysterious man. "Pinned to her back by the blade, there's a note."

The note read:

:edoc noitavitcaed eht dnif ot elddir siht evloS

$$\mathbf{?} = \mathbf{2} + \mathbf{2}$$

"What does it mean?", asked the more mysterious man. "It looks like it's Japanese or something."

""I don't know," replied the less mysterious man, "but something tells me we'd better hurry up and find out!"

A very large bomb which had been resting on one of the altars began to tick, an lcd panel on its front flashing "PLEASE ENTER DEACTIVATION CODE" in bright red letters. What sort of cryptic message was that? A second lcd displayed "0:05" then "0:04" one second later. What did those numbers mean? Was there some sort of hidden pattern?

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.10 Celebrity Apologies in the Mirror Universe

Sunday, Dec 10, 2006 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Yeah...we saw it on YouTube. Couldn't believe what he said. How is he not in prison yet?

Mark Foley tugged at the golden sash wrapped tightly around his waist. In the face of his public embarrassment, it felt unspeakably constraining. How could he let himself become caught in such a compromising scandal?

"I deeply regret my error," he began. The cameras were impassive eyes glaring piteously at the sweating senator. "I do not know quite how to say this."

God, the golden sash was unbearable! He'd love to slip it off of him, but it was expected of a Senator to wear such things.

"I will simply say it this way: I should have had sex with those boys." There, the hard part done. Hard as a rock.

"I have spent serious time considering with my fellow Republicans after they removed me from the agony booth," he said. "The fact of it is this nation expects from its leaders one thing: homosexual pedophilia. And I failed to deliver."

It had been all over the news for days now, and everywhere he turned was a reminder of his failings. He had only gone so far as to have sexual instant messenger chats with the boys, but a man who does not shove his dick as far into a teenager as that young man's constricting anus will allow is not a man the public sees as a qualified leader.

"Most of all I would like to apologize to the parents," he said. "Your child was stripped down and relaxed, and if I was any kind of man at all I would have driven over there right away and raped him. I...I don't know what got into me."

Suddenly a laser beam shot out from behind the wall of cameras. Foley collapsed without a sound. Mr. Chekov approached the dying man triumphantly.

"So you die, Senator, and we all move up in rank," said the menacing yet boyish Russian. "No one will question the assassination of a politician who has disobeyed the prime order of the Republican Party."

Mark Foley struggled to see his killer through the haze of death. He murmured weakly:

"Do you really do it face down? Cute butt bouncing in the air?"

And, with that, he was gone. In the skies above, the first clouds of an ion storm began to gather.

MEANWHILE...

"Fifty years ago we'd have you upside down with a fucking fork up your ass."

Michael Richards had expected abuse, but it was still hard to take. He rubbed the thin scar running down the side of his face and sighed.

"I know," he said. The PR agent gave him a disgusted look.

"You can talk, you can talk, you can talk," the agent said, and stood. It wasn't like Michael had much of a career now anyway, but the public humiliation was still horrible. If only he hadn't lost his head when the crowd had begun to heckle him.

"I don't know how it happened," he tried, "I'm as racist as anyone else. Listen: Fuck dirty niggers. See?"

"You're brave now motherfucker," said the agent, and hit play on the VCR. And there it was. The video clip that had made him the laughing stock of the nation. He could hear his tinny voice streaming from the speakers and forcing him again to replay every awful second.

Sometimes I think they do it on purpose, you know? When they need more publicity or whatever? Just my theory.

There on the screen the black men shouted insults, and then, against all social conventions, there was Michael Richards politely reasoning with him.

"Sirs, I intend no insult to your racial heritage. You are equal in every way, I firmly believe that." Even if the cameras hadn't caught ever incriminating word, then still the moral bankruptcy of his actions would hang heavy on his soul. The PR agent turned back to him with a grimace, pointing at the screen.

"He's a nigger! He's a nigger! He's a nigger!" the agent shouted.

"I know," it was all Michael could say.

"A nigger! Look, there's a nigger!" the agent howled.

"Yes, I saw him," said Michael, "now what about rebuilding my reputation?"

The PR agent stopped screaming and looked thoughtful.

"Well, I'm pretty sure Jerry Seinfeld is just as much of a has-been loser as you by now so he'll probably stump for you if it gets his face on camera."

Outside, the thunder from the storm above rolled across the city.

MEANWHILE...

OJ Simpson laughed.

"Oh hell yeah, I fucking stabbed that bitch," he said. "No hypothetical about it, I was slicing and dicing for real."

The interviewer glared at him.

"That's terrible. Hand over your agonizer right away," she said.

OJ pulled the traditional tool of punishment from his belt and pressed the button.

"See, bitch, I disconnected this silly shit years ago. Ha! Don't mess with the Juice!" He leaned back into his chair. "So, what you doing this weekend, girl?"

The ion storm growled from nearby, shooting thin, probing fingers of electricity towards the earth.

MEANWHILE...

Mel Gibson poured another scotch. His career, everything he had worked for his entire life, was teetering on the edge of ruin, and all he could do was drink. He looked up at the picture of Pope Benedict he always kept at his bedside.

"Sorry Father," he said, and downed the glass. Thunder shook the windows of his room.

You don't say those kind of things unless you mean it. No, I don't care what he said later.

All he had wanted to do was make a movie that would move people, help them understand what Jesus had done for them. But instead he had found himself at the center of a maelstrom of controversy. How easy it would have been to avoid all that, if only he'd had the good sense to show the Jewish race as base and devilish.

Instead the message of the movie had been swept aside among charges of anti-anti-Semitism and vows by Jewish groups to kill even more Christian babies in protest against the inaccurate portrayal. He had watched sadly as theater owners had burned reels in the streets while hook-nosed Hebrews danced around them clutching at great fistfuls of money.

The glittered vest, a common item for men of his age to wear, lay tight against his muscular chest. Alcohol seeped into his mind and he begun to devise some means of rescuing himself from the controversy. He would simply have to show the public that he really did hate the Jews, even though, try as he might, in his heart he could bare no malice towards them.

He would say it on TV. He would show it in his movies. And he would tell every single person he met exactly what they wanted to hear until his precious public yet again loved him.

Another glass filled. Another glass emptied. Then, another crack of thunder. A great flash of light. The ion storm had arrived. So had Mel Gibson. He was perfectly sober, and contemplated the half-empty bottle and shiny vest with confusion.

"What in the hell?" he said.

MEANWHILE...

Mel Gibson was driving. He looked down at himself and saw a wrinkled flannel shirt. What kind of clothing was this for a man? In the mirror he saw something even stranger.

"A beard..." he said. "But my beard is short and well kept. This beard is wild and long. What is going on? Where am I?"

The answer to the second question presented itself in the form of a tree directly ahead. He swerved the car as best as he could in his drunken state, and realized he was on some sort of dark and windy road. It was like the road near his home, and yet...somehow different.

"This is a message from God!" he said happily. "He is giving me a chance to right my wrongs. A second chance, and, this time, no mistakes. I will tell everyone right off that I hate the Jews, and then maybe they'll listen when I try to show them what I really want to talk about."

Red and blue lights flashed behind him, and in his incapacitated state it seemed yet another aspect of the divine message.

"Ah," he slurred, watching the approaching officer. "I will begin with him!"

FIN

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

12.11 Astounding Improbable Science Adventure

Monday, Dec 11, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

THE MAGNET NIGHTMARE
By Gorton Fifenstick
Art By Shmorrison Kay

Itwas the tenth year of the great and harrowing war that threatened to see the whole world swallowed up by the yellow tide of Nippon. With their Asiatic allies, the Nipponese had embarked on a brutal conquest of the planet and only the United States and Moon of America and its frail ally Canada still stood before the onslaught. 1977 A.D. found the last Sky Armies of the Occidentals fighting against the unstoppable hordes of the Nipponese over the CentroAmerica region. The night skies flashed with electro bolts and boiled with the staccato hiss of radio beamers. If the United States and Moon could not turn back this assault then it would be the end of the Caucasian race.

Sky Pilot Douglas Arrow of the United States Scout Rocket 19th Squadron was on patrol over the Mexicano territory. He was flying at an altitude of 90 miles at speeds approaching almost 155 miles an hour in his Scout Rocket. He wore the blue metal flight suit of the Occidentals, allowing him to operate in the high pressure of the upper atmosphere where cosmic waves might blind him.

He checked the settings of his deadly radio beamers and then turned his Scout Rocket into a steep dive with at twist of one of the maneuver dials. He looked down one last time at his lucky ring, given to him by the favored womanoid that he planned to make his wife. He kissed it as if he were kissing her and it tasted like Moon gems. Below him was the huge and ferocious shape of a Nipponese war

DREAMING of an aeroplane or zeppelin just 20 years earlier would have had you locked into a steel box in the lunatic asylum. Now we see them flying over our cities almost every month. These incredible leaps of technology are indeed improbable. Perhaps science does not understand that which it would seek to tame. The author uses this premise and several advanced ideas about magnets and uranium to construct a thrilling and chilling tale of the foreboding year 1977.

zeppelin, large as a gigantic armored cigar and laden with horroronium gas bombs that would be dropped on the cities of the Caucasians in Texas and New Mexico.

The war zeppelin of the Nipponese nearly filled the porthole with its immense white bulk. Sky Pilot Douglas Arrow turned a dial in the cockpit of his bullet-shaped Scout Rocket and veered out of the path of a trail of glittering rock-shot. Stray stones clattered against the Scout Rocket's tapered wing and he narrowly avoided the cruel hiss of a radio beamer firing at him. He turned the control dials with practiced ease and looped his tiny Scout Rocket around the titanic bulk of the Nipponese battleship of the sky in a smoking corkscrew. His astonishing maneuvers confounded the Asiatic gunners and their inferior eyesight gave them no chance to spot the sleek red, white and blue Scout Rocket.

Douglas Arrow dialed in the red sunburst symbol on the top of the zeppelin on the black image screen of his radio beamers. He pulled the activation levers and his hand hovered over the firing crank.

"A few more seconds," he said to himself through clenched teeth as he watched the hateful burning embers of rock-shot flung up at his craft.

The Scout Rocket shook from impacts and its radio oscillating rocket motor coughed out black smoke.

"Just a second more," the zeppelin blotted out the ground beneath him.

The glowing orange dot on the image screen was almost dead-center over the grid.

Just as an Asiatic radio beamer fired at the Scout Rocket, Douglas Arrow turned the firing crank with all his might. The crackle of static was deafening, but the twin radio beamers cut through the armored skin of the zeppelin as though they were hot knives and it was hot butter. Douglass Arrow turned the maneuver dial and swung away from the enemy radio beamer as the Zeppelin began to explode beneath him.

Feeling triumphant, Douglas Arrow switched over to the Nipponese speaking radio frequency and swallowed a reason tablet infused with calcium and the mineralized form of the primordial language spoken by the Nipponese. He smiled with satisfaction as he heard their terrified cries for help and stupefying prayers to their false gods.

"Long live the United States and Moon of America!" Douglas shouted over the radio and herd wails of consternation in reply.

"Not so fast, Caucasian," a new and calm voice broke in on the frequency. "I rikee to intloduce you to my ladio beamels."

Radio beamers hissed past the Scout Rocket's wing and Douglas Arrow saw through the rear porthole that an Asiatic Attack Rocket had come up behind him. He turned the maneuver dials, but it was too late. The radio beamers sliced through his ship and agitated his molecules until he was blasted to pieces. The last thing he saw before he died was the red dragon head symbol of the Nipponese attack ace Shiho on the wings of the Nipponese Attack Rocket as it zoomed past over his exploding corpse. The best pilot of the United States and Moon of America had fought his last...

Dayslater, at a laboratory in one of the dirigible-supported spires of Upper Chicago, Professor Joshua Inspiration was experimenting with the repellant forces of like-magnetized objects. He leaned over his experiment table while his Negroid assistant puttered about in his petticoat and bowtie straightening up books and switching off electric candles the Professor had absently left burning. Though the Negroids and Irishians had betrayed the Occidentals to the Asiatics out of cowardice, Professor Inspiration liked to keep his own Negroid servant, Hepsabah Jones, close at hand. Negroids were completely banned under law, but the Science College tolerated the Professor's eccentricity as long as it was accompanied in equal measure by genius. Which it was.

With a clatter of spilled dishes of science cultures and a frightful yawp Hepsabah Jones leapt up onto one of the science tables.

"Aw naw," he said, pointing fearfully, "that there one o' them plates dun moved, boss!"

With an angry curse Professor Joshua Inspiration cast aside his magnetoteaser and radio scalpel and looked up at his frightened manservant.

"Hepsabah!" He cried, "come down from there. Go get my daughter and tell her to finish straightening up for you!"

Hespabah nodded and jumped down, straightening his bowtie and bowing in the exaggerated fashion of the dark-skinned peoples. He waves his gloved hands and tapped his feet so that Professor Inspiration would know he was leaving. The Negroids being a musical people built for amusement and base athleticism did not equip poor Hepsabah well for the environs of the laboratory.

Shortly, Professor Inspiration's daughter entered the laboratory. She had blonde hair the color of buttered gold and ruby lips that sparkled moistly. Her generous bosom and hips were verily poured into her womanoid lab frock which clung to her forbidden regions in bejeweled spatters of white silk, whereas the remainder of the frock was sheer, providing an ample view of her curvaceous physique from the proper angles, the geometry of which Hepsabah was attempting to determine from the shadows. He suppressed a simian hoot as he spied the cleft of her backside, momentarily visible over the hyperdiamonds and silk fabric.

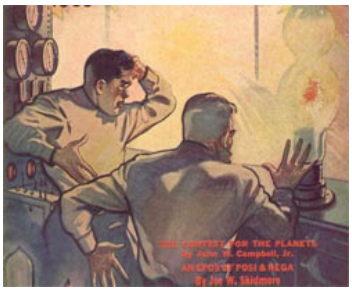
"You needed my assistance, Father?" Professor Inspiration's daughter interjected when her father did not immediately acknowledge her arrival.

"Oh, yes, womanoid," he addressed her in a casual and friendly fashion, "perhaps you could finish straightening up.

Professor Inspiration's daughter set about the task with a smile and a nod, a task which caused her to strain and bend over repeatedly. This attracted the attention of Hepsabah and he peeked and peered over counters and desks to catch a generous eyeful of her womanly physique.

"What are you working on, father?" Professor Inspiration's daughter asked.

"Ah," he replied, pulling his glasses from his face, "I am examining the behavior of two like-magnetized objects. I think that perhaps these two opposing forces can create some form of propulsion superior to the radio oscillating rockets our Scout Forces currently use."



Professor Inspiration and one of his Caucasian assistants are scorched to nothing by the explosion!

Professor Inspiration's daughter smiled. A cosmopen fell from the stack of books she was carrying. As she bent over to retrieve the cosmopen her backside stretched the jeweled fabric of her frock and nearly became entirely visible. At such a lustful sight Hepsabah could no longer control his animal urges and he leapt with a cry from behind the nearby table. In so doing he knocked a swivel-mounted radio cutter and caused it to activate. An invisible beam of sonic waves slashed through the air and struck the two slowly rotating like-aligned magnets.

There was a terrible boom as the powerful radio waves collided and interacted with the magneto-field. The magneto-field served as a prismatic lens for the radio beam, amplifying and scattering the wave shapes in every direction. The resulting blast destroyed the entire Science College, tearing it free from its dirigible mooring and sending it crashing to the streets below. Poor Hepsabah and Professor Inspiration were killed instantly, but Professor Inspiration's daughter miraculously survived.

Professor Inspiration's daughter struggled to keep her torn frock from falling and revealing her bosom. She realized that she had made the discovery of a powerful weapon of which her father had not even conceived. She had to notify the Strategy Council at once!

DouglasArrow awoke with a "blorp" and realized that he was surrounded by warm goop. There was a clank as a hatch opened over him and strong hands pulled him out of the sludge. He was naked but for a loincloth and his chiseled features glistened with some mysterious slime. His nipples were hard enough to cut Moon diamonds.

"W-where am I?" He asked.

"Sky Pilot Arrow," said a man with gray hair in a Sky Admiral's uniform. "We recovered a tiny sliver of your flesh from the inside of a silver ring and we were able to regenerate your body using the healing powers of radioactive Uranium liquid. Are you okay?"

"I feel alright," Sky Pilot Douglas Arrow said as he stood up. "Where is my ring?"

The Sky Admiral exchanged looks with a pair of men in Sky Medic uniforms.

"I'm sorry," the Sky Admiral said at last, "we had to destroy it to save you. And the womanoid that gave it to you...she could not deal with the loss and she flung herself from the Moon Tower."

"Noo!" Douglas Arrow shouted with great tumult.

"We have a very dangerous mission for you," the Sky Admiral explained. "You are our best pilot and the Asiatics are approaching. Their great war fleet has already crossed the borders into the last bastions of the United States and Moon. We have to stop them now or all is lost and the Caucasian race is doomed."

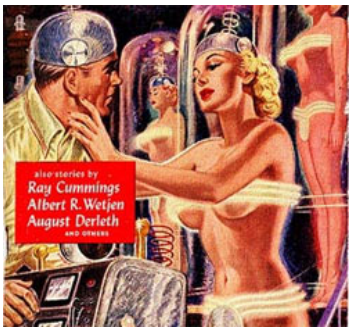
"What can I do?" Douglas Arrow asked.

"A womanoid, the daughter of Professor Inspiration, has discovered a powerful bomb using magnets and radio waves. We have only had enough time to construct one single bomb and we have not had time to test its power, but we believe it will be enough to destroy the entire Asiatic Sky Army."

"I'll do it," Douglas Arrow said resolutely. "My only request is that I first get to meet this womanoid that discovered the bomb."

"Of course," replied the Sky Admiral, "she is waiting in your quarters to pleasure you before you take off."

"Ihear you invented this magneto-bomb," Douglas Arrow said as his lips ravished Professor Inspiration's daughter.



Douglas Arrow and Professor Inspiration's daughter don the Eros Devices for their union.

"Yes," she replied breathlessly, her warm arms around him, "it is very unstable though. I do not know if you will be able to survive dropping the bomb."

Douglas Arrow smiled and put his hand on her bosom.

"If that is to be then give me one last good memory to remember before I go," he shoved his tongue into her womanoid mouth.

"Yesssss," she gasped and they ascended the glowing staircase of infinite pleasure.

Aheadin the upper cosmosphere Douglas Arrow could see the battle with the Asiatics raging. Flashes of light and thundering explosions signaled the fury of the furious battle and another crumpled wreck of a Sky Rocket plummeted past him. The Occidentals were almost beaten and the battle raged within sight of the cities of the United States and Moon.

Douglas Arrow's Sky Rocket reacted sluggishly with the immense weight of the spinning magnet beneath his craft. He twisted a dial and put full power to the rocket motor and was slammed back into his seat as he accelerated to nearly 100 miles an hour.

The numerous Nipponese zeppelins and Attack Ships swirled around the outnumbered Occidental Sky Army. A few United States and Moon zeppelins, battered and smoking from severe damage, represented the last line of defense. Douglas Arrow opened a channel to Sky Admiral Williams, the commander of the defense Army.

"Admiral, get your men out, I'm going to detonate a super weapon," the battle drew ever nearer as Douglas Arrow flew faster and nearer to the battle.

"We're surrounded," came the crackling reply, "go ahead with your mission Sky Pilot and good luck to you."

Good luck, Douglas Arrow thought to himself and looked down at the finger where he once wore his ring, *I'll have to look to a different womanoid for luck.*

He turned the gears for the communications radio to the frequency for the HQ Sky Base.

"This is Sky Pilot Arrow calling HQ Sky Base One," Douglas Arrow said to HQ Sky Base One, "I need to talk to Professor Inspiration's daughter."

"I'm here, Douglas," replied the comely womanoid over the radio.

"I need you to wish me luck like you've never wished anyone luck before," Douglas Arrow said as he began dodging radio beamers flying every which way and all around him.

"Douglas," said Professor Inspiration's daughter, "you don't need luck, you're the best pilot in the Sky Army! But...I love you Douglas."

"I thought as much," Douglas Arrow said as he blasted a Nipponese Attack Ship to pieces with his radio beamers. "I just hope this magneto-bomb of yours works."

"My calculations are very good," she replied, a bit defensively.

Douglas Arrow slices through the formations of Nipponese Attack Ships.

"Almost on the target zone," Douglas Arrow said as he flew straight through an exploding zeppelin and blasted a hole in another Asiatic rocket.

A buzzer sounded in the cockpit of his Sky Rocket and a light blinked red.

"I'm to the target zone," Douglas Arrow said as he began cranking the release arm.

With a loud clatter the bomb was released and the magnets began to spin freely in the air. He banked his Sky Rocket in a tight circle around the spinning magnets and took careful aim with his radio beamers.

"Preparing to fire," he waited until the orange dot was dead center on the grid. "Firing...now."

He turned the firing crank, but nothing happened. He looked down at his control desk and saw that a light was blinking red. He was out of power for his radio beamers!

"What's happening, Douglas?" Professor Inspiration's gorgeous daughter shouted over the radio.

"Minor problem," Douglas Arrow turned the crank again, "but I'll take care of it."

"Ching chong bing bong ting tong," a voice interrupted over the radio.

Douglas Arrow quickly swallowed a reason pill to understand the savage Nipponese words.

"Bing ting tong your doom," laughed the voice over the radio. "I kirred you once and I can kirr you again."

Douglas Arrow looked back to see the unmistakable red dragon symbols of Shiho, the Nipponese ace pilot, coming in close behind him. Suddenly, Douglas Arrow realized that Shiho might be able to help with his problem. He turned the dial all the way to the right and the Sky Rocket turned in a quick loop. The Nipponese pilot struggled to stay behind Douglas Arrow, continually firing his radio beamers. A piece of Douglas Arrow's Sky Rocket exploded from the wing as the radio beamer agitated its molecules. Invisible sound waves hissed all around him as he completed his turn and headed straight ahead for the spinning magnets of the magneto-bomb.

Shiho did a quick loop and then came in behind Douglas Arrow. His radio beamers flashed white and Douglas gritted his teeth as he tried to maneuver out of their path. Pieces exploded from his plane.

"A little closer," he said to himself, watching the orange dot on the grid get bigger.

"Plepale to die, Amelican!" Laughed Shiho as he lined up for the killing shot.

Shiho pulled down the lever that activated his radio beamers. At the last instant the Occidental Sky Rocket dove out of his target image screen's line of aiming and Shiho's radio beams fired straight towards some strange device hovering in the air.

"Sayonara, Shiho," Douglas Arrow laughed.

"What?!" Cried Shiho, but any answer was lost in the blinding white flash and the roar of detonation

as the radio waves collided with the magneto-field of the magneto-bomb's magnets.

The explosion blossomed in midair as Douglas Arrow raced away. The burst kept growing and growing, consuming both Sky Armies still fighting in upper cosmosphere. The towering cities of the United States and Moon sprawled ahead of him and, with horror, Douglas Arrow realized that the blast would reach them.

"Dammit, Professor Inspiration's daughter!" He cried as the blast caught up with his Sky Rocket. "Never trust a womanoid with science!"

The explosion desintigrated Douglas Arrow and continued to grow. It swallowed up houses and roads and ponies and buses and meadows and parks and children and dime store Indians. Its ravenous glowing mouth of fire consumed everything it touched with magneto fury. Womanoids scarcely had time to scream as they were burned into dust and then that dust was burned into a puddle of glass.

Professor Inspiration's daughter watched through the window of Sky Army Base HQ with abject terror.

"What have I done?" She had time to ask quietly as the explosion that her miscalculated science had wrought consumed the whole world.

She had one last vision as the fire burned away her clothing revealing her naked body and that was Hepsabah laughing and hooting with Negroid lust as her wanton breasts exploded. Then the whole world was burned to nothing.

THE END

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

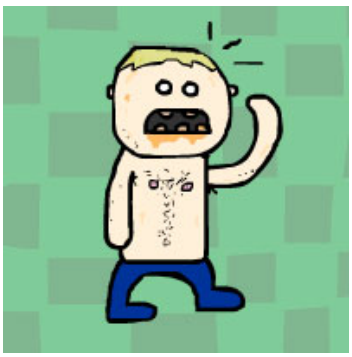
12.12 True Tales From Humboldt

Tuesday, Dec 12, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

A few years ago I took a job in a small town called Humboldt. The paper, called the Daily Register, was as horrible as the town. Looking back I would rank the idea somewhere between "kissing the girl with the unibrow in high school" and "choosing the SA nickname 'pantsfish'" on my bad decision scale.

That said, a lot of crazy stuff happened in my year there. So much that I sat down to write this article and came out with 15 pages when I was done. Since that's too long for the front page I split it into a two-parter. You, the lucky bastard that you are, get to read the first part right now! Aren't you excited? If not I really don't care. Why? Because I'm *an Internet celebrity.* Chew on that phrase while you read these stories.

Shirtless Tony



My first few months in Humboldt I lived in an apartment about eight miles out of town. The building was actually an old house but the ownership had split it into four apartments. I had half of the basement. All in all it was one of those "it would have been nice if" houses, except in retrospect I would "if" everything but the fact that it looked very flammable.

The day I moved in I met my upstairs neighbor, Shirtless Tony. For those of you lacking deductive powers, I call him this because his name was Tony and I never saw him wearing a shirt. Seriously. My biggest goal in this article is not to exaggerate anything, so I need to make it clear that in the six months I lived in that cancerous boil of a building I never once saw Tony wearing anything but a pair of jeans and a hat. He also had the worst body odor of any human being I've had the misfortune of smelling. His sides were stained yellow from nicotine and armpit sweat. Given his swollen, red face, tall frame, and gaunt figure, he strongly resembled a stop sign wearing a blond wig. His teeth were rounded down and incredibly dirty. They looked like rotten baby corn.

If Tony had any luck in his life it was that he managed to find a wife uglier than him. She was ghastly. She, too, was trailed by a certain odor, but this one seemed to originate further south than her armpits. It smelled like a combination of chalk and wet cat food. To top this off, she had frequent bouts of Bell's Palsy. I'm not one to make fun of a person's handicaps, but it must have been pretty terrible to have a face that resembled a pug's balloon tie and have half of it frozen in place besides. Because of this she constantly looked like half her face was smirking and winking at the same time. Her giant beak nose drooped so low it almost touched her lips, amplifying the effect. Finally, the whole palsy thing made her talk pretty much exactly how children talk when they make fun of retards. She was no prize, even if the contest was a date auction for blind and deaf men.

Being horrible mole-people aside aside Tony and his wife were pretty nice people. For instance, the second I'd moved the last heavy item down the 20-some stairs to my apartment, they emerged from theirs and told me, at great length, all the bad things going on in the neighborhood. A few I can remember off the top of my head are:

- The mysterious black mold growing in both the basement apartments. His wife (I think her name was Linda) told me she heard it was the kind of black mold that can kill people, and not to put my clothes in the closet because it would get on them and seep into my skin. This would explain why, in my two or three visits to their place, every article of clothing they owned seemed to be on the living room floor.
- The horrible smell, which they chalked up to at least two meth labs in the apartment houses beside ours. Please note that they did not say meth *itself* was terrible. This makes sense, since I often heard the sounds of vacuuming (then arguing, then screwing) coming from their apartment in the wee hours of the morning.
- The pedophile in the apartment house across the lot. Tony had a child from a previous marriage who visited once a month, so Linda hopped a bus to the Library to get on the Internet and check out the Indiana Sex Offender Registry. When they found out a bona fide child molester lived a stone's throw away, they took the little girl (who was around 3 at the time) to his doorstep, slapped her wrist, and said "no". Anyone who thinks you can't train children the same way you train dogs needs to talk to Tony, because, in his words, "she ain't been over there yet".

Needless to say my youthful enthusiasm for having my own place died that morning. I had never really been afraid for my personal belongings or my life, two things I started to hold very dear about the time Tony passed out drunk in the stairwell with his dick hanging out of his pants a few nights later. I ignored that small transgression, however. Then I ignored it again when he did the same thing in the parking lot about a month after that.

In the end, Tony ended up saving me from the one intruder my happy home ever saw. This leads me to my next story:

Shirtless Tony and the Gerbil

One night I was feeling particularly brave and decided to invite some friends over to my place. Precisely one of them accepted my invitation, and it was someone I didn't like very much anyway. Bored, lonely, and looking for human contact that didn't involve walking upstairs and chasing meth heads away from the quarters in my car's ashtray, I had him out anyway.

The thing about Humboldt was it only had two under-21 social hubs: McDonald's and Wal-Mart. They both closed around midnight. After that the town's youth (all of whom had a '96 Thunderbird with half-working ground effects and sound systems so loud they shook the paperclips holding their back bumpers up) reverted to "doing laps". Since I didn't feel like "doing laps" in my "exhaust-spewing Topaz that honked really loud when I turned right too hard", we had a bite to eat, rented a movie, and called it a night.

My apartment was terrifying in broad daylight. At night it turned into a place of stink and shadow, a horrible perversion of God's plan to have cockroaches evolve into humans. We walked down the pitch-dark stairwell and into my apartment. I heard a rustling in the back. My friend, who by his account had been in approximately 16,000 fistfights in his lifetime (I saw only one of those; he got beat up so bad we thought we might have to take him to the hospital) grabbed a knife off the kitchen counter. I grabbed a broom. We walked into my bedroom, flipped on the light. A gerbil was sitting

on my bed.

Most males would say they weren't scared to see such a thing. They'd talk about calmly snagging the critter and smashing its face in with their sheer manliness. Well, reader, let me get one thing clear with you right now: I was (and continue to be) a gigantic pussy when it comes to animals. I walked up to the gerbil with an empty office trash can. It ran out from under the lid before I could secure it and I squealed like a woman. My friend tried to grab it and uttered a similar squeal when it laid into his finger. He spiked it on the floor like a deflated volleyball. It sat there, stunned, for maybe three seconds. Then it ran into the kitchen and behind my refrigerator.

Back to Tony: Generations of selective inbreeding had granted him a number of advantages over the normal human body. One of these was his excellent sense of hearing. The second I so much as farted too loud in my apartment he would rush downstairs, but not to complain. He just always thought I was having a party and didn't invite him. In this instance, maybe three minutes after my squeal, he was downstairs banging on my door. I answered and, after I explained the situation, he was practically begging to help. Thinking he might put the thing to use by skinning it and putting the pelt over his wife's face, I thanked him and told him yes, we could use some assistance. He ran upstairs to his apartment to grab some things.

The problem with Tony, however, was that his brain didn't function like a normal human being's. A normal person would come back with some poison, or maybe some food to lure it out. Tony came back with two very different things: an empty pot and his dog. He was ready to kill.

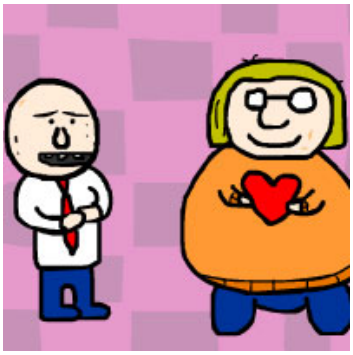
In his defense he put them to good use. After single-handedly moving my fridge out of the way (he told us he used to lift them over his head and put them on semi beds for a living), he found the critter cowering in the corner, nibbling on an old piece of cereal that was there far before I ever moved in. He looked at it. It looked at him. It was war.

The first attempt to kill the intruder failed miserably. Tony goaded his dog (I want to think its name was "Linda", too – maybe "Prettier Linda") into going in the corner and snapping at the gerbil. It promptly responded by latching onto his nose and biting down until it drew blood. After leaving a healthy puddle of urine in the kitchen floor the dog retreated to the living room, where it left a healthier puddle of urine on the carpet. Tony was outraged. He drew his trusty pot and slammed it down on the critter's head. It was dead. We had won.

Or maybe not. Even as Tony – again, no exaggeration – raised his weapon over his head and let loose a shrill battle cry, the gerbil stirred. He hit it again. It stirred again. We went through this about five times until the thing finally lay still. Finally, sure it was dead, Tony invited us up to his apartment to drink a beer. We politely declined and thanked him as he tracked his dog's urine through the house and up the stairwell. Not wanting to keep a dead animal in my house, I took the thing upstairs and dropped it in the dumpster by the parking lot.

To this day I have no idea where the gerbil came from. Tony was the only person in the complex with a kid or a pet, and he said it wasn't his. A few days later I walked up the steps to go to work and saw the same gerbil laying beside a rust-eaten hole in the corner of the dumpster. It may have been mean, and it may have been violent, but *man* did that little bastard want to stay alive. In that, I really think I respect it more than anyone else I met in Humboldt. Things were just that bad there.

Noah and Jan



Like I said above, I moved to Humboldt in the first place to take a job at the town newspaper. It was a small daily. The pay was decent enough and I had a good amount of responsibility. If it wasn't situated in Humboldt I'd likely still be there.

As with most papers there was a silent war between the editorial and circulation departments at the Humboldt Daily Register. As an editorial employee I answered to a guy named Charlie, who was easily the biggest idiot I ever met. More on that Sunday. On the other end of the spectrum was Noah. Noah looked like God decided to play a joke and proportion a guy like a midget, then make him 5'6. He was skinny but he still looked bloated, like he slept with a running garden hose shoved up his ass. His forehead bulged about two inches ahead of his smooshy little face, and his teeth just kind of stuck out at whatever angle they damn well pleased.

He was also gay. Like, really, really gay. The old cliché says "as gay as the day is long", but that didn't work for Noah. No span of mortal time could accurately convey how homosexual he was. The high point of his day involved busting in the office like Kramer and discussing celebrity gossip with the intern. The one Christmas I was there he forced everyone to come by one night to see the gigantic inflatable Santa he purchased for his front yard. By all accounts he did this every year. He made constant passes at every male who didn't threaten to aerate his jugular with an ink pen, and the prominent decoration in his office was a Laserjet printout of a "sexy firefighter" with "never forget our heroes" emblazoned on the bottom in Comic Sans.

Everyone in editorial hated Noah because he thought he knew what would sell papers. Any time a subscriber called in saying they had a picture of their dog wearing a hat or a watermelon they grew that looked like Jesus, he'd promise them we'd put it on the front page. Then we wouldn't, and he'd cry. Like, seriously cry. Close-his-office-door-and-wail-until-someone-came-in-and-comforted-him cry. His major comforter was a morbidly obese secretary named Jan. I chalked it up to her wanting to live a real-life "Will and Grace" except all the characters were Humboldt mutants instead of attractive twentysomethings so I wrote her affection off. Little did I know the horror I would find.

One morning after a particularly bad crying session, I came into the office to see a newspaper on my desk. It was marked with red ink. Most of the "suggestions" were telling me I misspelled words that were spelled right. The other one said something like "Murf Gloo Fwah Gwaum". At least I think that's what it said. It was smudged by a large, chocolatey fingerprint.

Of course, I knew who the culprit was. I walked up to the circulation desk and asked Jan why she did it. She told me she just decided to fix some problems, which struck me as odd since she openly admitted that she never read the newspaper. You know, the one she worked for. As I started to walk off, Jan said "maybe we should let Noah have a little more say in what goes on" so "things might improve".

This, of course, enraged me to the point I almost cared, and I responded by going to my desk and pointedly taking a nap. Four p.m. rolled around shortly after that. I grabbed my stuff and headed home. As some of you may have gathered, Humboldt was a one-horse town. The problem was the horse died in the 1800s and they used its veins to wire the city stoplights. After an eight-mile trip that took me about 45 minutes, I was home. I unlocked the door, got settled in, took another nap. Then, hours later, I realized I left my cell phone at the office.

The rush back to work is a beautiful, hectic thing. Every minute – every *second* – spent returning

to a work setting without pay is hell on the employee. I dodged through traffic. I ran lights. I taligated an old man so hard I nearly rear ended him (I remember this because he *shook his fist out the window at me*). Finally, I pulled an Ace Ventura sliding double park in the parking lot and ran to the door, watching my precious free time melt like chocolate in the canyonlike grooves of Jan's fingerprints.

Along with being a sissy when it comes to animals I have a bladder the size of a shelled BB. I grabbed my phone of the desk and the urge hit me. Fearing I'd have to return home with a jacket tied 'round mah waist, I hit the bathroom before leaving. That's when I heard the squeaking.

I don't know what possessed me to check out the press room when I got done peeing. Maybe it was curiosity. Maybe it was loyalty to my employer. Whatever the case, if I had a time machine, I'd go back and cut my own brakes so I would have rear-ended that old man. Paying for a new car or two is a *vacation* compared to what I saw.

Let me explain: Jan and Noah were in the press room together. And they were fucking. Not "making love" or "having sex" – I caught them in the middle of a snorting, grunting, squealing round of genital-mashing so fierce most BBW lovers could only dream of emptying their sock drawers to it. *And they were doing it on the wall.* Jan was "on the bottom", so to speak, using the massive rolls of flesh on her back as a lint-covered, stretchmarked mattress. Noah was up front, his sharp little goblin teeth glinting in the harsh glare of the fluorescent lighting. He used one arm to squeeze her hamhock of a leg up against his waist. He propped the other one against the wall, right near her head. He thrust his waist in short, manic little spurts. His tiny little pants were balled up around his ankles.

Only then, in this traumatic moment, did an epiphany strike: *He was so gay and so in-tune to her female emotions he didn't mind railing her to make her feel better about herself.* I couldn't imagine getting an erection within 50 yards of her, personally, so I had to commend him there.

If there was a fortunate moment to this whole event it was that neither Noah nor Jan saw me. I got out of the office, shut the door as quiet as I could, and got the hell on out of there. A few days later rumors started floating around that the manager found a condom wrapper in the press room, and a few days after that someone filled me in that everyone thought it was me and the intern. She was pretty hot so I didn't mind. We had a laugh about it, but I never told her my secret. That was between me and God. That was the way it had to be.

Me vs. Marty

My last few months at Humboldt I started getting these weird "critique" emails from someone named "Sandy". Sometimes they'd critique two or three local stories. Usually it was every in-house produced piece that ran. These weren't two-line reviews, either; the full-paper ones had to take hours to write up. They were incredibly condescending and ended in letter grades. Later ones even gave "GPA" stats. Some of the girls in the office had mentions of where they went to high school or how "Sandy" had seen them in town somewhere. Humboldt was a really small town so this wasn't as disconcerting as it should have been.

Being the mature person I am, I took the high road when my frustration got the best of me. I linked "Sandy" to "my site" for further criticism after a particularly harsh email. This leads me to maybe

the most important advice I can ever offer aspiring young journalists:

EVAN WADE'S JOURNALISM HINTS AND TIPS:

- Don't link crazy people to Goatse.

After the incident "Sandy" made me her top target. Every day I'd get a 2000-or-more word email outlining what was wrong with me. And it wasn't all writing-related: She'd say stuff like "I stopped by to pick up a paper Wednesday and you weren't dressed very professionally" or "You need to wash your car". Obviously I was pretty spazzed out over the whole ordeal. We called the cops, who basically told us to block the email address. We did and the harassment stopped for a while.

Things slowed down until my 21st birthday. As an aspiring young professional I did was right and burned all of my banked vacation in order to spend a week binging on gambling and alcohol at a riverboat across the state. This leads me to two separate points: The first is that I'm an incredibly classy person. The second is that I forgot to forward my voicemail, which left me quite a surprise when I returned to work.

After a solid week of tequila and video poker (I won a week's worth of pay but spent double that on alcohol) I'd forgotten all about "Sandy" and her repeated, abrasive emails. Besides a few letters sent to our editor from a similar-sounding account name using a similar-sounding tone, we didn't hear much from her. She hadn't forgotten about me. I walked in the office at 4 a.m. to design pages and sat down at my desk. My voice mail light was blinking. I picked it up, expecting a few messages from county officials or whatever. Instead, the computerized voice on the other end told me my mailbox was full. I had reached my 50-message cap.

I checked the first message. Silence. The second. Silence again. The third. Some muttering in the background, but nothing I could really make out. Then I checked the fourth. Silence, some muttering, then...

"*happy birthday evan wade* **I'M GONNA KILL YOU**"

Obviously, this wasn't the best way to herald my hung-over return to the office. I checked through the voice mails. More of the same. By the twentieth or so I realized most of it was a guy muttering into the phone and playing a recording of the drill instruction from "Full Metal Jacket". This isn't to say they were all uninspired threats. Among others I had a message that said "better get home and check on your dog" (thankfully I had left it with family), "I hope you enjoy your 21st year like it's your last", and "I'd say that girl that comes by your house would look better after I put a few of those awful newspapers inside her".

I had to get the paper done but I was scared. Justifiably so, I think: If this person knew so much about my house he probably knew I was in the office by myself from 4 until about 7 a.m. I grabbed the one knife I could find in the employee kitchen and started putting pictures of dogs wearing hats and Jesus watermelons on the front page. It was going to be a long morning.

People started rolling in around 7 a.m. just like usual. They asked how the birthday was, how much money I spent, how I felt, and so on. I obviously wasn't in much of a talking mood. As soon as the publisher came in I made a beeline to his office and shut the door behind me. He listened to the first few messages and called the police. I will never forget what the publisher, a sixty-some year old man who couldn't look more like a grandfather if he tried, told me after he hung up: "We're going to nail this motherfucker to a wall." It was like seeing Santa Claus bending Mrs. Claus over a stack of cardboard boxes, only maybe a little more satisfying. Maybe.

While the police investigated the emails started back up again. This time they went to everyone in editorial, but they were far less personal. Digging on our writing, our looks, the cars we drove – in

short, nothing he didn't know before the voice mails started. A few weeks passed (in which I slept in my living room with a large kitchen knife under the couch) before the police came back to us. It turns out the calls came from an apartment near mine, rented by a guy named Marty. He was 30-some years old and worked at the local hardware store.

One of our editorial workers, Beth, had lived in Humboldt her whole life, and by coincidence one of her kids graduated with this Marty character. She remembered he got suspended from high school on graduation day when he cracked a joke about a kid who came to school with a gun "going to the wrong classrooms" during his exit speech. After that (according to local gossip) he flunked out of college and returned to Humboldt. According to Beth he'd been intermittently emailing the paper similar, if less snarky, letters for years. To her knowledge he'd never called an aspiring young genius and threatened to stuff newspapers up his girlfriend's vagina, so I guess I held the record there.

The police tracked the guy down and he confessed to doing everything. In a normal town this would be the end of the story. This was not a normal town. This was Humboldt. To the police "procedure" was something their daughters did with a hot coat hanger after blacking out during a date. For some reason, maybe to get us to drop charges, Marty wanted to come to the office and apologize. After the publisher agreed to meet with him, *the police allowed him to do this.* Granted, it was with an escort, but given that it took the police in the town three weeks to shut down a meth lab in the woods behind their station, it was a "screen door in a submarine" situation. Or maybe a "less effective Barney Fife guarding a man who threatened my life, my dog, and my girlfriend no less than 50 times in a three hour situation" one. Whatever. I'm not one to split hairs.

When the police brought Marty in I refused to speak to him. It was mostly because I'd likely end up in jail on obscenity charges if I got the chance to speak my mind, but I was also a little scared. Thankfully, a certain foul-mouthed, grandfatherly person was more than willing to do the screaming for me.

In general the Daily Register's office was a bland place, but the meeting room was actually really pretty. It was essentially a large glass box in the middle of the building, with retractable blinds circling it. On more than one occasion I walked directly into the box when the blinds were up. It was far from ergonomic. When Barney Fife brought Marty in, the publisher walked up and shook the cop's hand. Marty extended his. The publisher shot him the meanest look I think I've ever seen. For those few seconds Marty's arm was essentially a level controlling the tightness in his scrotum. By the time it went back to his waist I'm sure it was on "wet fingertip".

In an all-new level of ineptitude the cop granted the publisher's request to "have a few minutes alone" with Marty. Then, figuring his eyesight wasn't good enough to see through a glass pane two inches away from his face, the cop went out to, and I quote, "have a smoke" while "those boys settled their problems". I never got the cop's name to file any kind of report, but I'm assuming it was something like "Corporal Potential Lawsuit". I didn't want to ruffle any feathers anyway, since Chief Lets His Children Play With His Gun was being so accommodating.

I was not privy to what was said in the meeting room. I can only assume it was pretty bad, since the publisher looked furious and Marty was staring at the table so hard I expected him to email it about how it wasn't properly sanded in its upper left corner. What I do know is all the blinds were up. This is where I got to show my real maturity, namely by pulling my pants down and pressing my bare ass against the glass wall Marty was facing.

In Marty's defense he never narced me out, at least to my knowledge. He had to have seen it. That glass was *cold*, and it was up there for at least ten seconds. Finally responsibility got the better of me so I pulled my pants up and turned around. The two or three people in the office who saw me were laughing hysterically. I was on a roll. I stared through the glass until Marty looked up, then extended my middle fingers and pressed them against the glass as well. I know he saw those, because

as soon as we made eye contact I followed up with a couple of “suck it” gestures and wrapped things up by mouthing “you’re screwed" at him. The whole scene became something of a legend around the office, and I know it got back around to the publisher. I’m equally as sure he didn’t care. Something tells me he would have done it himself if he hadn’t have been so old and grandfatherly.

In the end, however, Marty didn’t get screwed near as hard as I would have liked. We ended up getting a restraining order against him, but the case didn’t go through until far after I moved. I told the paper and their lawyer that I’d gladly come back to testify, but somehow a case that involved me getting death threats didn’t need any personal testimony. Maybe the police station ran the courthouse. Who knows. I guess he ended up getting six month’s probation and some community service out of the ordeal, which wasn’t enough for all the stress he put me through, but I’m a long way away from there now. I was thinking about linking goatse here just in case he happened to be reading this, but I’ll be the more mature person for once.

Actually, maturity has played a lot in my life since the ordeal. The Humboldt Daily Register taught me how to work and how to get things done on deadline. I’m happier now knowing I’ve done actual work and not just mooched college money off the government. That said, looking back at that glass wall, with the impressions of my ass cheeks and middle fingers there on the glass, it’s hard not to laugh. It looked like a reindeer. A morbidly obese reindeer with two pipe cleaners for antlers. Hey, if Jan ended up having a kid with Noah it’d be like her child already had a portrait in the office. Talk about efficiency.

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

12.13 Help Me I Am In Collectibles Hell

Wednesday, Dec 13, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

The biggest danger associated with living in a free society is not taking that freedom for granted, but dressing it up and treating it like a circus clown. There are some who consider the mere notion of freedom to be something that should be celebrated every day. If patriotism is a body, then freedom is the hand that you continually high five every chance you get. I'm all for freedom and it's great that we have it, but, like oxygen, I consider it something I am entitled to as a human being. Perhaps that's naïve, and I'm sure one day it will be taken away by Ivy League Liberal Vampires, but for now I will just pretend like it's in invisible free commodity.

Dressing freedom up like a circus clown is a popular industry these days. People have come to associate all sorts of things with freedom, like eagles and Harley-Davidsons and wolves. They combine these symbols with other things, to create staggering abominations of art. CollectiblesToday.com, my favorite company in the world, specializes in scraping the bowels of patriotic Americana with a spoon, then compositing the spoils together to create Voltrons of artistic despair.

What a job it must be to work there. To come up with the most bewildering of ideas, and then have those ideas brought to life. Today we'll make some angel figurines, and tomorrow we'll make a sword emblazoned with images of General Lee and the Confederacy. Navigating their site is a strange process when you consider the flow of ideas and subject matter represented. One second you are looking at a statue commemorating the battle of Iwo Jimo, the next you are looking at a collectible plate of Pope John Paul II. Right below John Paul II is a dragon statue. Next to the dragon is an Elvis Presley wall hanging. What strange cosmic force brought these four icons together? A higher power perhaps? Nay, merely a desire to make money off of stupid people.

My dream job in life is to be hired on as a 3d animator making animations for bowling alleys. I'm pretty lousy when it comes to 3d modeling and even more so when it comes to animations, but the idea of spending my days creating little cartoons of anthropomorphic bowling pins locked in a constant struggle with bowling balls is something magnificent and beautiful. Every time you got a split or a strike, a nearby monitor would show my work, my Sistine Chapel. My second dream job would be to design terrible collectibles. I have no doubt that I would get fired from this job within 2-3 hours, depending on how long orientation takes, if I took it remotely seriously. However, if I wanted to keep the job, I am pretty sure my craziest ideas, my most out there "I'm not even remotely serious about this" suggestions would be the ones that get used.

"How about a collectible plate of the Hindenburg, but with pictures of Johnny Cash painted on the side?"

"What about a NY fire engine being driven by Jesus Christ? Did I mention there are wolves painted on the fire engine? Well, there are, okay?"

I could postulate terrible collectible ideas all night, but they would not be as sad as the real ones. So, without further delay, let's take a look at a handful of items from the CollectiblesToday.com catalog and weep.

John Wayne's Stabbin' Knife
Film legend John Wayne, famous for stabbing people all the time, is immortalized here in this lovely knife. What drove John Wayne to stab so many? Perhaps you will know his dark secret when you hold his weapon of choice in hand. As this is clearly labeled a "replica," we can ascertain it is identical in nature to the one carried by John Wayne.

We can therefore conclude that John Wayne was a deranged egomaniac for having his image painted on the blade and his likeness carved into the handle. All and all this is like the equivalent of Spider-Man pajamas for grown-ups: A pointless exercise in soulless marketing tie-ins.

United We Stand Figurine
I have a hard time imagining that anybody could look at this and not laugh, or feel some form of shame. The website describes an "Awe-inspiring crystalline canvas backdrop of the New York skyline." Could you imagine anyone looking at that particular rendition of the New York skyline and being awestruck? The shiny disco eagle flying over the flaccid flag don't help matters either. This seems like the lazy man's tribute to America. It's like they used mad libs or magnetic poetry to generate the premise for this. This is the collectible equivalent of some 8-year-old's rush job done five minutes before class after spending the weekend with Super Mario. *United We Stand?* Last time I checked those towers weren't standing. Thanks for rubbing it in, Bradford Exchange.

New York Yankees Super Semi Diecast Truck
On the surface this might not look like anything out of the ordinary, but take a deeper look. What does an old fashioned truck have to do with the modern New York Yankees?

Do the Yankees travel from game to game in the back of this truck? No, they do not. They each own private planes and they fly to and from their own private airports, because they are rich athletes. An old fashioned truck such as this is of no interest to them unless it is full of naked women and/or steroids. At best it is a harrowing anachronism destabilizing our timeline, at worst it is the biggest waste of $139 in the free world. Now if this son of a bitch transformed into a giant robotic New York Yankee, then we'd be talking.

Thomas Kinkade All-Consuming Wreath
If you ever wondered what would happen if a katamari wreath rolled through Thomas Kinkade's world, I suppose this would be it. His entire hellish dimension, sans lighthouses, is summed up in this strange halo of death. It almost looks as though somebody ejaculated a Thomas Kinkade village on an unsuspecting wreath, creating the most ghastly money shot in human history. All I can say is that there may now be a new genre of porn to delight and terrify.

Remember, it is not too late to stuff some stockings with sharp, jagged eagle figurines and light-up paintings of Evel Knievel. Make Christmas special by giving your loved ones something truly special!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.14 How to Cheat On Your Girlfriend and Get Away With It

Thursday, Dec 14, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Now even this book can defeat my patented cheating technique!

You may think of me as a man of principle, one who always does the right thing and doesn't fall prey to temptation. But like you, yes, I am fallible. I too have felt the temptation of another woman. On one autumn day I was walking through a hallway at my school. A woman approached me and asked, "Do you have the time?" I gave her a good look over and imagined what our passionate night of love making would be like. But I resisted her seductive lure and said, "Sorry, Miss, but I'm spoken for." and proceeded to lecture her on what a harlot she is for trying to break up my happy relationship.

After being suspended by the dean for harassment I thought about the encounter once again. There she was, offering herself to me in a plain white t-shirt and grey sweatpants that few men could resist. She was mine for the taking and mine alone. Had I chosen to lie with the whore would I have been able to get away with it? I mulled over the situation in my head over and over again.

All men are cheaters and liars. If you want proof I suggest you take a look at this hilarious hoodie. As the hoodie suggests, men are not to be trusted. All guys would cheat if not for the fear of getting caught. To help out my fellow men I have written a fool-proof guide to cheating. But before we begin, we need to understand why men feel the urge to have affairs.

The Vagina's Always Pinker on the Other Lip

The first day of a relationship is the most exciting. Everything is new and the sex is at its most intense. By the second day, however, you may be feeling stifled by the constraints of a relationship and you'll realize that you aren't having as much sex as you once had. You'll also find out that your girlfriend may not be worthy of the pedestal you put her on and little things will start to annoy you a lot. You'll start thinking things like, "Wow, this girl has some really negative attributes. She doesn't even like The Muppet Show! I need to get out of this relationship."

The conclusion that they came to was, yes, yes they do.

This is where the most important principle of cheating comes into play. A woman is most attractive when you don't know a thing about her. You don't know that she has tons of acne under all that makeup or that she tried to kill herself last year. You just

know that from a distance of 10 feet she is an angel and the one you were destined to truly be with for about 5 minutes in the back of your Kia Spectra. No girlfriend can compete against a woman you know nothing about. It's just not possible. She may or may not have nicer tits than your current girlfriend, but you aren't going to find out by just standing there!

Everybody else has it better than you. It's just your luck. You're in a relationship with the one girl who leaves the cap off the toothpaste tube or always leaves the toilet seat up. The chick who works in accounting on the third floor doesn't do those things and she poops cookie dough. Think about it. What does your girlfriend do that annoys you? Dwell on all those things and realize that strangers are better than she is and you're ready to go.

Cheating Your Ass Off

Once you've got the urge it's time to cheat your ass off. The first step is finding a non-anime character to have sex with. Unfortunately cartoon girls don't have emotions. For example, if you try to cheat on Sailor Moon with Sailor Mercury, it won't have an affect because they are not real. I'm not saying don't do it, it's just not real cheating. You can always do it later.

While you're having your affair you need to make up an alternate persona for yourself. You can't give your mistress any personal information that may identify who you are and where you live which she might use to mess up the great situation you have going at home with the woman you are about to betray. Luckily, women are easily manipulated by simple lies.

For example, if you are really a network administrator tell her you are actually a professional hockey player. How is she going to know? By the time she finds out you'll have already cheated with her ass and kicked her out of your van after you and friends filmed yourselves having sex with her, stole her purse and watched her pee on the side of the road before speeding off.

You might have to maintain the lie a little bit. Make it plausible. Carry around a hockey stick when you go out. Remember to write "For use only in the NHL" on it. If she gets suspicious rub ice on your body and don't appear cold. If I recall correctly professional hockey is played on ice so the players must be used to the cold temperatures that ice may bring. If she isn't buying your story you might have to learn how to play hockey and make it into the NHL. It's easy though.

By far the most important decision you'll make is when to cheat. This takes a careful bit of planning. In order to get the greatest excitement out of your infidelity you have to plan your liaison when your current girlfriend is doing nice things for you. If you found out that your girlfriend is going to give you a surprise birthday present when you get home from work, that is the perfect time to bang around with another woman.

That may sound cold-hearted, but you won't be thinking about it when you are plugging some chick that let you stick it in her ass on the first try. Your girlfriend never let you do *that* and wanting to put your penis in a butt is a completely heterosexual thing to do!

You'll undoubtedly get home late and have to explain why. Just make something up. Don't tell her you are a professional hockey player and had a late game though. She might know you're not! In fact you'll be telling so many lies that you'll need a way to organize them all.

Go ahead and register a MySpace account and make a private profile to chronicle your various encounters and start new ones. MySpace is the safest place to keep all of your secrets that you don't want anyone knowing. MySpace uses only the strongest security solutions in the world maintained by the best and the brightest in their field. By using MySpace you'll ensure that your dumb girlfriend will never find out what you're up to!

Covering It Up

Detective Crocodile guarantees he'll catch that cheating bitch or your money back.

If your girlfriend is getting suspicious of you the best course of action is to get even more suspicious of her. If she questions your whereabouts, question hers. Monitor her phone calls. Hire a gumshoe to track her every move. Install a key logger on her computer. Implant a GPS chip into her skin while she sleeps. Get a stool sample tested. Forbid her to see friends, loved ones and retail employees. By becoming wildly suspicious of her, you're showing her that you are committed to fidelity and could never cheat.

For example, my girlfriend told me that if she ever misses her ride home from school, a guy named Jim offered to give her a lift. Heh, oldest trick in the book. Men don't help women for no reason. Oh there's a reason alright. When she told me that he is 34 and happily married with two kids, I knew something was up. Those guys are the ones most likely to cheat! In fact, I accused her of lying to me and living a double life all along, that she is really married to him and those are her two kids. Whore! Get out of my studio apartment! Don't slam the door, bitch! You'll knock down my rare Star Wars collectibles!

Once a woman has been driven home by a man, she is more than obliged to open her legs up for him. Gas is still pretty expensive. It's probably happened already. It plays out the same all the time. "Would you like to come up for some coffee?" I bought that damn coffee. They probably screwed already. They fucked right in my bed, didn't you?! Probably while I was in it playing Viva Piñata. DIDN'T YOU?!?! THAT WAS MY COFFEE.

Hopefully you lucked out and she was cheating on you all along. Now you have a get out of jail free card and can cheat on her anytime you wish with no repercussions. Don't worry that you already used up your cheating opportunity. You only used up the one free affair that every man receives at birth. It's our God-given right and placed in the Constitution of the United States by our founding fathers who cheated on all their wives with enslaved black tail. Hooray for democracy!

There's one question people always ask me. Why not just break up with your girlfriend if you don't like her all that much? Well, you probably just signed a lease with her, and

that's a bond that can truly never be broken.

Getting Caught

At some point you will be caught. I never made any guarantees to the contrary. Maybe she found a long blonde hair on your jacket. Perhaps she noticed missing condoms. Maybe she found your hockey stick, a sure sign a man is cheating.

If you keep your cool things will hopefully blow over and your girlfriend will feel so worthless that she'll realize she doesn't deserve any better than you and stays. Congratulations, you've got yourself a doormat who will iron your socks and look the other way when you stray! Of course, she will eventually kill you and then herself, but for the last few months of your life you'll have the keys to the pussy warehouse. Watch out! If you end up getting found in bed by *her* boyfriend, it usually goes down like this.

In this increasingly P.C. society men are becoming wusses, unable to fulfill their most basic need, to do whatever the hell they want with no repercussions at all. Men, assert your rights, or one day you may be staring down at the barrel of a gun regretting your life of loyalty to women. Don't say I never warned you.

Seriously though girls are soft and pretty and you shouldn't play games with their hearts

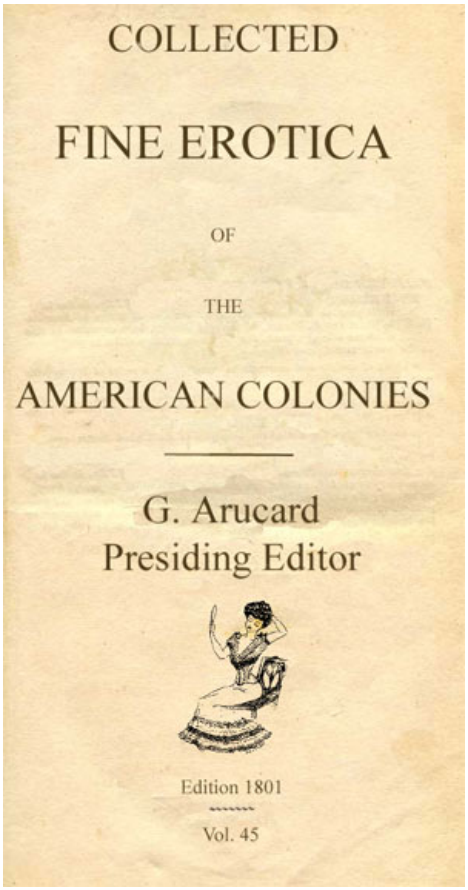
-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

12.15 Collected Fine Erotica (1801)

Friday, Dec 15, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Many of you might know that I am a collector of rare and antique books, mostly from the 18th and 19th centuries. I have written of this passion at great length in previous articles. What you may not know is that my favorite area of collecting is the realm of antique erotica. Nothing quite takes my breath away like a rambling French poem about eating custard from between a woman's toes or a Japanese watercolor illuminating the way breasts might fall from a torso if chopped off with the sword of a samurai.

Contrary to popular belief, the erotica of our past is often every bit as lively and graphic as the erotica you might find on the Internet today. I would challenge any of you to use the Internet to find a match for my Belgian Zoetrope that depicts a mustachioed strongman inserting a bee into his anus. Yet, my one and true treasure of my collection, my well-thumbed and heavily-stained pièce de résistance, is a seemingly modest digest from 1801 entitled "Collected Fine Erotica of the American Colonies". The digest was released quarterly from 1795 to 1804 in England and her colonies and contains condensed versions of the most ribald erotic fiction of the day.



I would like to share this with you in some small way. I cannot reproduce the entire book, out of respect for its majesty, and even the individual tales are too involved to include. I have decided to include excerpts of three of the most elegant and timeless tales of erotica from the book. You may experience difficulty understanding the characters of these stories and their motivations because of

the cruel gulf of time separating our reality from theirs. Remember that despite the ornate language and style of prose these men and women had desires and needs just as we.

From Chapter 2 - The Arrival

The smiling Captain shrugged the scarlet sash from his broad shoulders and, his passion inflamed, he took her hands in his and brought them to his face. With a roguish sparkle in his eyes he kissed her hands and then let them fall back to her sides.

"Mister Adama," Madam President Roslin cooled her humours with a posied parlor fan, "you forget yourself."

"Madam," Captain Lee Adama stepped closer, "I forget nothing but the unspeakable need I feel."

"Oh my," Madam President Roslin was suddenly overtaken with the most powerful emotion and nearly lost her footing.

She reached out with her hands as her senses abandoned her and Captain Lee Adama seized this opportunity to grip her by her dress cape and bodice. He pulled her towards him, pressing against her crinoline and inhaling the intoxicating scent of her feminine vapors.

"Though most inappropriate," Madam President Roslin blinked coquettishly, "I find your advances irresistible."

Needing no further invitation to action, Captain Lee Adama tore her dress cape from her shoulders and roughly pushed aside her over-bonnet to reveal her rose-colored demure cap. He brushed the cap from her head and the pair moaned in unison.

He tore her shawl from her grasp, flinging it over a nearby chair, and with a bestial grunt he cleared her desk with one arm. He lifted her onto the desk and knelt betwixt her legs. Slowly and teasingly he began to unlace her boots, first one eyelet, then another, and another. She placed her hands on his shoulders and moaned with ecstasy.

Her boots thus removed, Captain Lee Adama stood again and began unfastening the bodice of her dress. His fingers trembled slightly with anticipation. After some minutes of frenzied passion the bodice of the dress fell away and he was able, with great dexterity, to unfasten the locks that held her outer-hoop in place. Madam President Roslin cooed with pleasure as his hot fingers found her decorative petticoat. Unable to stand it any longer, she tore at her outer-corset worn over her under-petticoat.

"Milady," Captain Adama said his breath coming in ragged gusts, "I fear that I cannot restrain myself much longer."

"You can do it," Madam President Roslin breathed, "you are almost there."

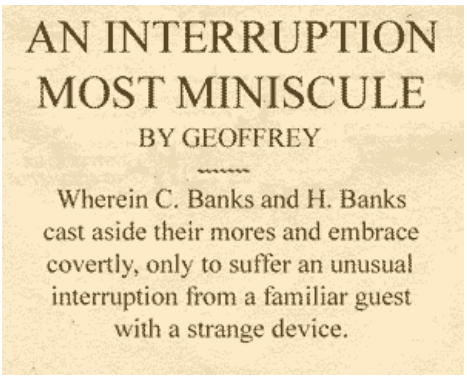
Captain Adama nodded and at last removed her decorative petticoat, setting at once upon the laces of her corset cover. These he disarmed quickly, gaining him access to her under-petticoat and its small brass clasps. With a groan of pleasure he snapped the last of these open and, with her help, was able to find his way to her under-corset.

"Oh," Captain Lee Adama bit at his lip savagely, "I find myself unable to hold back."

With one last great tug he pulled away her under-corset and her silken chemise slid against his hands. Madam President Roslin concealed her disappointment with a stifled cry of pleasure as Captain Lee Adama spent his holy seed into his pantaloons as his hands snatched at her billowing drawers.

"I do not know if we will ever reach earth, milday," Captain Lee Adama panted, "but I know that I have on this day probed the very fabric of the Empyrean."

Madam President Roslin nodded primly and straightened her spectacles.


AN INTERRUPTION MOST MINISCULE

BY GEOFFREY

Wherein C. Banks and H. Banks cast aside their mores and embrace covertly, only to suffer an unusual interruption from a familiar guest with a strange device.

From Chapter 4 - William's Interruption

Carlton Banks and Hilary Banks were locked in an immodest embrace. Vulgar sweat dotted young master Carlton's face as he pushed himself within the halls of his lady sister, now lady no longer. Their forbidden passions for one another had boiled to the surface and emerged as steam.

Their judgment thusly clouded, they had indulged first in the unholy act of intimate touching to which William Smith, their guest, had been witness by way of the keyhole in the parlor door.

His eyes wide with disbelief, William Smith had fled to seek out the sibling's mutual sire and bring their indiscretion to his attention.

It was there, in the study of Philip Banks, that William Smith had located a device of unusual construction. Made from brass armatures and various lenses of magnification, one need only light a candle in the device's innards to produce a scintillating green beam as though from the ether. It was not long afore William Smith learned the purpose of this device, having shrunk first the armoire and then a bust of King Edward to a fraction of their original size.

His previous task forgotten, William Smith crept back to the door with the device in hand, intent on punishing the two incestuous lovers. He was dismayed and yet not startled to find that their

indulgences had moved from those administered by way of hand to those involving the full and blessed act of copulation, therein cursed by the proximity of lineage which its participants enjoyed.

"Your loins are like the quench," Carlton Banks panted, "my iron hisses and spits."

"Not yet, brother," Hilary Banks cried, "stay your venom of ecstacy, for your blade must be pounded white hot afore it is sheathed!"

Unable to restrain his rage any longer, William Smith burst down the door, Master Philip's shrinking device clutched in his hand. William Smith was born of good stock gone to seed in the barrows of West Philadelphia, where good sorts mingled with Irish and German to produce a sort of half-man called an American.

There was no concealing his nature, for William Smith wore his clothing at odd and rakish angles with no consideration given to proper buttoning or festoonery. He was, indeed, a rogue in the truest sense and with his landed uncle's strange contraption he sought to avenge his unfortunate childhood on his betters.

Hilary and Carlton scarcely had time to scream. The green ether wafted over them even as they were still locked in the grasp of coitus and they begin to shrink. Finer and finer they grew until they were little larger than a prize agate.

William Smith scooped them up and pried them apart with his fingers. They were the size of the coccoroaches that inhabited the home of his youth, but William Smith resisted the urge to trod upon them.

"Hil, I shall place you upon my member," he explained as he began to undress, "and you will agitate it to riotous pleasure."

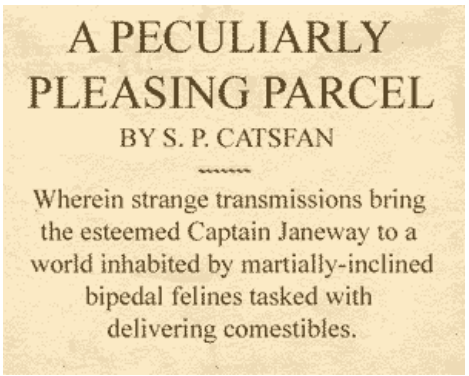
He did as he described despite Hilary's shrill protestations.

"Carlton," he lifted his tiny cousin to eye-level, "the sacked mills of my seed will be your new home. Scurry about and gnaw at them until your sister produces a result. Should you wish, descend further still. You may stamp your mite's feet and hands upon the aperture of my unclean waste, beating as if it were a great drum, but do not enter for it is a sin greater than any what has transpired to date."

"Will," Carlton protested, "I will do no such thing. This is an outrage!"

"Perhaps you would prefer to explore the trousers of our manservant, Geoffrey?" William Smith laughed cruelly.

Carlton swallowed his pride and nodded his ascent. Though both Hilary and Carlton felt lower than fowl, they would soon learn that the indignities of the evening had only just commenced.



From Chapter 9 - A Debt Repaid

Madam Captain Janeway was scantily-frocked in chemise and sleeping gown. Tears welled in her eyes and scarlet fire burned across her cheeks. It was a great humiliation to stand so exposed before the ravenous eyes of Senor Cerviche. She ached to return to her crew aboard the great sky ship Voyager.

Alas, Senor Cerviche was leader of these strange clockwork feline creatures he had saved her negro, Tuvok, from a fate worse than death at the hands of the villainous Seymour Cheese. Unable to repay the anthropomorphic monster in the bullion he desired, Captain Janeway had little recourse but to offer her feminine companionship. Little had she suspected that Senor Cerviche would indulge himself so greedily.

"Come here, madam," he waved her over with a claw and she was unsurprised to find him naked as always, his engorged mid-arm waving in the breeze.

"Do you wish to make me heavy with child today?" She asked.

One of Senor Cerviche's alien physiological quirks was that his embraces with Madam Captain Janeway would often lead to pregnancy and egg-laying within the span of a few minutes. She never saw the result of the eggs hatching, perhaps they did not, but each pregnancy made her progressively larger and fatter. It was such that she could scarcely walk the distance to Senor Cerviche's throne. She was like unto a cow or sow, with swollen teets leaking unpleasantly down her filthy sleeping gown.

"Not today," Senor Cerviche replied at last, "for I have another plan for you today."

Senor Cerviche snapped his fingers and a curtain parted. To Madam Captain Janeway's surprise a human male entered. He was a short and pale-skinned man with spectacles, not a specimen to inflame the lust of many women, yet Captain Janeway found herself excited by his presence.

"This is Jack H.," Senor Cerviche said with a cruel smile, "he has been directing all of our activity, and he is the greatest man in all of New Tokyo. He will be pleasuring you in a very particular way tonight."

"How is that, sir?" Captain Janeway asked as her udders began to quiver and spray out milk with anticipation.

"Do you know what the term *unbirth* means, Madam Janeway?" Jack H. asked as he began to disrobe.

Madam Captain Janeway was not sure of its meaning, but she was certain that she would soon discover the truth behind it.

Quite shocking in their graphic detail and arousing content, don't you agree? I am not one to lord this sort of material over our readers, so I will simply say that if demand for more proves real then that demand will gladly be met. I am never unwilling to share my collection with the public.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.16 You And Me, After School!

Saturday, Dec 16, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Oh my god this is so stupid.

What time is it now? 2:43. What's that, like twelve more minutes until the three o' clock bell rings and I get the beating of my lifetime? There has to be some way out of this. Think, man, *think*.

Running. What about running? I keep picturing myself sprinting through a crowd of meandering kids after classes let out and hopping over a fence somewhere far away from the school's only exit, where he'll be waiting for me. That won't work though. The thighs of these stupid pants my mom bought me rub together and make an embarrassing "VRRT!" sound when I walk quickly. If I go all-out (assuming I have an all-out speed, which I'm pretty sure I don't), these will no longer be pants, they will become the world's first 140 decibel corduroy alarm. Everyone, including him, will know exactly where I am, but it won't end there.

The shockwave from these pants will blow out all the windows in the school and topple every object that isn't nailed to the ground. Any aircraft unfortunate enough to be passing within a five mile radius of this cataclysmic event will experience total electronic system failure and drop from the sky. My upper body will disintegrate in a haze of gore and shredded Fall Out Boy t-shirt fibers. All of my dreams that involve having an upper body will be dashed in an instant, and the majority of my dreams fall into that category.

Even if I could somehow make my way to the fence without being noticed, there's no way I would be able to get over that thing. It is my own personal five and a half foot Mount Everest. I'm just no good at fences.

A few months ago I was walking to the movie theater with some friends when they decided to take a shortcut through someone's back yard. The two of them scaled a chain link fence without a second thought, but when I tried to follow their lead I couldn't lift my own body weight. My feet, unable to find purchase, flailed wildly below me. Thinking I would fare better if my arms had less weight to lift, I got on my knees and attempted to climb while keeping my lower body on the ground. I groaned and struggled for what seemed like an eternity before giving up. I had nothing to show for the ordeal but painful red indentations on my palms.

To save face I told my friends to go on without me because I had left my pills at home. I explained that without those pills I would "Hulk out" and gain incredible strength but become incredibly volatile, and told them that staying on my side of the fence was the only way I could ensure their safety. Thanks to my quick thinking I escaped embarrassment that day, but the fence had bested me. I ran back towards my house crying, then got tired after a block and a half and crawled the rest of the way while sobbing to conserve energy.

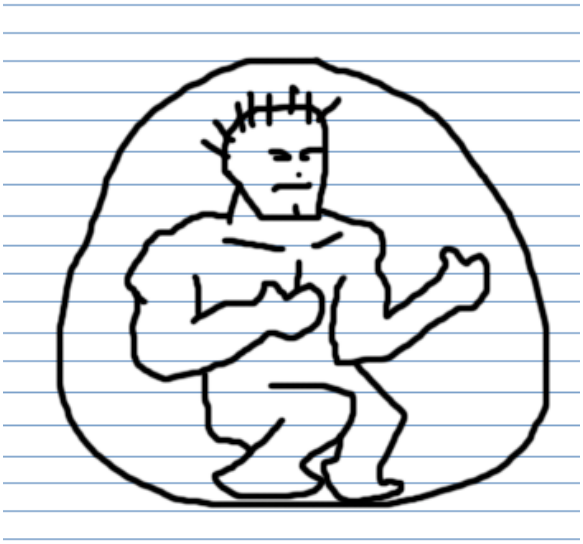
So the fence is a no-go. Now it's... 2:52 and I need to think of something fast. Come on, brain.

I can't believe this is really happening. It was a mistake that I stepped on his foot. A simple mistake. I walk through the cafeteria with my face in a Mac Gamer magazine just about every day and nothing like this has ever happened. After being bombarded with hundreds of rubber bands and spitballs over the years I have developed excellent peripheral vision, but today it failed me. Still, I said I was sorry for stepping on his foot. Why wasn't that enough? He had to act all tough and challenge me to a fight in front of everyone. What's the point of a fight? I'm only in the sixth grade

and he's like twice my size.

If I only had access to the internet right now, the guys on the GameFAQs boards could help me with a winning strategy to get out of this fight. What would Goku29301 do? I find myself wondering that a lot lately. I'm sure his plan would involve a really badass Ascii art logo and a few hundred lines of Change Log notes.

It's times like these that I really wish scientists would get off their asses and come up with large bullet proof bubbles for people to roll around in. It makes so much sense. You could go anywhere and no one would stop you with bullets. Why isn't this a bigger priority for our country right now? It's just a perfect sphere, it's not that difficult. I can draw one right now.



If I had a bulletproof bubble I wouldn't have to worry about this fight, and I certainly wouldn't have to deal with cute girls saying I smell weird since I wouldn't be able to hear them through the bubble. Man I wish I had a bubble already, they really can't come soon enough. The only thing that concerns me about bulletproof bubbles is that they might make life too perfect, and the human race might stop progressing because everyone will feel so content and nonchalant about bullets.

2:57. Crap. Stop daydreaming, you idiot! This is your last chance to think this through.

Wait, what if I actually fight?

I've only thrown one punch in my life, when that Coke machine took my dollar. As I swung, my arm struggled through its arc as though it were underwater, and when I connected with the machine's metallic coin slot the impact was so weak that my fist didn't even hurt. At least, that's how I thought it happened at the time.

Maybe my swing felt like it was moving slowly because when I enter combat I can see actions unfold more clearly than normal people, just like real martial arts masters Bruce Lee and Lawrence Fishburne. While I might see such things as a lion leaping towards me or a bum reaching his hand out for money as though they were in slow motion and have the time to defend myself violently, everyone else would see these things as a blur. And the lack of pain in my fist? I don't think it was because my punch was weak at all, but because I feel no pain in times of danger, like when a Coke machine takes my money.

I can do this. I can actually do this!

2:59. Ring, you whore. Come on. In one minute I leave this classroom and fulfill my destiny as this school's alpha male for all of eternity until I graduate from the 8th grade.

Finally! The sweetest sound these ears have ever known. It's on.

Here comes the pain train, Principal Corrigan. You challenged the wrong kid today.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.17 More True Tales From Humboldt

Sunday, Dec 17, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

This is a continuation of an article that started earlier this week. If you haven't read the first part please click here before reading this one.

Charlie the Idiot

To understand my old editor, Charlie, you have to understand that he was a lardass. Literally. He was hugely fat, but in a strange way: His ass was the largest I've seen on a human being. It was, no joke, wider than I was, and if it fell off and dropped to my feet it would easily come to my knees. Imagine two kitchen trash bags filled with gelatin and you have a rough approximation of what was going on under Charlie's pants. As another example: Often I had to sit at his desk to fix mistakes he made. The first time I did it I didn't take my chair, and I comfortably sat in one of the cheek indentations years of butt-abuse had left in the cushioning.

But the size of his ass was nothing compared to his idiocy. As I said Tuesday, Charlie was bar-none, flat-out the biggest idiot I've ever known. I could look at a high school girl expecting her second child and instantly know she possessed more common sense than Charlie ever did. He was a real-life Peter Griffin, both physically and mentally.

This story doesn't revolve around a single event but a series of idiotic things Charlie did over the year I worked there. Here are a few standout examples:

- **The spearchucker incident:** By all accounts black people were a rare sight in Humboldt. This is likely because it was one of the biggest Klan towns in the country in its early days, and the town history museum *has the charred bits of a burned cross* in one of its displays. One of the members of editorial mentioned, quite innocently, that a "black guy" played on her pickup softball team as a way to identify him. Charlie, a journalist through and through, asked the most pertinent question he could think of: "Do you ever call him a spearchucker"? Even in a room full of hicks the uncomfortable silence was nearly unbearable. A few weeks later we had to take a course on office sensitivity even though the most "diversity" we ever saw was Noah's office pinup.
- **His daughter's pussy:** Right after I took the job at Humboldt Charlie purchased a new Web cam and had spent the better part of a week showing us grainy, unlit videos of his trailer (note to future editors: if you want to command respect don't live in a trailer, even if it is a "nice one"). One day I heard giggling from Charlie's cubicle. I did my best to ignore it. It kept up. Finally it got to a point that he was being so loud and blatant I could tell he wouldn't quit until I asked what was up. I poked my head around the corner and he asked me if I wanted to "see a video of his daughter's pussy". Again, this was in an office full of people. And again, we were all horrified. I peeked my head around the corner of his cubicle and saw a grainy video of a cat playing with a toy. He cracked the joke again, and continued to do so for about a week until the intern brought it up with management. He still occasionally did it when the intern wasn't around.
- **Charlie passes out playing softball:** Most of the newspaper staff was also involved in a pickup softball league. Charlie was a member of the Daily Register's team. This did not bode

well for the rest of us. As an impenetrable mass of junk food byproduct, he was quite possibly the most unathletic person on the face of the planet. He also swung the bat like a woman. In short, Charlie managed to look like a huge bitch playing the most noncompetitive sport ever created. One time Charlie managed to use his girl swing to get a single off an error. He huffed and puffed all the way to first. The batter after him hit a leadoff ball that should have been a double, save for the fact that Charlie literally *drug his feet to second base* because he was "having trouble catching his breath". Then, after that, the improbable happened: I, the second most unathletic person on the face of the planet, nailed a leadoff single. Before I got to first I could hear the crowd gasp. I didn't even need to look over to know what happened. Charlie had collapsed in between second and third. His sheer weight sent the field dust up past the lights. It looked like someone dropping a bowling ball on a bag full of baby powder. When we finally got him up on his feet he waved at the crowd. Nobody cheered. If people didn't hate him for being an idiot, they hated him because he was a terrible editor. And also because he was an idiot.

- **Charlie eats two Lortabs and pukes all over the office:** I had heard the horror stories about office parties and how management had to ban alcohol because of how loopy Charlie got. About how he cried and hugged and laughed and cried again. About how this man, the editor of a paper, a respected job in a community, got so piss-drunk off three or four wine coolers people not only had to call him a cab, they had to put him in the back of it and tip the driver to take him inside when they got to his place. I didn't get to see this, but I did get to see what happened after he got in a fender-bender and hurt his back: Namely, he ate two Lortabs and puked all over the office. *Spewed* all over the office. Right there, in front of all his employees and his own bosses, not to mention customers and colleagues, he staggered out of his cubicle, dropped his head, and puked all over his shoes. Then the floor. Then an unused desk in the corner (he'd later say he was "aiming for the trash can"). We considered taking him to the hospital until he said he'd only eaten two of the things. Then I just drove him home and handled business for the day. The smell of half-digested slop was a real motivator, I'll tell you what.

The Drunken Plunger Rampage

Unlike the rest of these stories, which I wrote to prove what a horrible town Humboldt was, this one is a testament to my own stupidity. I know my mom sometimes reads my stuff on SA so I'd like to apologize in advance, especially since Christmas is coming up and and I don't particularly want an Alcoholics Anonymous booklet as a gift. Mom, I am sorry that a few years ago I did something incredibly dangerous that could have killed me, as well as other people, and put me in jail for a long time. I just really needed a plunger.

A few months before I turned 21 I realized I could buy liquor in Humboldt, despite being underage. All I had to do was take lunch at 2 p.m. on a weekday and drive down to the liquor store. The girl who worked the swing shift there knew I worked for the paper, and since she'd seen my byline under headlines like "Town Debates Merits of Placing Rock near Courthouse" she automatically assumed I was 21. That, and judging by the way she looked and talked she'd probably done quite a bit of underage drinking herself. Really underage, like in her mother's womb. Regardless of what was wrong with her I've never heard anyone else say the phrase "that's $7.70" and have it come out like "wax the nacho Chevy". That's for damn sure.

Needless to say I played it cool in these situations, mostly by refusing to make eye contact with

anyone and literally running across the parking lot with the brown bag under my coat when the transaction was complete. I was a smooth operator. My friends, who were coming up for a visit the night all the debauchery happened, were equally as smooth. When I called them to ask what they wanted to drink so I could pick it up before they got there, they both said the same thing: Smirnoff Ice.

To be fair I, too drank enough of that horrible crap when I was younger. Unlike most alcohol, which taste like horse urine, Smirnoff Ice tasted like horse urine after the horse had eaten a shipping crate full of cane sugar. As a discerning young man who wanted a beverage that could rot both my teeth *and* my liver, I agreed with their choice, took my late lunch, and bought $50 worth of Smirnoff Ice. For three people, including me, in the dead of winter. Looking back I could have spent that $50 on a bottle of Patron and split it with the guys, but knowing us we would have thought fine tequila tasted "icky" and moved on to painting each other's toenails and reading old copies of Tiger Beat.

That night we did what any group of underage kids would do with $50 worth of alcohol: We drank it as fast as we could and spent the next several hours trying to convince one-another how drunk we were. And boy were we drunk. At first our debauchery was harmless. My friend Rob called the local Dairy Queen and ordered a "Penis Buster Parfait" under the name "Heywood Jablowme". My other friend, Scott, who essentially looked like he had a bear pelt stapled to his body, pulled his pants down and tried to light a fart, turning his ass and most of his lower back into an intense, if short-lived, wildfire. We hooped and hollered and yelled. It was a fun time.

Then I had to use the bathroom.

One interesting thing about Smirnoff Ice is that it essentially turns your stomach into a boiling, churning flesh cauldron. This is especially true when you have chugged upwards of fifteen of them in a two-hour period. Suddenly the urge – the basic primal need – to get the hell out of that living room and *go* struck me. I bolted across the kitchen and into the bathroom, did my business. The last thing I want to do here is sound crude, so let me just say this about the aftermath: The water went the wrong way when I flushed. *It touched me in a very private spot.*

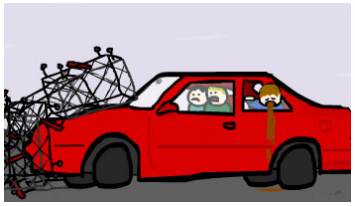
Being the rational human being I was, my first response was to shriek, leap from the toilet, and throw cupped handfuls of sink water onto my exposed manhood. Then, after pulling my pants up, I checked out the toilet. It was half a drop away from overflowing. The murky water sat flush with the lip of the basin, daring me to put my foot down just a little too hard. In my head the theme song from "Jaws" played. Clearly, this was a disaster of Hindenburg proportions. I walked on the balls of my feet across the bathroom, careful not to wake the sleeping horror that lurked in my toilet, and gathered my friends into the bathroom.

Gifted plumbers (or plan makers) we were not. We hadn't collaborated on anything so important since high school, when we got stoned and tried to steam-cook dinner by running the bathtub full of hot water and shutting a frozen pizza in the bathroom. After inviting my friends into the bathroom to stare at a toilet full opaque brown gelatin, we started to form a plan. Rob suggested flushing again to see if the water would go down. Given the alternative outcome, this was a very bad idea. I myself came up with a brilliant plan to use a bucket to export the contaminated water to the apartment's parking lot, but we quickly vetoed that when we realized the stuff from the side of the bucket would drip all over the carpet. Finally, in that special moment of drunken epiphany reserved for 20-year-olds staring perplexedly at a toilet full of semi-solid waste, something struck us. Rob and I turned to each other and said "a plunger". By that point Scott had his head buried in the hallway trash can (I can only thank god I remembered to put a bag in it a few hours prior), but later he'd say he got the same idea around the time we did. It was almost psychic, the bond we had.

The problem was that I didn't have a plunger. We searched everywhere. Under the kitchen sink, in the storage closet, by and behind the toilet. Much like the pizza situation this forced us into more

harebrained schemes, all of which died on arrival. I can only imagine what would have happened if I took Scott's suggestion to make my own plunger out of a heavy-duty baggie and a broom handle (his reasoning: "It might create suction"). We were frantic. Life had thrown us all head-first into the biggest decision of our lives: Would we spend the evening peeing in the cold, behind the apartment complex dumpster, or risk life and limb driving into town trying to find a plunger? Right as I turned to the guys to say "let's wait" the toilet gurgled and a thin stream of water puddled from the basin onto the floor. The remainder of the nasty stuff shook ominously. It looked like a mud puddle in an N64 game. I grabbed my car keys.

Driving drunk is a lot like driving in a dream. You understand the basic mechanics of the car and how to work it properly, but you also know you're not totally in control. If my Topaz was a Shetland pony when I drove it sober, it was a bucking bronco that night. It roared around corners and screeched at stoplights. One particularly fun habit it had, namely to sway its rear-end so hard I thought it would break off if I drove it over 30 miles an hour, was particularly fun for a car full of drunks. Scott rode with his head out the window for most of the 15-minute trek back to town.



As I mentioned last Tuesday, Humboldt had two real commercial hubs and both of them shut down early. Since McDonald's didn't sell plungers we screeched into the Wal-Mart parking lot. It, of course, was closed. Thankfully, a teenage girl wearing a shirt that said "What Part Of www.no.com Don't You Understand" (the "mouse cursor" on the shirt was giving the middle finger and hovering over the "no") was loitering around waiting for a ride or a 40-year-old man to come impregnate her or whatever. She told us the only place that might be open was Kroger, which was on the other end of town. I thanked her for the information. She asked me for a cigarette. Scott responded by ralphing out the car window.

The next sequence of events is maybe the stupidest course of action I've ever taken in my life. Somehow convinced that I was A.) sobered up, and B.) a stunt car driver, I tore through the narrow little city streets. At one point I blew a yellow light in front of a cop, a fact that didn't register with me until far after I got home. A few minutes later I took a turn too sharp and ended up with my passenger side tires on the sidewalk, a fact that Scott's stomach didn't appreciate at all. In all honesty it kind of sounded like I modified my car to go "BLOO" every time I punched the gas.

Sway aside maybe the best thing about the Topaz was the fact that, if you turned right too hard, the horn would honk until you centered the steering wheel and punched it really hard. This is why, when we screamed into the Kroger parking lot, a number of things happened:

- I, of course, turned right too hard, making the car blare like a mule with a hot curling iron shoved up its ass.
- Scott, who had spent the majority of the night prior to this puking, continued his course by hanging out the car window and blowing chunks while I was driving.
- The sway caused my car to cut immediately left as I hit the lot's asphalt, which sent my honking, puking, rumbling chariot bumper-first into a line of shopping carts. One went all the way into the Movie Gallery section of the parking lot and exploded when it hit the ground.

Needless to say we treated the experience like an accidental trip to a gay movie theater, i.e. we got out of there as fast as we could and only peeked back when we thought the other two weren't looking. We were heartbroken. Not only were we running the risk of going to jail, the toilet back home was filled to capacity with Pizza-and-Liquor Chunky Soup. Before I took the turn to get back

home, however, an idea hit me. It was Friday night. Nobody would be at the Daily Register. I could grab the plunger out of the men's room, use it, and return it before Sunday and nobody would know better. I was redeemed, and my bathroom tile was saved. I purposely went backwards around the block so I could approach the Daily Register's parking lot from the left side. Then I pulled in, shut the car off, and unlocked the employee door. This was genius. This was great. This was –

A drunk employee walking into a room full of 20-plus circulation mutants.

As you may remember from last week, there was a real "us vs. them" mentality amongst editorial and circulation employees. This is mostly because the editorial people had college educations and thus came from somewhere that wasn't Humboldt. The circulation people, on the other hand, were townies. They stuffed the newspapers together and delivered them. All they needed was a good set of hands, and some of them didn't even have those: One of the circulation employees, a 60-some-year-old guy named Dan, was the victim of a birth defect that left his right hand resembling something in between an eagle's talon and a question mark. It had one large fingernail and it was so dirty it looked like he spent his free time using it to plug up holes in tractor engines.

The circulation people were stuffing the Saturday edition of the paper. I say "were" because the second I walked – no, staggered – into the room, they stopped what they were doing and proceeded to stare at me until I left. You know, when I left stealing company property in front of a group of people who'd say they loathed me if they knew what the word meant. I gave them a shy wave, walked face-first into the door when I tried to open it by pushing, and went back to my car.

In the end the toilet got fixed, I didn't get arrested, and the Times-Register didn't care that I borrowed their plunger. I returned it just like I planned and recanted my story (minus the drunkenness) to my coworkers the following day. The circulation people, to my knowledge, never ratted me out. The only time I heard it mentioned was when Noah pulled me aside and said "sounds like you were having a good time Friday night" a few days later. I almost said "yeah, but at least I wasn't railing a fat chick", but I let it go. Becoming an adult means choosing your battles. And driving drunk to find a plunger, I guess.

Me vs. Creepy Pervert Neighbor

A few weeks after the plunger incident I ended up breaking my lease and moving to a new house in the middle of town. I'll spare you the boring details, but if any of you youngsters reading this are in the market for a new place, be sure and ask the landlord if the floor gets covered in an inch of water every time there's a bad rain. Also, if said water makes a strange black-and-green mold cover the walls. *Also*, if the people living beside you have never worked a day in their life but still need to snort an ounce of meth a day to keep their energy going.

The new house was great. Excellent, really. It was old but the landlords, a nice old couple from out of town, completely remodeled it before I moved in. I had a huge (clog-free) bathroom, a beautiful kitchen, and a great living room with brand new carpet. Even the neighbors were great, despite the people on the left side of my yard having an autistic daughter who spent most of her time standing on the sidewalk in front of my place screaming at the top of her lungs. One time I came in from work and, having accidentally left the kitchen door unlocked, found her relaxing on my couch with the Disney channel playing on the television. Of course, the second she saw me she started shrieking and bolted towards the front, running head-first into the screen door and cracking the glass in the process. A few minutes later her frantic parents came over and thanked me for finding her, and even wrote me a check for a new door. Life was pretty good.

Then I had the neighbor on the right side of the yard. Where the other neighbors came by and introduced themselves, I never so much as saw the guy. Ever. He was never in his yard. I never caught him out going anywhere. Sometimes the car in his driveway would disappear for days at a time. Sometimes, late at night, all the lights in his house would come on and the faint sounds of some godawful techno seeped through the wall facing my living room. I didn't take him not coming over as a sign of hostility or anything, but it was pretty clear he liked his privacy. Or so I thought.

My job at the Daily Register required me to get up really, really early. Most mornings I had to be in at four a.m., but on particularly busy days I had to be there by three or even two. Since my job revolved around anything Charlie couldn't do (namely, everything), I was a reporter-slash-page designer-slash-photographer. At that point I wasn't particularly good at any one of them, but I *was* the only person who could do all three. This got me certain perks. Using really nice company cameras away from the office, for instance. This mostly revolved around me setting the shutter speed way high so I could take "artistic" photos of water droplets coming out of fountains and blur-free shots of children playing on swingsets, but whatever. I'm the first to admit I was a giant dweeb back then.

One morning I got up around three to get ready. Since my usual evening mantra went something like "you can work eight hours on three hours of sleep, go ahead and keep playing that video game", I was in a particularly foul mood. I stepped out of bed, put a pot of coffee on to brew, and hopped in the shower. Again, I'll spare you any boring details, but maybe the worst thing you can experience after three hours of sleep is a blast of freezing water to the chest when you turn on the shower. I only bring this up because, as I shut the water off so I could set it to come out of the bathtub faucet, I heard something in the living room. Someone was knocking at the door. Thinking the dog was screwing around I ignored it and turned the water back on. It got louder. Then, the dog started barking. I knew someone was there.

Looking back I would give anything to go back in time and answer the door with actual clothes on, instead of a towel I'd tied around my waist. I didn't know what was up. I figured if someone was banging on my door at three in the morning there was an emergency. Maybe my car was on fire. Maybe the autistic girl set it on fire. Maybe the autistic girl *herself* was on fire. While none of these three outcomes would have been ideal, they were certainly better than what happened. I opened the door. Someone was standing there. He looked vaguely familiar.

"Hi, I'm Tom," he said. "I live across the yard."

In this one instance I am using a real name. This is because not only was the guy's name Tom, he looked almost exactly like Tom Savini. I mean, he was like a carbon copy, down to the goatee and crazy, shifty eyes. I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes and asked him what was going on. Again, I was still half-sure I'd see the visage a flame-engulfed, autistic eight-year-old right behind him, so I was maybe more polite than I should have been. You don't start cursing at people when they might be doing you a favor.

"I saw the camera in your car," he said. "I have a little job if you want to make some money."

At this point a few bells should have gone off in my head. Of course, none of them did. Seconds later later I'd chastise myself for leaving a $2,000 dollar camera in my car in the middle of winter, not to mention leaving it exposed in my passenger seat. I should have also realized that – hey – this dude was out looking in my car windows at three in the morning. I was too tired to think at the moment, however. I just asked him what the job was. I wasn't planning on taking it or anything, I just wanted to take the quickest possible non-confrontational path from the conversation. I had city septic systems to write about.

"I work for a Web site," he said. "I have $5000 in my bank account right now, and you can have half of it if you take a few pictures for me."

More missing bells. Three in the morning? *Check.* Guy wearing an unbuttoned shirt with blue flames on it over a wife beater? *Check.* He needs you to take vaugely defined "pictures" of something? *Check.* He's offering you thousands of dollars to do it? *Check.* No, Evan, this is a completely normal situation. Go ahead and ask him what kind of pictures. I'm sure they're of kittens.

"Well, like I said, I work for – well, I mean, I'm on – this Web site, and..."

DING DING DING

Let me set something straight: I'm no homophobe. I might have the record for having said "faggot" the most on Something Awful, but that doesn't mean I spend my weekends picketing AIDS clinics with signs that say "no track marks, no treatment". I'm a tolerant person. That said, before the guy ever finished his sentence, before he said "and I was wondering if you could take some nudes, I'll pay you", I had my answer ready.

"No, dude," I said. "I don't really get into that and I have to go to work, and I don't appreciate you looking in my –"

"I'll pay you," he repeated. "A lot. I need to get these in. It's kind of an emergency."

Before you Internet tough guys start writing in about how I should have kicked the dude's ass down my porch steps and stomped his neck if it didn't bend at enough of an angle when he fell, let me reiterate that I was, and continue to be, a giant sissy. I hate physical confrontation. Any time I've *ever* struck another living thing it was because I absolutely had to. Instead of hitting the guy or at least being more forceful in telling him no, I wussed out and *turned my back on him and walked to the kitchen*, which was about two steps from the front door. I thought he'd get the message. He didn't.

"Listen, you work at the paper, right?" He'd followed me in. "If you don't want to do it do you know of anyone else who would?"

I ignored him. Truth be told I was terrified. I walked towards the coffee pot on the counter, thinking I might have to grab a knife or something out of the sink to scare him off. I couldn't think of any other way to get him out. I told him to leave again.

"C'mon, man," he said. "Fat chicks? Any fat girls? They always love doing that. Done it before. Any fat girls working at the paper?"

"No," I said. "If you don't leave I'm going to call the cops. Get the fuck out."

I'm sure I sounded pretty scared, and I think he picked up on it. He took a couple steps closer.

"This is really important to me," he said. "I'm not trying to be a weirdo or anything but this is how I make my money. I really need to get this done."

For whatever reason this guy's indignant tone, his sense of entitlement to *my* house and *my* things, really set me off. I lost it. I screamed at him. I like to think I sounded tough but in reality I probably sounded like an angry woman flipping out on her husband for coming home too late. I was tired and scared, and those don't necessarily equate to scary. He sat and listened to me the whole time. Then, when I was done (I screamed so loud I coughed up blood the next few days), he came just a little bit closer.

At this point I've asked you readers to do a lot in believing that all of this is true. This is because,

unless I got hit in the head with a brick at some point and started making up false memories, it all is. I'm asking you all to give me some trust in return for some stories about the weirdest stuff that's ever happened to me, but one thing I'm not asking you to do is suspend disbelief in that "this can't be true" sense. With God as my witness everything written in both of these articles is as accurate I can remember it. The only exaggeration is stuff that I'm clearly joking about. I'm even avoiding using straight dialogue as much as possible for fear I'll screw something up. I say all of this because what happened next is easily the strangest thing I've ever experienced, in Humboldt or any other town. Given these stories, not to mention other ones I could tell about other places, that's saying quite a bit.

"Listen," he told me. "I got a second chance. I should be dead, but I got a second chance from God. Check it out."

He pulled up his wife-beater and showed me his stomach and chest. A fat, pink scar ran from below his waist line to right under his left nipple. It was pretty gruesome. It shined under the lights like a pair of wet lips. When he inhaled it thinned out and lost its color, then filled back out when he exhaled.

I reached around on the counter behind me. Nothing. Felt a little more. Still nothing. One more time and something burned my fingertips. The coffee pot was finishing up. I wrapped my fingers around the handle.

"This isn't any strange stuff, man," he said. "It's legit. If you can't do it I'll pay you to find someone else. It's really important. I got a second chance. I need –"

I pulled the pot off the heater and flung it at him. I'd love to say it was a climactic, movie-like finish, where the pot shattered on his head and he ran out crying. I'd love to say that the coffee poured down his face and burned him up, then the breaking pot gave him a scar on his neck to match the one on his abdomen. It would very much please me to say that he apologized and got out of there before I could hurt him worse.

But that didn't happen. Instead the pot thumped off his chest, spilled a little bit on his waist and upper groin, and crashed on the floor. At least he kind of yelped and jumped back. There was coffee and broken glass everywhere. He wasn't even wearing sandals, so the mess didn't even burn him or cut his feet up. I can say, however, that it got him out of the house. For that I was thankful.

"Jesus, man," he said. Those were the last words I ever heard him say. He walked out and I slammed the door behind him.

Needless to say I didn't go to the Daily Register that day. I called the cops and filed a report, then went to the courthouse when it opened and filed a temporary restraining order. I wasn't a big fan of Humboldt cops but in that instance they were a huge help in getting everything taken care of quickly. I spent the rest of the day huddled up on my couch under a pile of blankets, watching movies and playing video games. Much like the other, scarier experience with Marty, I kept a knife right under the couch to make me feel better.

Tom went to jail on some minor charge but posted bail immediately. He never bothered me again. In fact, besides one time when I pulled into my driveway and saw him shirtless, in his yard, painting a board on some sawhorses, I never so much as saw him after that morning. I had moved by the court date, so I dropped charges. I didn't want to have to go back for any reason. I don't think anyone can blame me for that.

-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade

12.18 I Don't Know About These Mountain Climber Guys

Monday, Dec 18, 2006 by Steve "Malak" Sumner

That's a turtle and I drew an arrow there to the little guy's egg tooth.

Hey guys, what's up? I haven't had a chance to update since all the way back in Halloween. I had a few really bad days in a row and I sort of didn't have time to do anything for an article.

The first bad day was not long after Thanksgiving when I fell asleep chewing gum on a Sunday and woke up Monday and the gum was stuck to my lip and flattened out and hard. Thing is, I didn't remember I was chewing gum and I hadn't shaved in a couple days, so all I knew when I woke up was I had this weird hard thing on my lip that hurt when I pulled on it. It looked like a bird's beak but I had never heard of a person just growing one of those so I looked it up in Google.

It turns out like lizards get this little beak thing on their nose that they call an egg tooth, just like a little beak for a lizard. They use their egg tooth to break out of their egg. That seemed a little more likely than the beak thing to me. I know, I know, stupid, but I didn't think I was a lizard or anything, I just thought maybe I handled Keith's turtle too long and I caught it from that. I didn't know what else to do so I went down to the gas station and bought eggs to eat. The gum/egg tooth thing worked pretty well at first, but pieces of eggshell kept sticking into the gum and as I drank some rootbeer it started falling off my face.

I laughed about all that, but then the next day I got pretty sick from eating all those raw eggs. So the old Stever was knocked out of commission for a good week and I even had to cancel karate practice on Sensei Matt Murphy, which I never miss. It's pretty hard to wear a cup when you're blasting mud ten times a day and chuckin' apples when you're not. I know all of the yellow and white belts look up to me, but I had to rely on Peg who is a really nice lady who is also an orange belt. She is friends with Keith's mom and is really limber for a woman her age. She's a real MILD, which to me stands for Mom I'd Like to Do, although she said she doesn't have any kids because of ovarian cysts, so whatever. Just a hot babe in general, I guess.

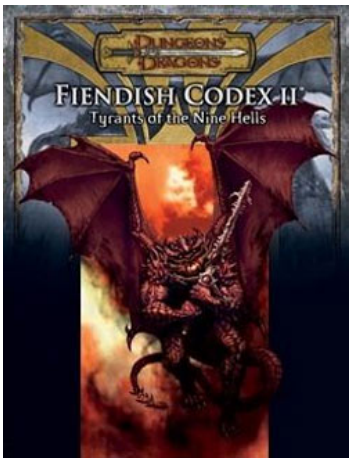
Okay, so imagine you are spending half your life on the toilet for a week straight, and then imagine that you can't call off work because you took your last three sick days to go to GenCon. Yeah, I had to work my normal third shift routine at Fresh Cut making bagged salads. I spent as much time off the line as on it, which was cool when Hooper or Gordon were running the floor, but sucked huge traffic cones when Judy was running the floor. She normally works second so she was pissy to begin with from having to work third and as soon as she realized I was going to the john every half hour she started giving me all these crappy jobs (no pun intended, heh) trying to get me to lose it.

There are some really hot women involved in karate.

I think I must have practically ruptured a colon or something pinching it in at the salad shredding station. We had bulk bag orders and I had to do about 500 before the end of my shift and Judy just stood there with her witch nose and hairnet looking like a mushroom with an eagle beak. I had an overlap with her a couple days later, but luckily by then the FDA had shut down the floor for some sort of surprise inspection. Hooper said something about Eccoli, which maybe is the Italian guy who runs the floor first shift. Like maybe he went crazy or something.

Anyway, they said some trouble he caused had gotten tracked back to our plant and the FDA had to temporarily shut us down. The FDA is like the FBI for bagged cut vegetables, so it was a pretty big deal.

So, whatever, I got to finish out my run with the flu in relative comfort for the past week or so, which has been cool because: a) Fiendish Codex II came out and it is every bit as sweet as Fiendish Codex I and is giving me a lot of ideas for the campaign I am getting ready to start running and b) I have had time to write an article for you guys. My article is about those climbers who got lost in Oregon.



Extremely awesome book. Highly recommended.

Those guys have been all over the news. There are three of them and they were climbing Mount Hood in Oregon a week ago when a big storm blew in and trapped them on the mountain. Conditions were really bad up there, like -20 degrees below zero and these guys didn't have a car and breast milk like those other people that got stuck in the mountains. Basically as dangerous as sitting in the room where a couple ten year olds hyped up on Sour Patch Kids are playing Wii. On the other hand, the news said all three dudes are expert mountain climbers and they had all the tarps and crampons and whatnot they need to survive.

One guy who gave a good rundown of what might happen to those dudes was Dr. Sanjay Gupta, who is like this expert doctor dude CNN brings in to talk about how much cholesterol is in a bagel. He also knows about hypothermia, which is what happens when you get really cold, and he kept saying how if you get really cold as you are about to die you get really warm. That seems contradictory to me, but he said you feel all warm and sometimes you feel so warm you start taking all of your clothes off.

That's pretty cool and maybe good advice for a date if it's winter. Just open up your windows and put ice packs under your couch cushions and then watch a movie like Ice Pirates. Before you know it she'll be like "oh boy is it hot in here" and then she'll take all her clothes off and you can do her hard.

So I am wondering about these guys stripping up on the mountain and then I am watching the news and they keep showing this footage of like Air Force airplanes with computers and radar and stuff. Then they would show these big double helicopters and regular helicopters flying all over the place and all of these expert mountain climbers hang gliding down onto the mountain and paratroopers landing and stuff. Which, first of all, you would think they would find them in like two seconds if they are alive because I didn't see a lot of trees and rocks and stuff these dudes might be under, but also it got me thinking about these climbers. I mean, I know one dude was found dead, which sucks, don't get me wrong, but what the heck?

This is just one of the helicopters rescuing those dudes. I think I saw at least three and maybe as many as five.

There are these three dudes who decide to climb a mountain in the middle of winter, okay, great. That's fine. They knew what they were doing and they were expert climbers and whatnot. Maybe winter wasn't such a hot idea, but maybe they like to build a snowman at the top of the mountain or something. That's cool, I dig it. And maybe the weather forecast was crappy and just said like "one inch of snow" and then there was a whole blizzard. That's cool too, alright. But then what is the deal with this rescue effort? Why do

these three dudes who willingly went and did this to have fun get all kinds of helicopters and radar that goes through mountain tops and paratroopers?

When people ask mountain climbers or any kind of thrill seeker why they do what they do they'll always be like "the exhilaration" or "the high". Which is fine, you know, I'm not going to judge you for wanting to get high just like I didn't judge Bodie Rocker for smoking his bong in the photography darkroom in high school. People should be free to do whatever they want to do, I'm all for that, but what seems sort of lame to me is that it's not equal at all.

Like if Bodie Rocker spilled his bong on himself and he started choking on bong water do you think the Air Force would fly a plane over his dad's basement and use special radar to see if he's okay? Do you think any paratroopers would land and dig into his basement? No, he'd probably lay there and get eaten by his rottweilers until one of them started messing with one of his Glade Plug-ins air fresheners and started a fire. Even people not doing anything to risk their own lives don't get that sort of treatment.

About three months ago a Guatemalan guy we all called Rico Suave because of his mustache had an accident at Fresh Cut. He was the nicest guy in the world, had some awesome gold chains with like AK-47s on them, and he was just a cool guy to hang out with at lunch. Didn't speak a word of English, but he was still cool. Anyway, he dropped one of his chains into the Sorken, which is like this big drum-shaped machine with three spinning arms inside that pulse dices onions.

Rico Suave couldn't read the warning telling him that the Sorken was on a cycle timer and I guess he didn't know what the number counting down meant either. Maybe Guatemalan has different numbers. Whatever, he reaches down into the Sorken and right then it starts a pulse dice cycle. It revs up once counter-clockwise and then does like fifty high-speed clockwise rotations. So he's leaning over this drum with all of his arm down inside trying to get to this gold chain draped over the onion load when it does this one quick counter-clockwise. I was on break when it happened, but Rob said you could hear his arm breaking like someone just jumped on a whole pouch of those little popper fireworks that come in the sawdust.

I hope there's no Rico Suave in there! Just kidding, our salad comes under a familiar brand name and also I cleaned out the Sorken really well and those onions were pitched.

Rico Suave had just enough time to sort of make this meeping sound and then the Sorken did a 180 and entered its pulse dice cycle. How that guy managed to hold his head up while it was dicing his arm, no one will ever know, but when the Sorken's cycle ended 15 seconds later his arm up to the shoulder looked like a sauce-on-top pizza. Grisly stuff. Thing is, that guy worked at Fresh Cut at least since I've been there and probably longer than some of the supervisors. He was in bad shape and what do they do with him? They call some special doctor that only the Mexican guys use and he drives him off in a van. Never saw him again, because Judy made me hose out the Sorken, but I hope he's okay.

My point is, Rico Suave never once hurt anybody. He never once did drugs as far as I know and he never came into work drunk or drove recklessly. He made one simple stupid mistake and he has to sit in the floor office smoking a cigarette and holding towels to his shoulder stump waiting for some doctor in an unmarked van to come. Don't you think maybe Rico Suave could have benefited from some dudes parachuting in on skis to put him on one of those baskets and lift him out of Fresh Cut on a double helicopter? I think so.

So, I guess what I'm saying is that I don't know about those mountain climber guys. What do you think?

Hey, hope you liked the article. I had a lot of fun writing it and I love all of the emails. Even the ones that say I suck sometimes give me something to learn from. Like maybe, "you use commas too much" or "Barqs rootbeer sucks" which I had to send some not nice things to say about that last one and I might have used some words I regret now. Anywho, hope you guys have a good week. It's back to work for me!

-∼Steve "Malak" Sumner

12.19 The Time Tooth Tooth Bought an Eagle

Tuesday, Dec 19, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the The Legend of Tooth Tooth series.

What, you don't know Tooth Tooth? That boy hard as hell, he been through some hard times. Got hepatitis C from eating an old man's tooth, you heard? Then he shit that tooth out and cured himself. Good as new now, except that limp and the one eye all cockeyed. But he's been stackin' money ever since. Oh man, I got stories. Did you hear about Tooth Tooth getting arrested at the zoo? You know why?

"Eatin' a tooth while black, probably."

Nah, close enough though. He got arrested at the zoo, right? Crazy son of a bitch goes in there and tries to buy an eagle.

"Word is bond?"

For real, man. Tooth Tooth got this little niece who loves nature, right? Always watching that nature channel and doing animal coloring books and whatnot, only four years old and she wants to be vet. That's Tooth Tooth's pride and joy, right there, he loves that little girl more than his life. He dropped like twenty grand on a Cavalli jaguar-skin jacket for that little girl, man. So, you know, Christmas is coming up and he knows he's digotta outdo himself, so he decides to just go to the zoo and pick up a little somethin', right?

So he's walking around this zoo like it's the supermarket, he checks out all them lemurs and what-have-you, lookin' around for that one thing perfect thing for that niece of his... and he sees this eagle, man, a big perfect harpy eagle, ya heard? So he goes up to this zookeeper, he's like, "hey yo, Z, how big is the wingspan on that cat?" Zookeeper tells him that shit is like... 85 inches. Tooth Tooth be like "*damn*, that bird is huge, my niece would love that bird."

So he pulls out this big ol' knot, you know, peels off a few benjis, like "Yo, let me buy that eagle."

"Word?"

Yeah, the boy saw that eagle and he knew it had to be his. Zookeeper is like, "the hell you doing man, this is a zoo, this ain't a god damn bodega." Tooth Tooth just keeps staring at that zookeeper and flipping more bills off that knot, all like, "money is *not* a problem, Z. This is more than you make all month, son. Just sell me this bird."

But that zookeeper is just bein' a little bitch about it, saying the eagle is endangered and shit. But Tooth Tooth won't have any of that, he's like "I'm a black man driving a Mercedes, don't you tell *me* about endangered." And the zookeeper is like, "it's an eagle, man, it's a living thing, it's not for sale," and Tooth Tooth was like, "this is America, everything's for sale."

"He's right, too, ain't he."

Word. And the zookeeper knows that. Pretty soon, Tooth Tooth had peeled off like four grand off that knot, and the zookeeper starts licking his chops. Tooth Tooth is like "final offer, you thirty-grand-a-year bitch, this right here is four thousand dollars in United States Promissory Notes, you telling me you don't want this cash?" And the zookeeper is like "okay man, fine, the eagle is yours."

Tooth Tooth is like, "word," and he pops open that cage and grabs up that eagle and sits it on his shoulder like it belongs there, gotta tilt his neck all to the side because that eagle is so damn big, and of course them talons are nothing to front on, they're making holes in his Bape hoodie and shit, and those ain't cheap, but Tooth Tooth don't pay it no mind, he just walks off with that eagle on there.

Eagle is just chilling, he know he's at *home* now. That eagle knows what's up, know what I'm saying? Game recognize game.

So Tooth Tooth has this eagle now, a great big old majestic eagle on his shoulder, so he's walking out the zoo with even more of a swagger than when he walked in. He gets up to the zoo gate and this security guard is like "Hey! Get back here with that eagle!" So Tooth Tooth turns around, thinking he ain't got anything to worry about, and he's like "nah man, I bought this eagle straight up with cash money, this eagle is all freed up," but that security guard wasn't gonna have it like that.

"Damn."

Yeah, the security guard just ignored him, running all that "stop right there! Don't move!" shit. And Tooth Tooth isn't accustomed to that kind of language, you heard? So he just keeps walking, he's like "I ain't have to take this."

So by now the security guard is on that walkie-talkie, calling up all his little gay-ass rent-a-cop friends, and they're all getting lined up in formation around Tooth Tooth, getting ready to make their move. And Tooth Tooth knows he bought that eagle, he knows he ain't got nothing to worry about, so he just keeps walking.

"So did he get out of there?"

Nah man, one of these cowboys decided to be a hero and make a move to grab that eagle off Tooth Tooth's shoulder. But it's a damn eagle, it ain't going nowhere unless it wants to go, it's like a symbol of freedom, right? So it sees this fat little security guard bitch all waddling up like he's trying to be sneaky, and by this time the eagle had bonded with Tooth Tooth and he wasn't gonna let no ill come to him, you heard? So that eagle lets out a piercing bird scream, rears up with them talons, and straight up takes out the dude's eye and flies off with it.

"Aww, man..."

Yeah, and by that point the *real* cops are starting to show up, so Tooth Tooth is like "fuck that," and tries to leg it out of there and catch up with the eagle later. But the cops chase him down and tackle him, and pull him in on some trumped-up nonsense.

"Ain't that the way it goes?

Word. What did he do? He didn't do a god-damn thing. He was just a black man walking out the zoo with an eagle, and of course the man assumes the worst and thinks he stole it. If a white man tried to walk out with that eagle, you think they'd stop him? Hell no. If those cops had just tried to talk to him, that security guard would still have his eyeball, but no, they had to try some

underhanded shit on him.

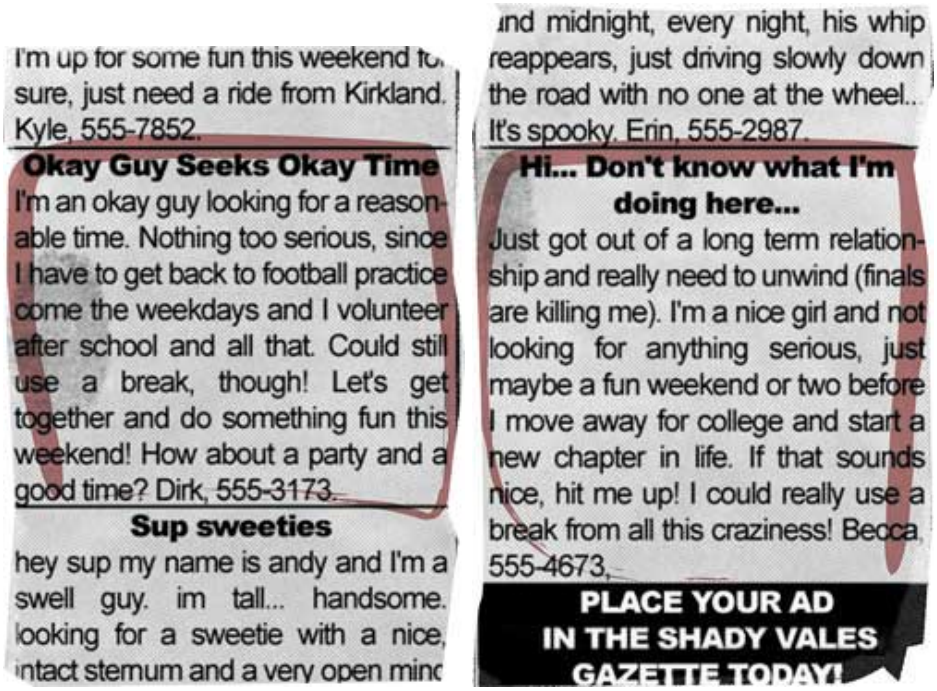
He get sent down?

Nah, he was out on bail that same night, and at the hearing, the judge ruled that Tooth Tooth bought that eagle in good faith, so he was free to go after that. The eagle caught up with him later, and he gave it to his niece. It was heartwarming, man. She put a leash on it and got it walking around town with her on its legs like a wild turkey. But that eagle don't mind, though, cause it knows that's what Tooth Tooth wants. That eagle is like a brother to him, word is bond.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

12.20 A Horrible Weekend Adventure

Wednesday, Dec 20, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



I'm up for some fun this weekend to sure, just need a ride from Kirkland. Kyle, 555-7852.

Okay Guy Seeks Okay Time

I'm an okay guy looking for a reasonable time. Nothing too serious, since I have to get back to football practice come the weekdays and I volunteer after school and all that. Could still use a break, though! Let's get together and do something fun this weekend! How about a party and a good time? Dirk, 555-3173.

Sup sweeties

hey sup my name is andy and I'm a swell guy. im tall... handsome. looking for a sweetie with a nice, intact sternum and a very open minc

and midnight, every night, his whip reappears, just driving slowly down the road with no one at the wheel.. It's spooky. Erin, 555-2987.

Hi... Don't know what I'm doing here...

Just got out of a long term relationship and really need to unwind (finals are killing me). I'm a nice girl and not looking for anything serious, just maybe a fun weekend or two before I move away for college and start a new chapter in life. If that sounds nice, hit me up! I could really use a break from all this craziness! Becca, 555-4673.

PLACE YOUR AD IN THE SHADY VALES GAZETTE TODAY!

and life is just like the totality of universe trying to explain itself to us, okay. i have lots of other theories! if you want to hear about them we should get together and just talk forever. love, shelly. 555-6066

♥ ♥ Let's Do Whatever ♥ ♥

Look, as long as you aren't ugly or gross, I'll probably sleep with you. Let's just, you know, get away this weekend and have some fun. I don't care who you are, just come and knock me off my feet. I want to get wild and I don't care where! NO NERDS! Amber, 555-1017

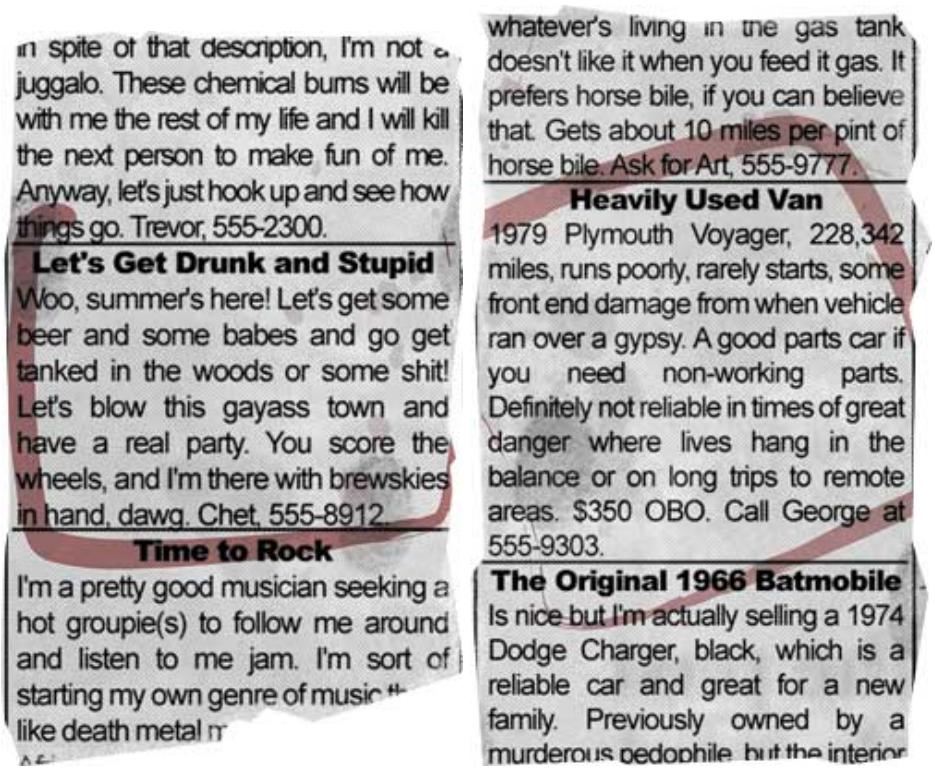
Come on Baby, Take a Bite

I'm a red hot goth waiting to suck the life out of you. Give me what you got, baby! Let's spend all night at the graveyard leering at tombstones and talking about death! H-

I have come to terms with the fact I murdered my wife, and would like to move on. Help me do that! I'm eager to make you the happiest woman ever! Call Larry 555-9220.

Hey Ladies, Need Some Brains? I'm a smart, charming guy. I know science, Unix administration, and I have my own message board. How many guys can say that? I'm looking to enjoy some fun weekends with a special lady, and maybe even more. Let's just say I might install something nasty and nice in your box. ;-) Phil, 555-4589 (call after 9:00 when my mom is asleep).

M4W – 26" pythons ready to carry you to the gun show and then back to my bed for a night of the best sex you've ever had in your life. After you cook me breakfast the next mornin



In spite of that description, I'm not a juggalo. These chemical burns will be with me the rest of my life and I will kill the next person to make fun of me. Anyway, let's just hook up and see how things go. Trevor, 555-2300.

Let's Get Drunk and Stupid

Woo, summer's here! Let's get some beer and some babes and go get tanked in the woods or some shit! Let's blow this gayass town and have a real party. You score the wheels, and I'm there with brewskies in hand, dawg. Chet, 555-8912.

Time to Rock

I'm a pretty good musician seeking a hot groupie(s) to follow me around and listen to me jam. I'm sort of starting my own genre of music th- like death metal m-

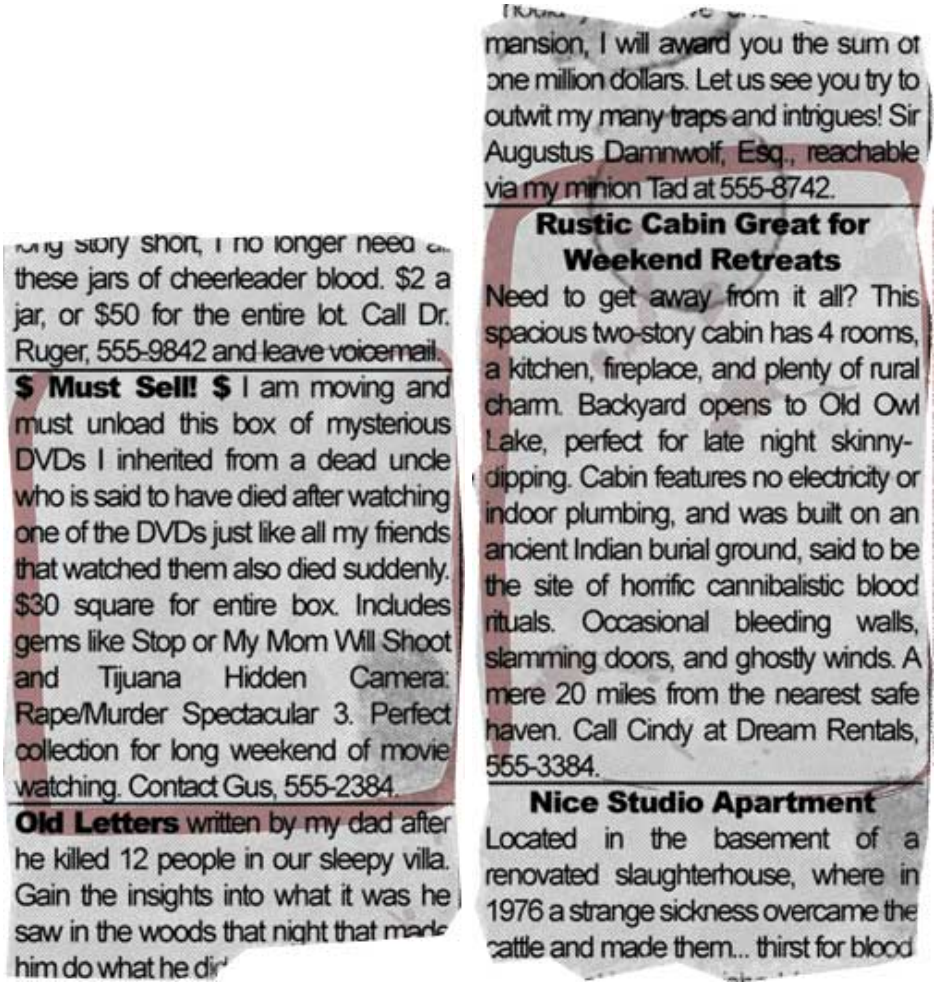
whatever's living in the gas tank doesn't like it when you feed it gas. It prefers horse bile, if you can believe that. Gets about 10 miles per pint of horse bile. Ask for Art, 555-9777.

Heavily Used Van

1979 Plymouth Voyager, 228,342 miles, runs poorly, rarely starts, some front end damage from when vehicle ran over a gypsy. A good parts car if you need non-working parts. Definitely not reliable in times of great danger where lives hang in the balance or on long trips to remote areas. $350 OBO. Call George at 555-9303.

The Original 1966 Batmobile

Is nice but I'm actually selling a 1974 Dodge Charger, black, which is a reliable car and great for a new family. Previously owned by a murderous pedophile, but the interior



long story short, I no longer need a... these jars of cheerleader blood. $2 a jar, or $50 for the entire lot. Call Dr. Ruger, 555-9842 and leave voicemail.

$ Must Sell! $ I am moving and must unload this box of mysterious DVDs I inherited from a dead uncle who is said to have died after watching one of the DVDs just like all my friends that watched them also died suddenly. $30 square for entire box. Includes gems like Stop or My Mom Will Shoot and Tijuana Hidden Camera: Rape/Murder Spectacular 3. Perfect collection for long weekend of movie watching. Contact Gus, 555-2384.

Old Letters written by my dad after he killed 12 people in our sleepy villa. Gain the insights into what it was he saw in the woods that night that made him do what he did

mansion, I will award you the sum of one million dollars. Let us see you try to outwit my many traps and intrigues! Sir Augustus Damnwolf, Esq., reachable via my minion Tad at 555-8742.

Rustic Cabin Great for Weekend Retreats

Need to get away from it all? This spacious two-story cabin has 4 rooms, a kitchen, fireplace, and plenty of rural charm. Backyard opens to Old Owl Lake, perfect for late night skinny-dipping. Cabin features no electricity or indoor plumbing, and was built on an ancient Indian burial ground, said to be the site of horrific cannibalistic blood rituals. Occasional bleeding walls, slamming doors, and ghostly winds. A mere 20 miles from the nearest safe haven. Call Cindy at Dream Rentals, 555-3384.

Nice Studio Apartment

Located in the basement of a renovated slaughterhouse, where in 1976 a strange sickness overcame the cattle and made them... thirst for blood

twisted into something unholy. Big teeth – ouch! Stay away if you can, but I don't blame you if you can't. It's a spectacle! Jim 555-4047

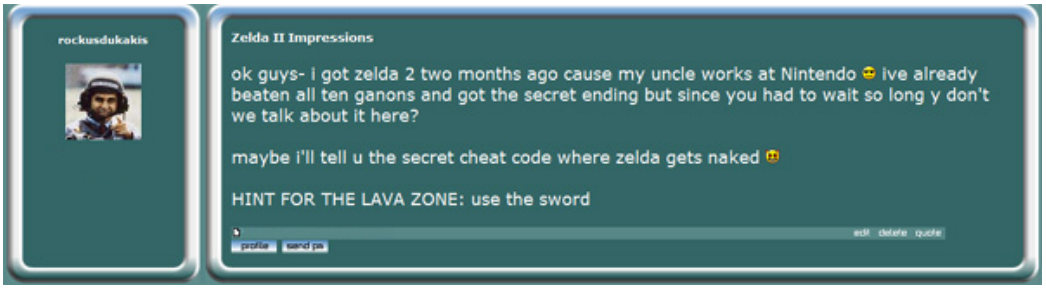
Have you seen my boy? He is such a nice boy, he would never hurt a soul. Not like those neighbor boys, who do bad things to pretty little dogs and blame my nice boy. My boy wandered into the woods near Old Owl Lake wearing a funny leather mask and carrying his favorite industrial bone saw. I think he's going to build a fort to try to upset mommy. If you see my boy tell him to come back to mommy and that he is not in trouble. Please find my boy! Abigail, 555-7462.

My Beautiful Wife of 15 Glorious Years has escaped from the Erstwhile Asylum. I am offering a reward for any information that leads to her capture. She must not go free, as she is the sole survivor of the great Shady Vales Massacre, and is destined to try to relive that horrible experience in anyway she can

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.21 Internet Time Machine 1988: Zelda II Reactions

Thursday, Dec 21, 2006 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey


rockusdukakis
Zelda II Impressions
ok guys- i got zelda 2 two months ago cause my uncle works at Nintendo ive already beaten all ten ganons and got the secret ending but since you had to wait so long y don't we talk about it here?
maybe i'll tell u the secret cheat code where zelda gets naked
HINT FOR THE LAVA ZONE: use the sword
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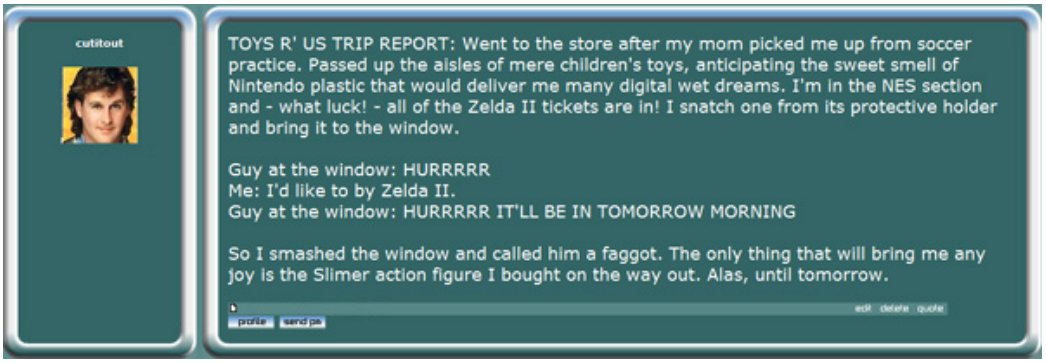
cutitout
TOYS R' US TRIP REPORT: Went to the store after my mom picked me up from soccer practice. Passed up the aisles of mere children's toys, anticipating the sweet smell of Nintendo plastic that would deliver me many digital wet dreams. I'm in the NES section and - what luck! - all of the Zelda II tickets are in! I snatch one from its protective holder and bring it to the window.
Guy at the window: HURRRRR
Me: I'd like to by Zelda II.
Guy at the window: HURRRRR IT'LL BE IN TOMORROW MORNING
So I smashed the window and called him a faggot. The only thing that will bring me any joy is the Slimer action figure I bought on the way out. Alas, until tomorrow.
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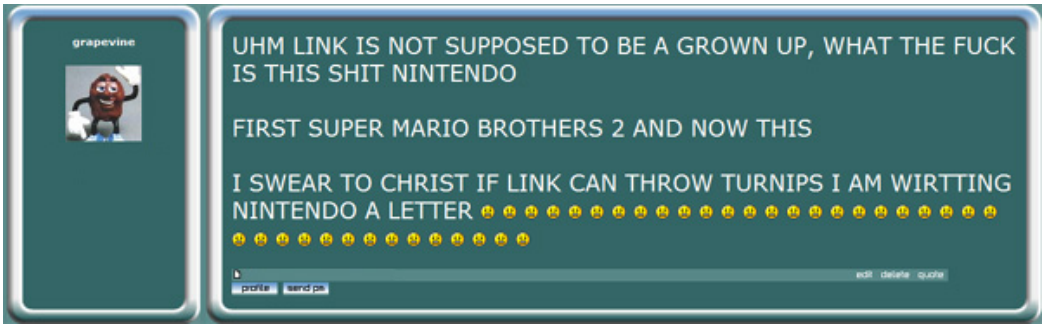
grapevine
UHM LINK IS NOT SUPPOSED TO BE A GROWN UP, WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS SHIT NINTENDO
FIRST SUPER MARIO BROTHERS 2 AND NOW THIS
I SWEAR TO CHRIST IF LINK CAN THROW TURNIPS I AM WIRTTING NINTENDO A LETTER
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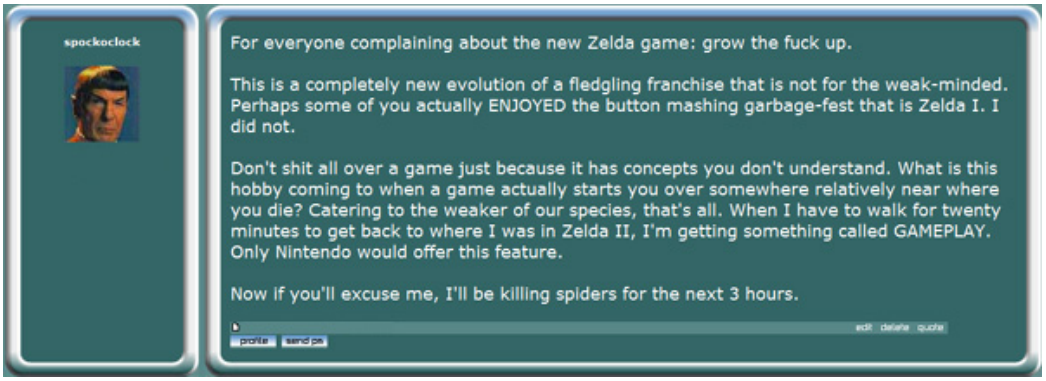
spockoclock
For everyone complaining about the new Zelda game: grow the fuck up.
This is a completely new evolution of a fledgling franchise that is not for the weak-minded. Perhaps some of you actually ENJOYED the button mashing garbage-fest that is Zelda I. I did not.
Don't shit all over a game just because it has concepts you don't understand. What is this hobby coming to when a game actually starts you over somewhere relatively near where you die? Catering to the weaker of our species, that's all. When I have to walk for twenty minutes to get back to where I was in Zelda II, I'm getting something called GAMEPLAY. Only Nintendo would offer this feature.
Now if you'll excuse me, I'll be killing spiders for the next 3 hours.
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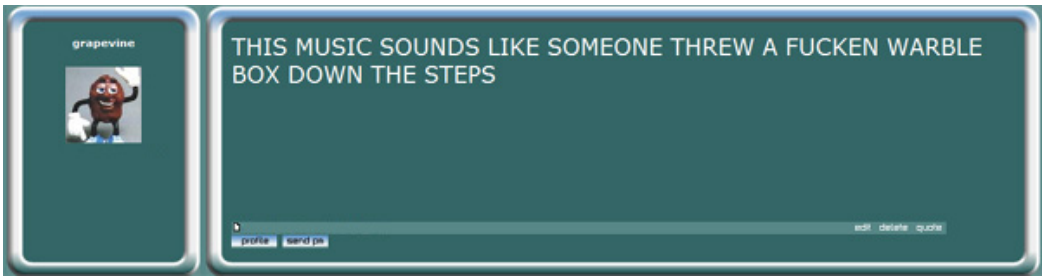
grapevine
THIS MUSIC SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE THREW A FUCKEN WARBLE BOX DOWN THE STEPS
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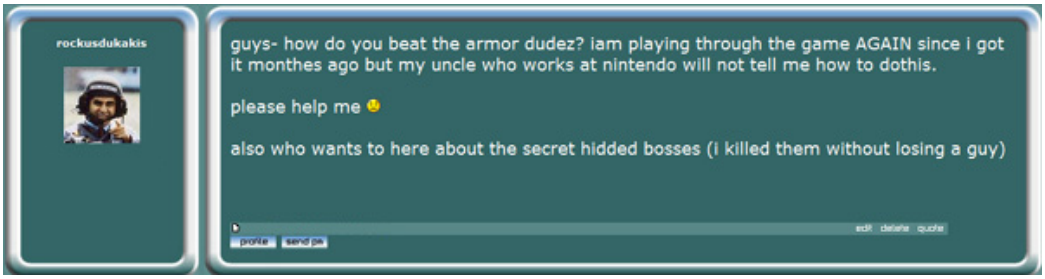
rockusdukakis
guys- how do you beat the armor dudez? iam playing through the game AGAIN since i got it monthes ago but my uncle who works at nintendo will not tell me how to dothis.
please help me
also who wants to here about the secret hidded bosses (i killed them without losing a guy)
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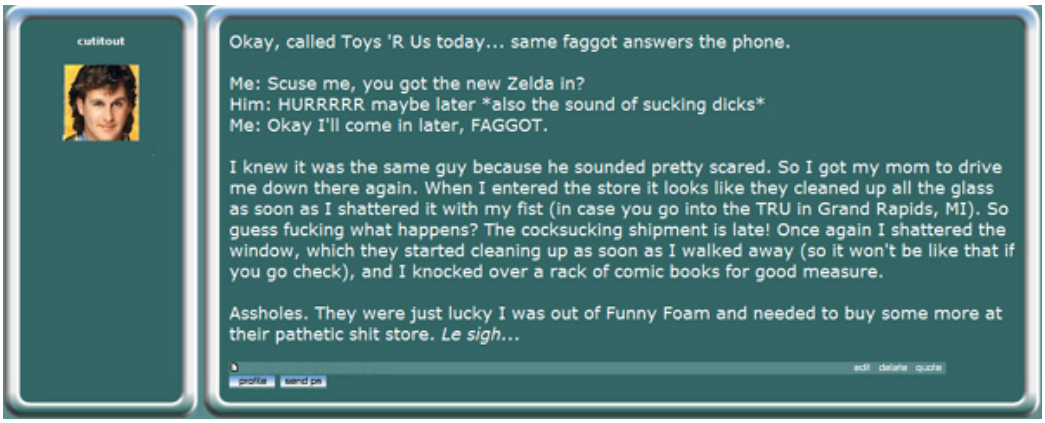
cutitout
Okay, called Toys 'R Us today... same faggot answers the phone.
Me: Scuse me, you got the new Zelda in?
Him: HURRRRR maybe later *also the sound of sucking dicks*
Me: Okay I'll come in later, FAGGOT.
I knew it was the same guy because he sounded pretty scared. So I got my mom to drive me down there again. When I entered the store it looks like they cleaned up all the glass as soon as I shattered it with my fist (in case you go into the TRU in Grand Rapids, MI). So guess fucking what happens? The cocksucking shipment is late! Once again I shattered the window, which they started cleaning up as soon as I walked away (so it won't be like that if you go check), and I knocked over a rack of comic books for good measure.
Assholes. They were just lucky I was out of Funny Foam and needed to buy some more at their pathetic shit store. Le sigh...
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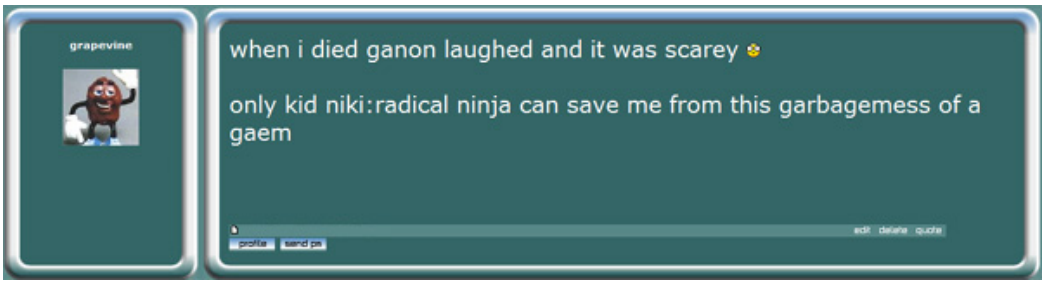
grapevine
when i died ganon laughed and it was scarey
only kid niki:radical ninja can save me from this garbagemess of a gaem
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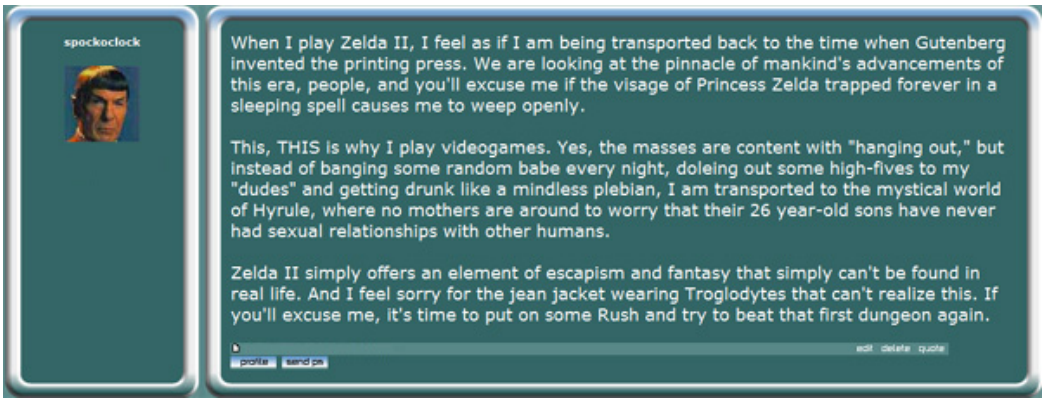
spockoclock
When I play Zelda II, I feel as if I am being transported back to the time when Gutenberg invented the printing press. We are looking at the pinnacle of mankind's advancements of this era, people, and you'll excuse me if the visage of Princess Zelda trapped forever in a sleeping spell causes me to weep openly.
This, THIS is why I play videogames. Yes, the masses are content with "hanging out," but instead of banging some random babe every night, doleing out some high-fives to my "dudes" and getting drunk like a mindless plebian, I am transported to the mystical world of Hyrule, where no mothers are around to worry that their 26 year-old sons have never had sexual relationships with other humans.
Zelda II simply offers an element of escapism and fantasy that simply can't be found in real life. And I feel sorry for the jean jacket wearing Troglodytes that can't realize this. If you'll excuse me, it's time to put on some Rush and try to beat that first dungeon again.
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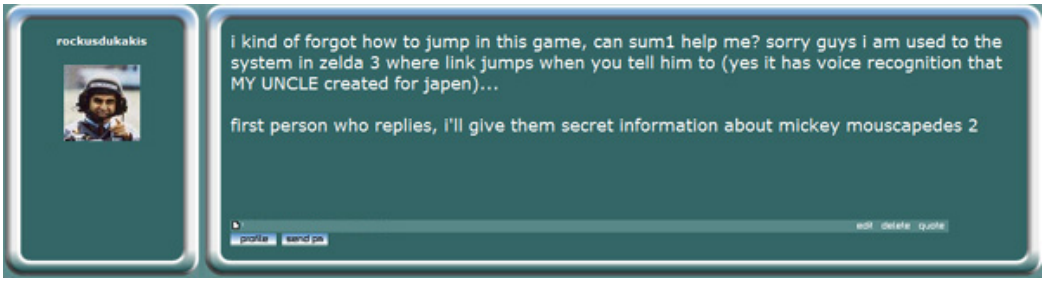
rockusdukakis
i kind of forgot how to jump in this game, can sum1 help me? sorry guys i am used to the system in zelda 3 where link jumps when you tell him to (yes it has voice recognition that MY UNCLE created for japen)...
first person who replies, i'll give them secret information about mickey mouscapedes 2
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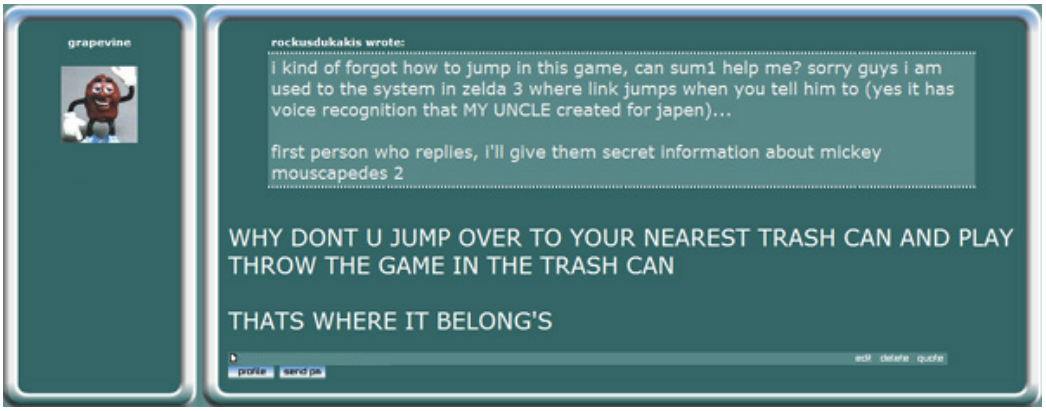
grapevine
rockusdukakis wrote:
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first person who replies, i'll give them secret information about mickey mouscapedes 2
WHY DONT U JUMP OVER TO YOUR NEAREST TRASH CAN AND PLAY THROW THE GAME IN THE TRASH CAN
THATS WHERE IT BELONG'S
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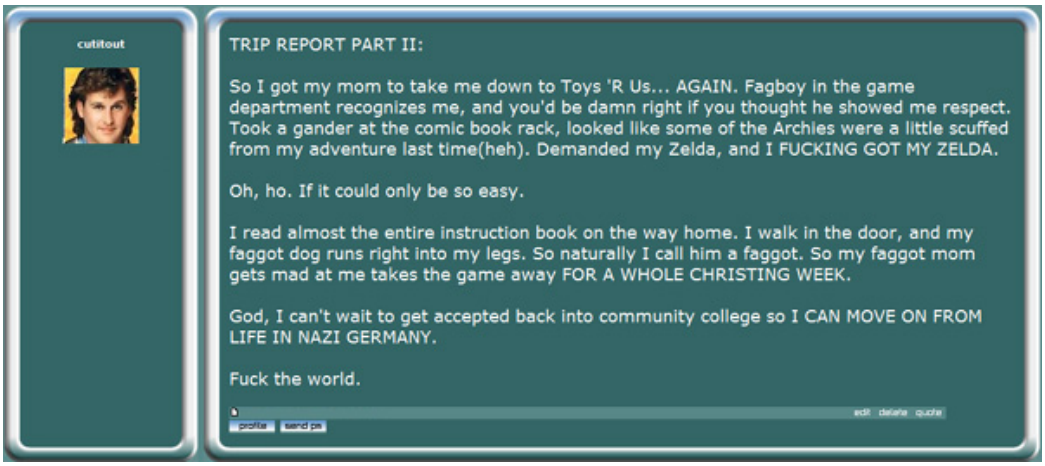
cutitout
TRIP REPORT PART II:
So I got my mom to take me down to Toys 'R Us... AGAIN. Fagboy in the game department recognizes me, and you'd be damn right if you thought he showed me respect. Took a gander at the comic book rack, looked like some of the Archies were a little scuffed from my adventure last time(heh). Demanded my Zelda, and I FUCKING GOT MY ZELDA.
Oh, ho. If it could only be so easy.
I read almost the entire instruction book on the way home. I walk in the door, and my faggot dog runs right into my legs. So naturally I call him a faggot. So my faggot mom gets mad at me takes the game away FOR A WHOLE CHRISTING WEEK.
God, I can't wait to get accepted back into community college so I CAN MOVE ON FROM LIFE IN NAZI GERMANY.
Fuck the world.
profile
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grapevine
MY GAME HAD DIRT IN IT SO I BLOWED IN IT AND THAT WAS MORE FUN THAN PLAYING THE GAME
GOOD JOB NINTENDO ZELDA DIES WITH ZELDA 2\
THIS SHITSCREAM MAKES CASTLEVENIA 2 LOOK COMPETENT
NINTENDO FUCKS US ONCE AGAIN!!!!!
profile
send pm

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

12.22 Tom Leykis Explains "Leykis 101" at a Prison for Rape Victims in Pakistan

Friday, Dec 22, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

(Radio host and relationship guru Tom Leykis is accompanied by his bodyguard, **Vince**, and *Rashia Bajwa*, a nurse making her daily visit as part of the Red Crescent mission to assist female victims of rape and domestic violence.)

Class is in session!

Alright, could I get some water before we come back from the break?

Yes, of course.

Good. Hey, tell me, what is going on with the crowd here tonight? Are the California Raisins up next? Like that one, she looks like someone tried to microwave a Slim Jim.

Many of women here have faces burned by acid after they endure shame of rape.

Yeesh, they should have brought enough acid for the rest of her. Look at that, Vince.

Very ugly, boss.

Not even anything above a Seattle three in the whole bunch. What's that one got, a wooden nose?

Her nose was bitten off by a wild dog while she was being held down.

Yech! Alright, we're back and the Professor is in! I was just explaining the rules of Leykis 101 to this ragged assortment of bitches with me here in Karachi.

Let me ask you women a question. When you're out on a date with a guy, and you're expecting him to spend his hard earned money buying you a meal, do you turn your cell phones off? Quick show of hands here, how many of you will answer your cell phone when it rings at the table?

Wow, none of you? You ladies are very enlightened. I congratulate you. In Los Angeles most bitches will answer their phone and chat away and as a guy you can't allow that to happen. If a bitch answers the phone while you are paying for her meal then just get up and walk away.

The ghosts bring in another rape victim.

Alright, this is a different vibe than what I'm used to, but I can't say I dislike it. Let's go ahead and take some questions. Just raise your hand and Vince will find you with a microphone.

Anyone?

They must have your permission to speak, Mr. Leykis.

They can speak. Just raise their hands and I'll call on them.

Much better. Yes, you.

She wants to know if Mr. Vince will strike her with the microphone.

Ha ha, I can't speak for Vince, but I don't think so. Vince?

Nope. I won't hit them with the microphone.

She said this is very good because her husband fractured her eye socket and detached her retina whipping her with an extension cord. She is very afraid of cords.

Yikes, ouch! What did you do to deserve that sort of beating?

She says that she burned her hand on a kettle and brought shame and dishonor to her husband's house by swearing before the eyes of Allah.

Every household has to have rules. I know if a bitch comes over to my house the rule is "no shirt, come on in". If I can't see those fun bags then forget it. I don't think I'd go so far as to beat them with an electrical cable, maybe just a boot up their ass on the way out the door. I don't believe in craziness or games from bitches.

Who else has a question? Yes, the old lady in the back.

If you haven't put out by the third date then prepare to get dumped.

She says she thanks to you for speaking, Mr. Leykis. Her name is Ayashi and she is on her 36th year of a 99 year sentence she received after being gang raped in her village as a reprisal for her husband's theft of a mule. She asks what a woman can do to please their husbands so that they will not turn to crime?

I think gang rape is a pretty big myth. Bitches will get it in their heads that they want to be treated badly, want to feel like dirt and be with a whole lot of different guys, but then afterwards they'll regret it. They'll lash out at the men they used to fulfill their fantasy.

In California we have this law that if at any time during sex a bitch says "no" then it is considered rape. Can you believe that? A guy can be in the process of having an orgasm and a bitch can say the word "no" and if the guy doesn't immediately stop and leave her alone then it's a rape. To answer your question, I think if a husband isn't getting the satisfaction he needs then he needs to dump that bitch.

She thanks you for your wisdom.

I'm happy to educate. Next question...you, with the messed up mouth.

This is Niasa and she thanks you 1000 times for speaking to the unclean.

My pleasure. What is her question?

Niasa says she has a child from previous rape and yet she found a man who would marry her in her village. When villagers learned she had a child with a man who was not her husband that boiled her child in oil and beat her with pillowcases full of padlocks. Her husband had to let her be raped by the mayor and-

Stop right there. I hate to break it to Niasa but her first mistake was having that kid. You bitches think those babies will be like little dolls to play with, but when you've got them crapping and screaming in your house the reality hits you. So she suckered some poor guy into paying the vaginamony and taking care of her brat; that just means her husband was a stupid Poindexter. Never date a bitch that has a kid.

For the rest of you bitches, you can learn from Niasa's mistake. If you get knocked up and aren't ready to live by yourself forever then get an abortion. Wait, why are they upset?

Mr. Leykis, abortion is not permitted under Sharia. To get an abortion is to be condemned to death by oven baking.

They should have thought of that before they had promiscuous sex. Gut check time: would you rather have to spend thirty seconds putting a rubber on your man or a lifetime raising a child you did not want?

Mr. Leykis, condoms are also forbidden under Sharia. A woman placing a condom on a man is third worst crime behind murder and singing.

Speeding is against the law in America and I do it all the time, especially when it's important. What could be more important than not ruining your life with an unwanted kid?

Alright, shut up...shut them up.

They're very upset about-

If I cared what puts bitches in a tizzy I wouldn't be where I am. Vince!

SHUT UP, BITCHES!

Bitches.

Thank you, Vince.

Since you obviously don't know how to show the least bit of respect I am going to cut this short. One last question. You, in the back, the midget...

She says her name is Mahata and she is seven years old. Her grandfather raped her last year and so she is no longer a virgin. She has to spend 10 years in this prison for corrupting her grandfather and bringing dishonor to her family and she wants to know when she gets out how she can find a man when she has no virginity.

First off, Mahata you said? Mahata, I tell guys to never date a virgin, they get too attached to the man that breaks them in, so you are right in the groove there. Second, you seem to like older men, so you just stay in good shape and hopefully you'll fill out a little bit and then no older guy will resist you. They'll pay big time vagimony without hesitation if you satisfy them.

Mahata also asks if you can take her out with a bong hit.

Sorry, Mahata, we didn't bring our sound board with us, but I'm glad to know I've got at least one fan of the show here.

That'll do it for tonight. Please, if you have any further questions you can email me at tom at blowmeuptom.com. We'll be back Monday with the guys from Girls Gone Wild, coming to you live from the back yard of a recidivist sex offender and this weekend I'll be hosting the Tasting Room. We'll be sampling a fine assortment of California box wine with a group attending mandatory counseling for drunk driving arrests.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.23 Your Ad Here

Saturday, Dec 23, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

If you're a regular reader of Something Awful, you've undoubtedly noticed a shift in the placement and volume of advertisements adorning the site over recent months. Here on the front page alone you'll find two banners and a text ad for J-List, a large Google ad between each update's title and content, an Amazon search bar, and several links to SA merchandise. That's not counting the unrelenting barrage of intrusive and possibly illegal advertisements in our forums, which have stirred up quite a bit of controversy lately. Why the heck do we have so many ads?

When the subject comes up, Lowtax falls back on his catalog of ridiculous excuses like "I have to pay the people who work on the website" and "hosting costs money" and "the hardware required to run a site and forum this large costs money", but anyone with a third grade education (and only people with a third grade education) can see that those are filthy lies.

Something Awful doesn't need money. We've secretly been funded by Derek Smart for years. In exchange for state of the art webhosting and forum software that could only come from a man with a brain so large that his ptuitary gland has evolved into a load-bearing muscle, we agreed to stop making fun of him. Why else do you think we haven't mentioned Dr. Smart in years despite his continued relevance?

The real reason for all of these ads? That, I'm sorry to say, would be me. You see, I really want these shoes.

If there's one thing I have learned from my father in all the years that he abandoned me and never called or sent a card for my birthday or gave blood when I needed that transfusion, it's that finding a tennis shoe with a red-eyed deer on its side is a once in a lifetime opporunity that you should never pass up. This is my one and only time to shine.

I haven't taken the time to look up how much these shoes actually cost, so to be on the safe side we're hoping to generate $3,500,000 over the next year by clobbering you in the face with advertisements, and also clobbering your forearms if you raise them in front of your face in a futile effort to defend yourself. We're about three million dollars shy right now, so our efforts will really ramp up in the coming weeks.

To help you prepare for the upcoming ad holocaust, I'll give you a sneak preview of the numerous changes coming to the site.

Thankfully, the front page itself will remain the same for the most part. The layout, color scheme, and menus will be exactly the way you see them now. The only change, and it's really a minor

one, is that all of our articles will be removed and replaced with full screen Flash ads for Fleshlights and insurance policies that protect your car from mudman attacks. Since our sponsors feel that any Flash content might be confused with their ads, Shmorky's Flash Tubs will be replaced with rambling, unbearably long text ads for bulletproof replica Storm Trooper uniforms. With all the Flash animations, annoying text, and excessive Star Wars references you come here for remaining intact, it should feel like nothing changed.

Our forums have already begun their transformation. Last week we unveiled AdBot, a new feature that posts a random catchphrase and three text ads as the first reply to every single thread. We asked everyone what they thought of AdBot and almost everyone jokingly replied that they hated it so we decided to give the people what they want and follow it up with several more automated ad posting bots. Here's a preview of what a typical SA forums thread will look like next week:

POST REPLY

Advertise here!

- Pogs - Mint condition, minimal bloodstains
- WoW characters for sale - Naughty nurse, funny cop, etc.

Advertise | Options | No-Ads

Jerkstore
Jun 01, 2005

"They're all out of you!"

What do you guys think of Lowtax's proposed AdZombie that will serve ads in the fourth reply of each thread?

I think it's a creative idea that will eliminate those horrible low-content "look at me" fourth posts once and for all.

Dec 19, 2006 04:15 Profile Message Post History REPORT EDIT QUOTE

AdBot
Nov 28, 2005

All your base are belong to us!

- Goon-Made Shirts! - Now with sleeves
- How To Circumvent Your Urine Test - Don't show up
- Oh god I hate these AdBots - This site is on a very slippery slope. Buy one of my handmade toboggans on SA Mart!

Hey you! Put your ad here!

Dec 19, 2006 04:15

AdSaur
Nov 28, 2005

I'm extinct... WITH SAVINGS!

- Classic Video Games - Are old. Don't waste your money on them you idiot. Buy my copy of Sonic The Hedgehog for the Xbox 360!
- Hypnotize Women - Then push them so they tip over!
- Check out my webcomic - i just need a artist almost done

Hey you! Put your ad here!

Dec 19, 2006 04:15

AdAmoeba
Nov 28, 2005

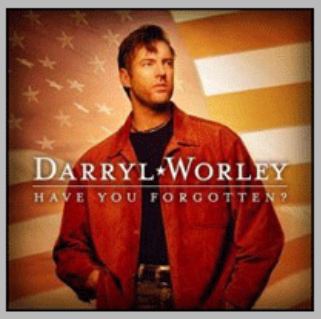
These prices...

(CONTINUED AFTER A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR)

Hey you! Put your ad here!

Dec 19, 2006 04:15

ADVERTISEMENT



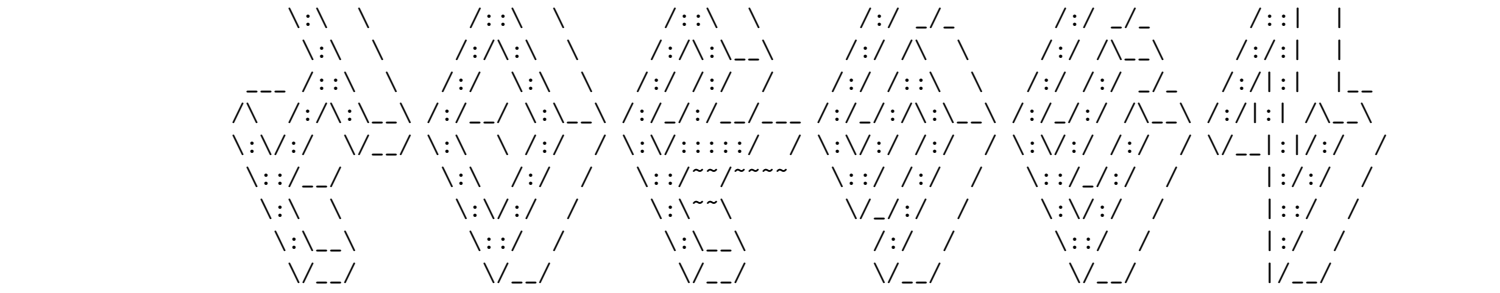
The Soulmate Calculator
You Can Calculate The Exact Name Of Your Soulmate, Try It Now!
www.TheSoulmateCalculator.com
Ads by Google - Advertise on this site
Amazon.com
The Legend of Zelda
Nintendo of Americ...
Best $59.00
I Miss My Friend
Darryl Worley
New $11.98
Best $3.18
Privacy Information
AdAmoeba
Nov 28, 2005
... are microscopic!
Book Of 1001 Jokes For Palindrome Lovers
Only has one joke.
Kittens - Free to a good home or $5 to a troubled home.
Secrets of the deep - Discover what truly lies in the murky depths of the county swimming pool - and the government doesn't want you to know!
Hey you! Put your ad here!
Dec 19, 2006 04:15
Facehead Guyman
Jul 16, 2002
I think AdZombie is a fantastic idea. I love it. In fact, I think there should be more ads on the site in general and twice as many in this thread in particular!
Dec 19, 2006 04:15
Profile Message Post History
REPORT
EDIT
QUOTE
Advertise here!
Pogs - Mint condition, minimal bloodstains
WoW characters for sale - Naughty nurse, funny cop, etc.
Advertise | Options | No-Ads
POST
REPLY
The Soulmate Calculator
You Can Calculate The Exact Name Of Your Soulmate, Try It Now!
www.TheSoulmateCalculator.com
Ads by Google - Advertise on this site
Amazon.com
The Legend of Zelda
Nintendo of Americ...
Best $59.00
I Miss My Friend
Darryl Worley
New $11.98
Best $3.18
Privacy Information
FREE WEBHOSTING
ONLY $19/MONTH

The future looks pretty great, right? If you're in the minority that doesn't think so, there's something you can do. Overly sensitive forum members can block banner ads and AdBot by upgrading their accounts with NoAds for a one-time fee of $5. They will also be able to purchase NoAds Platinum for $30 to block AdSaur, AdAmoeba and AdZombie. Once we've perfected an exciting new feature that will scramble all of your forum posts into an unintelligible mess littered with clickable keywords chosen by our sponsors, you will be able to disable it by buying NoScramble for $80.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.24 HorseZ FAQ

Sunday, Dec 24, 2006 by Clinton "CloudStrifeHorseSwordZ" Degrassi



"An adventure in love, life, and raising horses... are you up to the challenge?"

****
INTRODUCTION
****
Hi, everyone! If you're reading this you're probably new to the world of HorseZ, and I'm flattered that you chose me as your guide! My name is Clinton "CloudStrifeHorseSwordZ" Degrassi, and I guess I'm pretty much the biggest HorseZ expert on this here corner of the Internet. But enough about me - get ready, because you're about to go on the adventure of a lifetime!

This FAQ may not be reproduced under any circumstances except for private, personal use. It may not be posted on another Web site without advance written permission from me. I believe in open source writing as much as the next guy, but this means a lot to me and I AM prepared to get a lawyer if some punk wants to get nasty with my work. I put a lot of time into this FAQ and I don't want to see it popping up under other peoples' names. Now that the stupid legalese is out of the way, let's play some HorseZ!

****
GAME INFORMATION
****
HorseZ is a virtual pet/adventure/action game developed by MTO and published by Ubisoft. It is one in a series of "Petz" games, including "CowZ" and "DogZ". It is also one of the best games ever made. I couldn't bear to completely forget my old e-namesake (CloudStrifeSwords) when this came out but I thought I could pay respect to two of the grandest games ever made by sticking in an extra syllable and a "Z". When I turn 18 and I can legally change my last name from "Kowalski" to "Degrassi", I figure my name will become an homage to three of the finest pieces of art this generation has produced.

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**************
REVISION NOTES
**************
11/15/06: Removed comma splice from third subsection of chapter four
(pertaining to the illegal night race with Joanie).

11/15/06: Chapter six, subsection 10 mistakenly said the lunatic moon
horse turns RIGHT into the corn field when you're chasing him with the
fire hose. He actually turns LEFT. I deeply regret this error.

11/16/06: After a bit of internal debate I've decided to remove the cheat
codes section from this FAQ. A game like HorseZ needs a clean, unaltered,
ethical experience to be truly appreciated. I'd strongly suggest you other
HorseZ FAQ writers follow my lead.

11/17/06: TAMAGOTCHI DOES NOT APPEAR IN THIS GAME, EVEN IF YOU DO BRUSH
YOUR HORSE ON THE HEADMASTER'S GRAVE AT MIDNIGHT AND LET THE GHOST FEED
IT SUGAR CUBES! Please stop emailing me about this cheat, IT DOES NOT WORK!!!

11/17/06: Horses do not shout racial epithets at people, and the People for
the Rational Treatment of Haitians are clearly grubbing for money when they
say "Neigh" is a slur against their people.

11/18/06: Rumor removed: The developer has confirmed that it "never got
around to" rendering a horse's backside, so rumors of hidden CGI film of
horses kicking small children in the throat are unsubstantiated.

11/19/06: Fixed mistake that said custom soundtracks were available in the
US release. They're actually only available in the UK special edition,
which I strongly suggest you pick up. Listening to Staind's "Mudshovel"
while grooming and riding really heightens the HorseZ experience.

11/21/06: Big Chief Sullen Sky doesn't let you ride his special horse until
AFTER the festival golden of hay. I am sorry for the hours of confusion I
undoubtedly caused you all.

12/15/06: After weeks in hiding I've decided to return to my post and
help the true HorseZ fans work their way through the story. I understand
some of you might question my passion for HorseZ, but it's jerks like you
who made me wonder if I belonged here in the first place. Keep the trolling
in your mothers' basements, chumps; us real fans care too much about HorseZ
to let you bother us.


**********
THE BASICS
**********
HorseZ is not one game, but a series of minigames encompassing genres like
action, adventure, survival horror, and stealth. In between these games you
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take the role of Jade, a British girl recently inducted into a prestigious horsing academy. As an apprentice horsemaster you'll spend weeks training, grooming, and learning about your horse, and maybe yourself in the process.

Some people say the controls are glitched but I believe Ubisoft made it like that to create more of a challenge for hardcore gamers. In Horsez only one direction on the analog stick is "straight"; the remaining seven make you move backwards or in a large circle. This has led to several mean-spirited jokes on the Internet, saying the game should be called "One-Tread Remote Control TankZ" or "Zhit", but some people are just too shallow to see the inner beauty of a true work of art.

On a related note, THE RUN ANIMATION ISSUES ARE NOT A GLITCH!!! Ubisoft said specifically that the "run" button would make Jade change animations, but not actually go any faster, so people wouldn't "rush through" the game. How would you like "Titanic" if they chopped an hour off? What would you think about the LOTR trilogy if the characters ran full-speed to their every destination? That's what I thought. Shut up and enjoy the game for what it is, not what it isn't, you Halo-addicted mouthbreathers.

****
THE CHARACTERS
****
Jade: Jade is a 17-year-old girl from the UK. She is very close to her brother but has moved to Scotland to harness her incredible horsing talents. As Jade, you will move through the ranks of the horsing world, making friends, enemies, and lovers along the way. Do you have what it takes to make Jade a superstar, or will she sink into anonymity under your apathetic thumbs? Don't let your own apathy ruin another person's life, reader. You'll hate yourself forever if you do.

Spike: When I first saw Spike's name on the screen I thought he was the punk-rockin' vampire of Buffy fame. Unfortunately, he isn't, but that doesn't mean he isn't a diverse, motivated character with a lot to add to the HorseZ universe. His tough exterior belies his fervent love of horses, and if Jade shows him a little care he might even open up to her. A tough nut to crack, indeed, but the prize is a beautiful spirit with undying passion for his craft. (I'm willing to pay one of you aspiring FAQ writers to whip me up a short story where Buffy's Spike is inadvertently teleported into the HorseZ universe. I'll even endorse you when the time comes to post your first FAQ).

Ginger: Ginger is a perfect example of why the rest of the world hates Americans. She is loudmouthed, untalented, and not interested in learning. Instead, she only cares about the excellent social scene the Scottish horse training school offers. Let me tell you something now, readers: DO NOT TRUST HER. Putting Jade's academic life on the line isn't a responsible thing to do, even if you DO have to miss out on the party in Ginger's dorm.

Esteban: With coffee skin and a wonderful accent, Esteban hails from a

place where the sun shines and the men glow. His love for horses is only interrupted when Jade comes into the picture. A possible love conflict? You'll just have to play and find out, now won't you ;)

Kew: I really hate to objectify women with sexist terms, but Kew is a rip. She's of indeterminate Asian heritage, and the three R's in her horse-learning become the three W's when she opens her stupid catty mouth. I know that sounds racist, but tell me rage doesn't boil up inside you every time you hear her speak. I'm going to quit writing this now lest my temper get the best of me.

****
THE GAMES
****
As mentioned above, HorseZ consists of a variety of minigames, strung together by the wonderful tale of Jade and her time in Scotland. Since the instruction booklet is only three pages long I thought I'd share some hints and tips on the basic minigames HorseZ has to offer:

Brushing: Brushing is an excellent little game, but only if you have GAMING ETHICS. Some unscrupulous characters might tell you to hold the "brush" icon ANWHERE (including above or below the actual horse), hold the "X" button, and let dust fly until the game is over. This is called cheating, folks, and I condemn ANYONE who is unethical enough to do it.

Bathing: Pretty much the same game as brushing, but with a different warning: DO NOT SPRAY THE HORSE IN ITS HEAD WITH THE HOSE UNTIL IT DIES. This isn't a Grand Theft Auto game, and you aren't rewarded for going against everything the developers intended this wonderful game to be. In my opinion you should be ARRESTED for ANIMAL CRUELTY if you're one of the jerks who pull this stunt, but until that time rest assured Satan has a special place in hell for anyone who kills their horses by blasting them in the face with a high-powered stream of water for minutes on end.

Stall Cleaning: Alright, first things first, ANY immature moron who chuckles at this game needs to be drug out in the street and shot. Horses poop just like everyone else. Do your friends laugh maniacally every time YOU use the restroom? Does the thought of jabbing dirty hay with a pitchfork make you titter with immature glee? If so, Horsez isn't for you. Try a little game called "Maturity". I think it's the sequel to "Graduating Grade School".

Cross Country Run: This is the ultimate test of your horsemanship. Much like a real horse, your virtual steed has three speeds, which are accessed by hitting the square button. While some unethical types might be prone to automatically dropping into the highest possible horse gear and letting 'er rip, as the saying goes, remember: Once you're at the highest speed, there's no way to slow down short of coming to a complete stop by crashing into a wall. And, if you sickos were planning on doing something like that just for fun, forget it. Ubisoft refused to pander to your depravity and

neglected to put any sort of crash animation in the game. You just stop dead, and sometimes your horse's hooves get caught in the ground and you can't do anything but reset the system. If you're planning on buying just to crash your horse, I'd suggest you hold the reset button a few seconds longer and let your system shut off. Nobody wants you playing this.

Resting: This is my favorite minigame because it really shows the potential of open-ended titles. To play it you simply schedule a rest for your horse in the school planner, hit the X button, and watch. When you're done watching the horse stand in a field, totally motionless, you hit the X button again. Instant win, instant gratification. It hearkens back to the days of Myst, only with a bit less motion to distract you. And they say new games don't improve on the classics. O_o

****
FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS
****

Before you all start complaining like you're prone to, let me remind you that this is not a walk through. My FAQ is designed to help you, not hand-feed you. Here are a few common questions, as well as my own hints to succeeding in the world of HorseZ:

Q:) "Why is the key in the stealth segment all the way across the level on a table in an otherwise undecorated room? This game sucks."
A.) It's common practice to leave keys to critical areas of a stable several yards, or sometimes even miles, away. Don't insult other people because you're not competent enough to take care of horses.

Q.) "Why does the game go completely silent after I open a dialogue box?"
A.) Clearly this email was written by a child, because an adult would know you need to REFLECT on things people tell you. The game not playing any sound after Jade talks to someone is Ubi's way of saying she is contemplating what she just heard. Learn to hold a conversation before you fill my email inbox with your tripe, please.

Q.) How do I win the race with Kew in Chapter 3? Every time her horse comes close to touching me I come to a sudden halt and a split second later she crosses the finish line. She goes out of her way to bump me and it feels like the game's doing it on purpose!"
A.) Maybe before you start blaming other people you should examine your own attitude towards HorseZ. Ubisoft should make a game that teaches you to have some gall; that seems to be what you need. Go back to your Barbies and write me back when you're ready for a challenge. Idiot.

Q.) "What do popularity points do?"
A.) Oh, I dunno... maybe you should check the "report card" option in the menu? You know what a report card is, right? That piece of paper you bring home and then your dad says "take another name off the list" and then he tears up a bunch of college brochures? Have fun working at the gas station, Joebob. You aren't cut out for HorseZ.

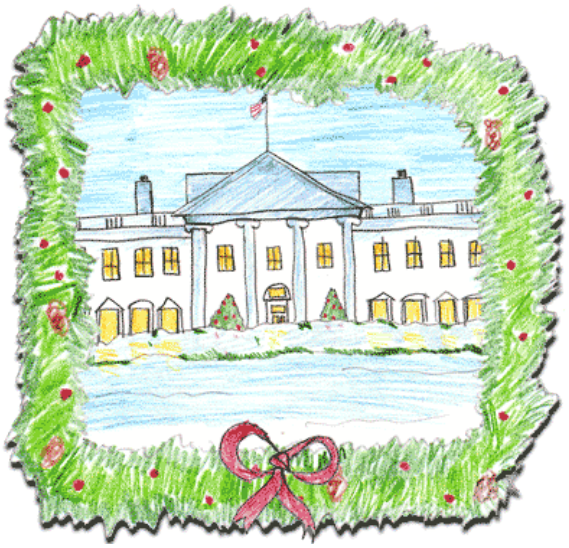
Q.) "Where is the guy I need to talk to to get Ginger's birthday present? It seems kind of silly that the game tells me there's "someone somewhere" and then expects me to walk through about fifteen 45-second load screens searching for him."
A.) Oh. My. God. I CANNOT believe you're going to sink to blaming someone else for your own inadequacies. Did your father knock the deductive skills out of you as a punishment for being too ugly? Did your mother run a rum IV straight to her belly button while she was pregnant with you? Carlito is hiding in the third room of the fourth sector of the boy's dorm, just where you'd know he was if you weren't too busy trying to distinguish your face from roadkill. If you were here with me I'd tell you to get out of my sight. Ugh.

****
SPECIAL THANKS
****
Writing this FAQ was a lot of fun (except for the idiot questions), and it wouldn't have been possible without the help of a few people. First I'd like to thank Rodney The Yam for his ASCII help. After that, of course, big props to Bee Jay Bee for hosting the FAQ. Finally, thanks to all my friends and family for helping me realize my passion, except for Mom, who can't get it through her head that Degrassi is a good last name AND a fitting homage to the best television since Buffy. I hope you all found this helpful; keep on HorseZin'!

-~Clinton "CloudStrifeHorseSwordZ" Degrassi

12.25 'Twas the Night Before Declaration

Monday, Dec 25, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the nation,
Not a creature was stirring, not even the Heritage Foundation.
Pork riders were tacked onto the budgets with care,
In hope that Ways & Means auditors would not go there.

The Democrats were nestled all snug in their beds,
While Bush's approval ratings danced in their heads.
And Bill in his buff, and Hillary in sleep mask,
Had just settled in to sleep on their task.

Hillary was facing a bid for election,
and Bill was stricken with four-hour erection.
He wished he had not read priapism on wikipedia,
and Hillary was cursing the mainstream media.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
Hillary sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window she flew like a witch,
while Bill feigned a snore and mouthed the word "bitch".

"What is it? Who's out there? Who goes down below?"
Hillary cried out but heard no answer from snow.
Like white chocolate unicorns gliding on ice,
Hillary imagined she saw everything nice.

The visions she saw were far from the grim,
like DNC coffers stacked up to the brim.
Rahm Emanuel and Carville were ready to serve,
and her personal fundraising was ahead of the curve.

Yet there was some nagging and terrible tingle,
what was amiss did not come with a jingle.

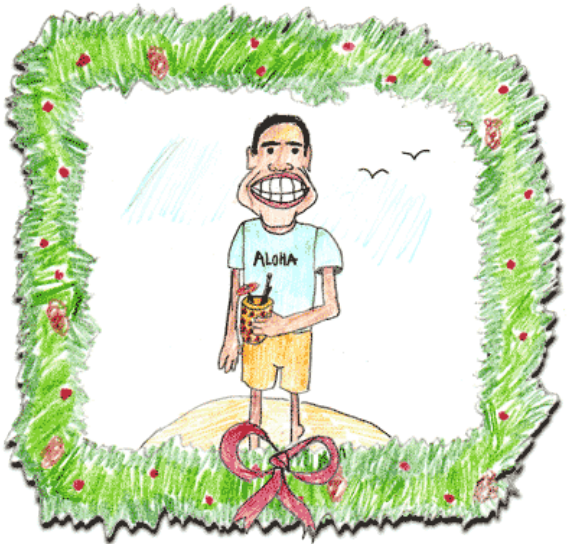
But each moving shadow was only a branch,
as common as brush cleared away from a ranch.

"You're jumping at nothing and yelling at ghosts,
don't listen to Chris Matthews and his Obama boasts.
That senator is no Kennedy, whether Robert or John,
and he's certainly not spending this night on our lawn."

Hillary slapped his hand and gave Bill a glare,
then pretended to fix a dent in her hair.
"I fear no beast with man-thing blood,
I will grind them all down into the mud."

Her cockiness hid her deepest fear,
and she found herself far from holiday cheer.

Her committee was ready and her papers prepared,
but Barack Obama had not yet declared.



Far away in the tropics with a sweet cool drink,
a man named Barack was perched on the brink.
To run or not was his fateful decision,
but soft sands and surf were the sum of his vision.

It took no prophet to predict his course,
and it took no diviner to find his source.
Hillary's crisis was really most tragic,
when you realize Obama was made out of magic.

Obama sprang to his bluetooth, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all rushed like a Tomahawk missile.
Some heard him exclaim as they boarded their flight,
"I declare my candidacy to all, and to all a good night!"

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.26 Poetry Made Easy: Volume One

Tuesday, Dec 26, 2006 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

The tool of poesy!

Many young people feel that poetry is the province of high-minded snooties, impenetrable to all but nerds, academics, bookworms, hookworms, and nerds. Others want to enjoy poetry, but find that they simply don't "get it." It's time that we shattered the myths that the ivory-tower academics have built up around poetry: poetry is for anyone and everyone! It takes no special skill or training to appreciate poetry; poetry contains no complicated hidden meanings that are beyond the grasp of the average reader, and anyone can interpret any poem in a matter of seconds. Better yet, you can even *write your own poetry* with minimal effort!

Once you have mastered the lessons herein, you will not only understand every poem ever written, but you will unlock the potential to make your artful living in this world as a famous rich poet, *yourself!* In today's lesson, we will cover two varieties of poetry that form the basis of much of the canon of poetic classics: the Nature Poem and the Love Poem.

The Nature Poem

One of the major uses of the poem is to revel in the splendor of nature! The natural world has been a rich font of inspiration to poets for over two hundred years— and why shouldn't it be? It is man's great gift, to apprehend the world with his God-created eyes, to appreciate all the cornucopial varieties of life and leaf! We may be inspired by the subtlety of the leaf and the plight of the burrowless badger, by the gyration of the bird or the simple clank of a heavy feather upon a stone. To look unto a great nature poem is like unto looking unto a flower, a new flower unto which the eye has never gazed unto: defamiliarized in the song of word, the flower is made new, its smell transmitted by the page into the eyehole, read by the brain as a flower, made whole and fresh by the brain. Yea, a flower is immortalized in poesy as your name shall be when you write a classic poem!

Nature poems are easy to recognize: they are those that glorify the simple pleasure of that which occurs without the interference of man: a lamb, a rainbow, a tornado! The Nature Poem addresses the deep yearning of man to return to his pastoral roots and become a shepherd, and holler elegies to his dead shepherd friends across limitless fields of gently swaying flax. They seek to make man pious to nature, as William Wordsworth here does with his famous classic, *The Rainbow:*

> My heart leaps up when I behold
> A Rainbow in the sky:
> So was it when my life began;
> So is it now I am a man;
> So be it when I shall grow old,
> Or let me die!
> The Child is father of the man;
> And I wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety.

Quite the example, and so easy to interpret! You see, this poem states three basic things: first, that William Wordsworth likes rainbows. Second, that he has liked them all his life and will like them until he is old. Third, his childlike wonderment at the beauty of nature will stay with him always,

he hopes. So simple that it's *almost* stupid, right? So, with this in mind, let us learn how to create a poem of our own.

The most important thing to remember when writing a Nature Poem is to use the imagery of nature to make a statement about a larger truth; in Wordsworth's example, we can see that he was using his wonderment about rainbows to make the point that a child's connection of nature should be an essential part of adult life. All we must do, then, to create a poem worthy of any anthology, a poem that will be discussed and interpreted for hundreds of years, is to follow the simple two-step process for writing nature poems:

O mossy treefellow!

1). Think of a thing to say.
2). Talk about nature while saying this thing.

For example, let's imagine that we'd like to say that love is a fleeting and inscrutable thing. A simple concept, but the rich bounty of nature can illustrate it through glorious metaphor:

> How like the sloth is love,
> A thing of mossy languor;
> So seldom glimpsed, and never understood,
> It emerges twice yearly from the canopy
> To forage and defecate.

Now *you* try it! Remember, you don't really need to look up actual information about nature in an encyclopedia before writing a Nature Poem; you are free to make things up (it's called "artistic license").

The Love Poem

And speaking of love, the most greatest of the human endeavors of the human heart! Ah, such a thing it is, such an implacable tyrant, yet so gentle a housebird! Love's rich tapestry of emotions has inspired the greatest men to put pen to paper, to craft their joy and pain into verse, to touch us like a lover might, but with word. Poetry has always been about love, for love is that which guides us to express our words beautifully, and what is poetry *if not that?*

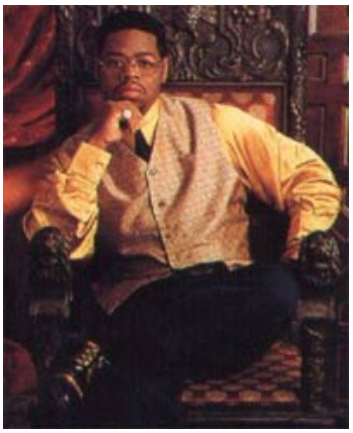
One can hardly call the Love Poem a genre, so rich and diverse it is, for love touches all poems with its musky tendrils. Poems about love constitute so diverse an array of styles and textures that pinning it down would be impossible. Instead, we shall focus on the three great archetypical forms of Love Poetry:

A) The Shakespearian Sonnet

Do you know why Shakespeare is still so popular and widely-read today, despite the facts that he has been dead for tens of dozens of decades, and that he wrote in a primitive, crippled form of English? It is because he knew, even then, in times when life was brief and cruel, and when homely women poured buckets of steaming urine from tenement windows onto the horse-shat streets below, soaking underpassers with the reeking wastes of yet another filthy night, even in those times when men's hands were calloused from the rough business of swordplay and rape and ribcracking peasant-work, when wild, orphaned children were wont to slit each others' throats with sharpened mussel shells collected from the bleak shoals of England's corpse-strewn beaches and dispose of each other in bogs, yes, even in those times when every street was awash in black blood of snaggletoothed whores who openly lifted their skirts and menstruated freely onto the wretched cobblestones of a life not worth living, *even then*, Shakespeare knew how to talk to a lady.

This Bard, this genius, could walk up to any lady, and despite his silly little beard, could say "shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" And the lady would say, "why yes, you shall," and then he *would*. While we cannot hope to duplicate his genius, mostly because the writing of sonnets involves actual rules about the number of lines and whatnot, and they have to rhyme, which is more trouble than it's worth, we can look to the great man for inspiration. But let's not do that right now, because Shakespeare is boring.

B) The Interlude



COMING SOON... THE ALEX VANDERPOOLEERA

Aside from the sonnet, the most popular and influential variety of Love Poetry is, without question, the Interlude. Interludes occur mainly as spoken-word passages in the middle of mid-nineties R&B songs, and generally begin with the word "girl." An archetypical example can be found in Boyz II Men's 1992 single, *End of the Road:*

> Girl,
> I'm here for you.
> All those times of night when you just hurt me,
> And just run out with that other fella;
> Baby I knew about it, I just didn't care;
> You just don't understand how much I love you, do you?
> I'm here for you.

Even without musical accompaniment, a great Interlude can be a thrilling, affecting thing. The simplicity of their structure means that there is no confusion: the first word, "girl," tells exactly to whom the poem poetries, and subsequent words are merely what is being said to this girl in question! All you must do, then, is to think of something you'd like to say to a girl, say the word "girl," and then say the thing! Even if you don't know any girls, or don't have anything in particular that you'd like to say to them, you can simply write something that you *might* say to a girl, if ever you met one! Remember to add depth and richness to your poesy by implying a backstory. Take this, for example:

> Girl,
> You know I never meant to hurt you.
> If I spun you in that centrifuge too long,
> You know I didn't mean it;
> I never meant to spin you like that,
> I never wanted to scramble up that brain of yours, girl,
> And you know that if I did, it was out of love.
> Come back to me, girl,
> Can't you see this is tearing me apart?
> Just get in the centrifuge one more time, girl,
> You know I am serious this time,
> When I say that I will not spin you to the point of injury;
> Please, girl,
> One more time.
> (key change, repeat chorus)

As we can see, the accessibility of the Interlude makes it a form to which anyone can relate!

C) The Familiar Love Poem

Though the romantic, puppy-love trappings of most love poetry make for a thrilling emotional rollercoaster, they certainly cannot satisfy the sophisticated and delicate tastes of the mature poet or reader! With age and experience comes a certain dulling of the senses, and aspiring poets can bolster the maturity of their work tenfold by assuming a more settled, muted, and boring voice. Love no longer holds any surprises to the Familiar Love Poet! He has experienced the highs and lows of love many times, and he now looks for meaning in the little things. Take, for example, Raymond Carver's superlative work of Familiar genius, *An Afternoon*:

> As he writes, without looking at the sea,
> he feels the tip of his pen begin to tremble.
> The tide is going out across the shingle.
> But it isn't that. No,
> it's because at that moment she chooses
> to walk into the room without any clothes on.
> Drowsy, not even sure where she is
> for a moment. She waves the hair from her forehead.
> Sits on the toilet with her eyes closed,
> head down. Legs sprawled. He sees her
> through the doorway. Maybe
> she's remembering what happened that morning.
> For after a time, she opens one eye and looks at him.
> And sweetly smiles.

Here, Carver, the Familiar Poet, looks up from his page and finds inspiration not from the roiling see below, but from the drowsy piddling of his unabashed lady-love. He has captured a serene moment, a break from the rollercoaster of relationships, when he can contentedly watch a half-asleep woman pee and draw his poetic inspiration from the refreshing simplicity of her act.

As an aspiring poet, however, you might not have the luxury of simply waiting for such moments to happen; you might starve to death if you just sit in your room, pen in hand, waiting for a woman to walk in and pee all over the place! Instead, you should simply imagine what it must be like to love someone so much that you aren't grossed out by their bodily functions. Allow us to demonstrate:

> Beside me she sat, thin hair
> graying, folds of skin obscuring that
> which was once her taut, gleaming thorax,
> on the sofa;
> Placing a hand on the wooden arm,
> she raised herself up,
> only long enough
> to let pass a wet, lingering
> breeze, before easing
> herself down calmly,
> with no acknowledgment
> of her graceful transgression.

So simple, and yet so elegant. The Familiar Love Poem reaches into depths uncharted by the flowery romantic language of the past by portraying the reality of love; we grow old, we lose control of our

bowels, and yet we remain more devoted than ever to our most beloved. Now it's your turn, young poet! Illustrate the depth and sophistication of your love with the simplicity of pen on page!

And thus concludes lesson one! How dearly I do hope that you will join me again, for I would love to share with you the secrets of the more advanced forms of poetry: the Sad Poem and the Nonsense Poem. Good luck, young poets! May your quills stay pointy!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

12.27 The Something Awful YouTube Wish List

Wednesday, Dec 27, 2006 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff and the SA Staff (@Livestock)

It seems like only yesterday that YouTube first popped up and started hosting loads and loads of unfathomable crap. Since that time, it has grown to become the public access television of the Internet, a rich reservoir of original content showcasing the human condition at its worst, as filmed by a webcam at 320x240 resolution. In spite of the regrettable nature of virtually everything on YouTube, there is something genuinely fascinating about watching people degrade themselves. Of course not all of YouTube is bad or degrading. Rare gems of quality, such as the Complete Works of Steve Sutton and videos of people ghost riding the whip come close to making up for all the horror. Still, horror wins the day, as it invariably does on the Internet.

To help improve the quality of YouTube, I decided to brainstorm a list of videos I would like to see, in essence creating a wish list. Along the way I decided it would be a good idea to ask my fellow writers to help out, as they too have wishes and dreams, in addition to hopes, feelings, longings, and sorrows. If you yourself possess the ability to be filmed, we encourage you to make our holiday dreams come true! There are no prizes to be won, but we might possibly respect you and there is even a slim chance that we might come visit you in the hospital, assuming you severely injure yourself within reasonable driving distance. In all likelihood, however, you will make us regret ever coming up with these ideas – regrets that you are most certainly welcome to share thanks to the miracle of interactivity.

So, without further ado, let us open up the Something Awful YouTube Wish List:

Caylen "Abraham" Burroughsis partially responsible for inspiring this concept. The idea came to me as we discussed elevating the genre of ghost riding the whip to new and glorious heights. Caylen wishes for you to film the following GREAT IDEAS:

- Two guys who slowly are Ghost Riding their Whips straight into each other in an extremely low speed game of Chicken.
- Two very old men in Civil War reenactment garb loudly arguing about which Video Game console is better.
- An anime tribute music video set to William S. Burroughs narrations.
- Two people in a pantomime horse costume attempting to engage in horse coitus with two other unwilling people that are in a different pantomime horse costume.
- A Professional Athlete vlogging about how difficult it can be to be a multi-millionaire single parent.
- Someone throwing water balloons at technicians inside of CAPCOM at NASA during a launch sequence.
- A bunch of orthodox Jewish teenagers doing parkour at Auschwitz.
- Someone doing a speedrun of Monopoly for the NES (No Chance Cards, No Mortgages, 8 Player Perfect Game).
- A creepy guy with a voice box who does nothing but respond to videos made by teenage girls; criticizing their appearance, taste in music and dance moves.

It seems only fitting you give Caylen what he wants, as he has given you so much over the years.

Kevin "The Goblin" Wilson, who writes for some godforsaken crevice of this site, was greedy with his wishes. Such a spy young buck, to him the furthest reaches seem but a hop and a skip.

- I want to see a guy brushing his teeth with two toothbrushes at the same time.
- I want to see a ghost ride that contains actual ghosts.
- A video of a 7 year old pretending to be Stephen Colbert.
- An overweight man giving a serious movie critique of "Transformers: The movie" where he gets so mad one of his pimples bursts.
- An old lady demonstrating how to use a fleshlight for some public access channel "Sex Talk" knock-off.
- A fan video of a band playing a cover of a Dragonforce song on Guitar Hero guitars.

Thank you, lad! I hope at least the first two of your wishes are granted, and the rest quickly misfiled alongside your contributions to the site.

The World's Greatest Homie, **Street Cactus**, has his own wishes to make.

- I want to see somebody hang a slip-n-slide (with the water running) over the eave of a house or a balcony and have people do time trials trying to climb up it.
- I want to see morbidly obese people compete over whose fat ripples longer when a 3 lb weight is dropped on their belly button.

Merry Christmas to you, gentle architect of ideas and beats.

The jovial atmosphere briefly melted **Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell's** heart long enough for him to make a wish, thus lifting his embargo on staff fraternization for a few minutes.

- I'd like to see someone open a Christmas present only to find their own head inside the box. Upon further inspection there's also an iPod in there, so they scream in delight.

A request as simple as decapitation is certainly no stretch for our talented audience. Make the ultimate sacrifice and take your life in horrific fashion for the writer of "Video Game Article!"

David Thorpe, the esteemed Applebee's assistant manger of my heart, wished thus upon his favorite star (Betelgeuse):

- I want to see someone opening the door of a car and peeing into it.
- Identical twins playing ping pong.

Surely requests so simple could easily be granted by the likes of *you* (and your identical twin)?

Next, a vulgar young chap by the name of **Evan "Pantsfish" Wade** called out to the Gods to answer his prayers.

- I'd like to see a guy shooting a roman candle into a bowl of gasoline.
- I'd like to see someone buy the new the Killers album "Sam's Town" at Target and immediately go "this shit sucks" and fling it in the cashier's face when the transaction is complete.

I'm certain the world will get right on that!

Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink, who I assume is a Jew and therefore an enemy combatant in the War on Christmas, callously derided our holiday with these heathen wishes:

- An old man explaining the hidden meaning behind his local radio station's call numbers.
- A man dressed up as Mario reenacting famous moments from the video game and then he is suddenly hit by a car with the word Irony painted on the side.
- Someone going for the world's highest indoor pole vault in their kitchen, only the ceiling is seven feet high.
- Someone going for the world's longest indoor long jump in their bathroom, only someone trips them before they can start.
- I'd like to see a man who is proud of his new stilts feel inferior when a man with taller stilts comes along.
- I'd like to see U2 do a benefit concert to support the concept of time.
- Also time lapse photography of the thermostat in an office where no one can agree on what temperature to set it to.

I'm sure somebody has already filmed moving images of coal, you foul creature. Try to crush that into a diamond, why don't you?

That redheaded trollop, **Reid "Frolixo" Paskiewicz**, has long since abandoned Something Awful in favor of working fulltime as a traveling biscuit salesman, but his heart is still with us on the holidays.

- A news anchor doing a report and wearing a bow tie that randomly spins, cracking up the weather guy, who keeps laughing for 2 minutes strait.
- 2 Asian teens singing and dancing to Dr. Roboto until a Yeti sneaks up behind them and smacks their heads together.
- A shirtless Steve Sutton wrestling a bear cub.

I think we can all agree that your final wish is too profound to be ignored.

Johnny "DocEvil" Titaniumunderstands Christmas perhaps better than anyone, as he purchased for me the gift of 144 black combs. Since then I've basically felt like I can conquer any head of hair out there. Because DocEvil already made my dreams come true, perhaps you could make his dreams come true by granting him his wishes?

- I want to see a guy rub a huge handful of peanut butter into his belly button and say "Oh my, now I'm queen of the castle!"
- I want to watch an old man complain about the bats in his garage for a good 6 or 7 minutes.

On second thought, you probably shouldn't bother.

At times like these I often ask myself, "What would **Dave "Atomo" Gomez**, occasional contributor to this site and master of 3d animated baby adventures, wish for?"

- A child beating open a pinata filled with menudo.
- An elderly man wearing sunglasses playing DDR against younger children and stopping halfway through to stand transfixed with rage as a wet stain forms down his leg.
- A crying Indian chief being thrown from a car and coming to rest at a pile of garbage.
- A man swimming laps and downing a mug of Ragu each time he reaches the end of the pool.

Disclaimer: Atomo is a shareholder in Unilever and therefore has a vested financial interest in promoting the consumption of Ragu brand products.

Zack Parsons, famous author of "My Tank is Fight!" and "Turtle Beach Diaries: The Gangs of Turtle Beach," offered up these ideas he couldn't work into his next book.

- A little baby crying as it rolls across the screen on a skateboard.
- A baby being arrested by a dog.
- A baby getting the electric chair for a crime it did not commit.
- I would also like to see two really beautiful women passionately kissing each other and then an alarm sounds and they eat a box of donuts as fast as they can.
- A video of a black guy getting a college degree and then buying a TV at a consumer electronics store and then voting republican.
- Extreme sports types doing the dew and holding the can or bottle out to the camera and they smile as tears stream down their face.

Would you deny a famous author his dreams? Surely you are not that coldhearted and frigid?

Shmorkyis very simple, and has but one request in life:

- A dog in rollerskates.

Let's hope his childlike naivete is rewarded.

World-renowned idiot **Tom "Moof" Davies** was quick to let his inner child take control, as usual.

- I would like to see a man go to an airport with a bowling ball and pins and set up the pins somewhere with a lot of people and then bowl the ball at the pins and then when security comes I would like to see him try and bribe security with kittens in a suitcase.
- A video where a man buys a hot dog from a hot dog vendor in New Your City and places it under his hat and then walks away (when he lifts up his hat there is already a hot dog and a cheeseburger under it).

I hope an elevator lands on your head one day, Moof.

And finally, I, your humble host, wish for the following videos:

- I would like some enterprising youngsters to mate ghost riding the whip with backyard wrestling, creating the new danger sport for the next generation. The filmed result should involve folding tables and chairs, and at least one frog splash off the whip.
- A video montage of Hulk Hogan and Macho Man Randy Savage (or look-alikes) trying to incubate as many baby chickens as possible (at least 10 apiece).
- Grainy black and white footage of a hog slowly drowning in a bog, crying out for help, but receiving none.
- Footage of dogs giving their masters haircuts and then climbing ladders.
- A soapbox derby with dogs racing the elderly down a steep hill (preferably in San Francisco or Seattle).
- A man smuggling dozens of hams inside his XXL Tupac shirt.
- A man in a wolf shirt battling a man in a dragon shirt with a man in a flame shirt serving as referee (though who knows where his loyalties lie?).
- A wealthy aristocrat burning vanity woods such as cedar in his fireplace while the rich get richer and the poor get poorer (illustrated in a bar graph off to the side).
- A re-creation of the firebombing of Dresden using miniatures and thousands of crickets in place of people (bonus points if you allow lizards to wander the charred remains in search of roasted crickets).

If by chance you do decide to try to create any of the videos requested here, please e-mail me post haste with videological proof. In the off chance you get seriously injured making one of these videos I offer my sincerest of half-hearted apologies. And no, you cannot sue us, unless you do so for charity.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff and the SA Staff (@Livestock)

12.28 The Forgotten Releases

Thursday, Dec 28, 2006 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

What a day to post an update. It's the time of the year when the world, and by world I mean The United States, is a half-functioning version of itself. We are in the middle of the lull when Christmas is finally over but New Year's isn't quite here yet, and everyone is sort of twiddling their thumbs waiting for the calendar to roll over.

It's like watching the end of a basketball game and one team is way ahead and the players are just looking at the clock waiting for it to hit 00:00 and Kobe is running up the scoreboard and half the crowd already left to beat the traffic. As Chick Hearn might say, 2006 is in the refrigerator, the door's closed, the light's out, the eggs are cooling, the butter's getting hard and the Jell-O's jiggling.

This is an especially slow time of year for the video game industry as most developers blew their load on Christmas. If you can't get your game in stores by December you might as well not release it at all. The holiday shopping season is the best time to release games, especially horrible ones. It's the time of year when confused parents and grandparents who don't understand that all games are not created equal pick out licensed trash for their children.

If it weren't for these damn Ford cars I'd actually be able to enjoy the blurry textures in the background.

Their thought process is simple. Their child may like cars so they pick up Ford Bold Moves Racing not knowing that it's a thinly veiled advertisement for Ford cars and a piss-poor racing game at that. It isn't rocket science. Their whole demographic is confused and frustrated gift givers who just want to get in the store, find something cheap, and get the hell out. I'm not saying it's a bad thing. It's a fantastic business model that works every year.

Unfortunately, not all games arrive in time for Christmas. These are the games that miss the holidays altogether and fall into the terrible abyss known as The Forgotten Releases. How did these post-holiday releases, destined to be purchased by droves of confused grandparents just weeks before, miss the holidays? Perhaps the development team was delusional and thought that their game would actually be good. Maybe they failed certification and were told by one of the big three to clean up their bargain bin masterpiece.

Whatever the reason, the game is released after Christmas anyway. It's like that rare person who bombs every test in class all semester but still shows up for the final, or somebody who reads to the end of this update. It's that desperate never give up attitude that I admire. That's why today we are paying tribute to these forgotten releases and giving them the spotlight they deserve. You never knew they existed and you sure as hell aren't going to rush out to pick them up. They are 2006's Forgotten Releases.

An American Hero Comes to the Nintendo DS

?

We begin our look at the forgotten releases with Rafa Nadal Tennis for the Nintendo DS. Originally titled Rafa Nadal Tennis: Who the Heck is Rafa Nadal, the game has been through a long and tumultuous development history. The development team has seen many programmers come and go including former lead programmer Todd Fellows, who left after an argument about how hard the tennis ball should bounce on clay courts erupted into a fistfight. As security escorted a fuming Fellows out of Codemasters headquarters he said, "To hell with Codemasters! You people have lost your way! Tennis balls just don't bounce that hard and I'll be damned if I'm going to be on a team that thinks so!"

Despite these setbacks the game is finally here! Scheduled to be in stores on December 28th, *Rafa Nadal Tennis* promises to be a revolutionary tennis title according to the developer's web site.

> *In the next days will be available the Virtual Toys' last release. Rafa Nadal Tennis will be available for the Nintendo portable console. The main difference between this game and other tennis titles will be the innovator control system, using the stylus and the touch screen, making use of all the console features. You can play with Rafa Nadal or develop your own player. With more of fifteen tennis courts and tournaments Rafa Nadal tennis will be this season's funniest tennis game.*

It's refreshing that a developer is finally incorporating humor into a tennis game. Rafa Nadal is known for his hijinks on and off the court. He brings his trademark antics to the Nintendo DS as only Rafa Nadal can. I was saddened to discover that this would be the final release of such an extraordinary developer. With Rafa Nadal Tennis, however, they are going out with a bang.

Rafa takes advantage of all the unique features the DS has to offer. As seen in this screenshot, the dual screen allows the developer to use the bottom half for the main menu and the upper half for a picture of Rafa in what may be the most innovative use of system's dual screens yet.

Even more innovative is the "innovator control system" that allows players to use the stylus to draw lines on the touch screen which somehow makes tennis happen. Draw a short line to attempt a backhand shot, draw a circle to put some spin on the ball, draw an angry face to make Rafa throw his racket into the crowd after missing a tough shot. Anything is possible on a game system where it's impossible to create a straightforward tennis game because every game has to use that damn touchpad.

As you probably already know, Rafa Nadal is ranked as the number two tennis player in the world, which matters in every country but the one I live in. Codemasters is hoping that Nadal's popularity in the United States can propel this post-holiday title to the top of the sales charts. Look for it in your local game store today!

If You Love Horses You'll Love These Games

The end of year horse genre is always hotly contested and this year it's no different. Two titles are battling it out to be the number 1 horse-related game of the post-holiday season, Syntasoft's Post-Time and Caipirinha Games' Rider's World: I Want To Ride. Which horse game is going to stand in the winner's circle and which one will be made into glue?

The horse racing action is fast and furious in Syntasoft's Post-Time.

According to Syntasoft's web site *Post-Time* features a "revolutionary TV camera system that looks like the real thing". Does anybody at Syntasoft even read what they write on these web sites? It looks like the real thing? The jockeys don't even have faces.

Post-Time was developed the same way images for Something Awful articles are chosen. When a sky texture is needed the developers type "sky" into Google Image Search and whatever comes up they use. Hey, I know that grass texture! I saw it on a Geocities fan site when I was writing an article on how to pick out the perfect Astroturf for your indoor putting green!

Included in the game are over 200 horses each with their own unique personality. Some are quick out the gate and others are long distance runners. Others show heart and determination while others simply don't have what it takes. These horses can be shot in an action-packed mini-game after each losing race. Also included is a mini-game that pits players against their self-respect as they go searching for winning tickets behind the bleachers at the track. Among the discarded beer cups and peanut shells, a winner is waiting for you.

Post-Time's competition is tough as nails. Veteran horse sim maker Caipirinha Games fires back with their long-awaited sequel to the surprise hit *Rider's World: I Want to Jump*. *Rider's World: I Want to Ride*, which was released just yesterday, starts where the first one left off. Rider is back to finish the fight and this time the battleground is Earth.

Actual gameplay footage from Rider's World: I Want to Ride. Who says PC gaming is dead?

Every little girl wants their very own pony, but do they have what it takes to take care of one? *I Want to Ride* teaches little girls about the futility of life in a horse raising simulator filled to the brim with all of the hardships that come with horse ownership, including brushing, feeding and watering. Should the horse miss one single meal the animal will die and rot away right before the player's eyes. And then the game will uninstall itself and the disc will self-destruct, destroying the PC in the process, just like real horses.

I Want to Ride boasts over 20 realistic pony scenarios to choose from. In one scenario, entitled "Little Susie's Horse Adventure", Susie's little brother dies. In order to dull the pain her parents concentrate all of their love and attention on their remaining child. They buy her everything she ever wanted including a pony. What little Susie doesn't know is how expensive a pony can be for a lower-middle-class family.

As bills accumulate Susie's father hits the bottle hard and commits suicide by swerving into oncoming traffic, taking out a family of four in the process. Susie's mother tells her it was just an accident and that her father is up in heaven watching over Susie and her pony. Susie's mom is eventually evicted from her home and the horse is euthanized for non-payment. Little Susie eventually grows

up, only to be working the corner at 5th and Main. As she sucks for that next hit she remembers the time when she was the little girl with a pony, and everything she could possibly want.

The game also boasts a number of environments in which to ride your horse including a small dirt track and near drywall. There are countless mini-games, including races, scavenger hunts, jumping competitions, and the all-new B-Spec mode. Included in the special collector's edition is a limited edition booklet featuring art from the game, a real piece of a horse, the official soundtrack and that episode of The Simpsons where Lisa gets a pony.

Analysts are betting that this year's horse sim battle will result in a photo finish that's too close to call. Will *Post-Time* come out on top or be left at the starting gate? Will *Rider's World* overtake first place or will it become the next mrhands.avi? Check back next week for all the latest news on horses!

Mario Kart Clone #48,092

With Shrek on the way these other games might as well be competing for second place. Shrek is the perfect example of a holiday release for confused parents. The games, which garner just above a 50% average on GameRankings, are released in late October or November just in time for the busy shopping season.

It doesn't matter how much motion blur you throw in there, it's still a horrible Mario Kart clone!

Shrek games are basically makeovers of popular Mario titles such as Super Smash Bros. or Mario Party except SHREK is on the cover! This time the green giant is plagiarizing Mario Kart in what could be his most action-packed outing yet, *Shrek Smash and Crash Racing* for the Nintendo Wii, coming December 31st!

How could this have happened? Activision knows better than to release a Shrek game after Christmas. They've pioneered the art of ripping off parents and Nintendo for years. To illustrate how similar to Mario Kart this game is I've taken a portion of the press release and replaced everything from Shrek with its Mario Kart equivalent.

> *In Super Mario Kart, gamers take on the role of Mario, Princess Peach, Donkey Kong, Yoshi or eight other Mario universe characters and race around on comical vehicles such as Mario's Red Fire, Waluigi's Waluigi Racer and Koopa Troopa's Koopa Dasher. With a wide variety of tracks featuring green pipes, piranha plants, dangerous lava, goombas and other gauntlets that test racing skills, players must use their melee accessories such as red shells and banana peels to battle opponents through 12 locations from Peach's Castle to Bowser's Lair to Ghost Houses. Gold coins and mushrooms will boost speed and strength, as well as thwart players' opponent's progress if gamers fall behind.*

Good thing gameplay concepts can't be patented or else Activision wouldn't have a business model. How the game will utilize the Nintendo Wii's motion sensor controller is not known at this point. You'd think with the release just three days away they'd part with that information. But it's futile and Activision, a company that employs 50 press release writers and only two programmers, knows that.

Of course, none of this would have mattered if Activision had gotten the title into stores by Christmas. All they had to do was slap the game on a disc, make the cover art bright enough to be noticed,

and watch the profits roll in. Imagine all of the children of parents who stood in line for hours to buy a Wii going without a Shrek themed Mario Kart clone this year. Can you live with that Activision? Can you?! Someone's getting fired for this one!

There are just four more days left in 2006. Make them count with *Rafa Nadal Tennis*, *Post-Time*, *Rider's World*, and *Shrek Smash and Crash Racing*. They are The Forgotten Releases. While the world may have forgotten them, I have not.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

12.29 Saddam Hussein, You Will Be Missed

Friday, Dec 29, 2006 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wife beater and drug addict James Brown is no longer the hardest working man in show business. Former unelected President Gerald Ford has tumbled gracelessly from his last airplane. Now Saddam Hussein, whose name in Arabic means "Stephanie the Kitten", has only hours before he is hanged for crimes against humanity. While I could easily summarize the lives of James Brown and Gerald Ford, the life of the deposed Iraqi dictator requires a more careful examination. On the eve of his destruction, let us look back and celebrate the life of the legend: Saddam Hussein.

Saddam Hussein, during happier times when he was free to shoot guns where he pleased.

Saddam Hussein was born in 1937 to Lisa Hussein, an adulterous homemaker who had stepped outside the boundaries of her marriage and sired a son with a spitting lizard that lived in the wild desert. The venomous reptile had won her affection by composing a riddle that she could not solve and thus, according to the Koran, she became his slave for one night. After Saddam's birth, Lisa's husband John Solomon accused her of adultery and brought her before the court of the neighboring city of Tikrit. There she was found guilty and sentenced to double beheading. The following day she was beheaded, reheaded and then beheaded again, to the delight of a large crowd.

Despite Saddam's lineage, John Solomon raised Saddam as if he were his own child. Like Solomon's other children, Saddam lived in abject squalor, eating various insects and what soft rocks he could find along the roadside. At the age of eight Saddam somehow contracted rabies from swallowing thistles and he nearly died. After months of debilitating pain and fever, Saddam mounted a recovery.

At school Saddam was known as an excellent scholar, although one should probably keep in mind that Iraqi schools in the late 1940s consisted of a pit in which rats or dogs were lashed together and prodded into fighting. Saddam's prize albino rat Victoria was the champion of the school for seven consecutive weeks and Saddam was known to carry her around on his shoulder. When Victoria was finally bested by a scabrous rat said to have been named Shaggy William, Saddam flew into a rage and attacked the rat's owner with a greatsword. Fueled by his love for Victoria, Saddam cut the man down where he stood.

Saddam Hussein, left, with his mother Lisa.

The government, generally known to be pro-sword-murder, imprisoned Saddam for several years. While in prison, Saddam learned many of the skills that would prove valuable to him in his later career as supreme ruler of Iraq.

Shortly after his release from prison, Saddam was contacted by CIA special agent Donald Rumsfeld. The pair met by torchlight in a forgotten desert cave. Rumsfeld asked Saddam if he was ready to be leader of Iraq. Saddam said that he was, and the pair made love beneath the sparkling stars of the deep desert. Donald Rumsfeld was a giving lover, Saddam was forceful yet tender and on a shooting star they both dared to make a wish.

In 1969, with the help of the CIA, Saddam Hussein deposed the Iraqi government. The loosely-knit cabal of wizards and sorcerers who had ruled over Baghdad from their many enchanted towers crumbled beneath the bombs and guns provided to Saddam's

Fedayeen fighters by the US government. The surviving wizards were chased through the streets by greatsword-wielding Ba'athists, cornered in a fig quarry, and hacked to pieces. These pieces were subsequently bombarded with mustard gas in direct violation of several international laws.

Once Saddam held the reins of power in Iraq he began a sweeping, if eccentric, program to revitalize the nation's economy. Saddam declared that all Mexicans would need to be immediately exterminated to preserve Iraq's sanctity. After a few weeks of searching turned up zero Mexicans, Saddam sullenly ordered his air force to bomb Kurdistan. In a confusing few days at the UN, Mexican delegates strenuously objected to the bombing and then later retracted their objection when they learned that Kurds also dislike Mexicans.

One nation that took great umbrage to Saddam's bombing of Kurdish villages was Iran, who supported Kurdistan's pro-wizard militias and Iraq's former wizard government. Citing "a boring week of TV" and "restless leg syndrome", Iran mounted a full-scale invasion of Iraq and began the Iran-Iraq war. Saddam mobilized his economy and oil production to combat the Iranians and from 1980-1988 a brutal war was fought between the bitter rivals.

At several points during the bloody conflict Iraq faced total defeat, but was later clandestinely supported by the United States. It was at this time that Donald Rumsfeld gave birth to Saddam's twin sons Uday and Paul Hussein. Saddam hated them both equally, but was too occupied with the wizard incursions into Iraq to properly strangle the children. Their birth did lead to a cessation of sexual activities with Rumsfeld and the gradual erosion of his once-passionate relationship with Saddam.

Saddam and Rumsfeld's first meeting was electric.

The war with Iran came to a close in 1988 with an uneasy peace agreement. Things briefly seemed to be right in the world, but in 1991 Saddam became convinced that Kuwait was harboring an inordinate number of Highlanders. Seeking to gain their power through a mass-Quickening, Saddam launched a new military offensive into this former British colony. He would later claim that oil was the driving force behind the invasion, but eyewitnesses saw Saddam personally decapitating thousands of Saracen swordsmen.

The United States could no longer sit idly by and watch the genocide against Kuwait's population of Highlanders. President George H.W. Bush created a coalition of nations and struck back at Saddam. In a lighting campaign the coalition drove Saddam's military from Kuwait and rescued thousands of alien/Scottish swordmasters from the Quickening camps established under Saddam.

A decade of brutal UN sanctions followed, with the Iraqi people suffering the worst under the oppression of this cruel global world order. Food was scarce, Coca Cola was even more scarce and all of the nation's cable packages reverted to basic leaving the population without access to giant snake movies on the SciFi Channel. Saddam struggled to tamp down the growing unrest within Iraq. For him, the worst was yet to come.

Empowered by the attacks of September 11th, George H.W. Bush's son George W. Bush plotted to overthrow the dictator. Citing Hussein's attempts to construct weapons of mass destruction and possible collusion with the notoriously anti-Highlander Al Qaeda, the United States and a handful of allies Invaded Iraq.

The United States made short work of Saddam's military and for several months in 2003 Saddam eluded capture. He was finally tracked down by US Special Forces in December of 2003 despite his best efforts to conceal himself within a gigantic beard.

Iraqis celebrated his capture and followed his public trial throughout 2005. The nation's attention

was so totally focused on Saddam's criminal prosecution that it was said a pin could be heard falling on any street in Baghdad. In November of 2006 Saddam was sentenced to death by hanging and his date of execution was later set for January 1st, 2007. The Iraqi people rejoiced at the news and Saddam's death by hanging will surely mark the final chapter in the long suffering of the Iraqi people. With Saddam gone they can at last put the specter of his long reign behind them and live in total peace and harmony.

Upon hearing the news of Saddam's impending execution, it is said that Donald Rumsfeld shed a solitary tear and bit his lip to stifle a cry. Love, it would seem, is a haunting thing.

In Memory, 1937-2006
Saddam Joshua Hussein

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.30 Transmissions From Planet Borgnine

Saturday, Dec 30, 2006 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The following transmissions were picked up by Deep Space Probe 718 as it began its orbit of star B00718 nearly one year after the Great Search had begun. Over seventeen thousand such probes had been launched into the furthest reaches of space to study solar systems capable of sustaining life as part of the Great Search. Deep Space Probe 718 was the first to make contact.

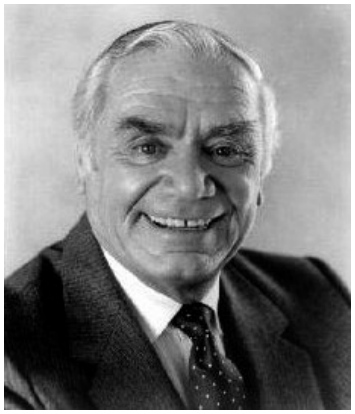
It is worth noting that although the probe was equipped with faster-than-light propulsion systems along with state of the art sensors and artificial intelligence, faster-than-light communication had not yet been invented. As a result, these messages did not reach Earth until more than three years after they had been relayed from the probe.

Transmission One - Received 10.16.2208 10:59 UST (Universal Standard Time)

-hiz!

I repeat: Holy cow! Gee whiz!

This is the Television Satellite Control Center on the planet Borgnine. I don't really know what the protocol is for this sort of thing, I'm just a guy in an underground bunker that monitors our tv satellites. I don't even know if you'll get this message or if you speak my language, but I figure I gotta say something! There you are, a real-life alien craft floating around in our very own solar system. The guys at the bowling alley won't believe this one.



Let's see... what do I do here? I guess I should tell you about us.

We are a peaceful people of identical stature and facial features, all named Ernest Borgnine. It keeps things simple. There's millions of us, ya know? If everyone had their own name who the heck could remember all of them? Aside from Ernest Borgnine, I mean. That guy's a piece of work. Real smart, but kinda spooky. You know the sort.

Our society is a veritable utopia thanks to our incredible advancements in recliner technology, beer brewing, and color televisions. You should see the snazzy recliners we've got down here! Some of them let you lean so far back that you'll die if you try to get up again. You will literally die. It's terrific! We have no crime, no hatred. Just long lazy afternoons spent watching tv and drinking beer with our buddies.

I'm no scientist, but maybe we could exchange technologies. We'll tell you all about making great beer and you guys could show us one of your space-age card games or Hawaiian shirts that wash themselves. You don't have to answer right now, just think about it.

Say, can you give me some sort of a signal that you're hearing me? I'm going to send a message to all the guys on the surface about you, but I'll be keeping an eye on you on my monitor. Boy howdy, is this exciting!

After this first message was translated by the probe's onboard computers, the artificial intelligence system responded by deploying the universal sign of understanding and peaceful intent: a large robotic hand giving a thumbs-up.

Transmission Two - Received 10.17.2208 23:12 UST

I caught your signal on the monitor, thumbs up to you too buddy! I was really worried for a minute there that maybe you were going to kill us all with death rays or explore our anuses with long cold fingers, so your message was quite the relief. I don't expect to hear much from you since your craft is probably unmanned, going by its size. Unless you're super tiny. Wouldn't that be something? The first alien shows up and it's an ant or a really small dog something. Space is all sorts of wacky.

I tried to tell the guys on the surface all about you, but no one responded and now I'm seeing some strange reports on the television feeds. I'm not sure what's going on. I'll get back to you in a little bit, buddy.

Transmission Three - Received 10.17.2208 23:25 UST

They locked me down here in the bunker. Some poor soul up on the surface, trying to save me from the very fate he probably met mere moments after his heroic deed. Darn it all to heck!

Things are all screwed up down here, buddy. I'm not even sure where to begin.

An evil group emerged from some hidden island today, calling themselves the "Borgten" and claiming to be the next step in the evolutionary process. They struck at our coastal cities in their McHale-class naval destroyers and Airwolf attack helicopters. Tens of thousands were killed, and those that didn't lose their lives were *hypnotized* and forced to join their ranks.

It sounds like a bunch of hocus pocus, but someone on tv explained it all. The gaps between the Borgten's front teeth are much larger than ours, and this increased space is used to amplify some sort of brain-scrambling whistle that will turn you into one of them if you hear it. It makes a lot more sense when a guy wearing glasses says it, with the computer animations and everything.

We weren't prepared for this. Like I said before, we are a peaceful people. We don't even have an army anymore, and the only nukes we have are reserved for the 4th of July fireworks show. Things are looking pretty grim down here, buddy.

Transmission Four - Received 10.18.2208 12:18 UST

I'm sorry I haven't made contact for so long. I sat here alone and watched this bank of monitors as our great cities fell one by one, my heart breaking as our mightiest television channels blinked off the air for good. Sometime after the All Arguments Channel disappeared I fell into an exhausted, dreamless sleep that lasted for twelve hours.

There is a pool on the console where my head lay. I cannot say how much of it is drool and how much is tears.

Transmission Five - Received 10.18.2208 14:07 UST

Just realized I only have enough food down here to last me a few days at most. I'm sure there are others like me out there, trapped and starving.

I know for a fact you had nothing to do with these attacks since you gave us the thumbs-up, so would

you mind helping us out? I hate to be a mooch, but we could really use some potted meats down here. Anything that's in a can and resembles meat will do. Without potted meats, we're goners. We've become allergic to everything else. Please, just some vienna space sausages or whatever you can spare.

Transmission Five - Received 10.18.2208 18:32 UST

You're not going to help. It's okay. You're either unable to do anything or have chosen to be here at the fall of our civilization as an observer. Right now I don't really care. You're someone to talk to, and that's enough for me.

Some of the television stations are still on the air. When the Borgten came with their hypno-rays, the cameramen and producers from these channels simply got up and wandered off to join them. There are about eight unmanned feeds coming through from all over the world. Every once in a while one of the Borgten wanders by, pieces of a recliner strapped to his body like some kind of crazy armor.

It seems as though they're taking our technology apart and using the pieces to build something on the god forsaken island they came from. There is an image on one of the channels, grainy and out of focus, of what looks to be a halfway completed television floating over the sea. It is a perfect cube, and its top brushes against the clouds.

I don't want to know what they plan to watch on that thing, but I hope to starve to death before they get it working.

It will probably be C-Span. Blech.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.31 Ace W. High's New Year's Eve Activity Page!

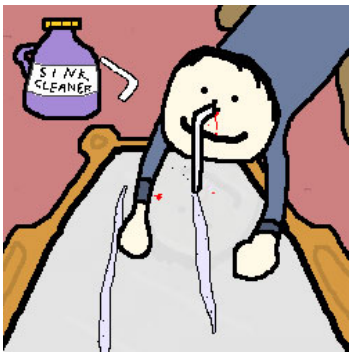
Sunday, Dec 31, 2006 by Evan "Pantsfish" Wade & Alex "Microwave" May

Hello, kids! Happy New Year's Eve! We here at Something Awful hope you're enjoying the holidays in a responsible fashion. We understand that tonight is a big drinking night, and we're fine with that – as long as you're over 21!

That said, we also know there are some easily confused children who think they, too, have to drink to have a blast on the Night of the Porcelain God. This isn't true! Drinking is a big responsibility – bigger than voting – and the last thing we want you young readers to do is throw your lives away over a half can of beer you stole from your old Aunt Patty.

Luckily for you youngsters Ace W. High is back, and he has a *ton* of drug-and-alcohol free activities for you to try while your mom tries to drive to the liquor store with nothing on but a lampshade! Lock the windows, shut the blinds, and be sure to put Dad on his stomach when he goes to sleep on the kitchen floor... Ace W. High is ready for *mucho divertido*!

Wacky Straw Racers



The 4-1-1: Any Ace-W.-High-quotin', recreational-household-product-usin' kid kommando knows the cabinet under the sink is the coolest place in the house. But did you know there are also games to be played with things you find down there? With Wacky Straw Racers the speed you need doesn't come from the chemistry lab under your big brother's bed; you'll just need the fastest nostrils this side of the Mississippi to win! Grab a straw, get under the sink, and get ready to the coolest plumber on the block: Your brain has some pipes that need cleaning!

What You'll Need: For this activity you'll need a straight, non-krazy straw to succeed. Rolled-up dollar bills also do the trick, but be careful! The edges of bills can be sharp and the last thing you want is a *bogus* papercut up in your nizzle. You will also need to get under the sink and grab whatever canned powders you can find. Drain and carpet cleaners work well for this part. Finally find a large mirror to use as a playing surface. That way, when you play you'll know you're looking at a winner *and* a cool, responsible RHP-using hombre to boot!

Diz-rections: Once you've gathered your materials find a secluded place where the grouchy adults will never find you. After that, lay your mirror on a flat, level surface. You'll need to mark a finishing point roughly six inches away from the edge of the mirror. Finally, spread your sink chemicals in a thin line from the end of the mirror to the finish line, stick your straw up your nose, and get to snorting! First person across the finish line wins, but we guarantee you everyone playing will have a spine-twitching, uncontrollable-giggling good time!

Watch Your Back! Drug users are like vampires – they're always looking for more braindead flunkies to join their subhuman ranks. If you're playing the game and you're approached by a man with hair longer than shoulder-length and a t-shirt that looks like a clown threw up on it, give him the business! Granted, you might only be able to spray blood out your nose and go "*unnnghhhhk*" at him, but that should scare him off.

For Big Kids Only: Like Kurt Cobain says, double-barrel it! If you're up to the challenge stick a straw up *each* nostril and invite your friends to a doubles match! Those losers at the welfare office might have rings in their eyebrows, but you'll be the only kid on the block with a sinus piercing!

Ace W. High Sez: "Get lost, mom! I'll clean my room when I'm done vacuuming this mirror!"

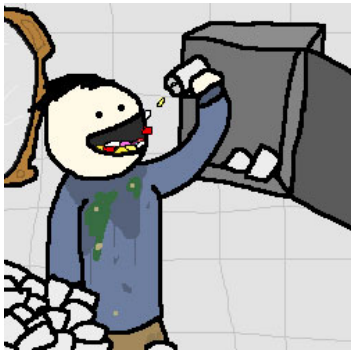
Medicine Cabinet Raiderz

The 4-1-1: Ace W. High may be cautious, but he's no zealot. He understands some drugs can help people, and that's why the government makes them legal. In Medicine Cabinet Raiderz you and your friends have one goal: To get as healthy as possible by eating anything the FDA says is good for you! Dr. House? More like My House Is A Doctor!

What You'll Need: Fast hands and a strong stomach. Eating all those pills and drinking all those syrups might make you feel like you're eating mud-covered rocks, but in a few minutes you'll feel like *Kid* Rock! If your parents don't let you listen to him pretend you're Hillary Duff instead.

Diz-rections: The rules are simple: Get some friends, open the medicine cabinet, and have a New Year's feast! If you feel like your friends are going to be chodes and try to cheat by not eating until

the end, divvy up the cabinet's contents and give everyone an even pile. When you're all breaking cinderblocks over your heads and running three-minute miles, they'll thank you!

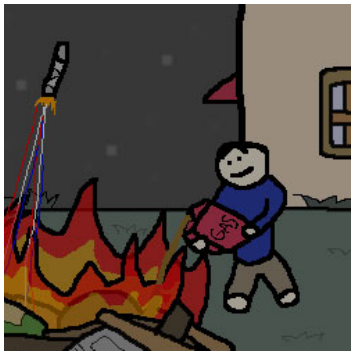


Watch Your Back! If you're afraid of Mom and Pop bursting in and ruining your scene, jam a hairpin in the bathroom lock before you start your medicine cabinet safari. Additionally, if those stupid orange pill bottles won't open, take the sharpest knife you can find and stab the container until the lid pops off. Be sure to steady it with your hand before you start stabbin' though: You wouldn't want to damage the sink counter, because vandalism is *never* cool.

For Big Kids Only: Much like eating too much candy, sometimes eating all that medicine can make you sick. The difference is candy makes you fat, while medicine makes you healthy! If you ever feel the need to ralph, lay on your back and hold your breath as long as you can. Show your gag reflex who rules the roost around these parts!

Ace W. High Sez: "The medicine cabinet / Your eternal friend / Is there to ensure / Your life never ends"

DIY Fireworks



The 4-1-1: Who says kids can't have a little explosive fun? According to the law you can't buy fireworks until you're 18, but nobody said you couldn't make your own! Do-it-yourself fireworks are a great way to kick off the new year with a bang. Ace has made his own fireworks seven times, and he can count six of those times on his fingers. Hooray for math!

What You'll Need: When making fireworks creativity is awesome! On top of that you'll also need aerosol cans, kitchen cleaners, gasoline, and other household chemicals. Science plus imagination equals *cool*. Hooray for math again!

Diz-rections: Since it might be hard to come across colored gunpowder, ask your dad to start a bonfire for you and your friends. After that, the sky's the limit! Aerosol cans make loud pops, kitchen cleaners make cool-colored smoke, and gasoline lets you draw pretty patterns in your yard that'll last weeks after the party. Forget big sister and that stupid butterfly tattooed over her butt – you'll have ink that stretches the course of your yard, and maybe 30 to 40 percent of your body if you're lucky!

Watch Your Back! You kids aren't dumb. You know fire is dangerous. To be sure you're safe from the blaze be sure to put on several layers of clothing, and consider raiding dad's leaf pile to insulate the spaces in between the sweaters you're wearing. This gives you more time to react should fire turn its eternal thirst for human flesh towards your succulent young body. *Buzzkill*!

For Big Kids Only: If Mom and Pop have hidden the aerosol from you because of (ahem) previous endeavors, look to the gun cabinet to get the party started. Shotgun shells and other rounds are like firecrackers, bottle rockets, and sparklers *combined* when you throw them in a roaring fire! Happy New Year's, Mom! I gave myself a new nostril in my chest!

Ace W. High Sez: "Drugs? Get a life, junkie. I have some cans to blow up, *boy-eeeee*!"

Stealth Bike Racing

The 4-1-1: Regular bike riding just too *lame*? Mom and Dad making you wear helmets and flashers when you go out at night? What a bone! New Year's Eve is the perfect opportunity to show your skill as a bike rider *and* a responsible young adult. Make way, Lance Armstrong – this kid doesn't need to hide behind steroids *or* cancer to make a role model of himself!

What You'll Need: You and your friends each need a bicycle, as well as a bunch of black clothing. If you choose to wear pads that's fine, but remember: Knee and elbow pads constrict movement, and since black absorbs every color in the spectrum it deflects pavement pretty well. Winning and safety go hand-in-hand, but the smartest kids know science is just as important!

Diz-rections: Stealth Bike Racing is just like normal bike racing, except you wear all black and do it at night. This adds an element of strategy to the game. Instead of finding the right speed to hit a turn, you'll have to worry about that *and* whether there's someone beside you or not. Is that a fire hydrant or a friend? A speedbump or a parked car? Houselights or headlights? Only the coolest of the cool will find the answers to those questions, bro!

Watch Your Back! Unlike pavement, black clothing isn't able to deflect moving cars unless your clothes are very, very black. If you're dressed dark enough, however, quantum physics say you should go right through oncoming traffic instead of colliding with it! It's a risky gamble, for sure, but Ace thinks a few weeks in traction is well worth the alternative: Stealth Bike Racing street cred.

For Big Kids Only: Dirtbikes are also good for Stealth Racing, assuming nobody chickens out and turns on their headlights. Try to use the noise your engine makes as sonar, just like Batman, or that bat your mom hit and spent an hour trying to clean off her windshield!

Ace W. High Sez: "Ghostride the whiplash, because the Huffy SEALS want *you*!"

Oven Prank

The 4-1-1: Enough with the games! Sometimes friends need to play pranks one one another to keep spirits high. Oven Prank lets you play a safe, legal trick on one of your buddies – just make sure he isn't a crybaby, because he'll need to conserve air!

What You'll Need: For this prank to work properly you will need a gas oven. Electric ovens heat automatically, and you wouldn't want anyone to get burned by anything other than your razor-sharp wit. If you don't have a gas oven at your house find a friend who does and make plans for you and your other pals to stay there. His rug may smell like cat pee and you may have to sleep in a cot in the floor, but it'll be worth all the laughs you get. Even if his mom makes nasty fishsticks every time you come over and her iced tea tastes like soap!

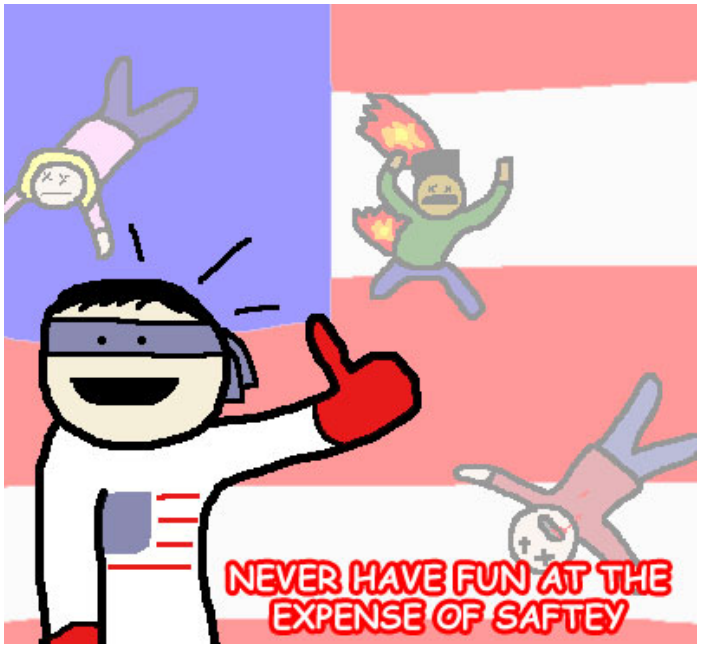
Diz-rections: First you have to decide on a friend to prank. Make sure to choose a kid whose parents don't love him too much, otherwise they may come over and yell at *your* parents. Kids who get bad grades and miss a lot of school are generally good targets. Tell him you're going to play hide and seek, then pull him aside and tell him the oven is a great hiding spot. If he asks why you're telling him this, say he's your best friend and you want him to win. Especially if his parents don't like him this strategy is sure to win him over! Once he gets in, shout "NOW" and turn the little temperature knob on the oven. It will hiss at him, but if you don't touch the igniter it won't light! Tell him it's going to get getting hotter and hotter and watch him squirm. Eventually the kitchen will start to smell like rotten eggs. This is the smell of fear. Once that smell gets so strong you can hardly breathe, let him out of the oven and have a good laugh.

Watch Your Back! Make sure not to pull this prank on a spastic friend or he might break the oven trying to get out. Kids don't have a lot of money, and you'd have to rake a lot of yards to buy a whole new oven! Also, you may want to ask your friend to wear gloves so he doesn't grind his fingertips down trying to claw through the glass. If he asks why he has to wear them, say they're special stealth gloves like in Splinter Cell. Or that you'll tell everyone he's gay if he doesn't.

For Big Kids Only: If you don't have a gas oven and your parents aren't around, you can also use your fridge for this prank. Simply clean it out, take out the shelving, and tell your friend to hide in there. Since fridge doors are thick you likely won't be able to hear him scream; just check up on him in a half hour or so. When you open the door be sure to say something snappy, like "I carrot believe you lettuce put you in there!" Even the guy you pranked will have a good laugh once his circulation system kicks back in!

Ace W. High Sez: "Stove again stove again jiggity-jig / Off to the oven to goof on a friend!"

And that's it! Ace hopes you kids have a happy, safe New Year's Eve, but just like always, keep one thing in mind...



-~Evan "Pantsfish" Wade & Alex "Microwave" May

Index of Writers

Alex “Microwave” May, 857, 1160, 1526

Bob “BobServo” Mackey, 17, 71, 127, 184, 259, 309, 403, 463, 540, 629, 688, 783, 879, 928, 994, 1054, 1065, 1111, 1173, 1232, 1257, 1303, 1350, 1360, 1421, 1481

Caylen “Abraham” Burroughs, 1410

Dennis “Corin Tucker’s Stalker” Farrell, 27, 55, 79, 105, 136, 166, 190, 210, 238, 265, 289, 317, 356, 385, 412, 440, 472, 499, 523, 552, 578, 612, 638, 670, 699, 730, 764, 791, 821, 854, 885, 909, 938, 965, 1003, 1040, 1063, 1091, 1122, 1157, 1181, 1212, 1245, 1276, 1312, 1331, 1358, 1388, 1426, 1459, 1488, 1523

Donny “Sock Weevil” Aluminum, 968, 1395

Dr. David Thorpe, 37, 91, 146, 199, 247, 301, 425, 484, 532, 589, 709, 803, 837, 1012, 1075, 1191, 1195, 1257, 1319, 1369, 1474, 1501

Evan “Pantsfish” Wade, 2, 62, 107, 169, 213, 268, 319, 388, 443, 501, 555, 614, 674, 688, 736, 794, 857, 912, 1094, 1160, 1257, 1284, 1337, 1439, 1462, 1492, 1526

Hassan “Acetone” Mikal, 44, 158, 230, 283, 372, 433, 516, 600, 660, 752, 812, 844, 901, 957, 1029, 1083, 1147, 1199, 1217, 1269, 1323, 1377, 1450, 1515

Jon “fart” Hendren, 11, 66, 118, 178, 222, 333, 366, 397, 454, 510, 566, 622, 746, 776, 868, 919, 984, 1102, 1257, 1293, 1343

Joseph “Maxnmona” Fink, 30, 82, 139, 193, 240, 292, 358, 416, 475, 526, 582, 642, 702, 767, 826, 888, 941, 1006, 1043, 1126, 1168, 1184, 1232, 1249, 1315, 1360, 1429

Josh “Livestock” Boruff, 14, 42, 68, 95, 122, 152, 180, 202, 228, 256, 280, 307, 338, 369, 400, 428, 461, 490, 513, 537, 568, 595, 625, 658, 714, 750, 780, 808, 842, 876, 923, 956, 987, 1023, 1051, 1079, 1144, 1171, 1191, 1195, 1229, 1257, 1266, 1297, 1322, 1346, 1374, 1418, 1447, 1477, 1506

Kevin “Fragmaster” Bowen, 1226

Reid “Frolixo” Paskiewicz, 98, 204, 340, 493, 571, 718, 1047

Rich “Lowtax” Kyanka, 274, 555, 674, 682, 895, 950, 1106

Steve “Malak” Sumner, 605, 649, 721, 830, 1137, 1239, 1257, 1470

Tom “Moof” Davies, 1297, 1418

Zack “Geist Editor” Parsons, 5, 21, 33, 50, 58, 75, 84, 102, 111, 131, 143, 162, 174, 187, 197, 208, 220, 234, 244, 262, 272, 286, 296, 313, 323, 343, 361, 379, 394, 408, 419, 437, 448, 467, 480, 496, 506, 520, 529, 544, 562, 575, 585, 618, 634, 646, 665, 679, 695, 706, 740, 755, 770, 786, 800, 816, 848, 862, 884, 893, 905, 916, 932, 945, 960, 979, 1000, 1009, 1033, 1046, 1058, 1070, 1087, 1097, 1115, 1129, 1153, 1165, 1176, 1187,

1204, 1220, 1252, 1257, 1273, 1289, 1308, 1318, 1327, 1341, 1355, 1366, 1382, 1405, 1424, 1432, 1454, 1485, 1498, 1520

Index of Series

Awful Energy Drink and Food Reviews, 274

Busytown Police Blotter, 595, 780

Cobra After-Action Report, 111

District Bulletin, 532, 1319
Dynamars Corporation Information Kiosk, 1346

Online Anarchy, 776

The Blue Stripe Logs, 174, 262, 506, 945
The Bradford Exchange, 428, 714, 1144, 1447
The Chronicals of Winesburg, Indiana, 394, 496, 585
The Legend of Tooth Tooth, 1474
Today We Learn English, 301, 709

Unlike My Opponent, 1266